The Friends' Hymnal

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The Friends' Hymnal

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR THE

PUBLIC WORSHIP

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THE Five Years' Meeting of the American Yearly Meetings of Friends, held at Indianapolis, Ind., in tenth month, 1902, appointed a committee to prepare and publish a Hymnal suitable for use in Friends' Meetings. This volume has been approved, and is issued by authority of

THE HYMNAL COMMITTEE.

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The Ten Commandments

AS THEY ARE WRITTEN IN THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER OF THE BOOK OF EXODUS

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I.—Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep my commandments.

III.—Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV.—Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it.

V.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI.—Thou shalt not kill.

VII.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII.—Thou shalt not steal.

IX.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

Musical Responses 738 to 743.

The Summary of the Law by our Lord Jesus Christ

St. Matthew xxii. 37-40.

THOU shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

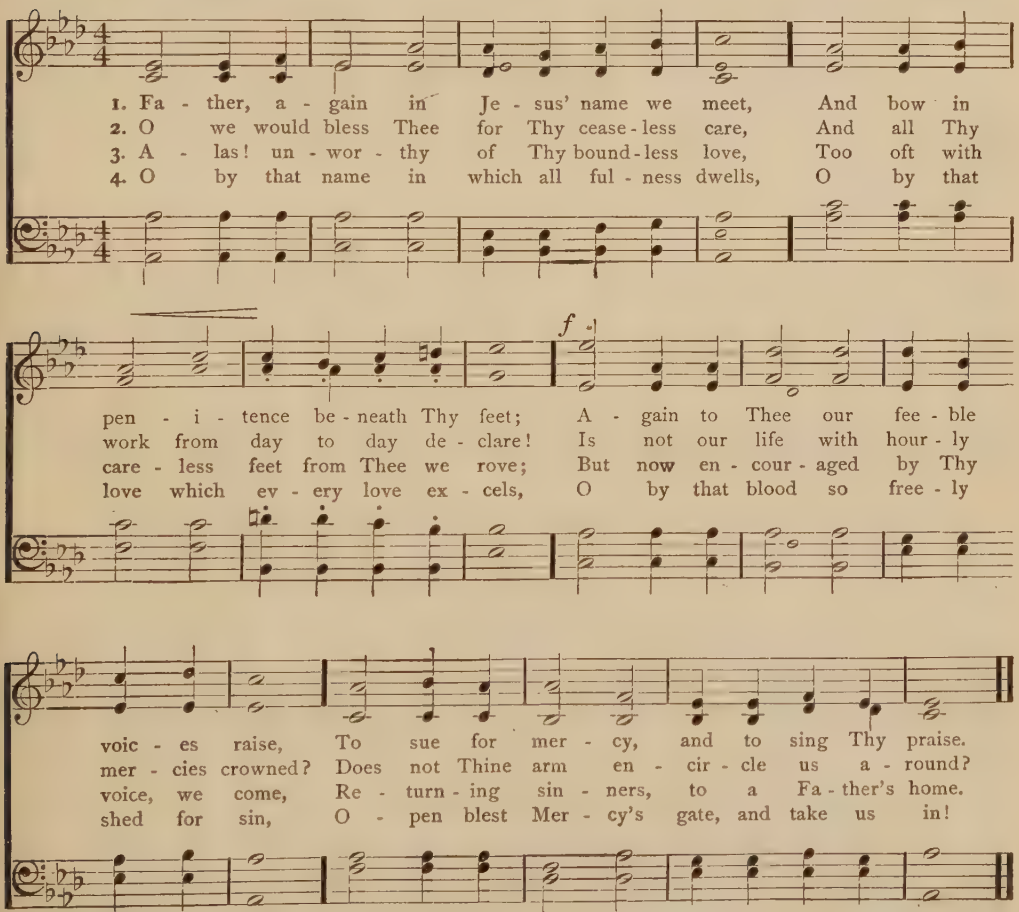
The Lord's Prayer

OUR Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
And lead as not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

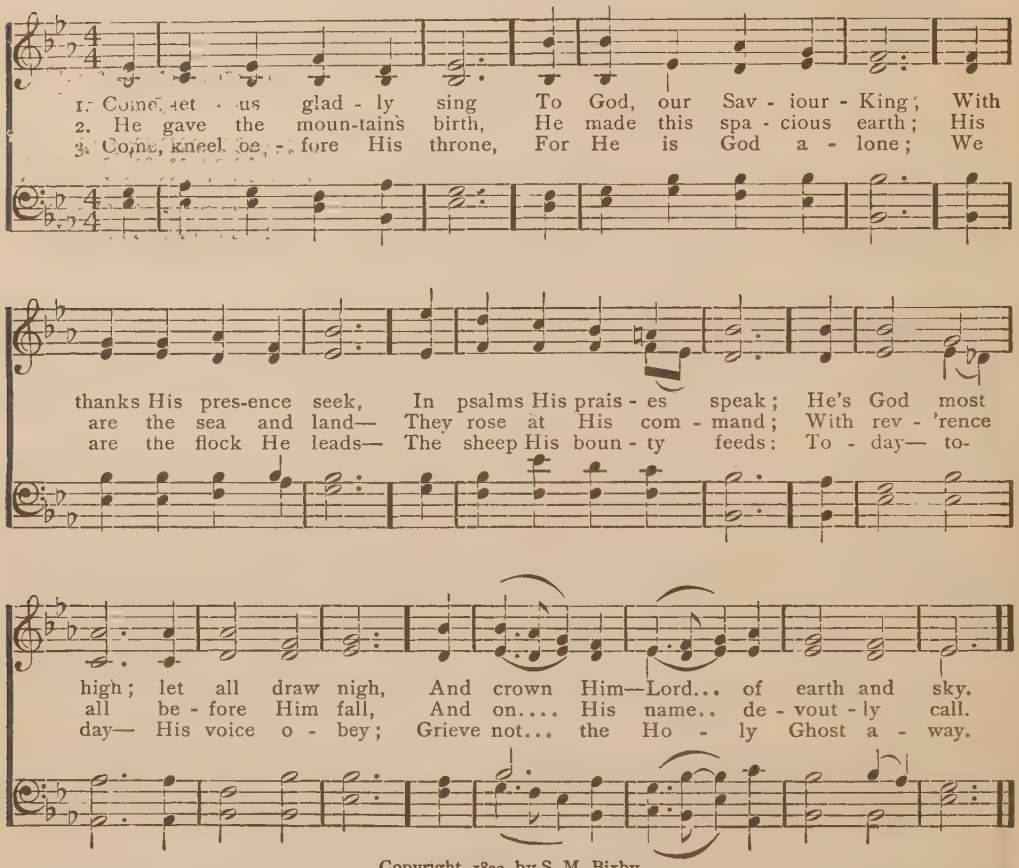
The Friends' Hymnal

No. 1 *Father, again in Jesus' Name We Meet*

ELLERS. 10s.

Lucy E. C. Whitmore *E. J. Hopkins*

1. Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet, And bow in
2. O we would bless Thee for Thy cease - less care, And all Thy
3. A - las! un - wor - thy of Thy bound - less love, Too oft with
4. O by that name in which all ful - ness dwells, O by that
f
pen - i - tence be - neath Thy feet; A - gain to Thee our fee - ble
work from day to day de - clare! Is not our life with hour - ly
care - less feet from Thee we rove; But now en - cour - aged by Thy
love which ev - ery love ex - cels, O by that blood so free - ly
voic - es raise, To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise.
mer - cies crowned? Does not Thine arm en - cir - cle us a - round?
voice, we come, Re - turn - ing sin - ners, to a Fa - ther's home.
shed for sin, O - pen blest Mer - cy's gate, and take us in!

No. 2. *Come, Let Us Gladly Sing*

Rev. E. F. Hatfield, D.D. HATFIELD. H. M. *S. M. Bixby*

1. Come, let us glad - ly sing To God, our Sav - iour - King; With
2. He gave the moun-tains birth, He made this spa - cious earth; His
3. Come, kneel be - fore His throne, For He is God a - lone; We
thanks His pres-ence seek, In psalms His prais - es speak; He's God most
are the sea and land— They rose at His com - mand; With rev - 'rence
are the flock He leads— The sheep His boun - ty feeds: To - day— to-
high; let all draw nigh, And crown Him—Lord... of earth and sky.
all be - fore Him fall, And on.... His name.. de - vout - ly call.
day— His voice o - bey; Grieve not... the Ho - ly Ghost a - way.

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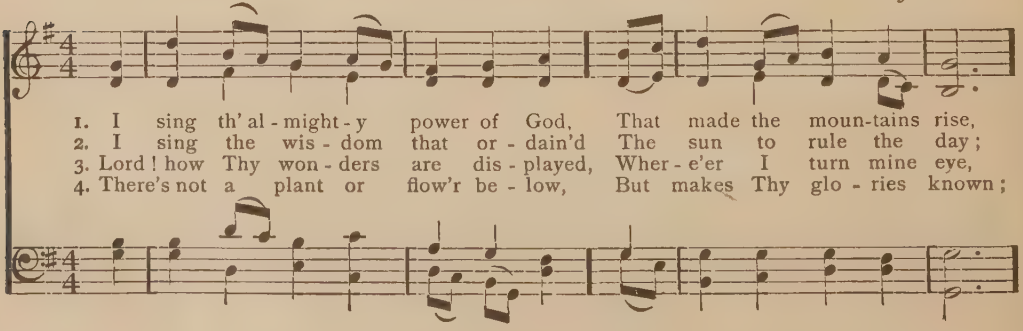
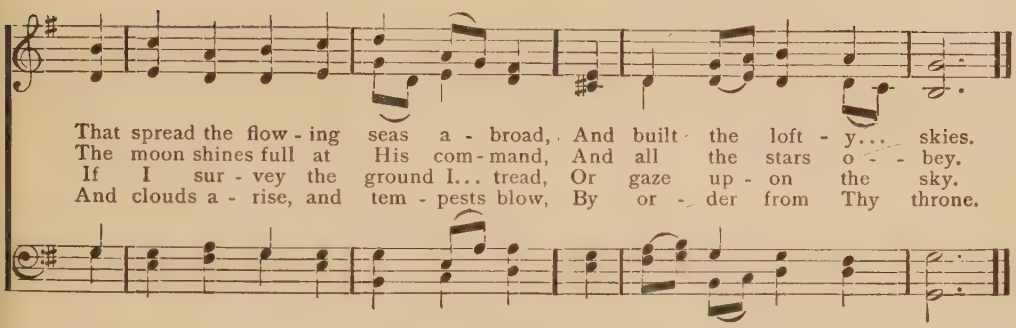
No. 3. *I Sing th' Almighty Power of God*

Isaac Watts STEPHENS. C. M. *Rev. W. Jones*

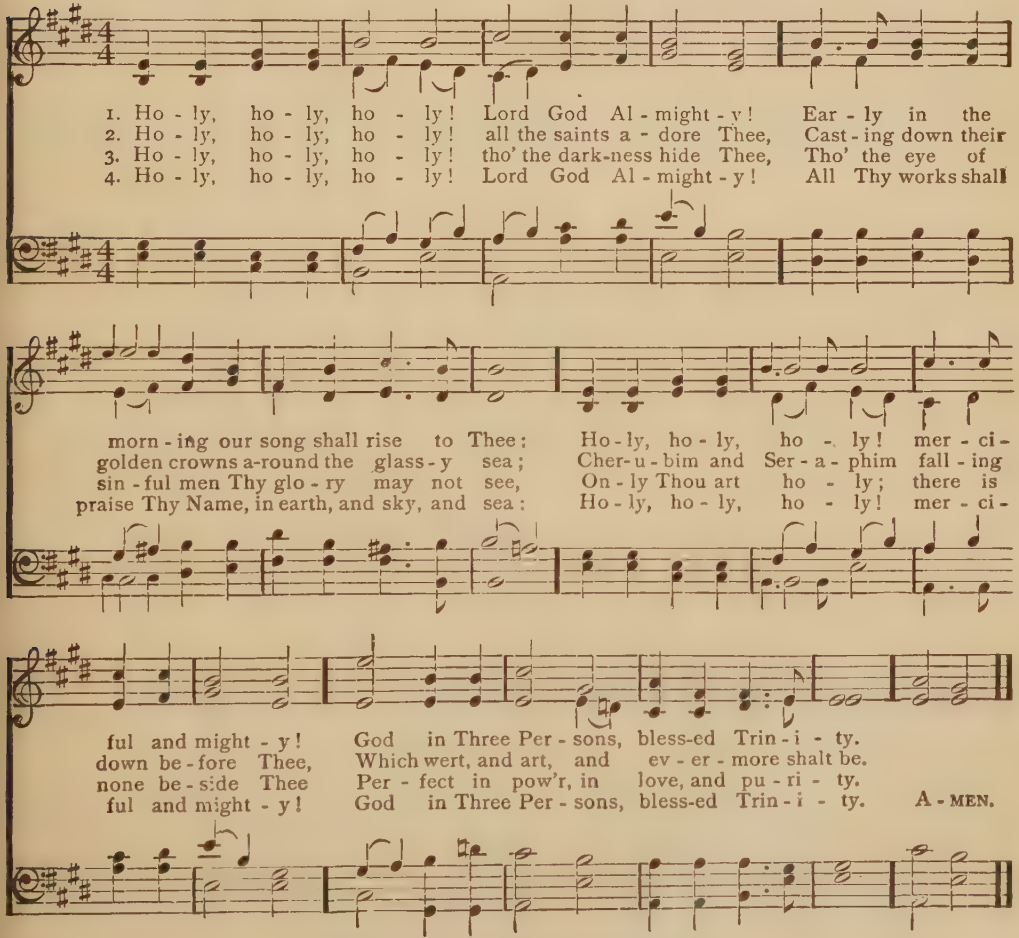

1. I sing th' al - might - y power of God, That made the moun-tains rise,
2. I sing the wis - dom that or - dain'd The sun to rule the day;
3. Lord! how Thy won - ders are dis - played, Wher - e'er I turn mine eye,
4. There's not a plant or flow'r be - low, But makes Thy glo - ries known;

I Sing th' Almighty Power of God


That spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, And built the loft - y... skies.
The moon shines full at His com - mand, And all the stars o - bey.
If I sur - vey the ground I... tread, Or gaze up - on the sky.
And clouds a - rise, and tem - pests blow, By or - der from Thy throne.

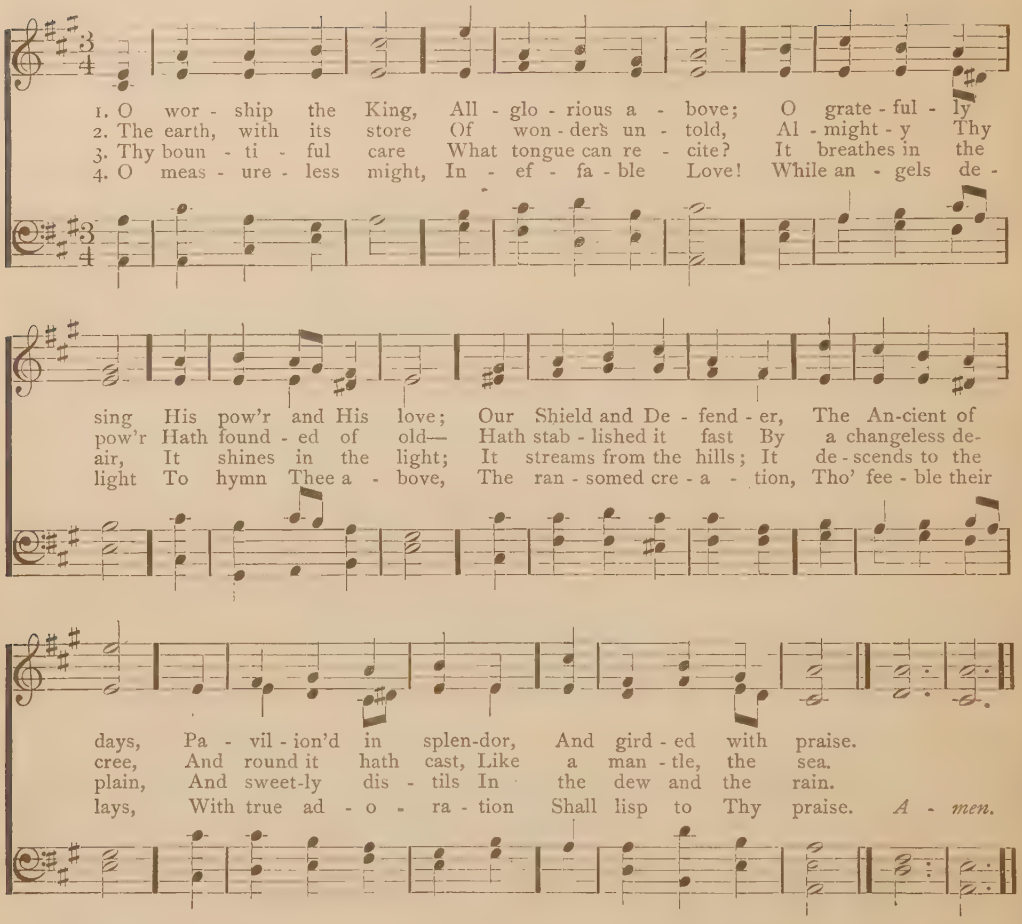
No. 4. *Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty*

Reginald Heber, 1827 NICÆA. P. M. *J. B. Dykes*


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci -
golden crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim fall - ing
sin - ful men Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is
praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci -
ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.
down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
none be - side Thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty. A - MEN.

No. 5. *O Worship the King*

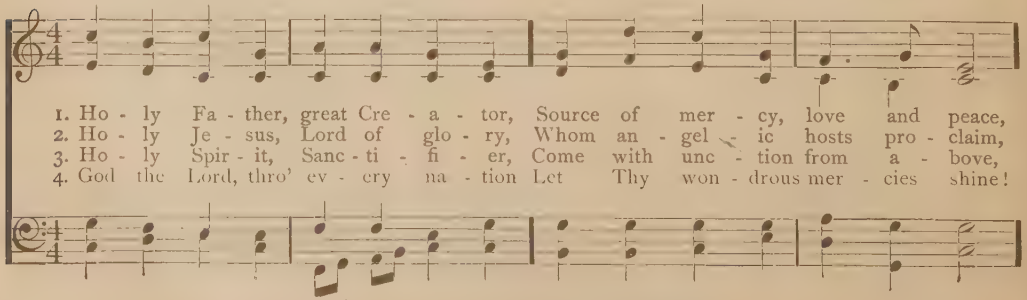
Sir Robert Grant — HANOVER. 5s, 6s & 5. — *Handel*

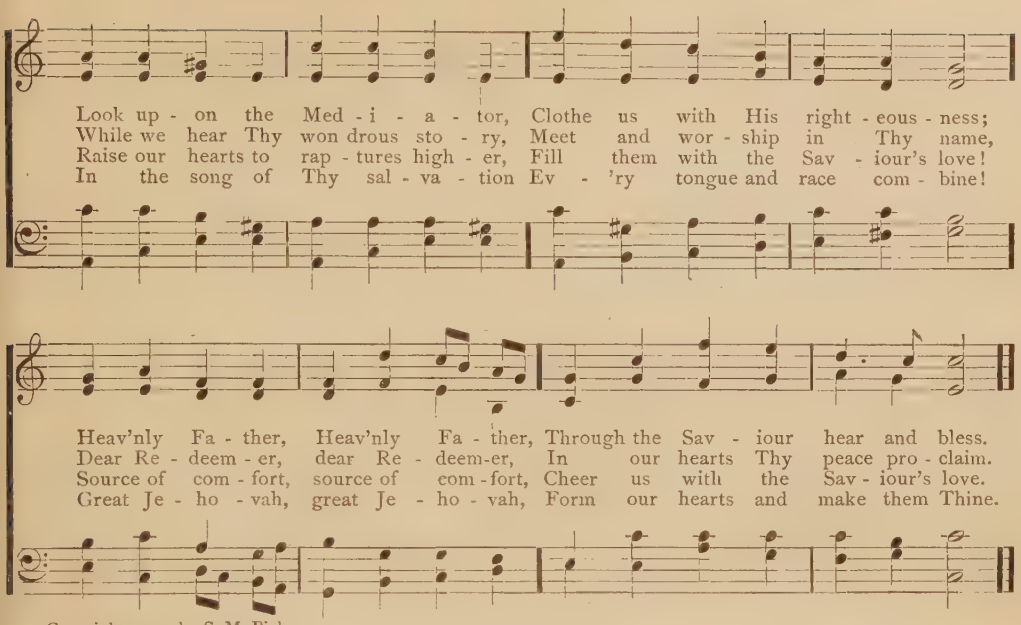

1. O wor - ship the King, All - glo - rious a - bove; O grate - ful - ly
2. The earth, with its store Of won - ders un - told, Al - might - y Thy
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care What tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. O meas - ure - less might, In - ef - fa - ble Love! While an - gels de -
sing His pow'r and His love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, The An-cient of
pow'r Hath found - ed of old— Hath stab - lished it fast By a changeless de-
air, It shines in the light; It streams from the hills; It de - scends to the
light To hymn Thee a - bove, The ran - somed cre - a - tion, Tho' fee - ble their
days, Pa - vil - ion'd in splen-dor, And gird - ed with praise.
cree, And round it hath cast, Like a man - tle, the sea.
plain, And sweet-ly dis - tils In the dew and the rain.
lays, With true ad - o - ra - tion Shall lisp to Thy praise. A - men.

No. 6. *Holy Father, Great Creator*

Bp. A. V. Griswold — GRISWOLD. 8s & 7s. — *Caryl Florio*

Moderato con moto.


1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, great Cre - a - tor, Source of mer - cy, love and peace,
2. Ho - ly Je - sus, Lord of glo - ry, Whom an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim,
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Come with unc - tion from a - bove,
4. God the Lord, thro' ev - ery na - tion Let Thy won - drous mer - cies shine!


Look up - on the Med - i - a - tor, Clothe us with His right - eous - ness;
While we hear Thy won drous sto - ry, Meet and wor - ship in Thy name,
Raise our hearts to rap - tures high - er, Fill them with the Sav - iour's love!
In the song of Thy sal - va - tion Ev - 'ry tongue and race com - bine!
Heav'nly Fa - ther, Heav'nly Fa - ther, Through the Sav - iour hear and bless.
Dear Re - deem - er, dear Re - deem-er, In our hearts Thy peace pro - claim.
Source of com - fort, source of com - fort, Cheer us with the Sav - iour's love.
Great Je - ho - vah, great Je - ho - vah, Form our hearts and make them Thine.

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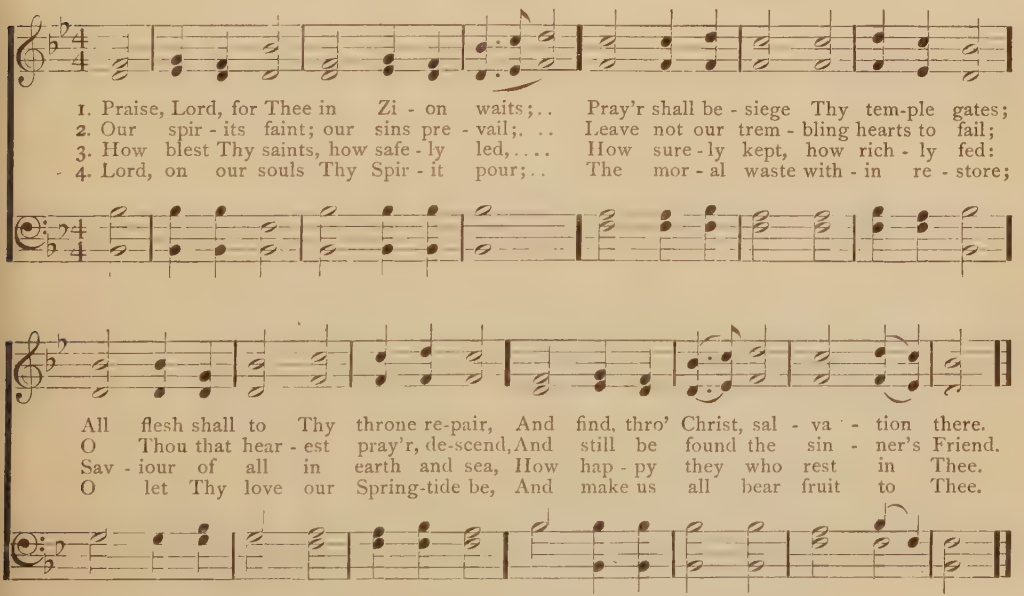
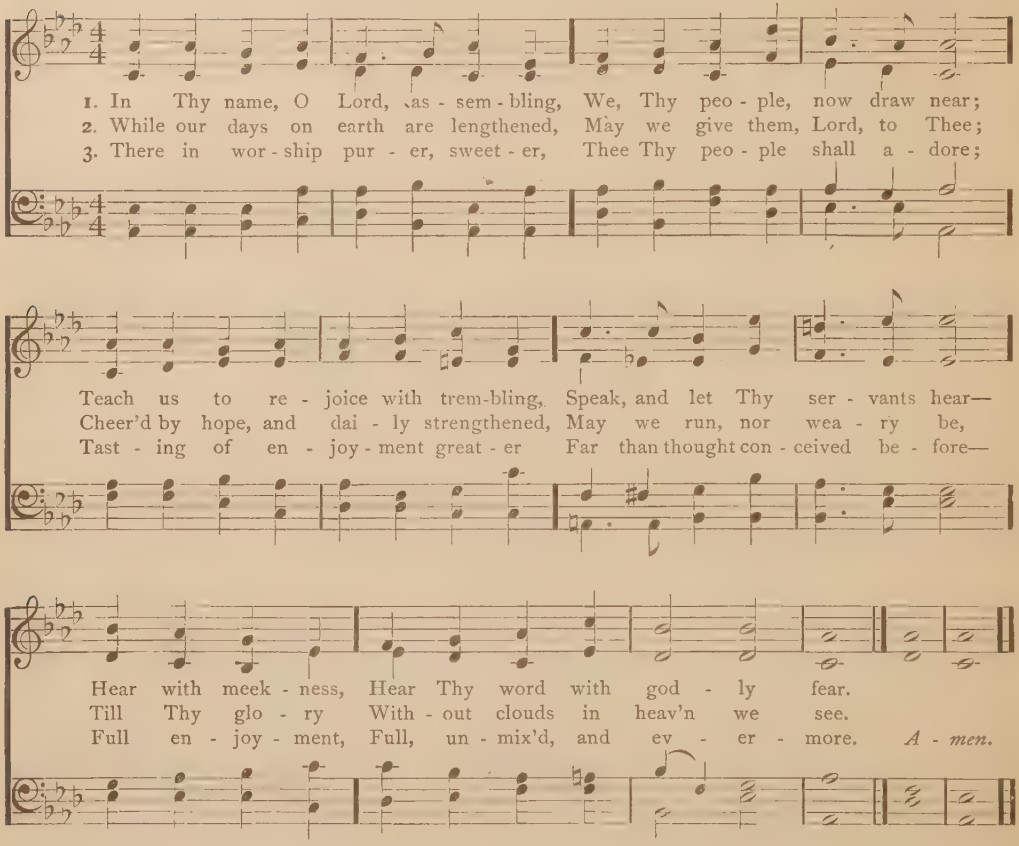
No. 7. *Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion Waits*

Henry Francis Lyte SESSIONS. L. M. *L. O. Emerson*


1. Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zi - on waits;.. Pray'r shall be - siege Thy tem-ple gates;
2. Our spir - its faint; our sins pre - vail;. .. Leave not our trem - bling hearts to fail;
3. How blest Thy saints, how safe - ly led,.... How sure - ly kept, how rich - ly fed:
4. Lord, on our souls Thy Spir - it pour;.. The mor - al waste with - in re - store;
All flesh shall to Thy throne re-pair, And find, thro' Christ, sal - va - tion there.
O Thou that hear - est pray'r, de-scend, And still be found the sin - ner's Friend.
Sav - iour of all in earth and sea, How hap - py they who rest in Thee.
O let Thy love our Spring-tide be, And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

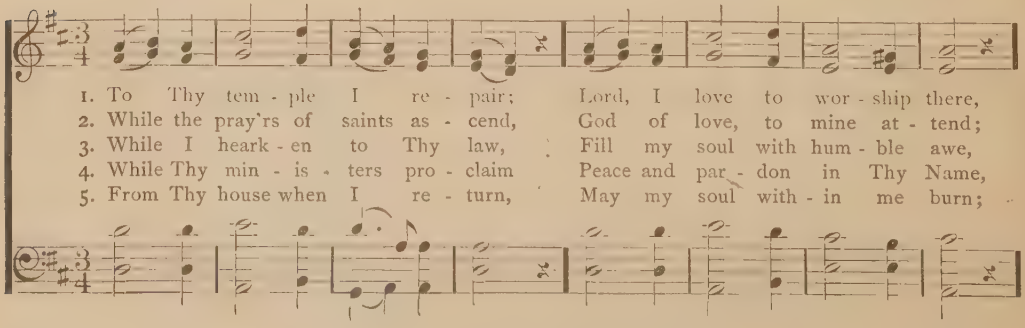
No. 8. *In Thy Name, O Lord, Assembling*

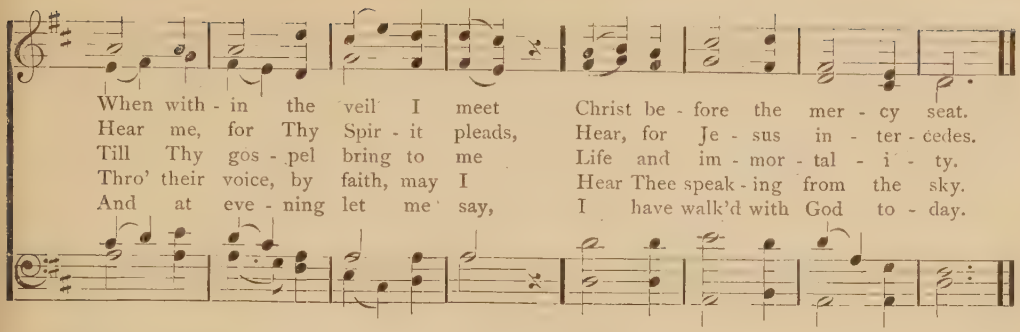
T. Kelly — ST. RAPHAEL. 8.7.8.7.4.7. — *E. J. Hopkins*


1. In Thy name, O Lord, as - sem - bling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near;
2. While our days on earth are lengthened, May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
3. There in wor - ship pur - er, sweet - er, Thee Thy peo - ple shall a - dore;
Teach us to re - joice with trem-bling, Speak, and let Thy ser - vants hear—
Cheer'd by hope, and dai - ly strengthened, May we run, nor wea - ry be,
Tast - ing of en - joy - ment great - er Far than thought con - ceived be - fore—
Hear with meek - ness, Hear Thy word with god - ly fear.
Till Thy glo - ry With - out clouds in heav'n we see.
Full en - joy - ment, Full, un - mix'd, and ev - er - more. A - men.

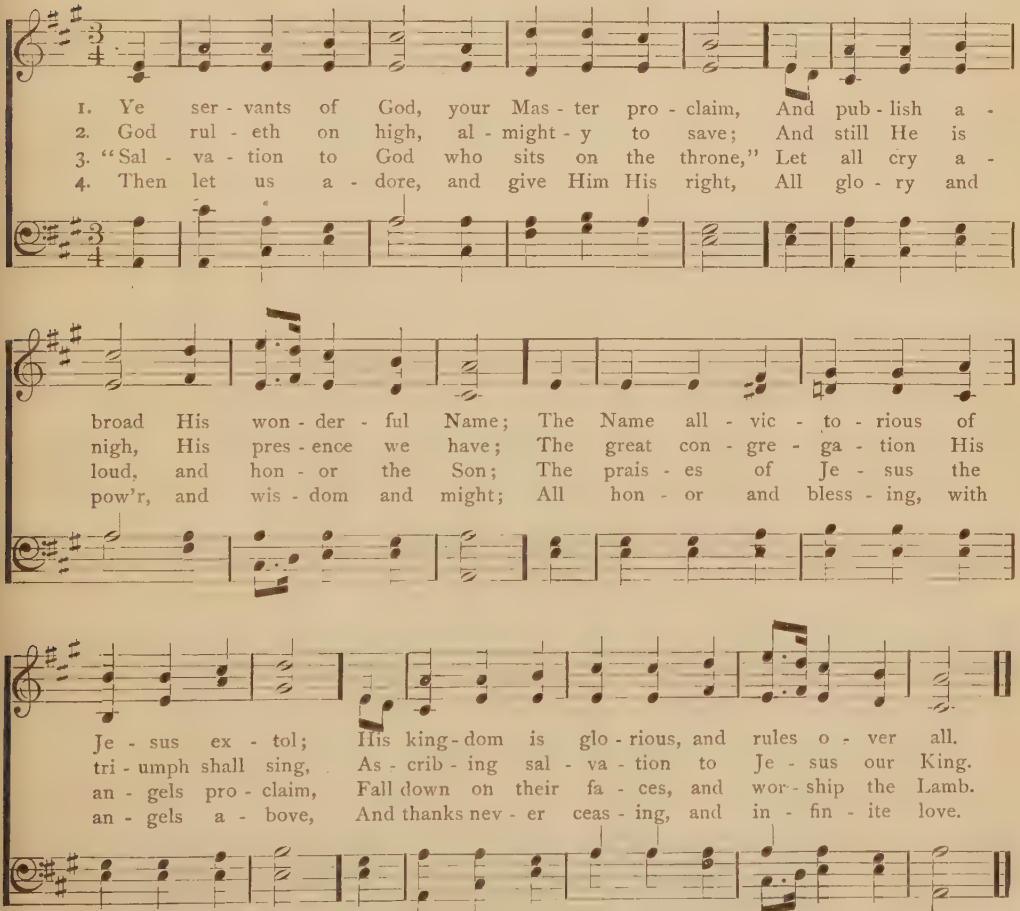
No. 9. *To Thy Temple I Repair*

James Montgomery — DALLAS. 7s. — *Fr. L. Cherubini*


1. To Thy tem - ple I re - pair; Lord, I love to wor - ship there,
2. While the pray'rs of saints as - cend, God of love, to mine at - tend;
3. While I heark - en to Thy law, Fill my soul with hum - ble awe,
4. While Thy min - is - ters pro - claim Peace and par - don in Thy Name,
5. From Thy house when I re - turn, May my soul with - in me burn;

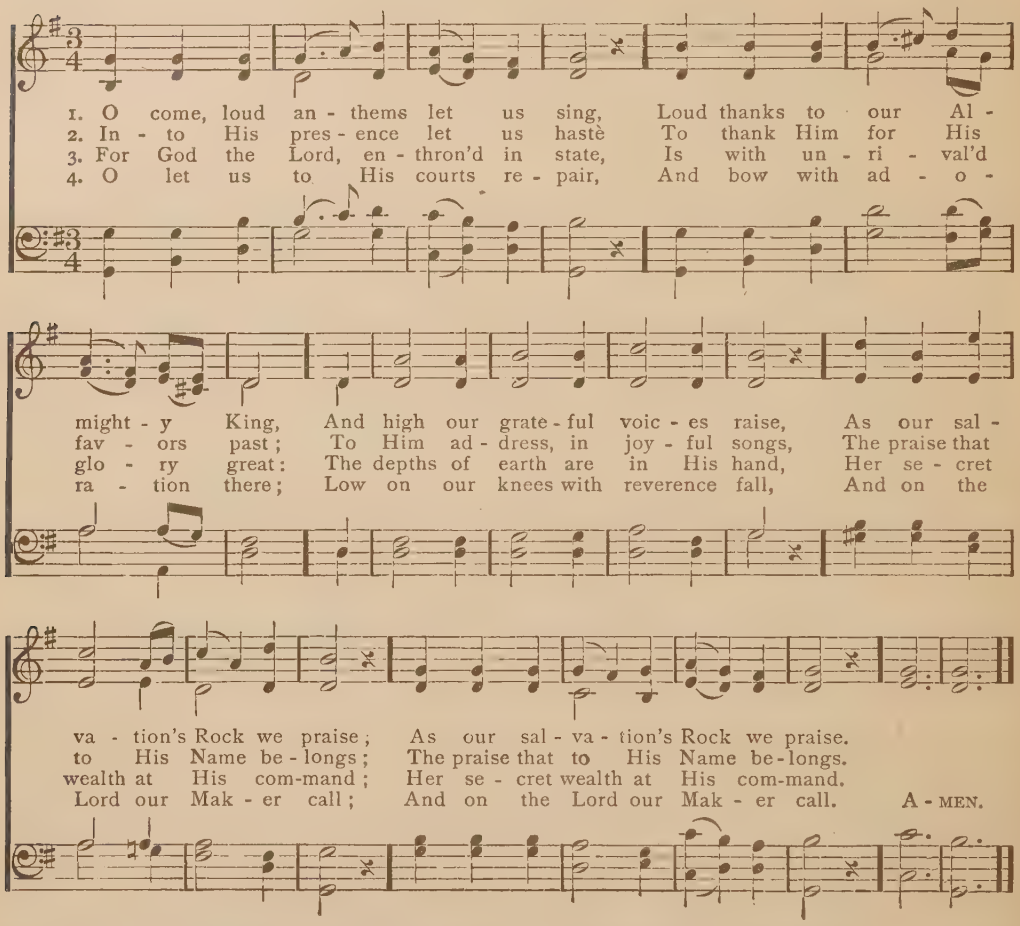
To Thy Temple I Repair

When with - in the veil I meet Christ be - fore the mer - cy seat.
Hear me, for Thy Spir - it pleads, Hear, for Je - sus in - ter - cedes.
Till Thy gos - pel bring to me Life and im - mor - tal - i - ty.
Thro' their voice, by faith, may I Hear Thee speak - ing from the sky.
And at eve - ning let me say, I have walk'd with God to - day.

No. 10. *Ye Servants of God, Your Master Proclaim*

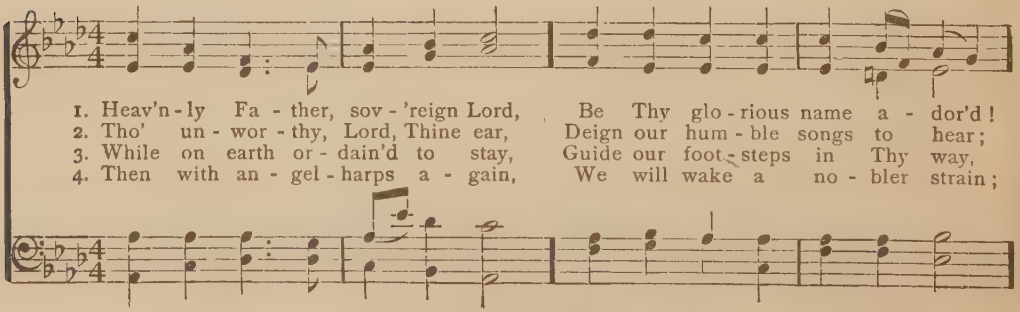
Charles Wesley LYONS. 10s & 11s. *F. J. Haydn*

1. Ye ser - vants of God, your Mas - ter pro - claim, And pub - lish a -
2. God rul - eth on high, al - might - y to save; And still He is
3. "Sal - va - tion to God who sits on the throne," Let all cry a -
4. Then let us a - dore, and give Him His right, All glo - ry and
broad His won - der - ful Name; The Name all - vic - to - rious of
nigh, His pres - ence we have; The great con - gre - ga - tion His
loud, and hon - or the Son; The prais - es of Je - sus the
pow'r, and wis - dom and might; All hon - or and bless - ing, with
Je - sus ex - tol; His king - dom is glo - rious, and rules o - ver all.
tri - umph shall sing, As - crib - ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus our King.
an - gels pro - claim, Fall down on their fa - ces, and wor - ship the Lamb.
an - gels a - bove, And thanks nev - er ceas - ing, and in - fin - ite love.

No. 11. *O Come, Loud Anthems Let Us Sing*

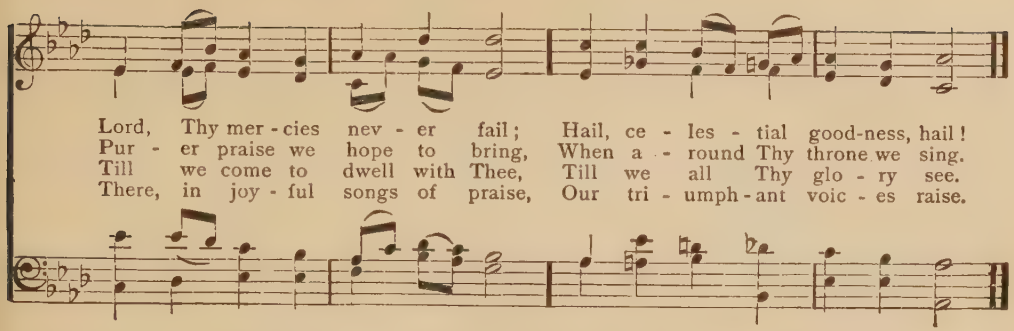
Metrical Psalm PARK STREET. L. M. *F. M. A. Venua*


1. O come, loud an - thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al -
2. In - to His pres - ence let us haste To thank Him for His
3. For God the Lord, en - thron'd in state, Is with un - ri - val'd
4. O let us to His courts re - pair, And bow with ad - o -
might - y King, And high our grate - ful voic - es raise, As our sal -
fav - ors past; To Him ad - dress, in joy - ful songs, The praise that
glo - ry great: The depths of earth are in His hand, Her se - cret
ra - tion there; Low on our knees with reverence fall, And on the
va - tion's Rock we praise; As our sal - va - tion's Rock we praise.
to His Name be - longs; The praise that to His Name be - longs.
wealth at His com-mand; Her se - cret wealth at His com-mand.
Lord our Mak - er call; And on the Lord our Mak - er call. A - MEN.

No. 12. *Heavenly Father, Sovereign Lord*

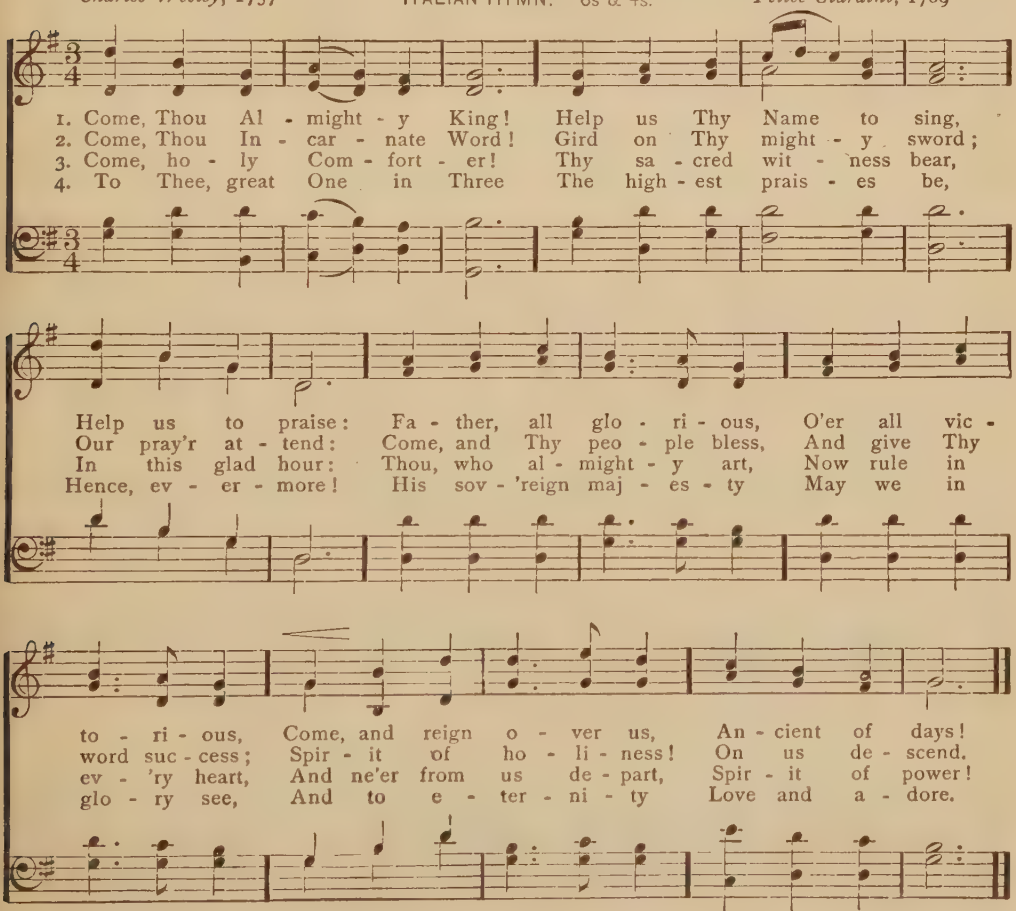
Salisbury Coll. SALSBURG. 7s. *F. Mendelssohn*

1. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, sov - 'reign Lord, Be Thy glo - rious name a - dor'd!
2. Tho' un - wor - thy, Lord, Thine ear, Deign our hum - ble songs to hear;
3. While on earth or - dain'd to stay, Guide our foot - steps in Thy way,
4. Then with an - gel - harps a - gain, We will wake a no - bler strain;

Heavenly Father, Sovereign Lord


Lord, Thy mer - cies nev - er fail; Hail, ce - les - tial good-ness, hail!
Pur - er praise we hope to bring, When a - round Thy throne we sing.
Till we come to dwell with Thee, Till we all Thy glo - ry see.
There, in joy - ful songs of praise, Our tri - umph - ant voic - es raise.

No. 13. *Come, Thou Almighty King*

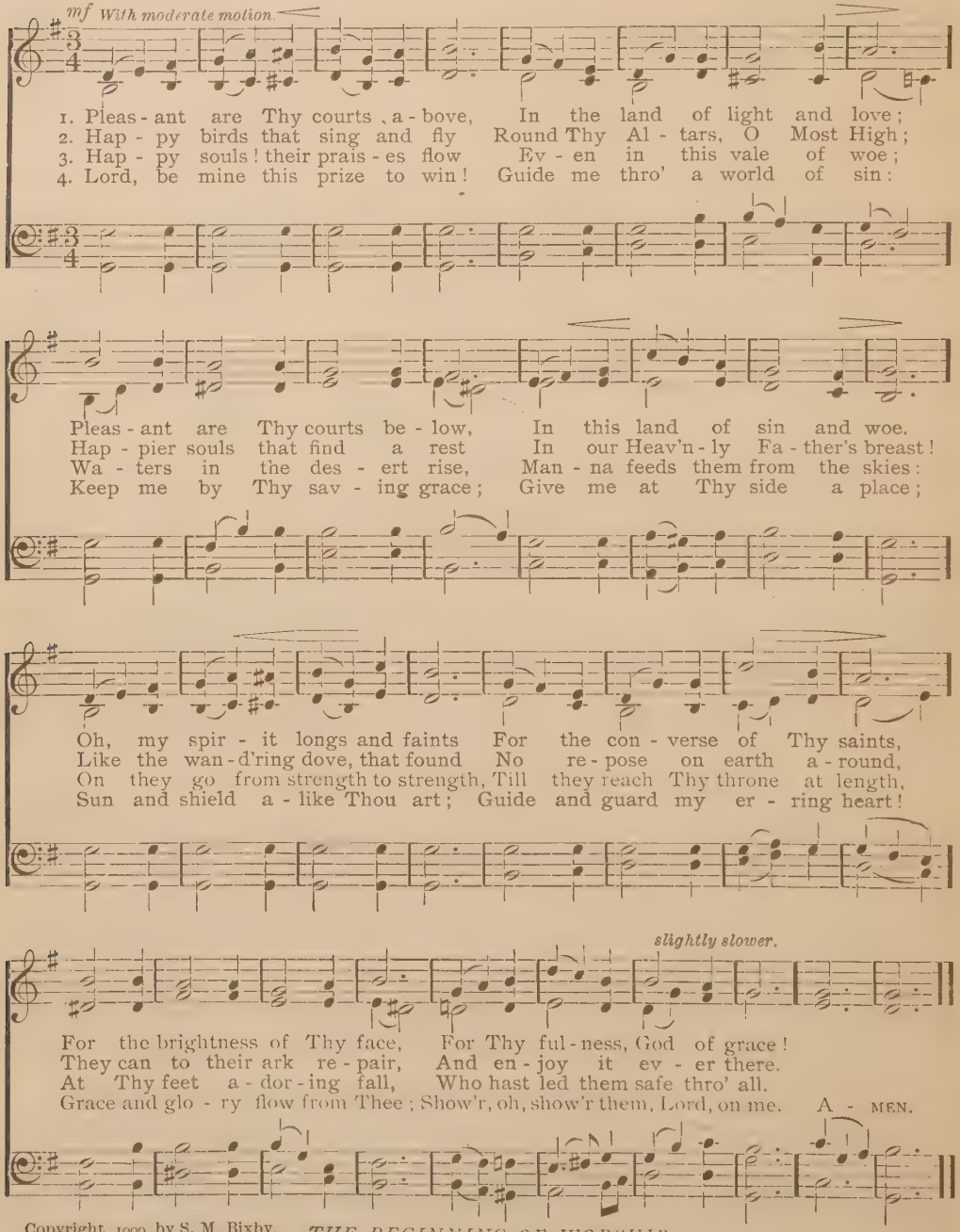
Charles Wesley, 1757 ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s. *Felice Giardini*, 1769


1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King! Help us Thy Name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word! Gird on Thy might - y sword;
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
4. To Thee, great One in Three The high - est prais - es be,
Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our pray'r at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence, ev - er - more! His sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power!
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

No. 14. *Pleasant are Thy Courts Above*

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834 HIGBEE. 7s. 8 Lines. *Joseph Martine*

mf With moderate motion.


1. Pleas - ant are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love;
2. Hap - py birds that sing and fly Round Thy Al - tars, O Most High;
3. Hap - py souls! their prais - es flow Ev - en in this vale of woe;
4. Lord, be mine this prize to win! Guide me thro' a world of sin:
Pleas - ant are Thy courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe.
Hap - pier souls that find a rest In our Heav'n - ly Fa - ther's breast!
Wa - ters in the des - ert rise, Man - na feeds them from the skies:
Keep me by Thy sav - ing grace; Give me at Thy side a place;
Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of Thy saints,
Like the wan - d'ring dove, that found No re - pose on earth a - round,
On they go from strength to strength, Till they reach Thy throne at length,
Sun and shield a - like Thou art; Guide and guard my er - ring heart!
slightly slower.
For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy ful - ness, God of grace!
They can to their ark re - pair, And en - joy it ev - er there.
At Thy feet a - dor - ing fall, Who hast led them safe thro' all.
Grace and glo - ry flow from Thee; Show'r, oh, show'r them, Lord, on me. A - MEN.

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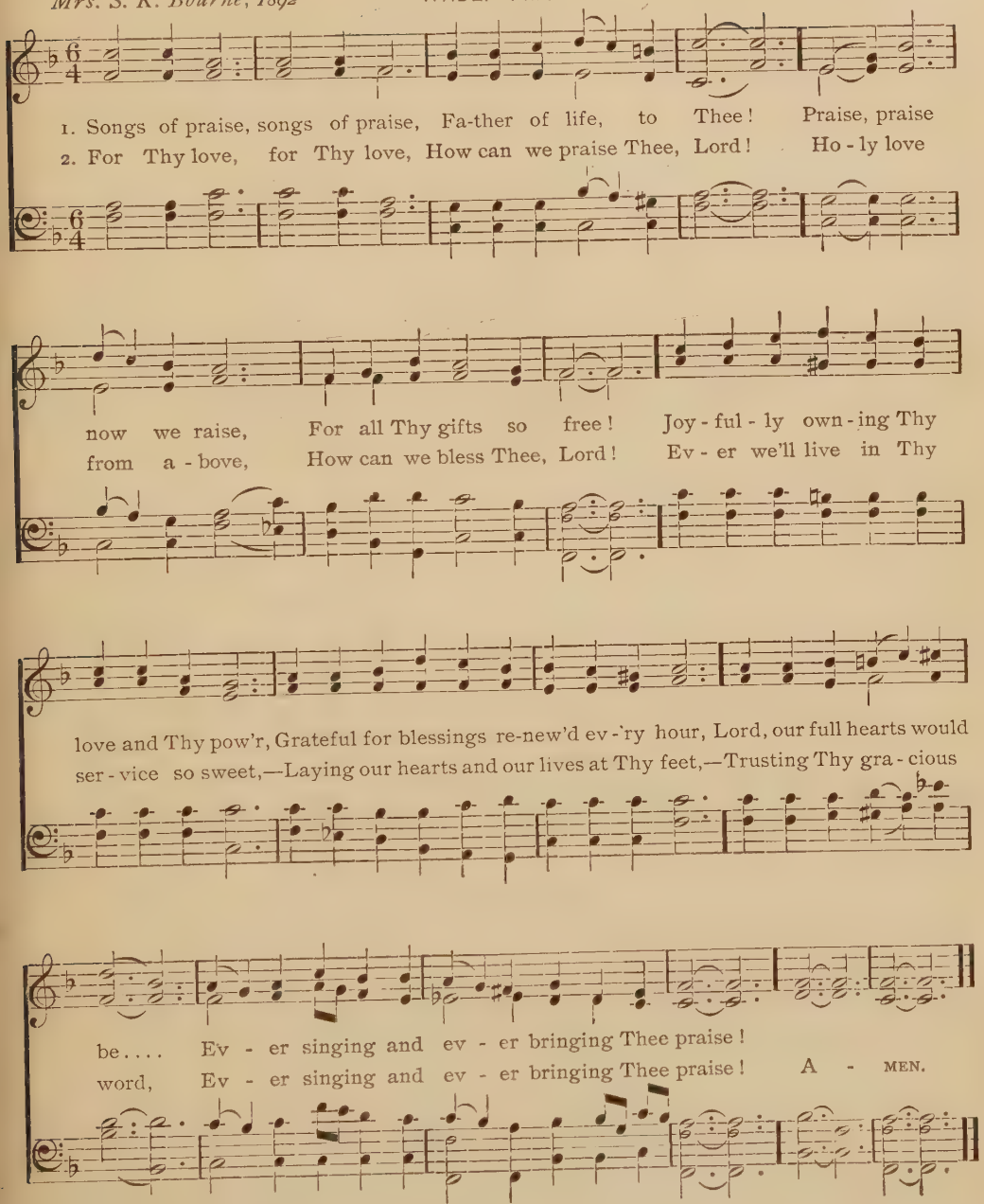
Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 WADE. P.M. *R. Menthal*


1. Songs of praise, songs of praise, Fa-ther of life, to Thee! Praise, praise
2. For Thy love, for Thy love, How can we praise Thee, Lord! Ho-ly love
now we raise, For all Thy gifts so free! Joy-ful-ly own-ing Thy
from a-bove, How can we bless Thee, Lord! Ev-er we'll live in Thy
love and Thy pow'r, Grateful for blessings re-new'd ev-'ry hour, Lord, our full hearts would
ser-vice so sweet,—Laying our hearts and our lives at Thy feet,—Trusting Thy gra-cious
be.... Ev-er singing and ev-er bringing Thee praise!
word, Ev-er singing and ev-er bringing Thee praise! A-MEN.

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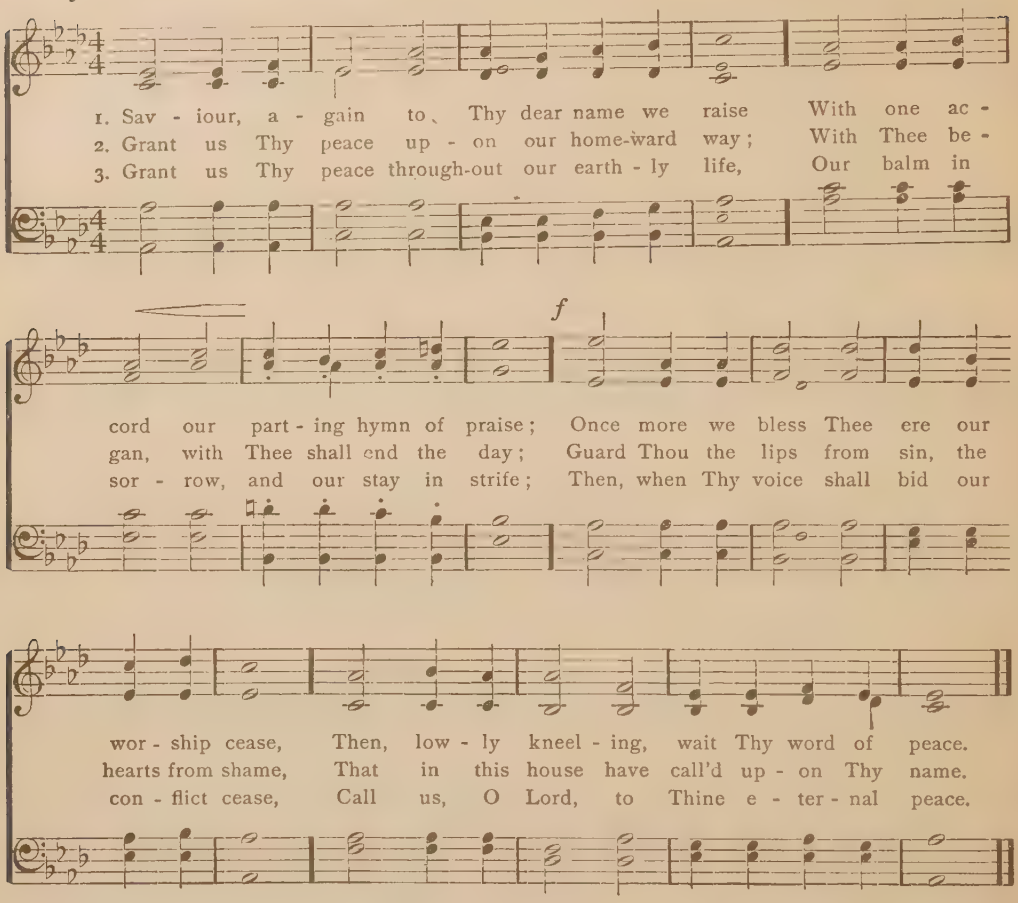
No. 16. *Saviour, again to Thy Dear Name*

John Ellerton, 1866 ELLERS. 10s. *E. J. Hopkins*, 1866

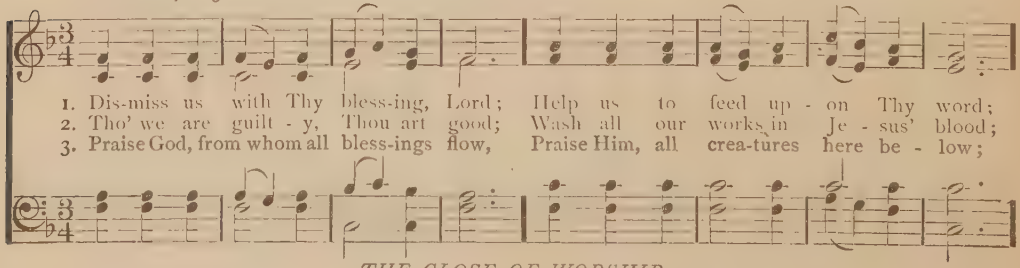

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be -
3. Grant us Thy peace through-out our earth - ly life, Our balm in
f
cord our part - ing hymn of praise; Once more we bless Thee ere our
gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our
wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
hearts from shame, That in this house have call'd up - on Thy name.
con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

No. 17. *Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing, Lord*

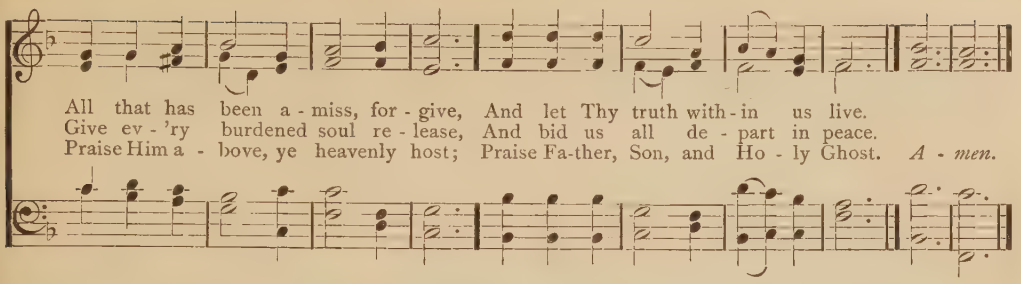
Rev. Joseph Hart, vs, 1. 2
Thomas Ken, v. 3

HURSLEY. L. M.

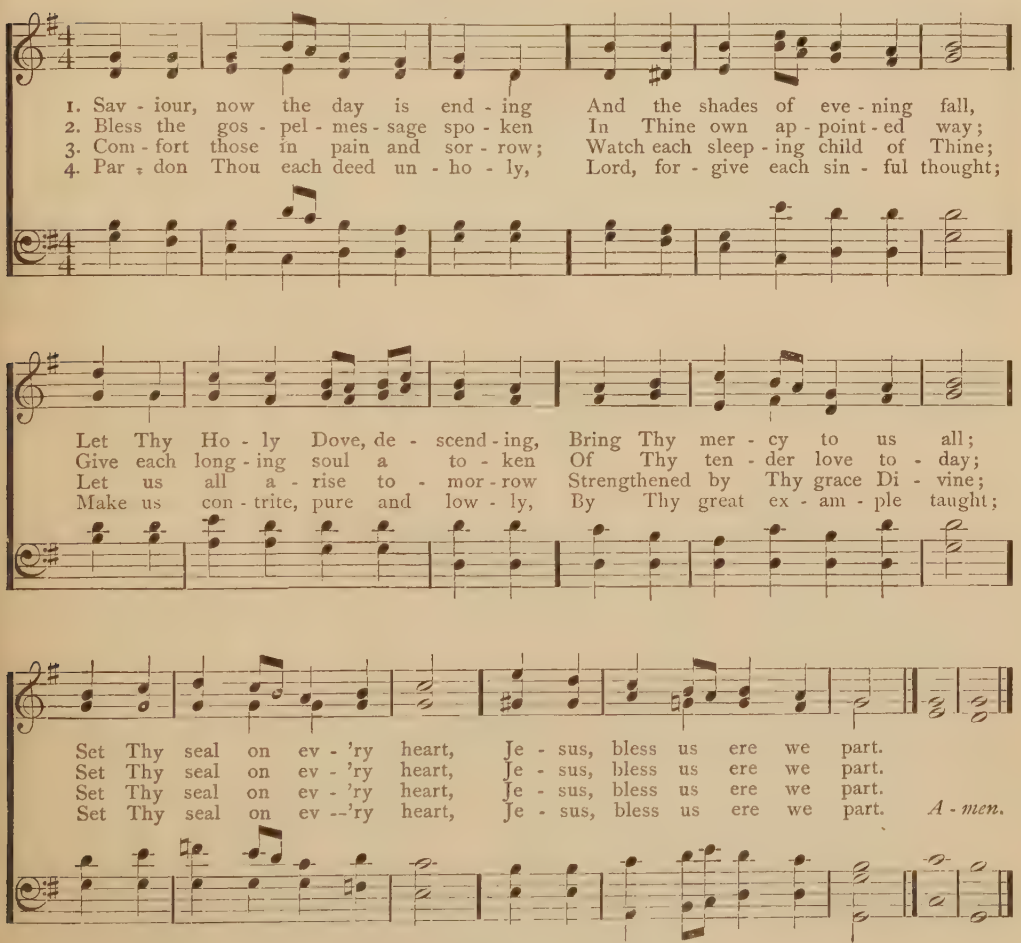
Peter Ritter


1. Dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing, Lord; Help us to feed up - on Thy word;
2. Tho' we are guilt - y, Thou art good; Wash all our works in Je - sus' blood;
3. Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing, Lord

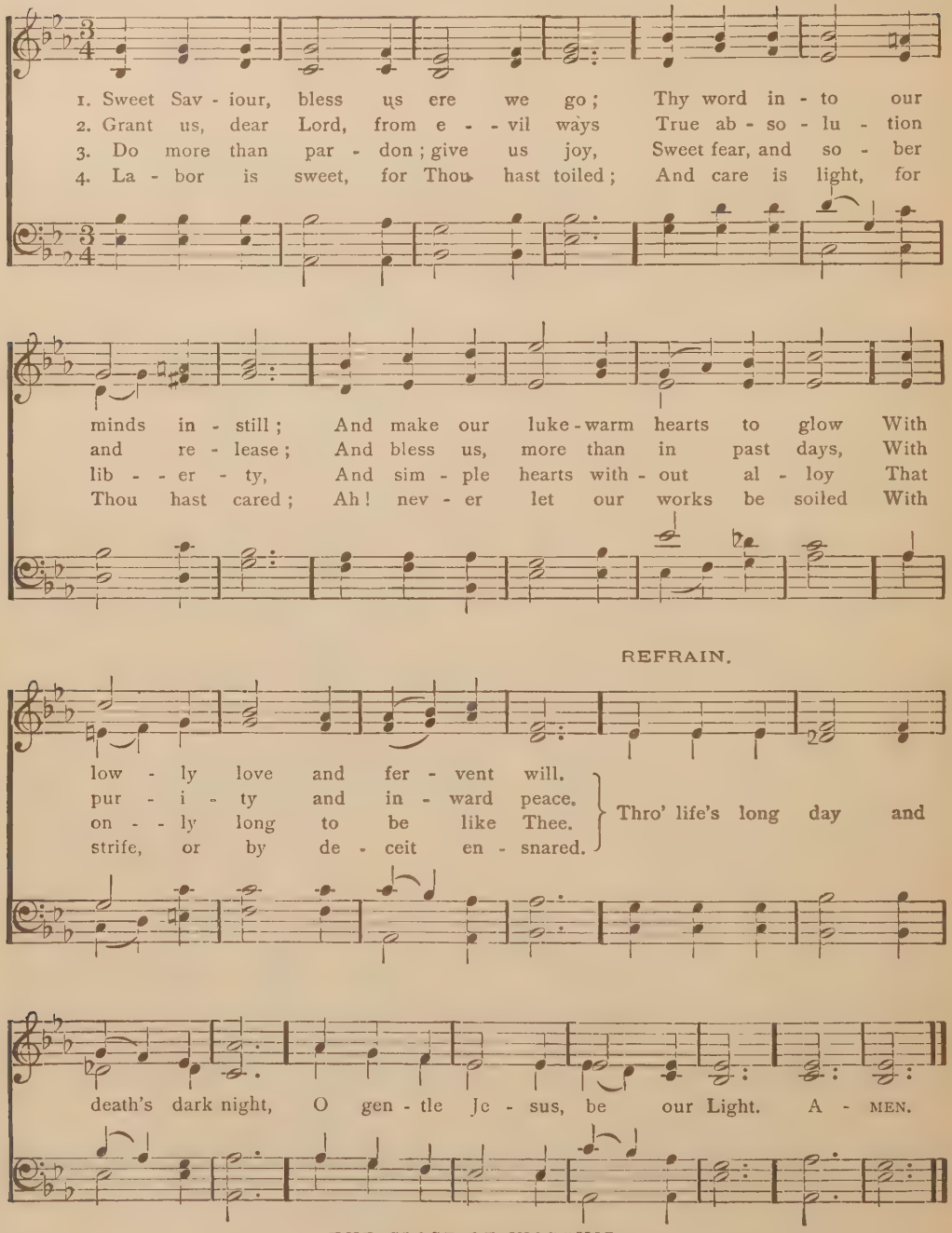

All that has been a - miss, for - give, And let Thy truth with - in us live.
Give ev - 'ry burdened soul re - lease, And bid us all de - part in peace.
Praise Him a - bove, ye heavenly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

No. 18. *Saviour, Now the Day is Ending*

S. Doudney GOUNOD. 8.7.8.7.7.7. *C. Gounod*

1. Sav - iour, now the day is end - ing And the shades of eve - ning fall,
2. Bless the gos - pel - mes - sage spo - ken In Thine own ap - point - ed way;
3. Com - fort those in pain and sor - row; Watch each sleep - ing child of Thine;
4. Par - don Thou each deed un - ho - ly, Lord, for - give each sin - ful thought;
Let Thy Ho - ly Dove, de - scend - ing, Bring Thy mer - cy to us all;
Give each long - ing soul a to - ken Of Thy ten - der love to - day;
Let us all a - rise to - mor - row Strengthened by Thy grace Di - vine;
Make us con - trite, pure and low - ly, By Thy great ex - am - ple taught;
Set Thy seal on ev - 'ry heart, Je - sus, bless us ere we part.
Set Thy seal on ev - 'ry heart, Je - sus, bless us ere we part.
Set Thy seal on ev - 'ry heart, Je - sus, bless us ere we part.
Set Thy seal on ev - 'ry heart, Je - sus, bless us ere we part. A - men.

THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP

No. 19. *Sweet Saviour, Bless Us ere We Go*

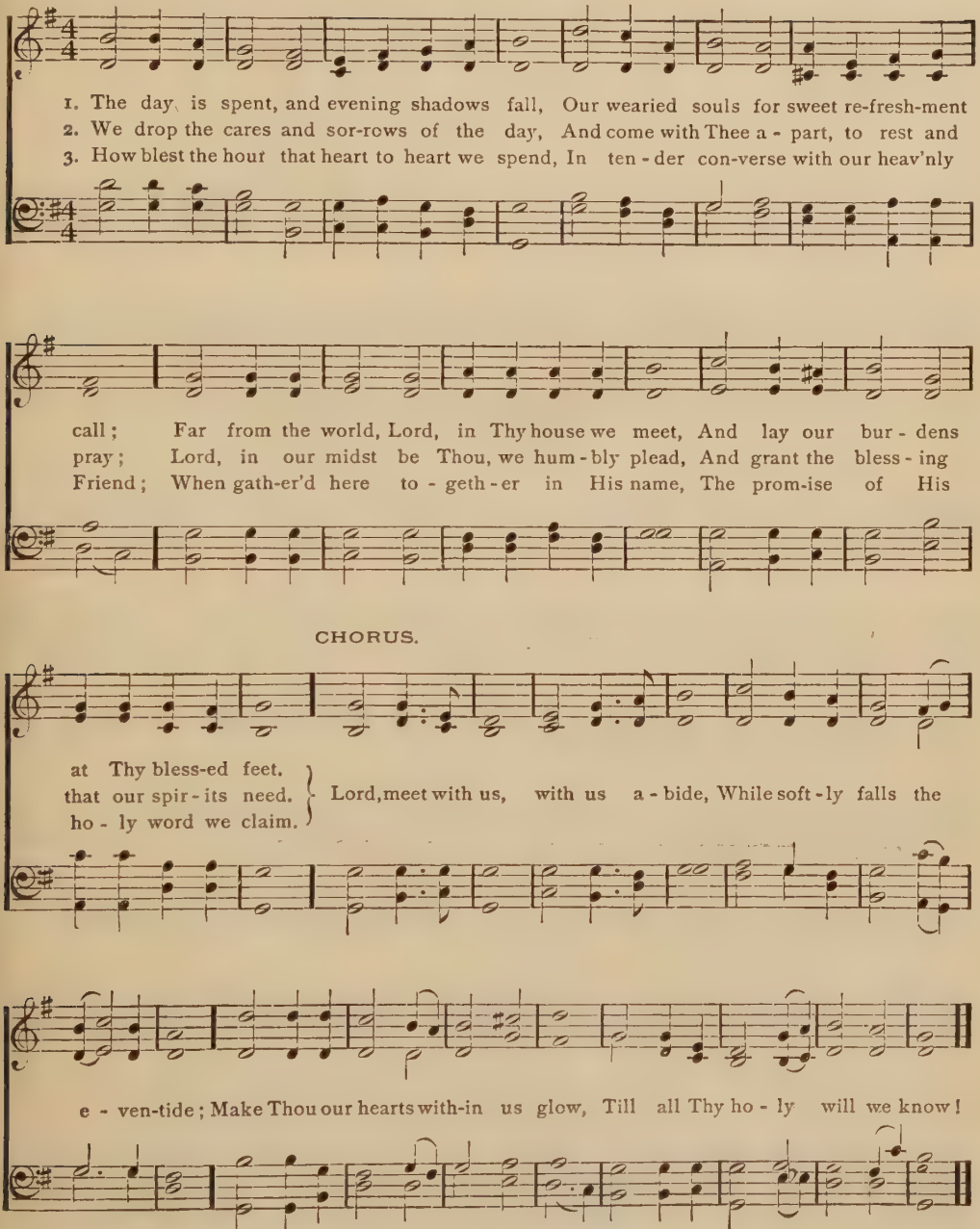
H. Collins ADORO. L. M., Six lines *J. Barnby*

1. Sweet Sav - iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our
2. Grant us, dear Lord, from e - - vil ways True ab - so - lu - tion
3. Do more than par - don; give us joy, Sweet fear, and so - ber
4. La - bor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled; And care is light, for
minds in - still; And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With
and re - lease; And bless us, more than in past days, With
lib - - er - ty, And sim - ple hearts with - out al - loy That
Thou hast cared; Ah! nev - er let our works be soiled With
REFRAIN.
low - ly love and fer - vent will.
pur - i - ty and in - ward peace.
on - - ly long to be like Thee.
strife, or by de - ceit en - snared.
Thro' life's long day and
death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light. A - MEN.

THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP

No. 20.

The Day is Spent

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 MORRIS. 10s & 8s. *S. M. Bixby*


1. The day is spent, and evening shadows fall, Our wearied souls for sweet re-fresh-ment
2. We drop the cares and sor-rows of the day, And come with Thee a - part, to rest and
3. How blest the hour that heart to heart we spend, In ten - der con-verse with our heav'nly
call; Far from the world, Lord, in Thy house we meet, And lay our bur - dens
pray; Lord, in our midst be Thou, we hum - bly plead, And grant the bless - ing
Friend; When gath-er'd here to - geth - er in His name, The prom-ise of His
CHORUS.
at Thy bless-ed feet.
that our spir - its need.
ho - ly word we claim.
Lord, meet with us, with us a - bide, While soft - ly falls the
e - ven-tide; Make Thou our hearts with-in us glow, Till all Thy ho - ly will we know!

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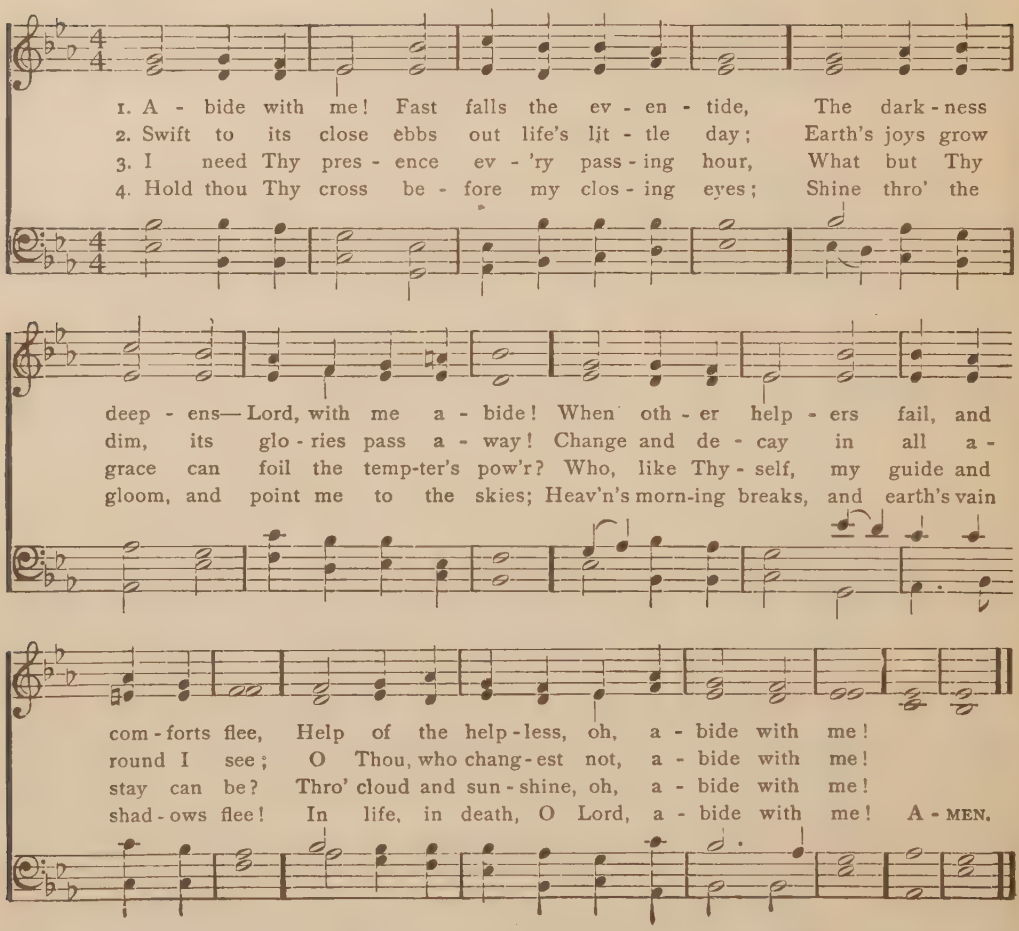
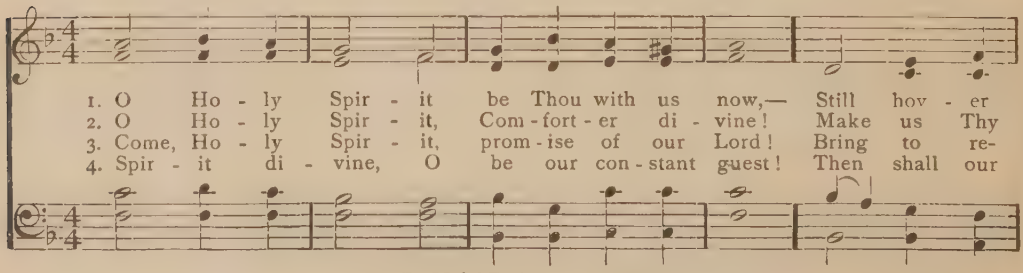
No. 21. *Abide with Me*

Henry Francis Lyte — EVENTIDE. 10s. — *W. H. Monk*

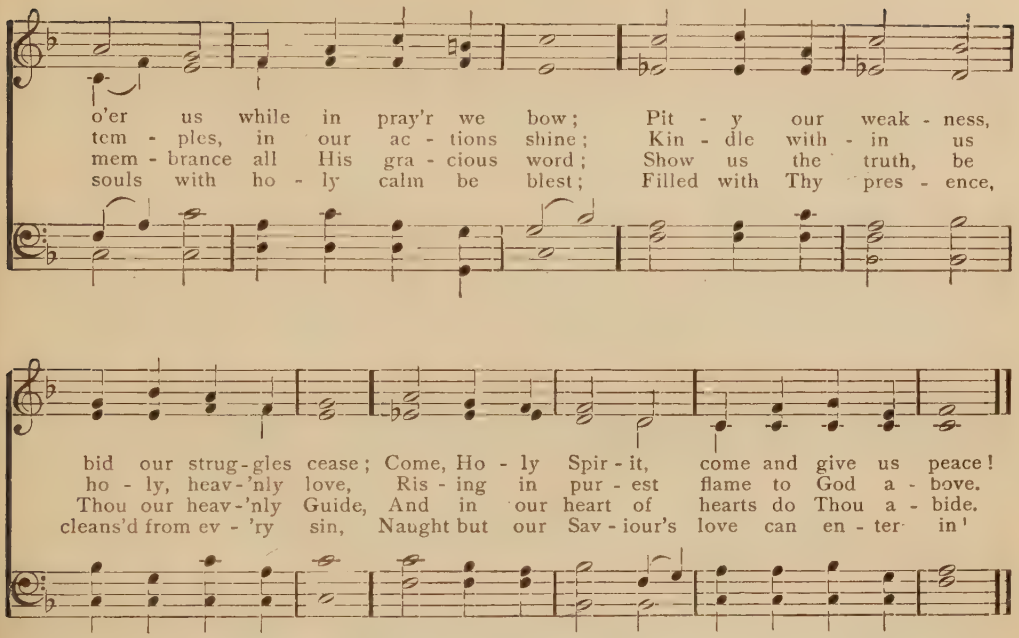

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide, The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy
4. Hold thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the
deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way! Change and de - cay in all a -
grace can foil the temp-ter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my guide and
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, and earth's vain
com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
round I see; O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!
shad - ows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - MEN.

No. 22. *O Holy Spirit, Be Thou with Us Now*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1894 — KETCHAM. 10s. — *S. M. Bixby*


1. O Ho - ly Spir - it be Thou with us now,— Still hov - er
2. O Ho - ly Spir - it, Com - fort - er di - vine! Make us Thy
3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, prom - ise of our Lord! Bring to re-
4. Spir - it di - vine, O be our con - stant guest! Then shall our

O Holy Spirit, Be Thou with Us Now


o'er us while in pray'r we bow; Pit - y our weak - ness,
tem - ples, in our ac - tions shine; Kin - dle with - in us
mem - brance all His gra - cious word; Show us the truth, be
souls with ho - ly calm be blest; Filled with Thy pres - ence,
bid our strug - gles cease; Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come and give us peace!
ho - ly, heav - 'nly love, Ris - ing in pur - est flame to God a - bove.
Thou our heav - 'nly Guide, And in our heart of hearts do Thou a - bide.
cleans'd from ev - 'ry sin, Naught but our Sav - iour's love can en - ter in!

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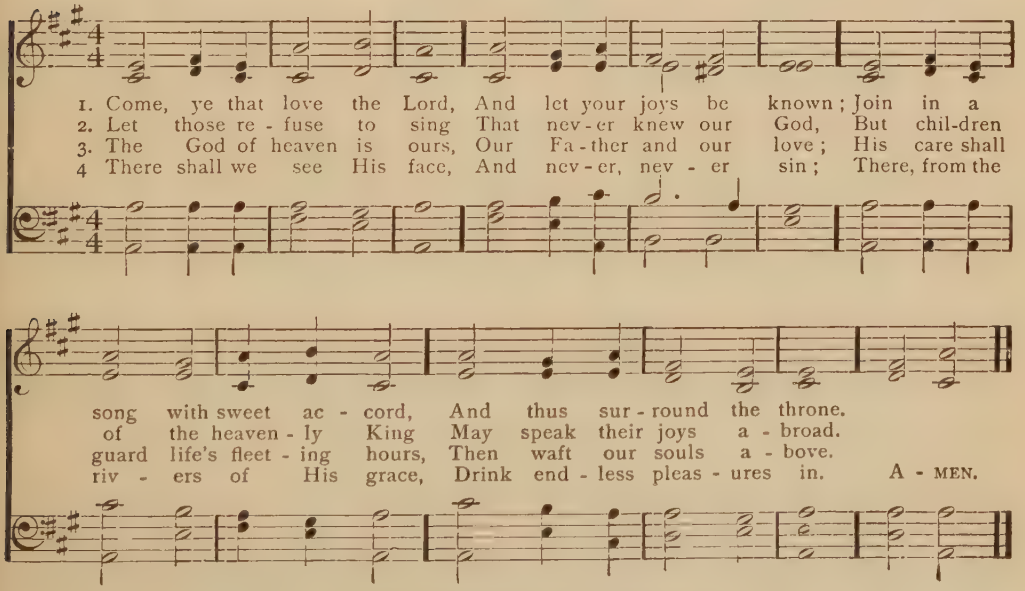
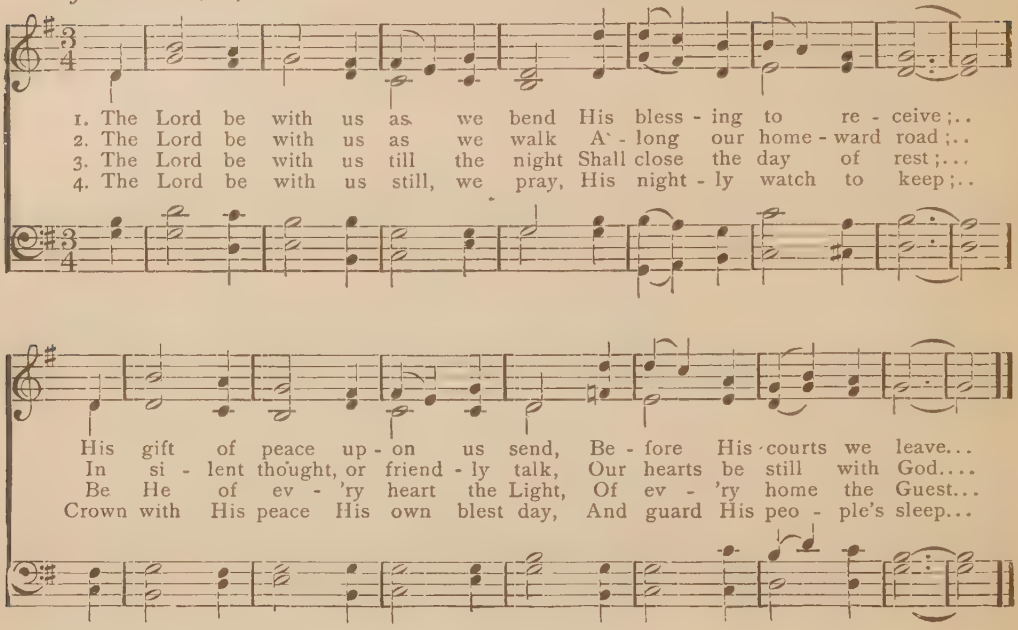
No. 23. *Come, Ye that Love the Lord*

Isaac Watts, 1709 — OLMUTZ. S. M. — *Arr. by Dr. Lowell Mason*


1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a
2. Let those re - fuse to sing That nev - er knew our God, But chil-dren
3. The God of heaven is ours, Our Fa - ther and our love; His care shall
4 There shall we see His face, And nev - er, nev - er sin; There, from the
song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.
of the heaven - ly King May speak their joys a - broad.
guard life's fleet - ing hours, Then waft our souls a - bove.
riv - ers of His grace, Drink end - less pleas - ures in. A - MEN.

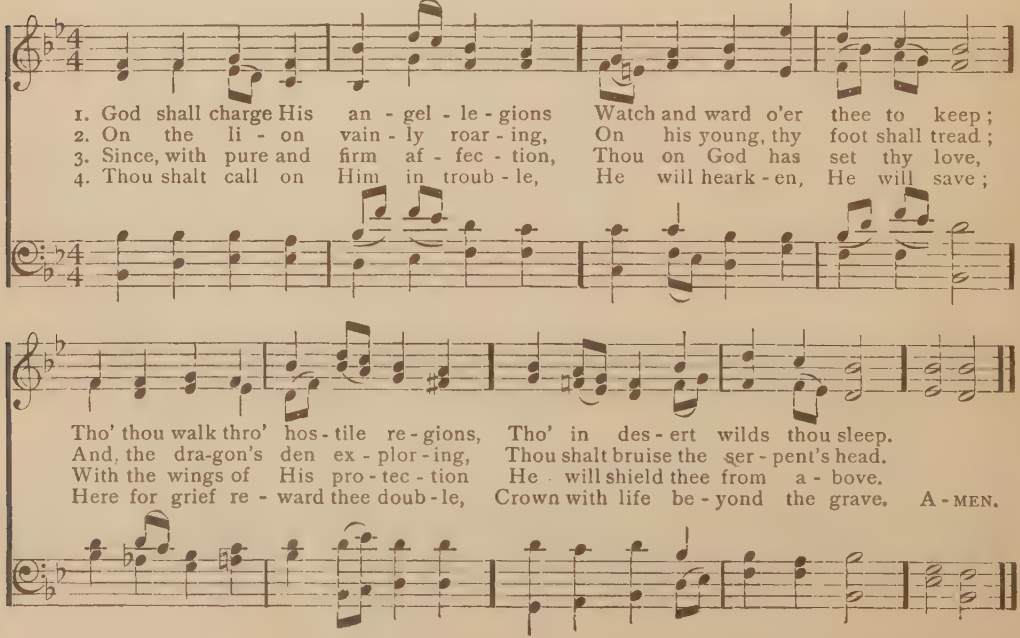
No. 24. *The Lord be With Us as We Bend*

John Ellerton, 1872 — BELMONT. C. M. — *Wm. Gardiner*, 1812


1. The Lord be with us as we bend His bless - ing to re - ceive;..
2. The Lord be with us as we walk A - long our home - ward road;..
3. The Lord be with us till the night Shall close the day of rest;...
4. The Lord be with us still, we pray, His night - ly watch to keep;..
His gift of peace up - on us send, Be - fore His courts we leave...
In si - lent thought, or friend - ly talk, Our hearts be still with God....
Be He of ev - 'ry heart the Light, Of ev - 'ry home the Guest...
Crown with His peace His own blest day, And guard His peo - ple's sleep...

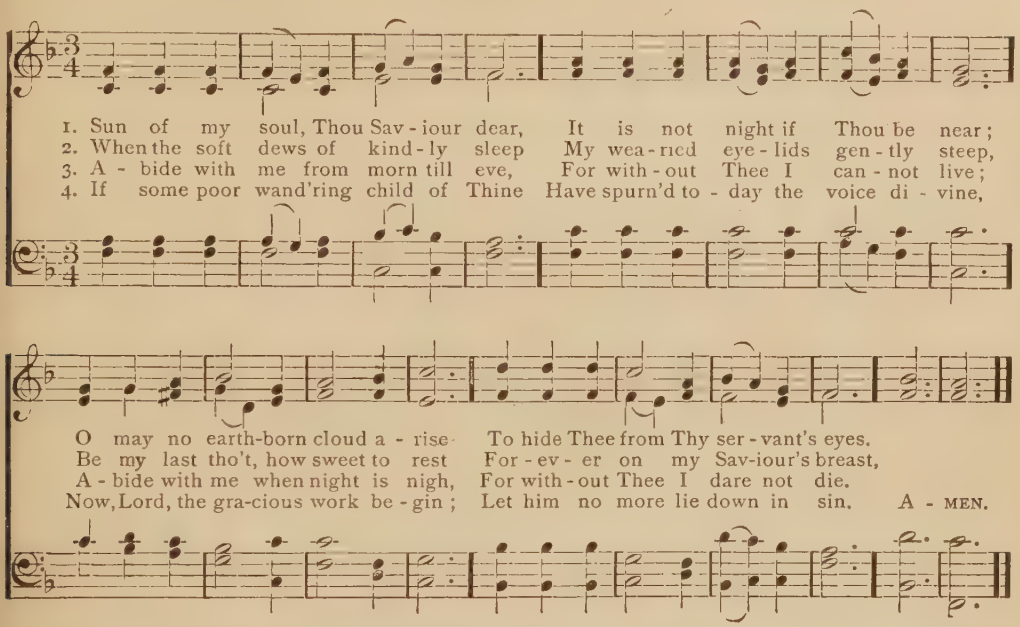
No. 25. *God Shall Charge His Angel-Legions*

James Montgomery — TRUST. 8s & 7s. — *Mendelssohn*


1. God shall charge His an - gel - le - gions Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
2. On the li - on vain - ly roar - ing, On his young, thy foot shall tread;
3. Since, with pure and firm af - fec - tion, Thou on God has set thy love,
4. Thou shalt call on Him in troub - le, He will heark - en, He will save;
Tho' thou walk thro' hos - tile re - gions, Tho' in des - ert wilds thou sleep.
And, the dra-gon's den ex - plor - ing, Thou shalt bruise the ser - pent's head.
With the wings of His pro - tec - tion He will shield thee from a - bove.
Here for grief re - ward thee doub - le, Crown with life be - yond the grave. A - MEN.

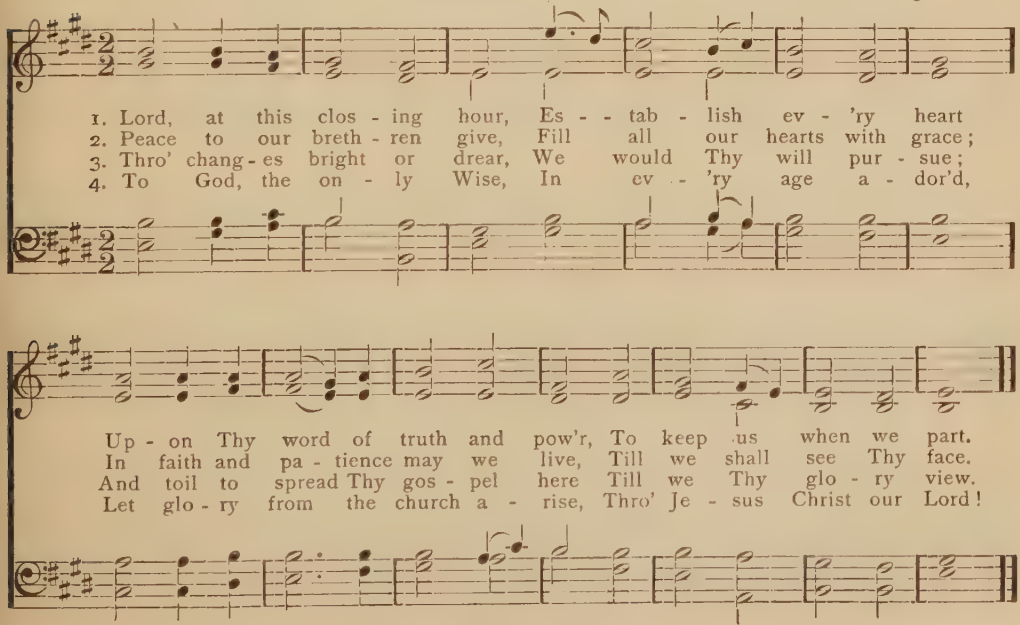
No. 26. *Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear*

Rev. J. Keble, 1827 — HURSLEY. L. M. — *Peter Ritter*


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I can - not live;
4. If some poor wand'ring child of Thine Have spurn'd to - day the voice di - vine,
O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav-iour's breast,
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with - out Thee I dare not die.
Now, Lord, the gra-cious work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin. A - MEN.

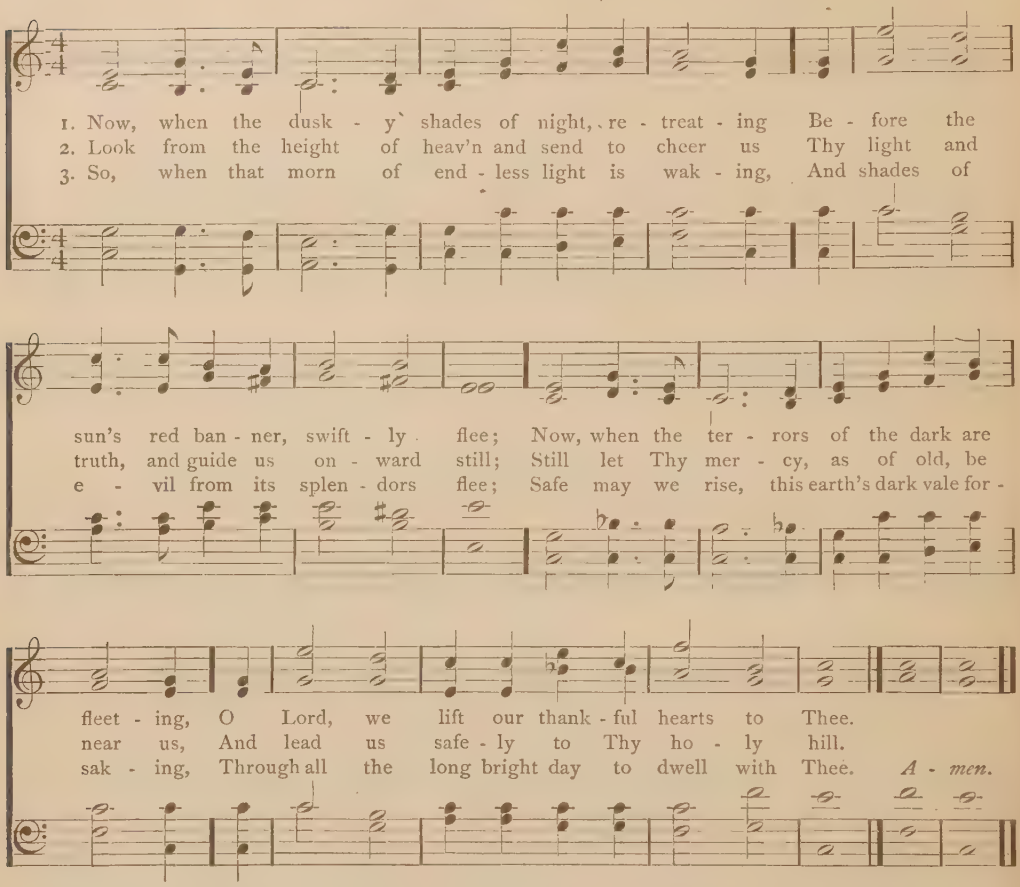
No. 27. *Lord, at This Closing Hour*

Eleazar T. Fitch, 1845 — MORNINGTON. S. M. — *G. W. Mornington*


1. Lord, at this clos - ing hour, Es - - tab - lish ev - 'ry heart
2. Peace to our breth - ren give, Fill all our hearts with grace;
3. Thro' chang - es bright or drear, We would Thy will pur - sue;
4. To God, the on - ly Wise, In ev - 'ry age a - dor'd,
Up - on Thy word of truth and pow'r, To keep us when we part.
In faith and pa - tience may we live, Till we shall see Thy face.
And toil to spread Thy gos - pel here Till we Thy glo - ry view.
Let glo - ry from the church a - rise, Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord!

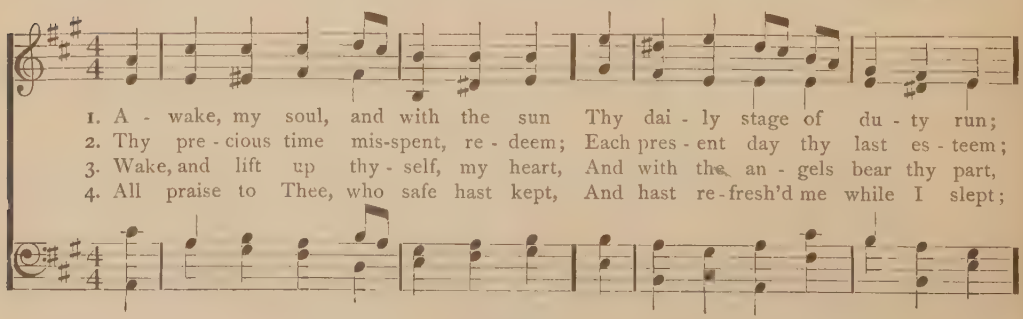
No. 28. *Now, when the Dusky Shades of Night*

Anon. MORNING PRAISE. 11s, 10s. *J. Stainer*

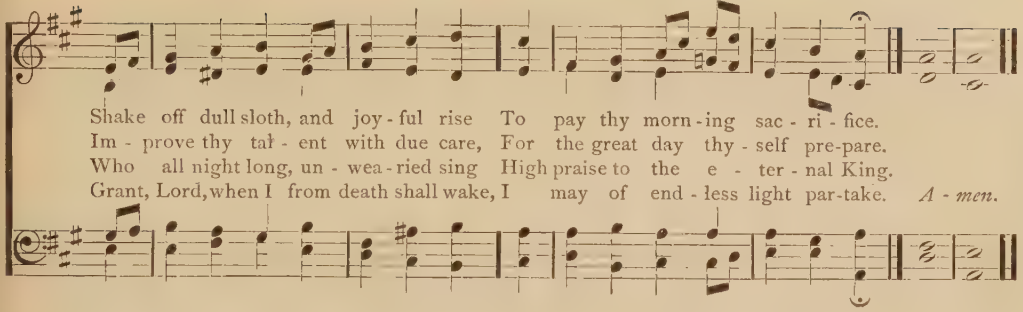

1. Now, when the dusk - y shades of night, re - treat - ing Be - fore the
2. Look from the height of heav'n and send to cheer us Thy light and
3. So, when that morn of end - less light is wak - ing, And shades of
sun's red ban - ner, swift - ly flee; Now, when the ter - rors of the dark are
truth, and guide us on - ward still; Still let Thy mer - cy, as of old, be
e - vil from its splen - dors flee; Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale for -
fleet - ing, O Lord, we lift our thank - ful hearts to Thee.
near us, And lead us safe - ly to Thy ho - ly hill.
sak - ing, Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee. A - men.

No. 29. *Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun*

Thomas Ken MORNING HYMN. L. M. *F. H. Barthelemon*

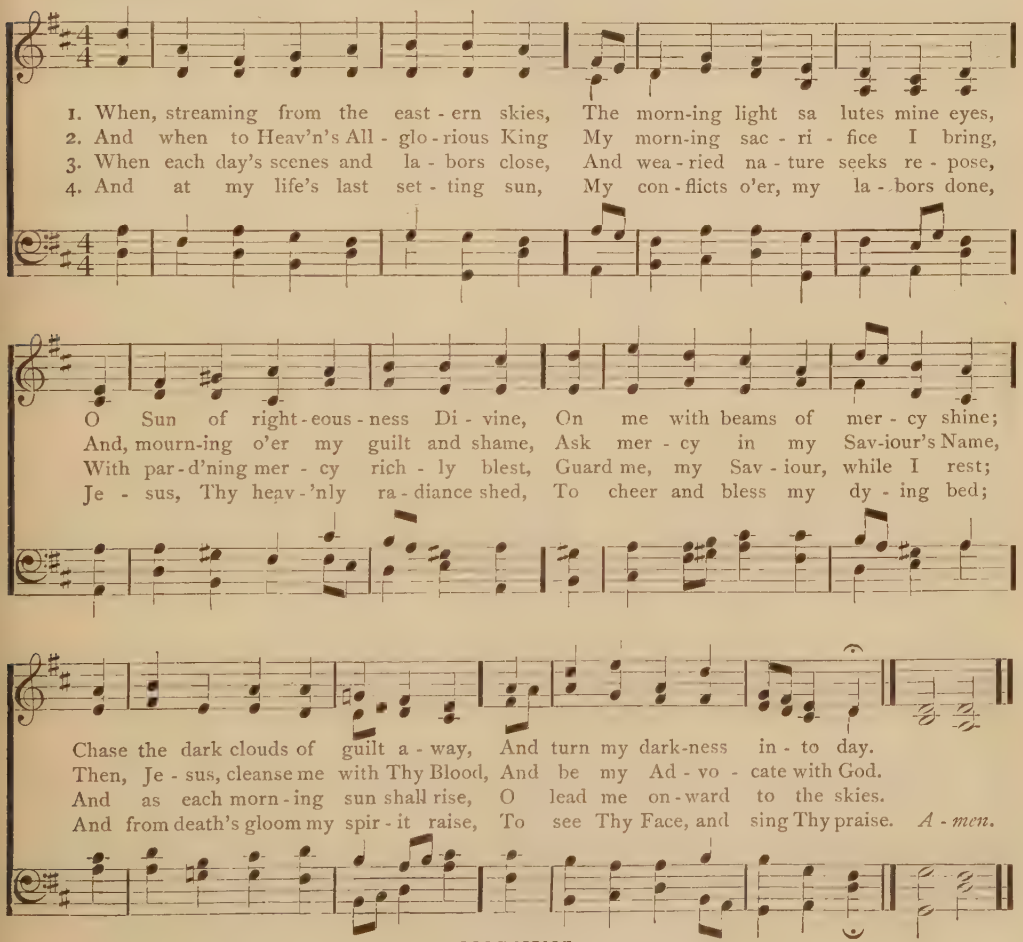

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
2. Thy pre - cious time mis-spent, re - deem; Each pres - ent day thy last es - teem;
3. Wake, and lift up thy - self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear thy part,
4. All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept, And hast re-fresh'd me while I slept;

Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun


Shake off dull sloth, and joy-ful rise To pay thy morn-ing sac-ri-fice.
Im-prove thy tal-ent with due care, For the great day thy-self pre-pare.
Who all night long, un-wea-ried sing High praise to the e-ter-nal King.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end-less light par-take. A-men.

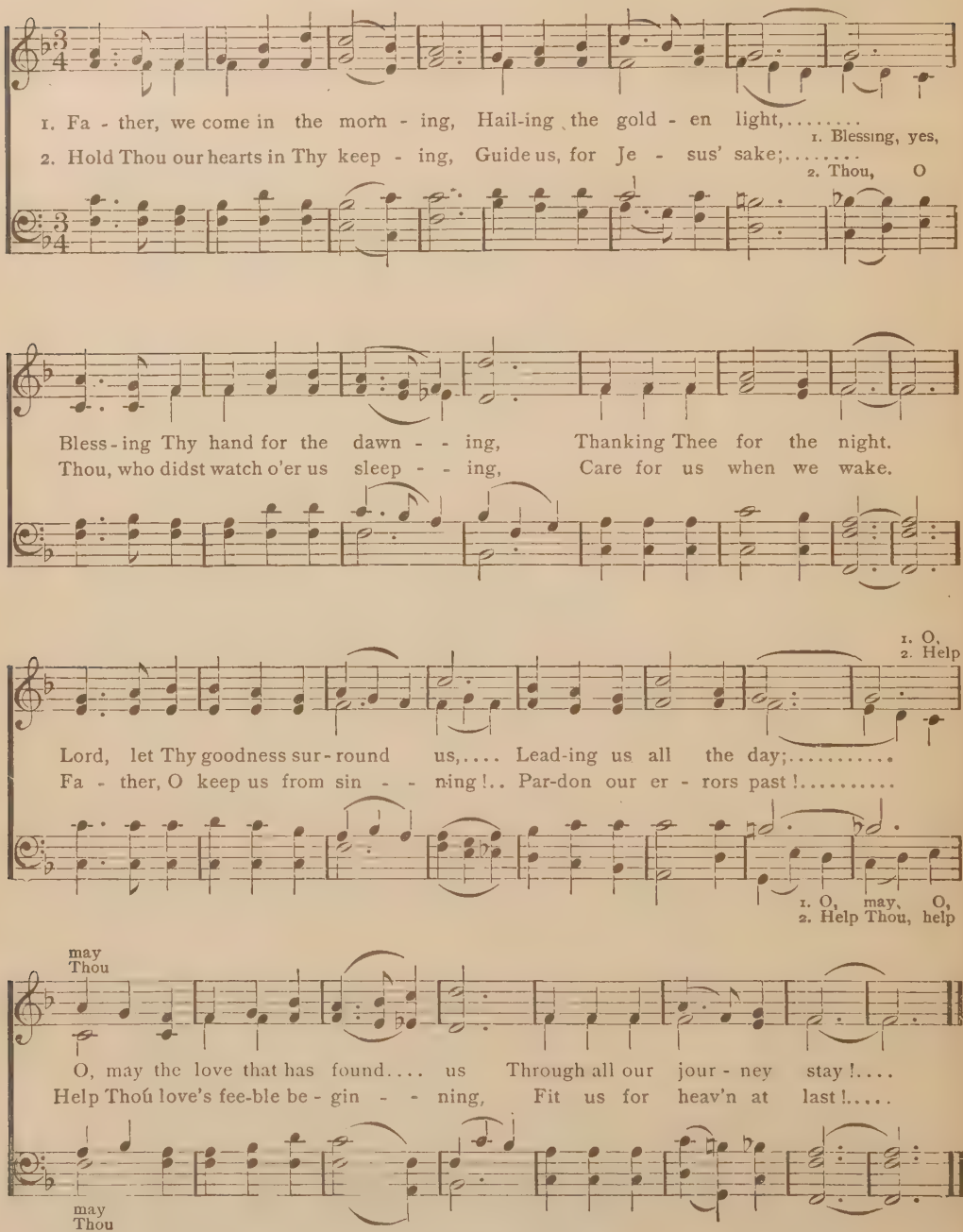
No. 30. *When, Streaming from the Eastern Skies*

William Shrubsole BARNBY'S HYMNARY. 8s. *Samuel Wesley*


1. When, streaming from the east-ern skies, The morn-ing light sa lutes mine eyes,
2. And when to Heav'n's All-glo-rious King My morn-ing sac-ri-fice I bring,
3. When each day's scenes and la-bors close, And wea-ried na-ture seeks re-pose,
4. And at my life's last set-ting sun, My con-flicts o'er, my la-bors done,
O Sun of right-eous-ness Di-vine, On me with beams of mer-cy shine;
And, mourn-ing o'er my guilt and shame, Ask mer-cy in my Sav-iour's Name,
With par-d'ning mer-cy rich-ly blest, Guard me, my Sav-iour, while I rest;
Je-sus, Thy heav-'nly ra-diance shed, To cheer and bless my dy-ing bed;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt a-way, And turn my dark-ness in-to day.
Then, Je-sus, cleanse me with Thy Blood, And be my Ad-vo-cate with God.
And as each morn-ing sun shall rise, O lead me on-ward to the skies.
And from death's gloom my spir-it raise, To see Thy Face, and sing Thy praise. A-men.

No. 31. *Father, We Come in the Morning*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891 GLENMERLE. 8s & 6s. *S. M. Bixby*


1. Fa - ther, we come in the morn - ing, Hail-ing the gold - en light,.....
2. Hold Thou our hearts in Thy keep - ing, Guide us, for Je - sus' sake;.....
1. Blessing, yes,
2. Thou, O
Bless - ing Thy hand for the dawn - - ing, Thanking Thee for the night.
Thou, who didst watch o'er us sleep - - ing, Care for us when we wake.
1. O,
2. Help
Lord, let Thy goodness sur - round us,.... Lead-ing us all the day;.....
Fa - ther, O keep us from sin - - ning!.. Par-don our er - rors past!.....
1. O, may, O,
2. Help Thou, help
may
Thou
O, may the love that has found.... us Through all our jour - ney stay!....
Help Thou love's fee-ble be - gin - - ning, Fit us for heav'n at last!....
may
Thou

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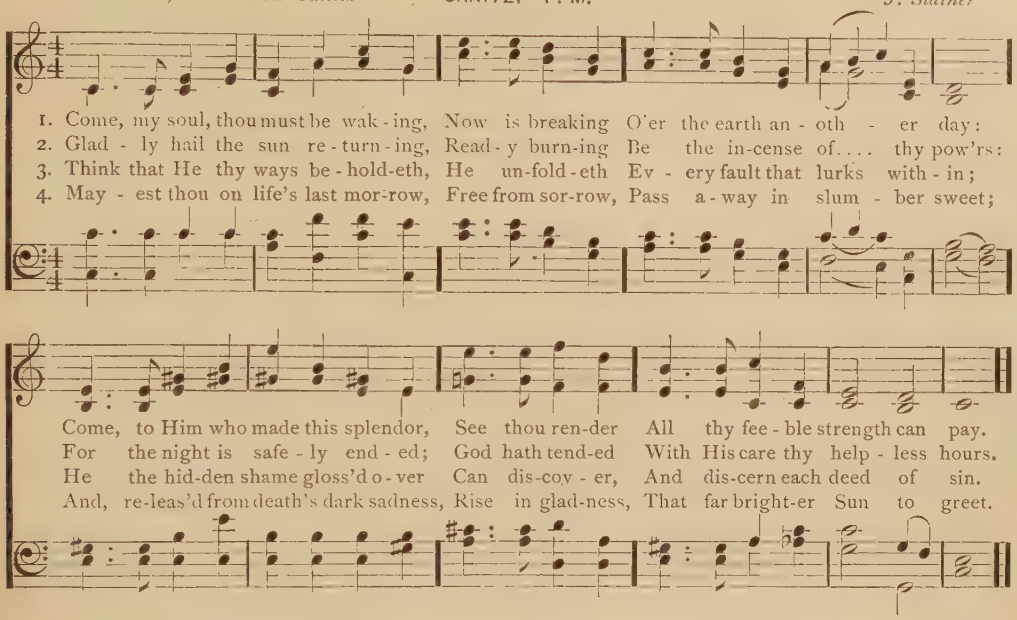
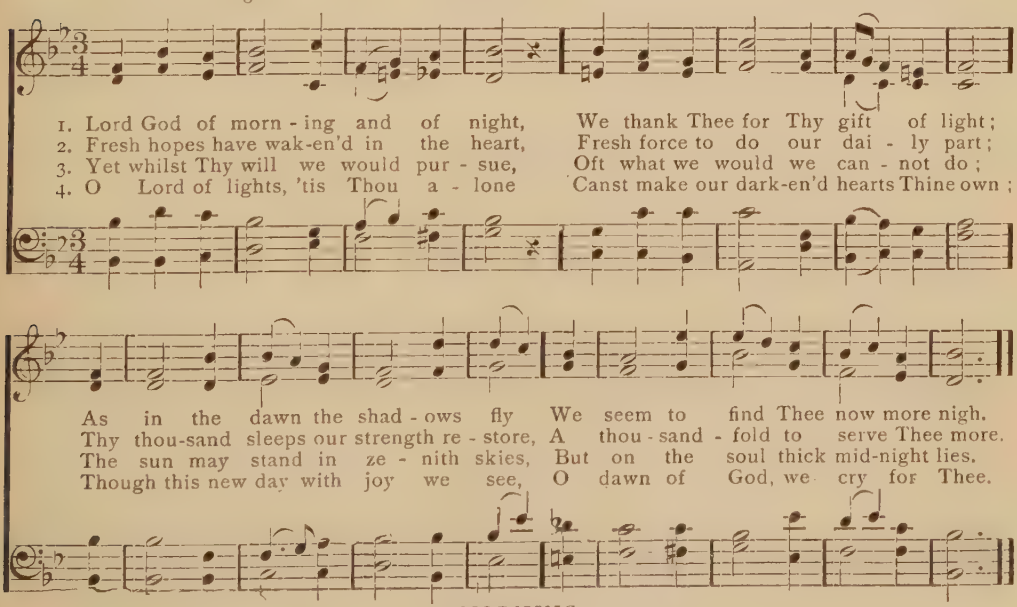
No. 32. *Come, My Soul, Thou Must be Waking*

F. R. Louis, Baron Von Canitz CANITZ. P. M. *J. Stainer*


1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing, Now is breaking O'er the earth an - oth - er day:
2. Glad - ly hail the sun re - turn - ing, Read - y burn-ing Be the in-cense of.... thy pow'rs:
3. Think that He thy ways be - hold-eth, He un-fold - eth Ev - ery fault that lurks with - in;
4. May - est thou on life's last mor-row, Free from sor-row, Pass a - way in slum - ber sweet;
Come, to Him who made this splendor, See thou ren-der All thy fee - ble strength can pay.
For the night is safe - ly end - ed; God hath tend-ed With His care thy help - less hours.
He the hid-den shame gloss'd o - ver Can dis-cov - er, And dis-cern each deed of sin.
And, re-leas'd from death's dark sadness, Rise in glad-ness, That far bright-er Sun to greet.

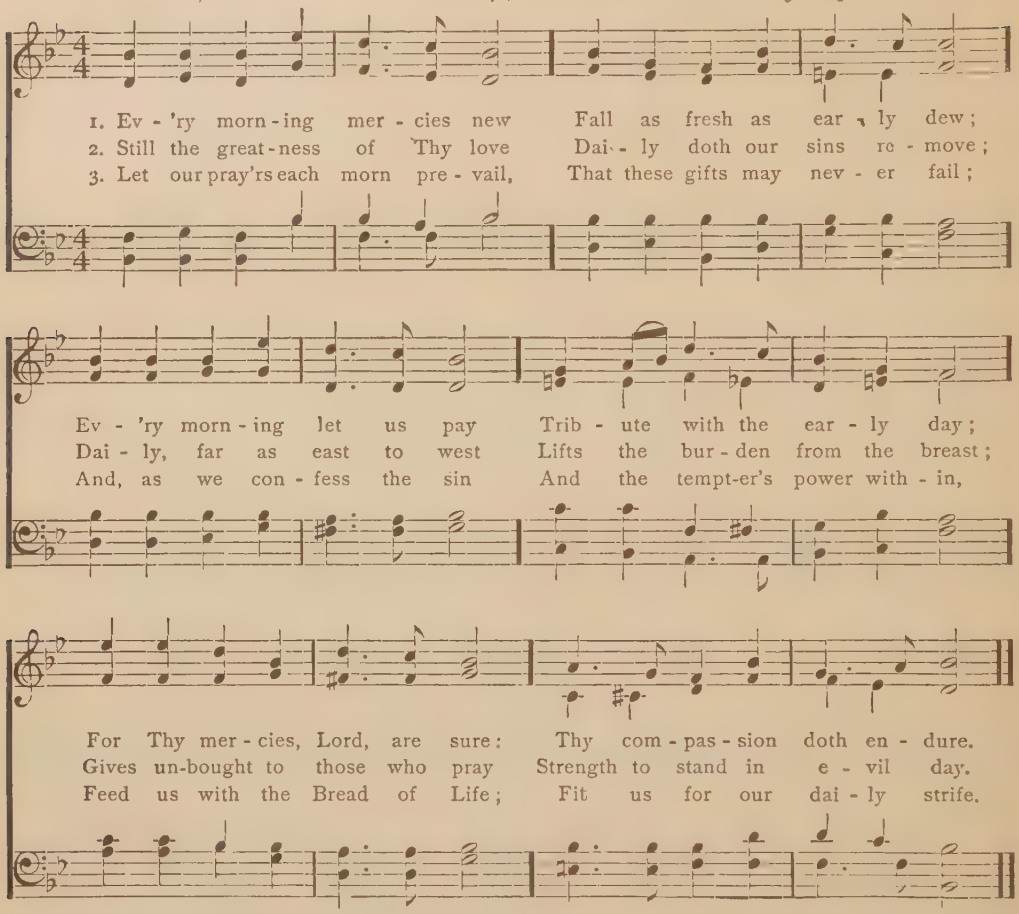
No. 33. *Lord God of Morning and of Night*

Francis Turner Palgrave GERMANY. L. M. *L. von Beethoven*


1. Lord God of morn - ing and of night, We thank Thee for Thy gift of light;
2. Fresh hopes have wak-en'd in the heart, Fresh force to do our dai - ly part;
3. Yet whilst Thy will we would pur - sue, Oft what we would we can - not do;
4. O Lord of lights, 'tis Thou a - lone Canst make our dark-en'd hearts Thine own;
As in the dawn the shad - ows fly We seem to find Thee now more nigh.
Thy thou-sand sleeps our strength re - store, A thou - sand - fold to serve Thee more.
The sun may stand in ze - nith skies, But on the soul thick mid-night lies.
Though this new day with joy we see, O dawn of God, we cry for Thee.

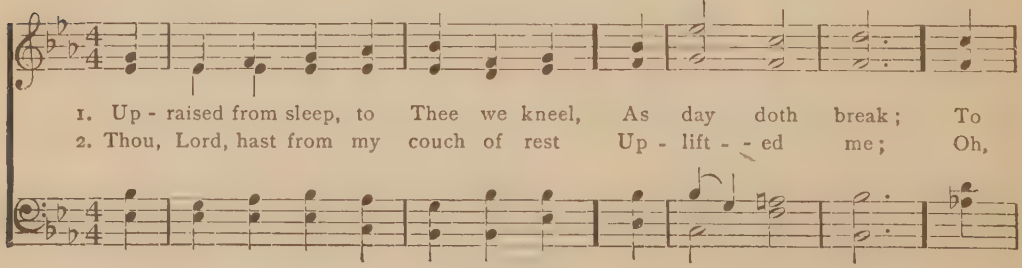
No. 34. *Every Morning Mercies New*

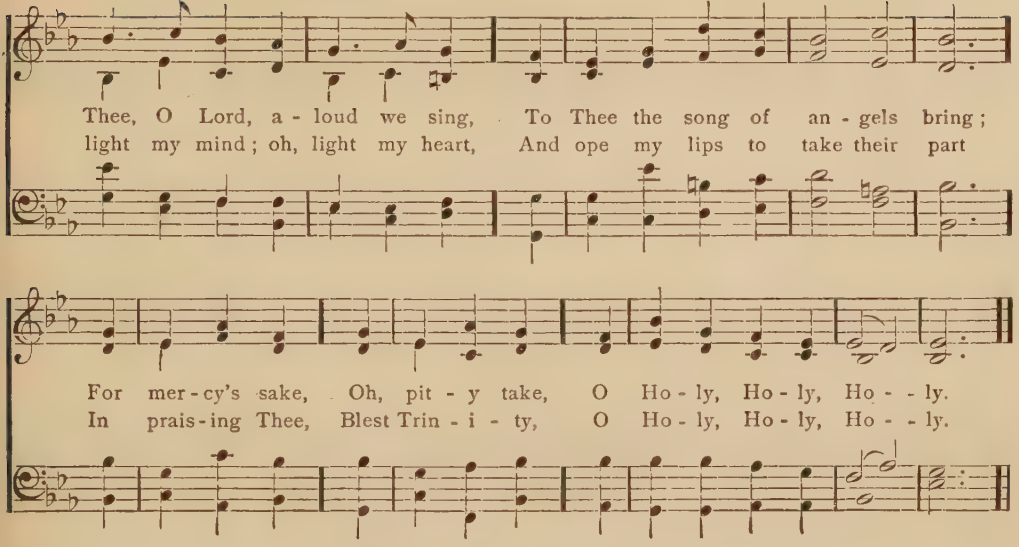
G. Phillimore, 1868 — RELOS. 7s, Six lines. — *E. J. Hopkins*, 1818


1. Ev - 'ry morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as ear - ly dew;
2. Still the great - ness of Thy love Dai - ly doth our sins re - move;
3. Let our pray'rs each morn pre - vail, That these gifts may nev - er fail;
Ev - 'ry morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day;
Dai - ly, far as east to west Lifts the bur - den from the breast;
And, as we con - fess the sin And the tempt-er's power with - in,
For Thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure: Thy com - pas - sion doth en - dure.
Gives un-bought to those who pray Strength to stand in e - vil day.
Feed us with the Bread of Life; Fit us for our dai - ly strife.

No. 35. *Upraised from Sleep, to Thee We Kneel*

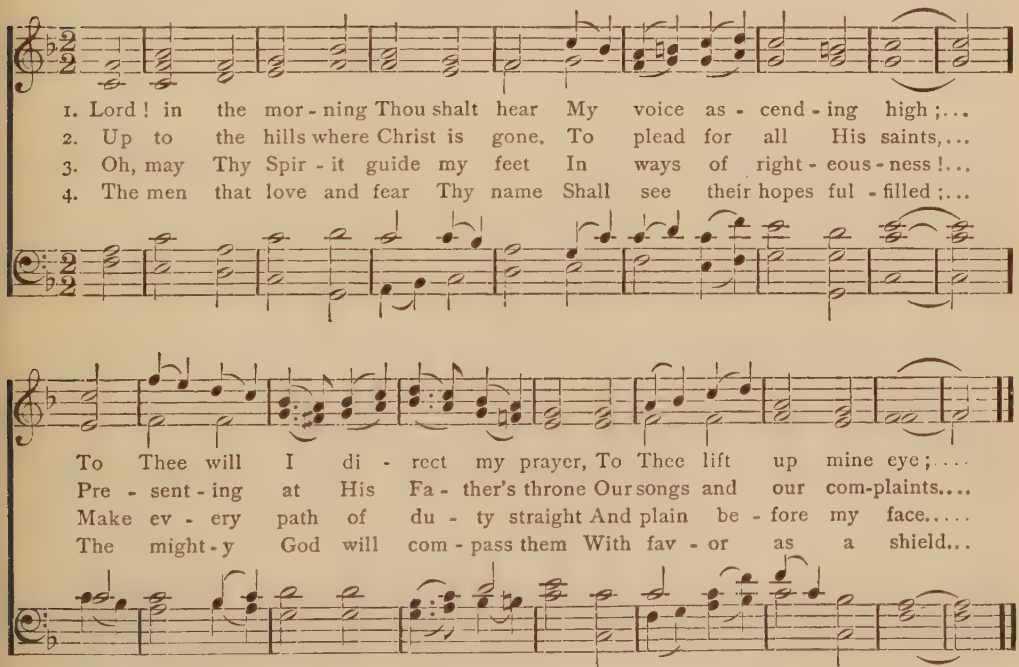
R. C. Singleton — SINGLETON. 8.4.8.8.4.4.6. — *J. Barnby*, 1838




Thee, O Lord, a - loud we sing, To Thee the song of an - gels bring;
light my mind; oh, light my heart, And ope my lips to take their part
For mer - cy's sake, Oh, pit - y take, O Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - - ly.
In prais - ing Thee, Blest Trin - i - ty, O Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - - ly.

No. 36. *Lord, in the Morning*

Isaac Watts, abr., 1719 GEORGE. C. M. *Jay Deavereaux*


1. Lord! in the mor - ning Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;...
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all His saints,...
3. Oh, may Thy Spir - it guide my feet In ways of right - eous - ness!...
4. The men that love and fear Thy name Shall see their hopes ful - filled;...
To Thee will I di - rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye;....
Pre - sent - ing at His Fa - ther's throne Our songs and our com-plaints....
Make ev - ery path of du - ty straight And plain be - fore my face.....
The might - y God will com - pass them With fav - or as a shield...

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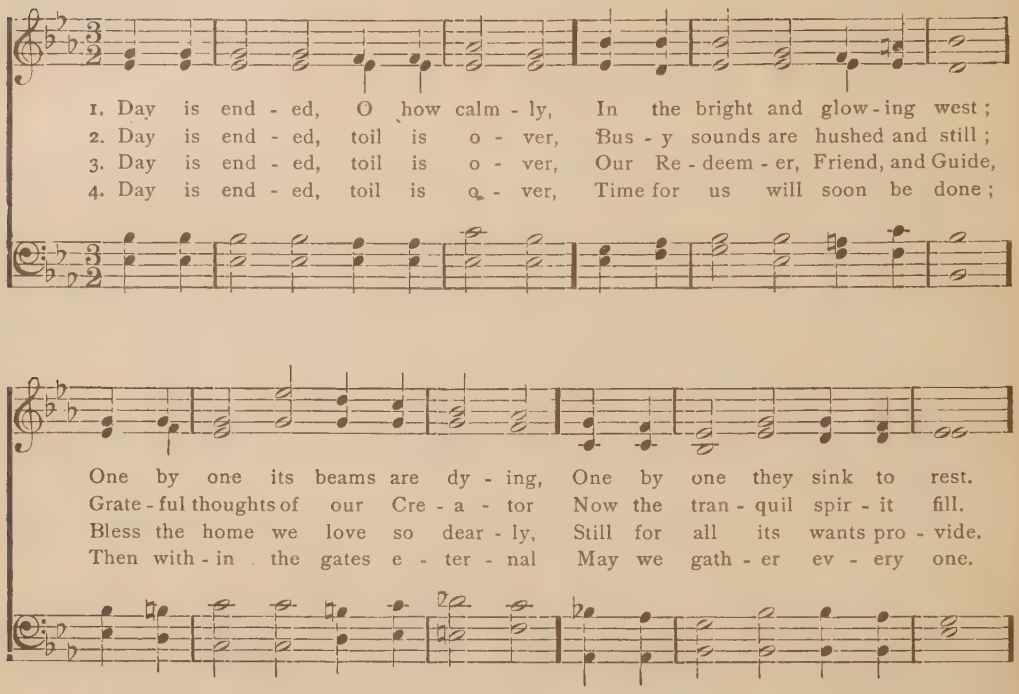
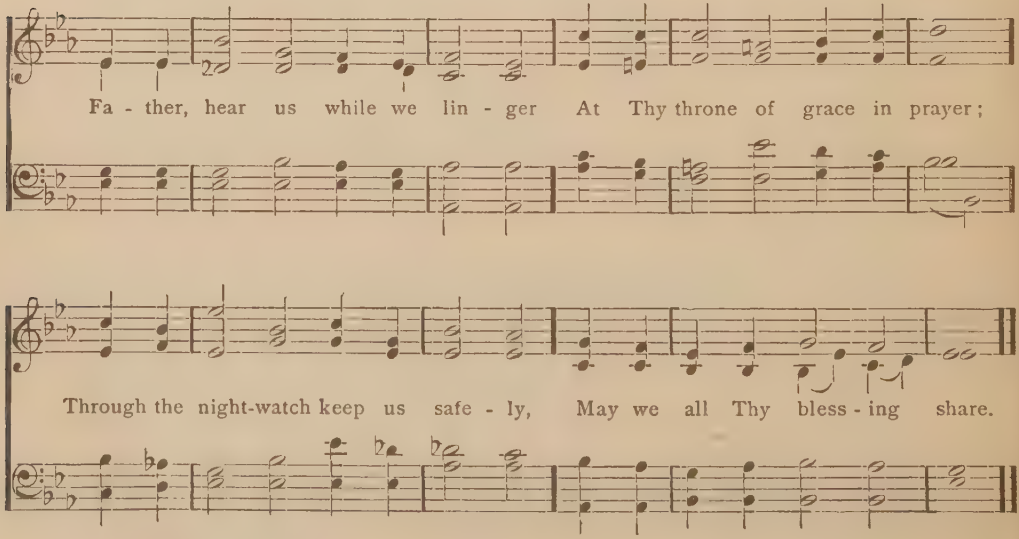
No. 37. *Day is Ended, O how Calmly*

Fanny J. Crosby, 1892 CROSBY. 8s & 7s, with Refrain. *Joseph Martine*


1. Day is end - ed, O how calm - ly, In the bright and glow - ing west;
2. Day is end - ed, toil is o - ver, Bus - y sounds are hushed and still;
3. Day is end - ed, toil is o - ver, Our Re - deem - er, Friend, and Guide,
4. Day is end - ed, toil is o - ver, Time for us will soon be done;
One by one its beams are dy - ing, One by one they sink to rest.
Grate - ful thoughts of our Cre - a - tor Now the tran - quil spir - it fill.
Bless the home we love so dear - ly, Still for all its wants pro - vide.
Then with - in the gates e - ter - nal May we gath - er ev - ery one.

CHORUS.


Fa - ther, hear us while we lin - ger At Thy throne of grace in prayer;
Through the night-watch keep us safe - ly, May we all Thy bless - ing share.

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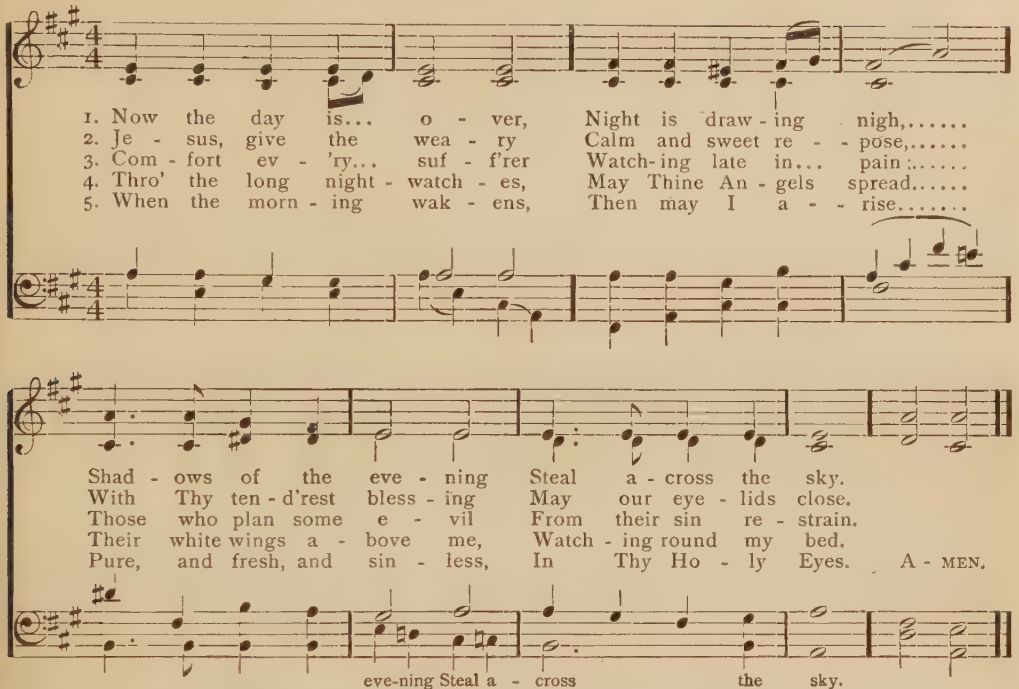
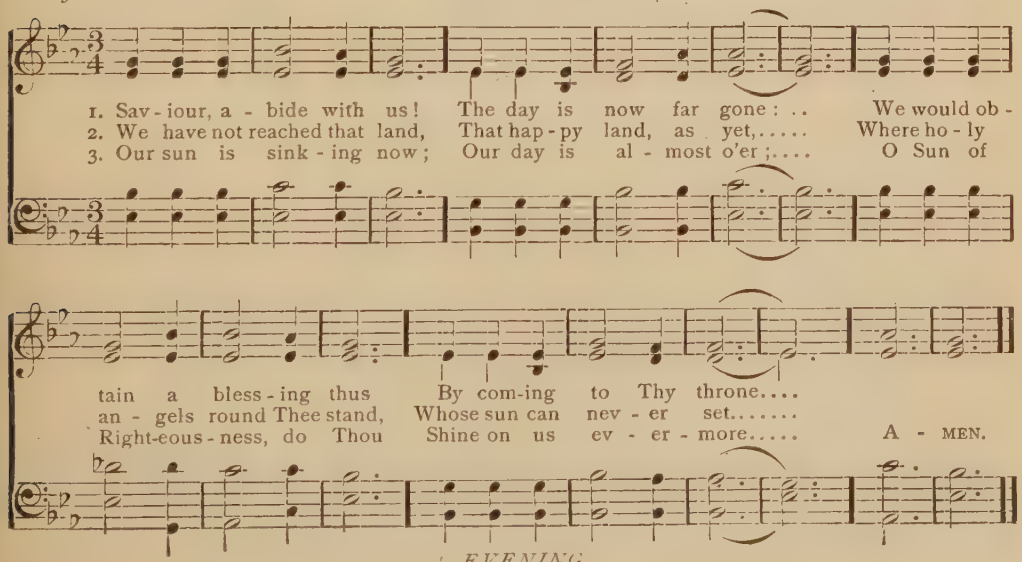
No. 38. *Now the Day is Over*

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, abr. EMELAR. 6s & 5s. *J. Barnby*

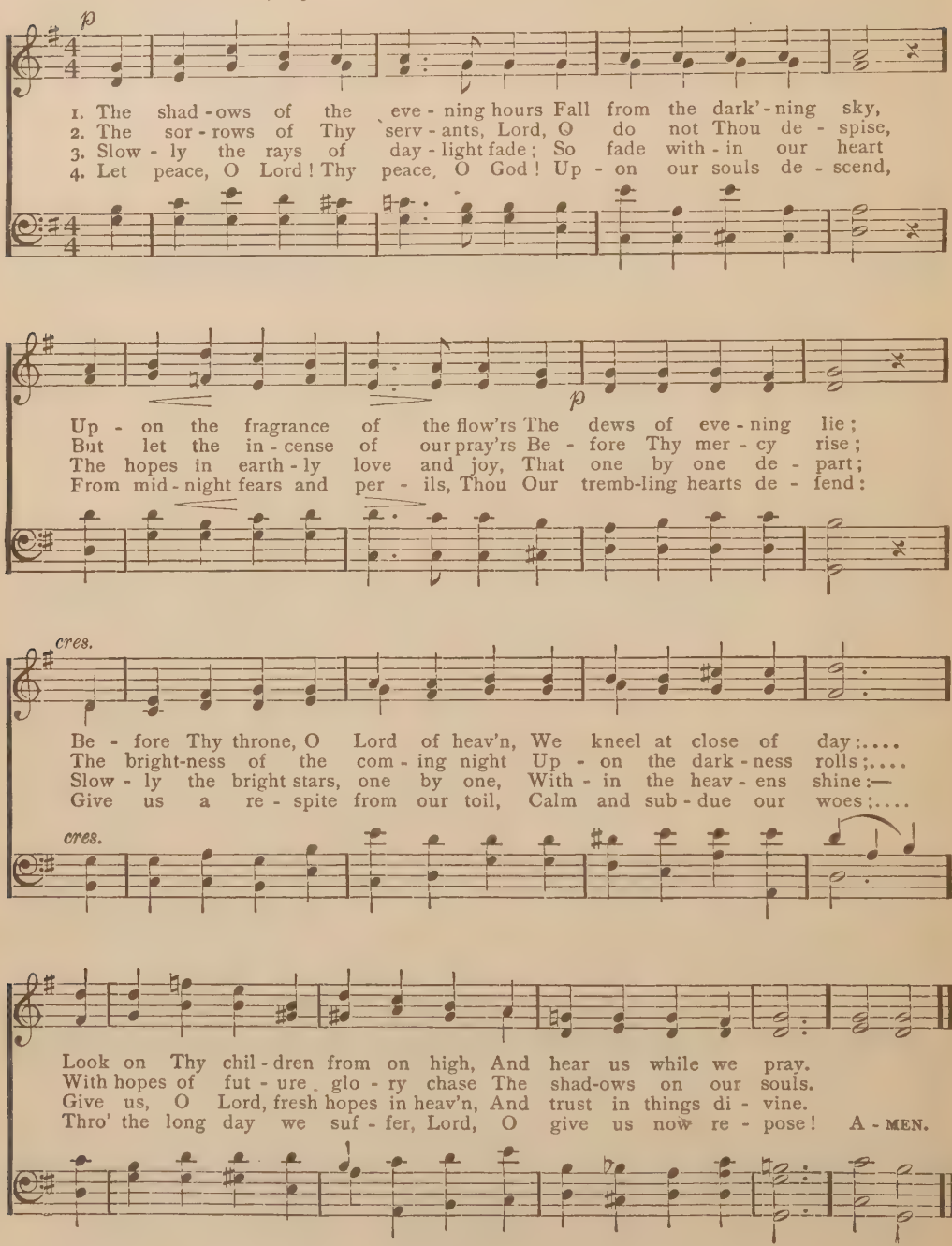

1. Now the day is... o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,.....
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - - pose,.....
3. Com - fort ev - 'ry... suf - f'rer Watch-ing late in... pain;.....
4. Thro' the long night - watch - es, May Thine An - gels spread.....
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - - rise.....
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Those who plan some e - vil From their sin re - strain.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In Thy Ho - ly Eyes. A - MEN.
eve-ning Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 39. *Saviour, Abide with Us*

J. M. Neale LANGTON. S. M. *C. Streatfield*

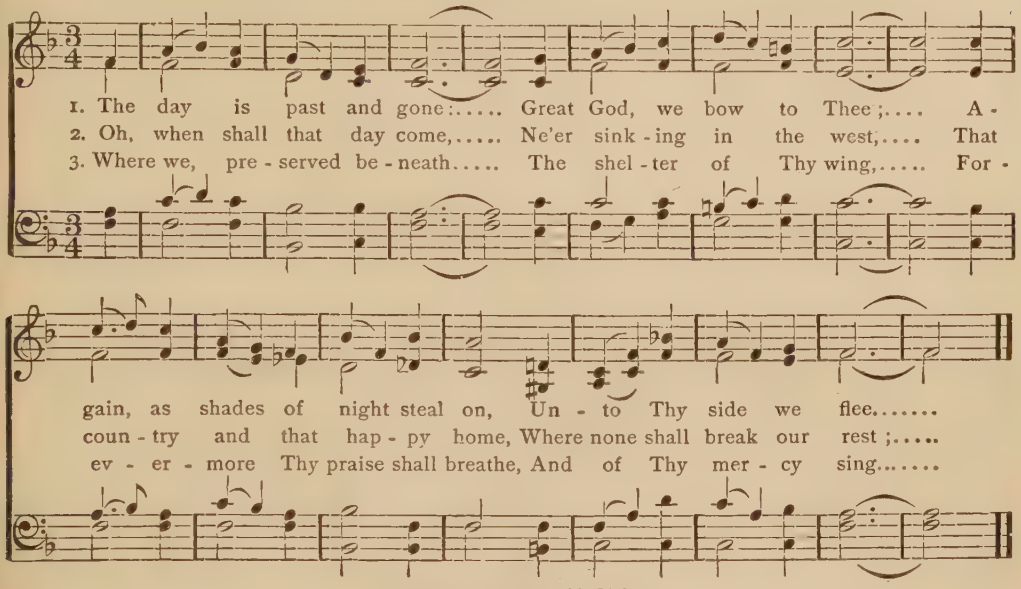

1. Sav - iour, a - bide with us! The day is now far gone: .. We would ob -
2. We have not reached that land, That hap - py land, as yet,..... Where ho - ly
3. Our sun is sink - ing now; Our day is al - most o'er;.... O Sun of
tain a bless - ing thus By com-ing to Thy throne....
an - gels round Thee stand, Whose sun can nev - er set.....
Right-eous - ness, do Thou Shine on us ev - er - more..... A - MEN.

No. 40. *The Shadows of the Evening Hours*

Adelaide Anne Procter, 1858 ST. LEONARD. C. M. D. *Dr. H. Hiles*

p
1. The shad - ows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark' - ning sky,
2. The sor - rows of Thy serv - ants, Lord, O do not Thou de - spise,
3. Slow - ly the rays of day - light fade; So fade with - in our heart
4. Let peace, O Lord! Thy peace, O God! Up - on our souls de - scend,
p
Up - on the fragrance of the flow'rs The dews of eve - ning lie;
But let the in - cense of our pray'rs Be - fore Thy mer - cy rise;
The hopes in earth - ly love and joy, That one by one de - part;
From mid - night fears and per - ils, Thou Our tremb-ling hearts de - fend:
cres.
Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day:....
The bright-ness of the com - ing night Up - on the dark - ness rolls;....
Slow - ly the bright stars, one by one, With - in the heav - ens shine:—
Give us a re - spite from our toil, Calm and sub - due our woes;....
cres.
Look on Thy chil - dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
With hopes of fut - ure glo - ry chase The shad-ows on our souls.
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heav'n, And trust in things di - vine.
Thro' the long day we suf - fer, Lord, O give us now re - pose! A - MEN.

No. 41. *The Day is Past and Gone*

Latin. Tr. William John Blew, 1849 SUNSET. S. M. *S. M. Bixby*


1. The day is past and gone;..... Great God, we bow to Thee;.... A-
2. Oh, when shall that day come,..... Ne'er sink-ing in the west,.... That
3. Where we, pre-served be-neath..... The shel-ter of Thy wing,..... For-
gain, as shades of night steal on, Un-to Thy side we flee.....
coun-try and that hap-py home, Where none shall break our rest;.....
ev-er-more Thy praise shall breathe, And of Thy mer-cy sing.....

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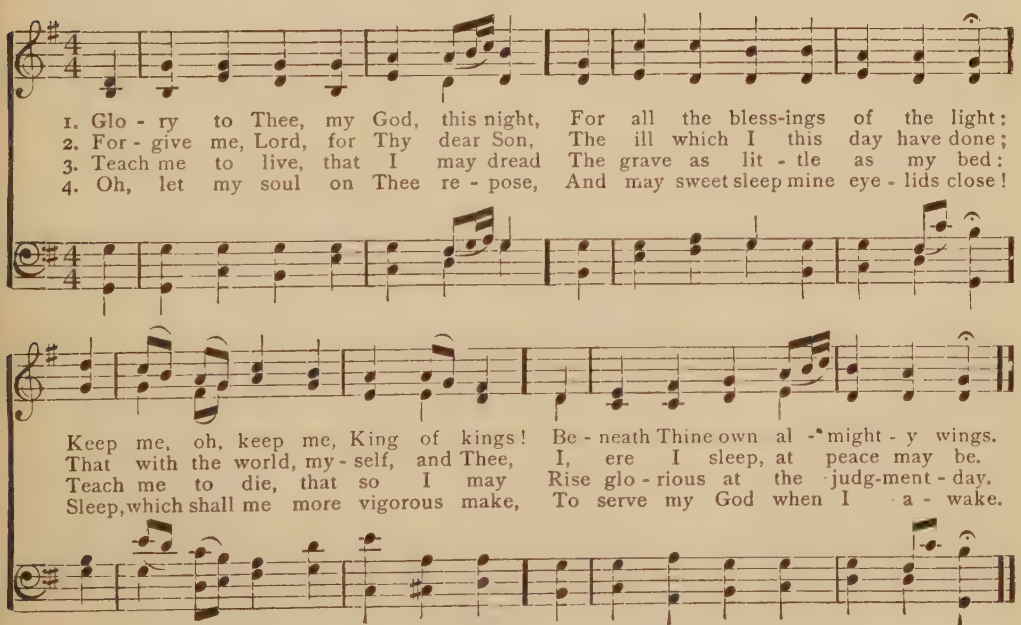
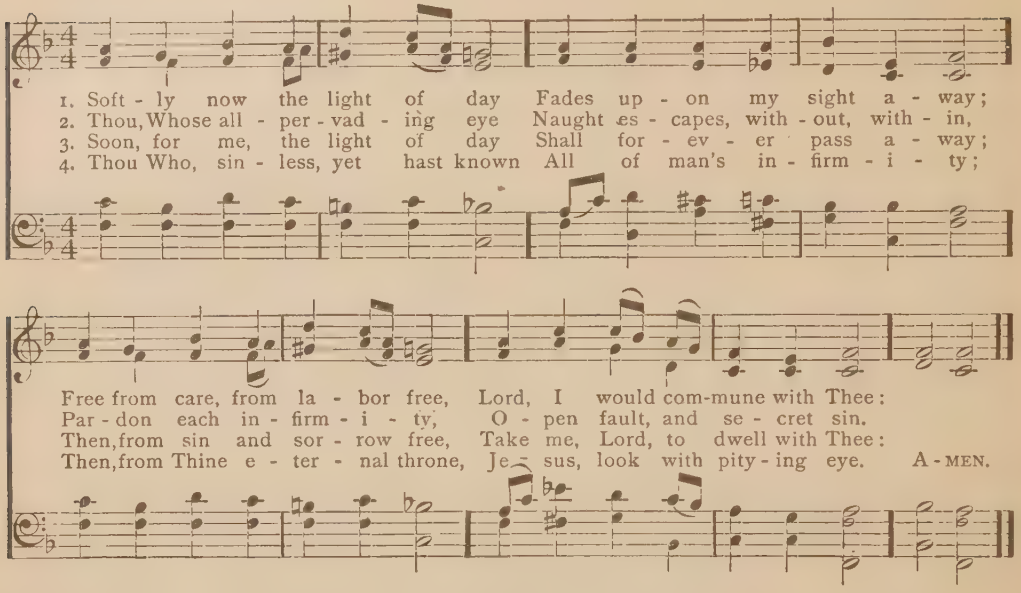
No. 42. *Glory to Thee, my God, this Night*

Thomas Ken TALLIS HYMN. L. M. *Thos. Tallis*


1. Glo-ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light:
2. For-give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill which I this day have done;
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit-tle as my bed:
4. Oh, let my soul on Thee re-pose, And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close!
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings! Be-neath Thine own al-might-y wings.
That with the world, my-self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
Teach me to die, that so I may Rise glo-rious at the judg-ment-day.
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make, To serve my God when I a-wake.

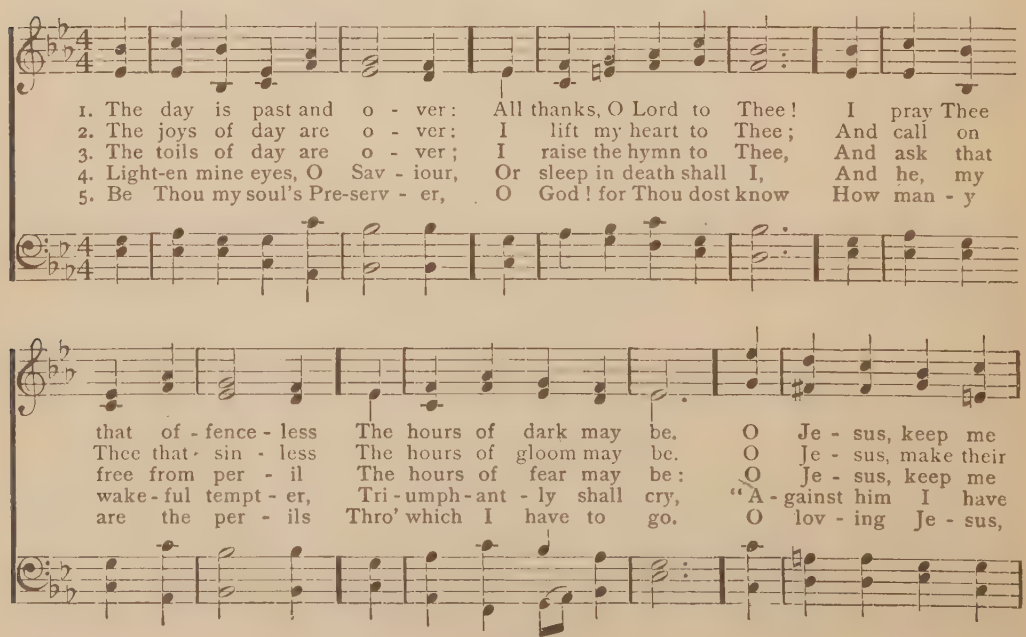
No. 43. *Softly now the Light of Day*

Bp. G. W. Doane, 1824 SEYMOUR. 7s. *From von Weber*

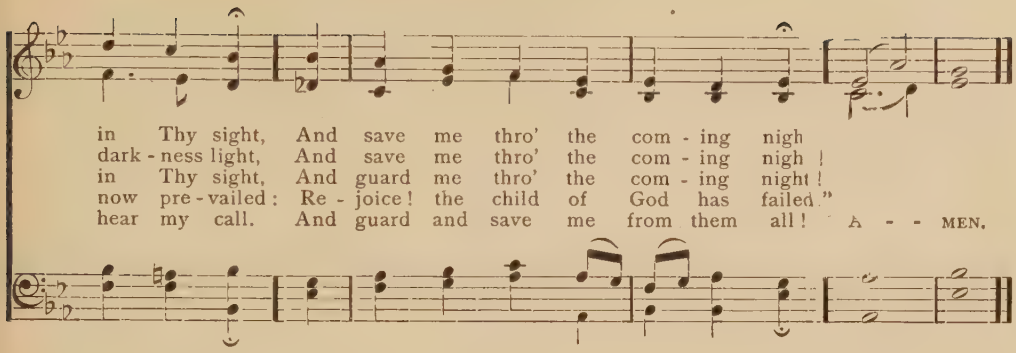

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, Whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou Who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with Thee:
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee:
Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pity - ing eye. A - MEN.

No. 44. *The Day is Past and Over*

St. Anatolius, 450. *Tr. by Bp. J. M. Neale* ST. ANATOLIUS. P. M. *A. H. Brown*

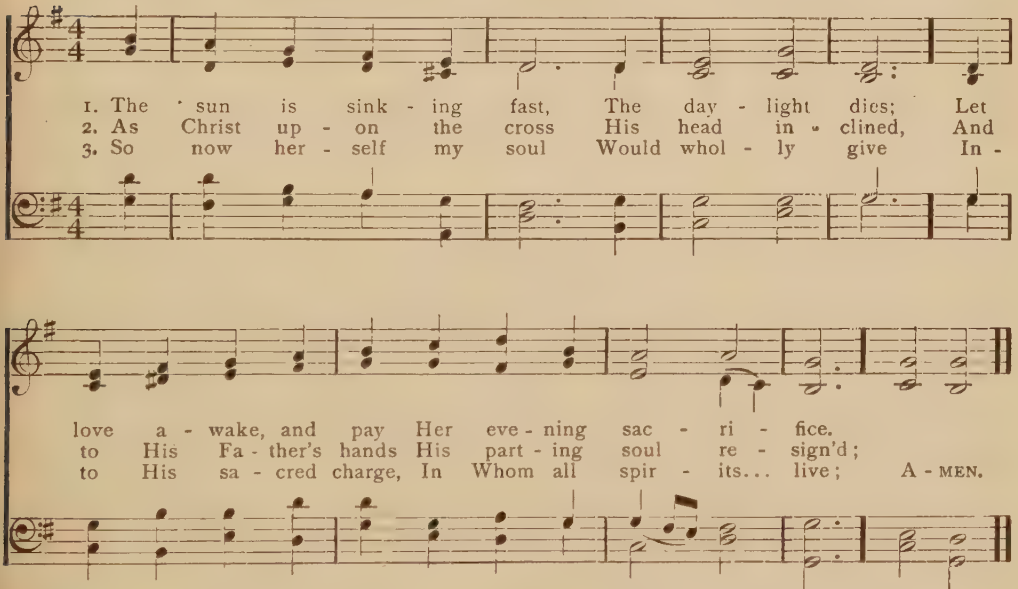

1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord to Thee! I pray Thee
2. The joys of day are o - ver: I lift my heart to Thee; And call on
3. The toils of day are o - ver; I raise the hymn to Thee, And ask that
4. Light-en mine eyes, O Sav - iour, Or sleep in death shall I, And he, my
5. Be Thou my soul's Pre-serv - er, O God! for Thou dost know How man - y
that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus, keep me
Thee that sin - less The hours of gloom may be. O Je - sus, make their
free from per - il The hours of fear may be: O Je - sus, keep me
wake - ful tempt - er, Tri - umph - ant - ly shall cry, "A - gainst him I have
are the per - ils Thro' which I have to go. O lov - ing Je - sus,

The Day is Past and Over


in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing nigh
dark - ness light, And save me thro' the com - ing nigh !
in Thy sight, And guard me thro' the com - ing night !
now pre - vailed : Re - joice ! the child of God has failed."
hear my call. And guard and save me from them all ! A - - MEN.

No. 45. *The Sun is Sinking Fast*

Latin. Tr. by Rev. E. Caswall TWILIGHT. P. M. *Rev. J. H. Hopkins*


1. The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies; Let
2. As Christ up - on the cross His head in - clined, And
3. So now her - self my soul Would whol - ly give In -
love a - wake, and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice.
to His Fa - ther's hands His part - ing soul re - sign'd;
to His sa - cred charge, In Whom all spir - its... live; A - MEN.

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

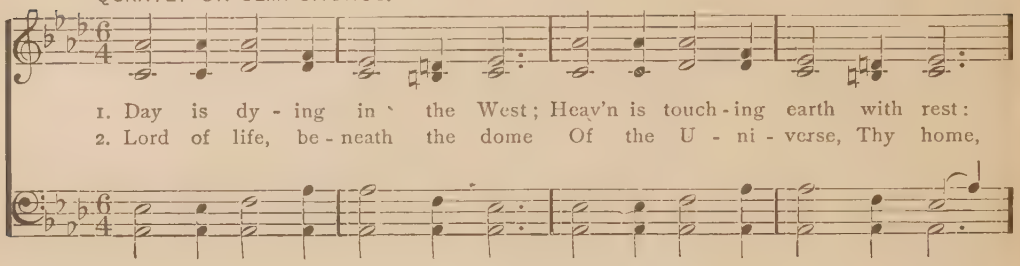
6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

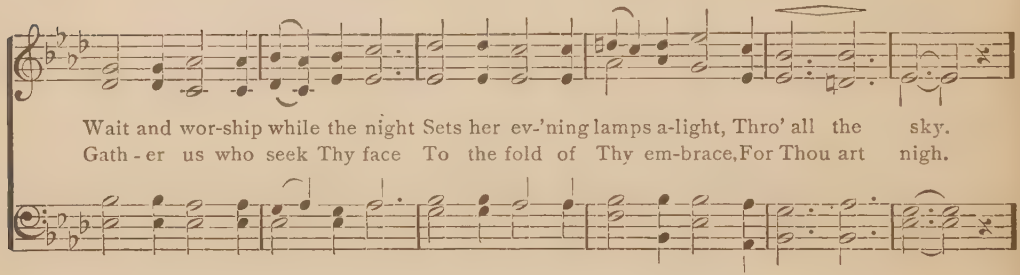
7 One Sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine. AMEN.

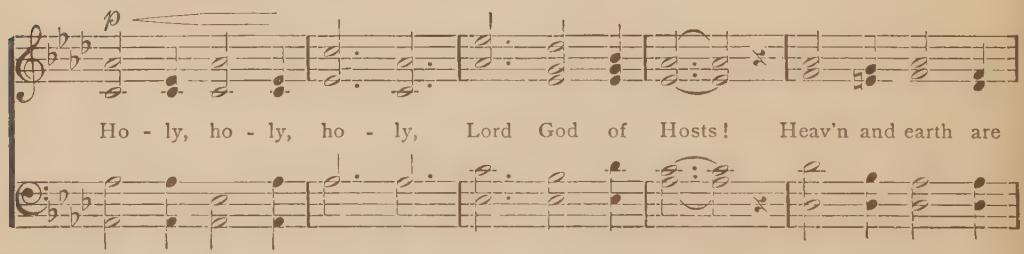
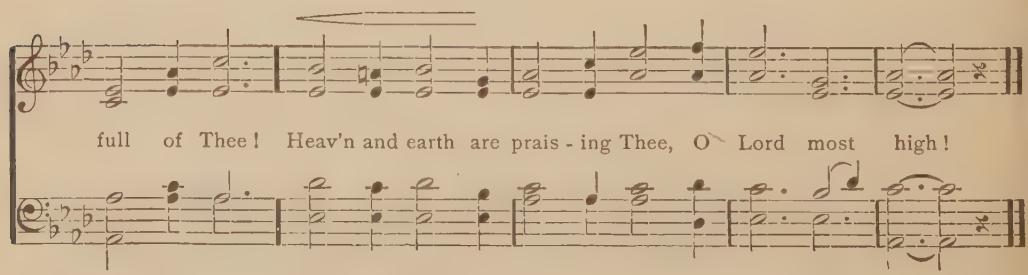
No. 46. # *Day is Dying in the West*

Mary A. Lathbury CHAUTAUQUA. P. M. *Wm. F. Sherwin*, 1877

QUARTET OR SEMI-CHORUS.




Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her ev-'ning lamps a-light, Thro' all the sky.
Gath - er us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh.

FULL CHORUS.



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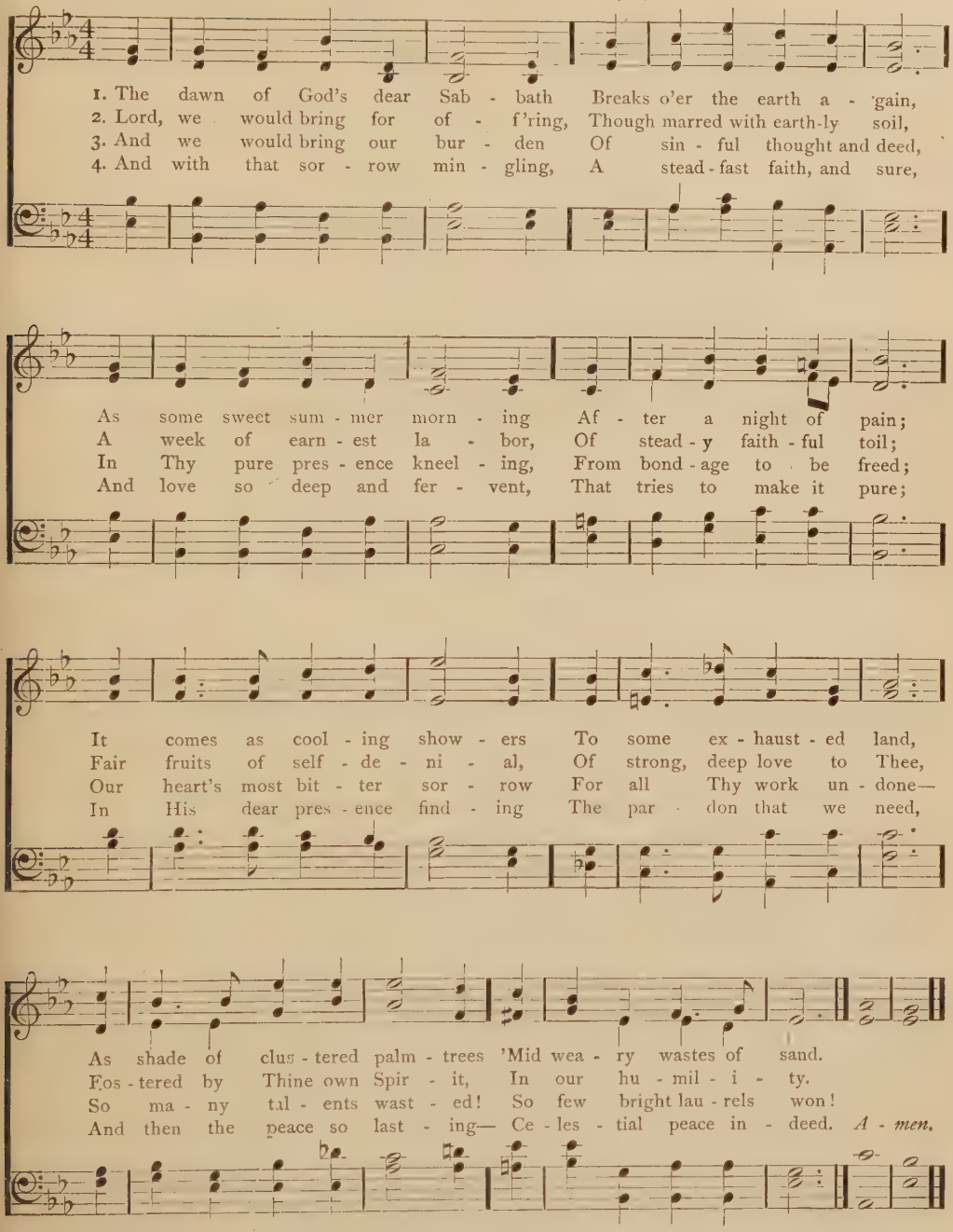
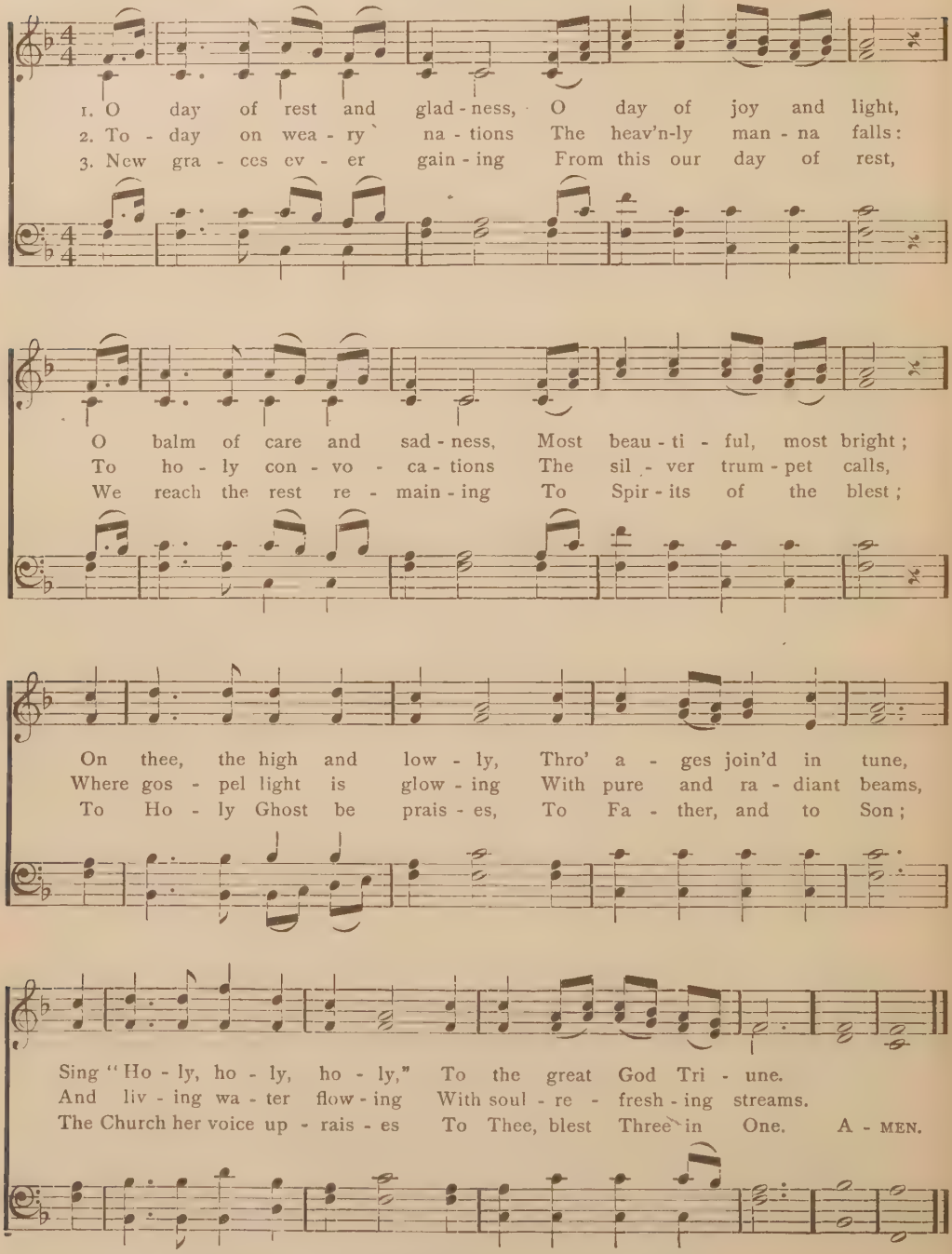
No. 47. *The Dawn of God's Dear Sabbath*

Ada C. Cross — ST. GEORGE'S BOLTON. 7s & 6s, D. — *J. Walch*


1. The dawn of God's dear Sab - bath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain,
2. Lord, we would bring for of - f'ring, Though marred with earth-ly soil,
3. And we would bring our bur - den Of sin - ful thought and deed,
4. And with that sor - row min - gling, A stead - fast faith, and sure,
As some sweet sum - mer morn - ing Af - ter a night of pain;
A week of earn - est la - bor, Of stead - y faith - ful toil;
In Thy pure pres - ence kneel - ing, From bond - age to be freed;
And love so deep and fer - vent, That tries to make it pure;
It comes as cool - ing show - ers To some ex - haust - ed land,
Fair fruits of self - de - ni - al, Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Our heart's most bit - ter sor - row For all Thy work un - done—
In His dear pres - ence find - ing The par - don that we need,
As shade of clus - tered palm - trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand.
Fos - tered by Thine own Spir - it, In our hu - mil - i - ty.
So ma - ny tal - ents wast - ed! So few bright lau - rels won!
And then the peace so last - ing— Ce - les - tial peace in - deed. A - men.

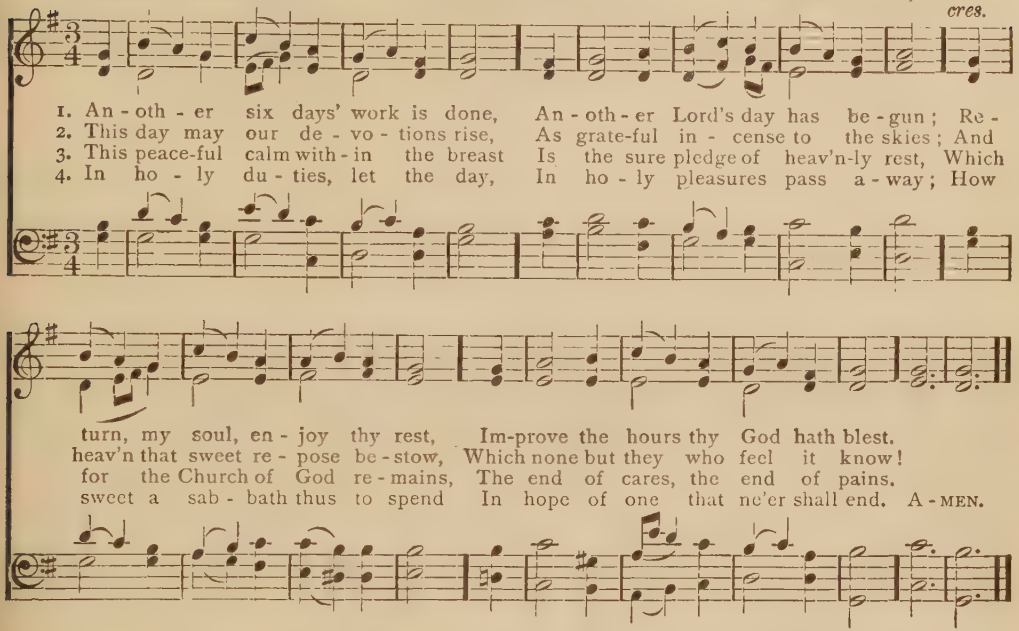
No. 48. *O Day of Rest and Gladness*

48 *Christopher Wordsworth* MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s D. *German Melody*


1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
2. To - day on wea - ry na - tions The heav'n-ly man - na falls:
3. New gra - ces ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest,
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
To ho - ly con - vo - ca - tions The sil - ver trum - pet calls,
We reach the rest re - main - ing To Spir - its of the blest;
On thee, the high and low - ly, Thro' a - ges join'd in tune,
Where gos - pel light is glow - ing With pure and ra - diant beams,
To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther, and to Son;
Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une.
And liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul - re - fresh - ing streams.
The Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One. A - MEN.

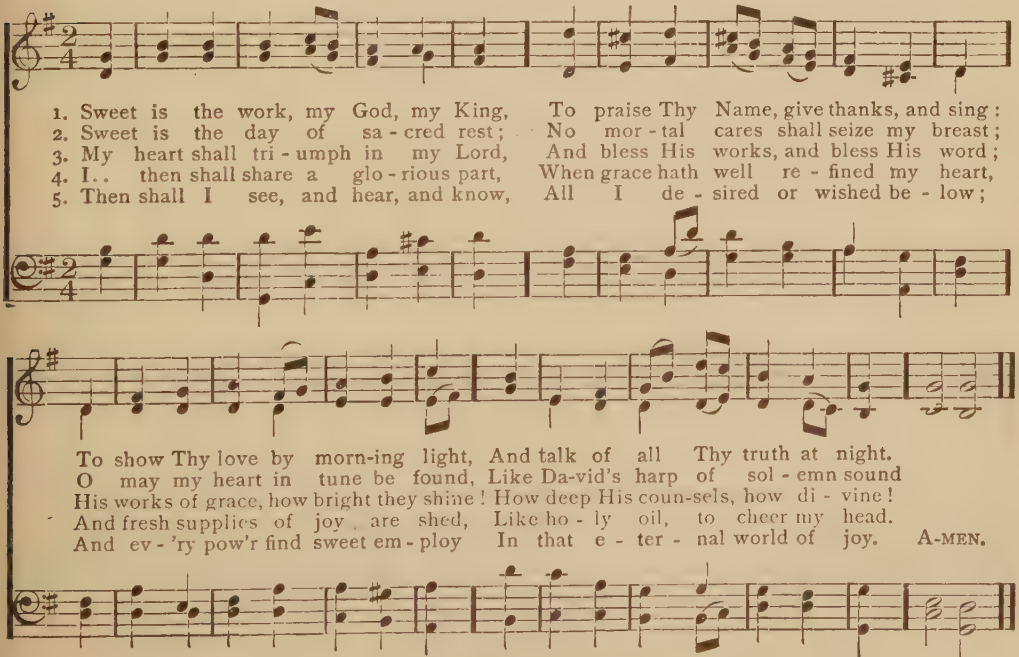
No. 49. *Another Six Days' Work is Done*

Samuel Stennett, 1712 INTERCESSION. L. M. *Arr. Rev. Dr. Dykes*

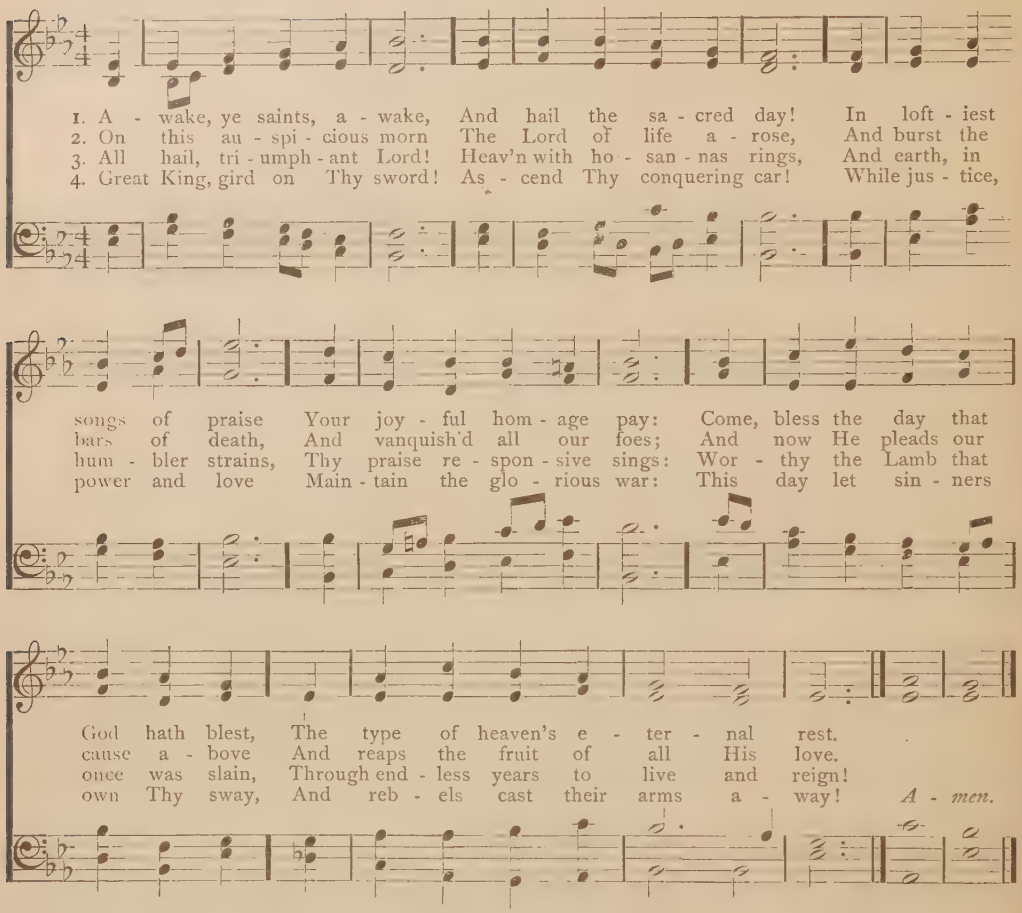

cres.
1. An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er Lord's day has be - gun; Re -
2. This day may our de - vo - tions rise, As grate-ful in - cense to the skies; And
3. This peace-ful calm with - in the breast Is the sure pledge of heav'n-ly rest, Which
4. In ho - ly du - ties, let the day, In ho - ly pleasures pass a - way; How
turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Im-prove the hours thy God hath blest.
heav'n that sweet re - pose be - stow, Which none but they who feel it know!
for the Church of God re - mains, The end of cares, the end of pains.
sweet a sab - bath thus to spend In hope of one that ne'er shall end. A - MEN.

No. 50. *Sweet is the Work, My God, My King!*

Isaac Watts, 1719 MORNING HYMN. L. M. *F. H. Barthelemon.*

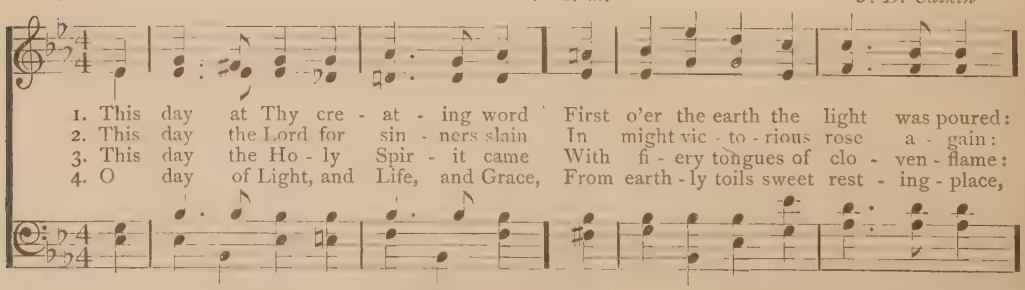
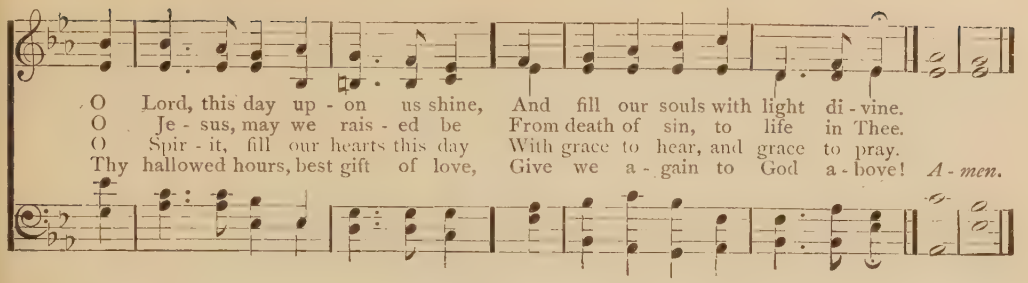

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy Name, give thanks, and sing:
2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mor - tal cares shall seize my breast;
3. My heart shall tri - umph in my Lord, And bless His works, and bless His word;
4. I.. then shall share a glo - rious part, When grace hath well re - fined my heart,
5. Then shall I see, and hear, and know, All I de - sired or wished be - low;
To show Thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.
O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp of sol - emn sound
His works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep His coun-sels, how di - vine!
And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like ho - ly oil, to cheer my head.
And ev - 'ry pow'r find sweet em - ploy In that e - ter - nal world of joy. A-MEN.

No. 51. *Awake, ye Saints, Awake*

E. Scott – T. Cotterill BEVAN. 6.6.6.6.8.8. *Sir John Goss*

1. A - wake, ye saints, a - wake, And hail the sa - cred day! In loft - iest
2. On this au - spi - cious morn The Lord of life a - rose, And burst the
3. All hail, tri - umph - ant Lord! Heav'n with ho - san - nas rings, And earth, in
4. Great King, gird on Thy sword! As - cend Thy conquering car! While jus - tice,
songs of praise Your joy - ful hom - age pay: Come, bless the day that
bars of death, And vanquish'd all our foes; And now He pleads our
hum - bler strains, Thy praise re - spon - sive sings: Wor - thy the Lamb that
power and love Main - tain the glo - rious war: This day let sin - ners
God hath blest, The type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest.
cause a - bove And reaps the fruit of all His love.
once was slain, Through end - less years to live and reign!
own Thy sway, And reb - els cast their arms a - way! A - men.

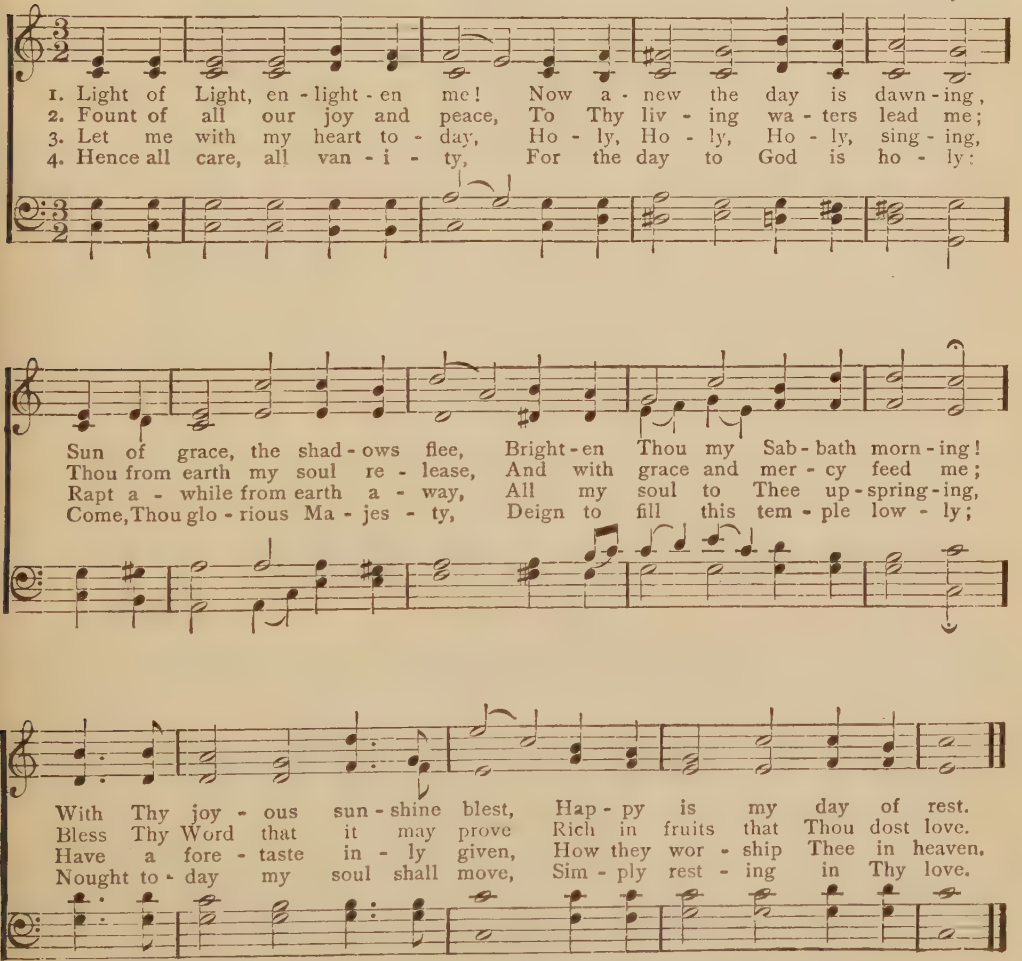
No. 52. *This Day at Thy Creating Word*

W. W. How WALTHAM. L. M. *J. B. Calkin*


1. This day at Thy cre - at - ing word First o'er the earth the light was poured:
2. This day the Lord for sin - ners slain In might vic - to - rious rose a - gain:
3. This day the Ho - ly Spir - it came With fi - ery tongues of clo - ven - flame:
4. O day of Light, and Life, and Grace, From earth - ly toils sweet rest - ing - place,

O Lord, this day up - on us shine, And fill our souls with light di - vine.
O Je - sus, may we rais - ed be From death of sin, to life in Thee.
O Spir - it, fill our hearts this day With grace to hear, and grace to pray.
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love, Give we a - gain to God a - bove! A - men.

No. 53. *Light of Light, Enlighten Me*

Schmolk. Tr. by C. Winkworth, abr. MOOSILAUK. P. M. *S. M. Bixby*


1. Light of Light, en - light - en me! Now a - new the day is dawn - ing,
2. Fount of all our joy and peace, To Thy liv - ing wa - ters lead me;
3. Let me with my heart to - day, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, sing - ing,
4. Hence all care, all van - i - ty, For the day to God is ho - ly:
Sun of grace, the shad - ows flee, Bright - en Thou my Sab - bath morn - ing!
Thou from earth my soul re - lease, And with grace and mer - cy feed me;
Rapt a - while from earth a - way, All my soul to Thee up - spring - ing,
Come, Thou glo - rious Ma - jes - ty, Deign to fill this tem - ple low - ly;
With Thy joy - ous sun - shine blest, Hap - py is my day of rest.
Bless Thy Word that it may prove Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.
Have a fore - taste in - ly given, How they wor - ship Thee in heaven.
Nought to - day my soul shall move, Sim - ply rest - ing in Thy love.

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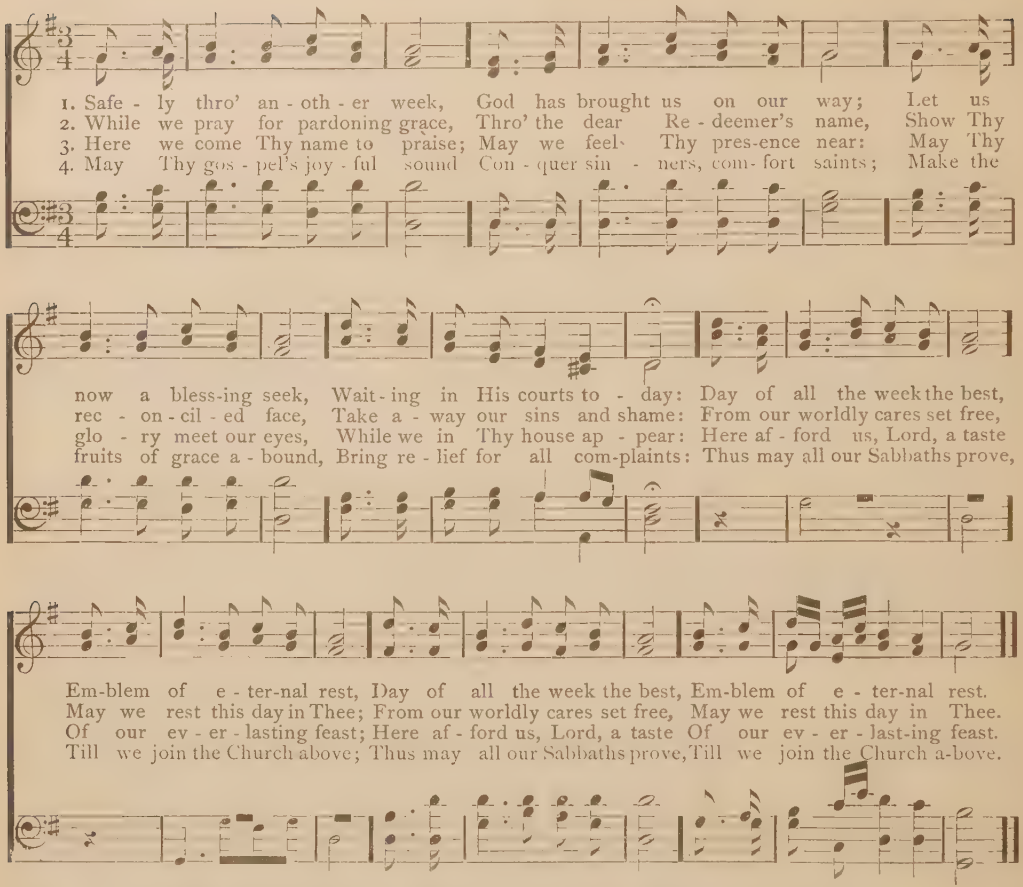
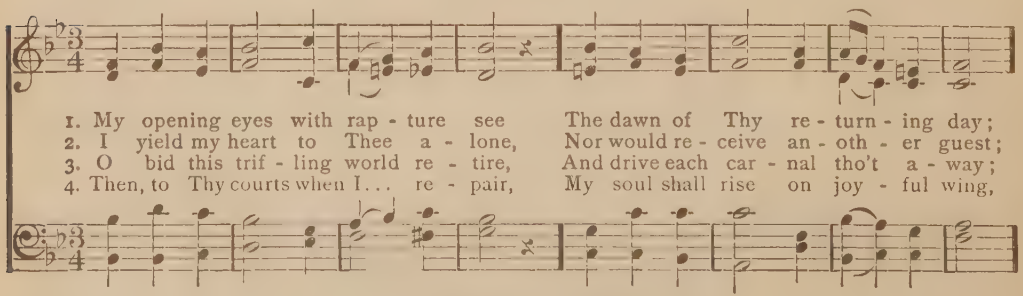
No. 54. *Safely, Through Another Week*

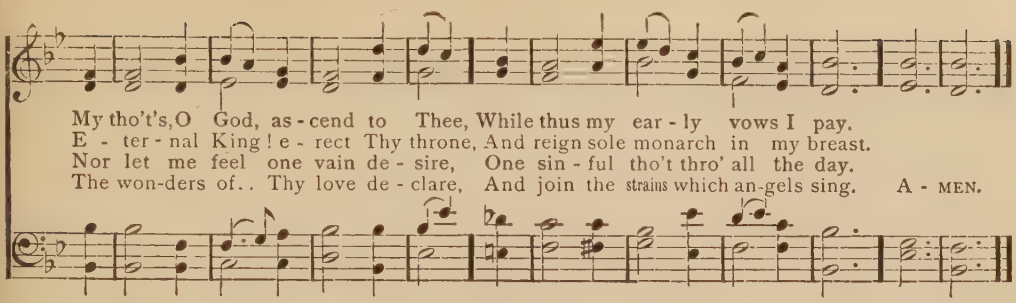
John Newton SABBATH. 7s, Six lines. *Dr. Lowell Mason*


1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us
2. While we pray for pardoning grace, Thro' the dear Re - deemer's name, Show Thy
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; May we feel Thy pres-ence near: May Thy
4. May Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com- fort saints; Make the
now a bless-ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day: Day of all the week the best,
rec - on - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sins and shame: From our worldly cares set free,
glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear: Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste
fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com-plaints: Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Em-blem of e - ter-nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter-nal rest.
May we rest this day in Thee; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
Of our ev - er - lasting feast; Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last-ing feast.
Till we join the Church above; Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a-bove.

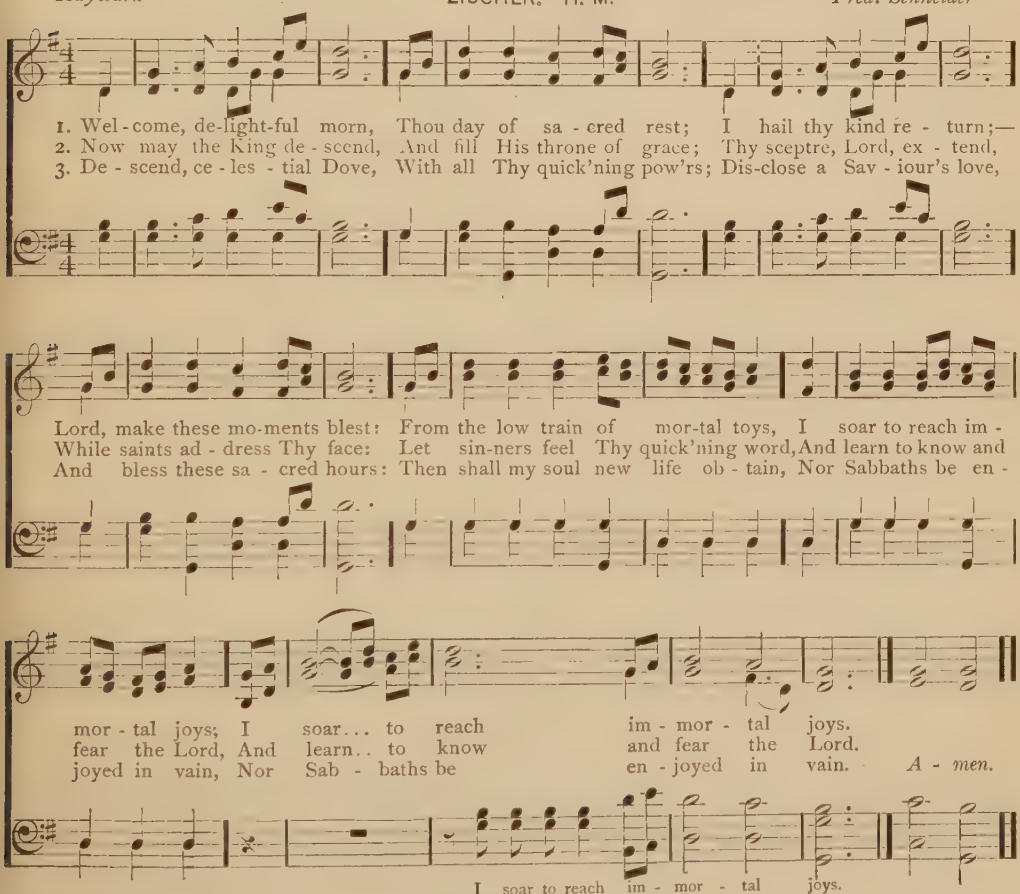
No. 55. *My Opening Eyes with Rapture See*

Isaac Watts GERMANY. L. M. *From Beethoven*

1. My opening eyes with rap - ture see The dawn of Thy re - turn - ing day;
2. I yield my heart to Thee a - lone, Nor would re - ceive an - oth - er guest;
3. O bid this trif - ling world re - tire, And drive each car - nal tho't a - way;
4. Then, to Thy courts when I... re - pair, My soul shall rise on joy - ful wing,

My Opening Eyes with Rapture See


My tho't's, O God, as - cend to Thee, While thus my ear - ly vows I pay.
E - ter - nal King! e - rect Thy throne, And reign sole monarch in my breast.
Nor let me feel one vain de - sire, One sin - ful tho't thro' all the day.
The won-ders of.. Thy love de - clare, And join the strains which an-gels sing. A - MEN.

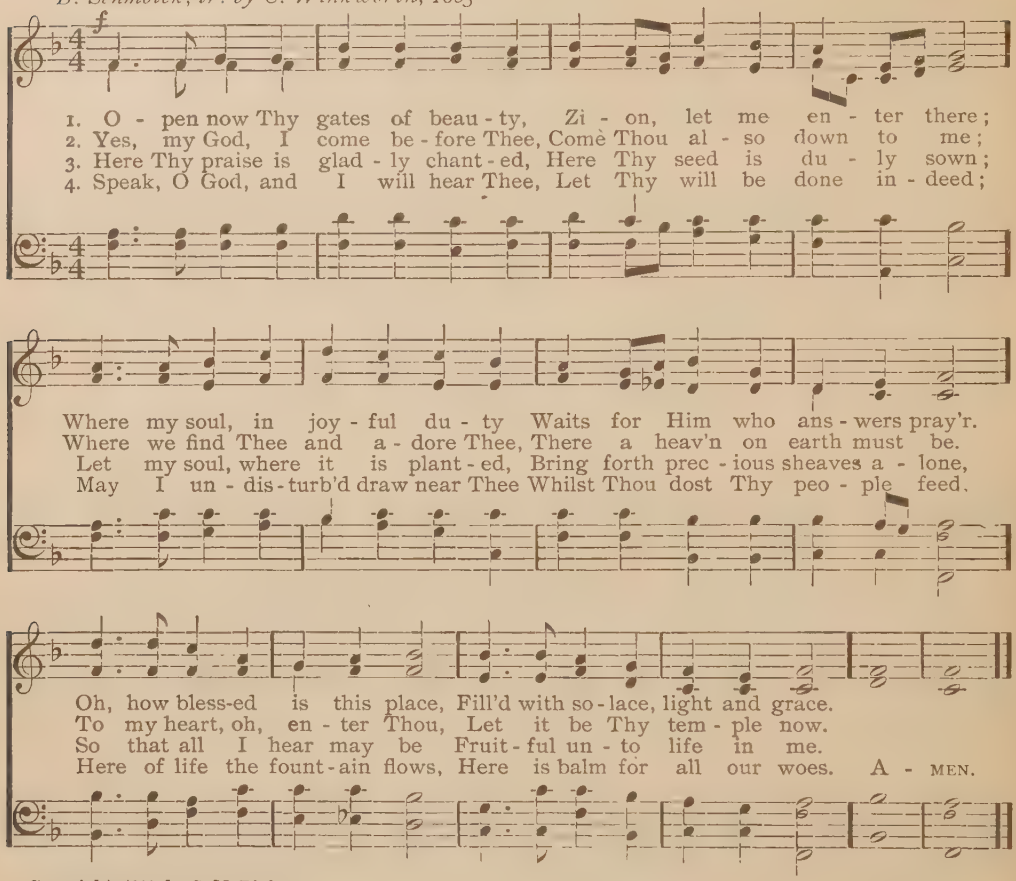
No. 56. *Welcome, Delightful Morn*

Hayward LISCHER. H. M. *Fred. Schneider*

1. Wel - come, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest; I hail thy kind re - turn;—
2. Now may the King de - scend, And fill His throne of grace; Thy sceptre, Lord, ex - tend,
3. De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Dis-close a Sav - iour's love,
Lord, make these mo-ments blest: From the low train of mor-tal toys, I soar to reach im -
While saints ad - dress Thy face: Let sin-ners feel Thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and
And bless these sa - cred hours: Then shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor Sabbaths be en -
mor - tal joys; I soar... to reach im - mor - tal joys.
fear the Lord, And learn.. to know and fear the Lord.
joyed in vain, Nor Sab - baths be en - joyed in vain. A - men.
I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

No. 57. *Open Now Thy Gates of Beauty*

VON DAUER. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

B. Schmolck, tr. by C. Winkworth, 1863 — *E. P. Tate*


1. O - pen now Thy gates of beau - ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there;
2. Yes, my God, I come be - fore Thee, Come Thou al - so down to me;
3. Here Thy praise is glad - ly chant - ed, Here Thy seed is du - ly sown;
4. Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee, Let Thy will be done in - deed;
Where my soul, in joy - ful du - ty Waits for Him who ans - wers pray'r.
Where we find Thee and a - dore Thee, There a heav'n on earth must be.
Let my soul, where it is plant - ed, Bring forth prec - ious sheaves a - lone,
May I un - dis - turb'd draw near Thee Whilst Thou dost Thy peo - ple feed.
Oh, how bless-ed is this place, Fill'd with so - lace, light and grace.
To my heart, oh, en - ter Thou, Let it be Thy tem - ple now.
So that all I hear may be Fruit - ful un - to life in me.
Here of life the fount - ain flows, Here is balm for all our woes. A - MEN.

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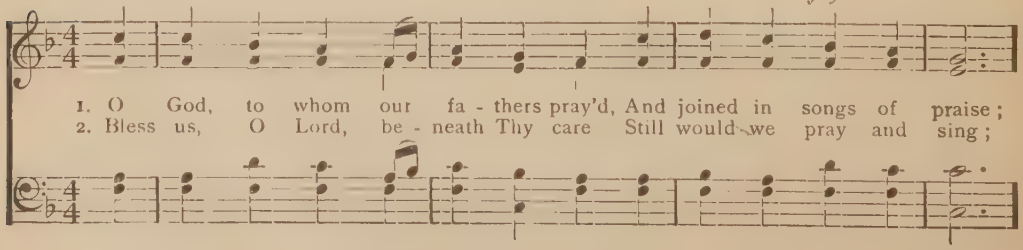
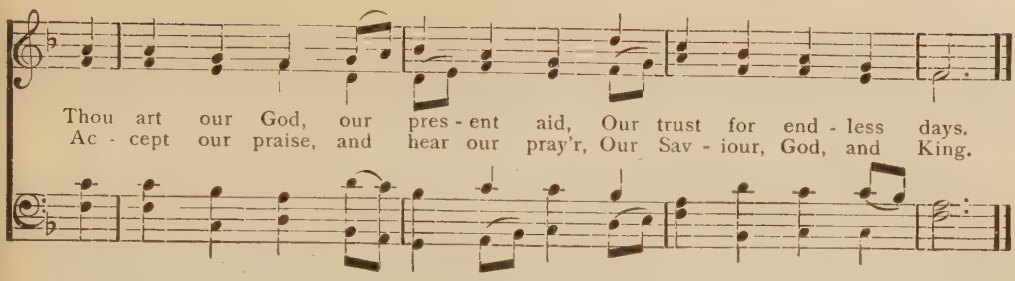
No. 58. *O God, to Whom Our Fathers Prayed*

Rev. H. L. Hastings, 1883, by per. — EWALL. C. M. — *Jay Deavereaux*


1. O God, to whom our fa - thers pray'd, And joined in songs of praise;
2. Bless us, O Lord, be - neath Thy care Still would we pray and sing;

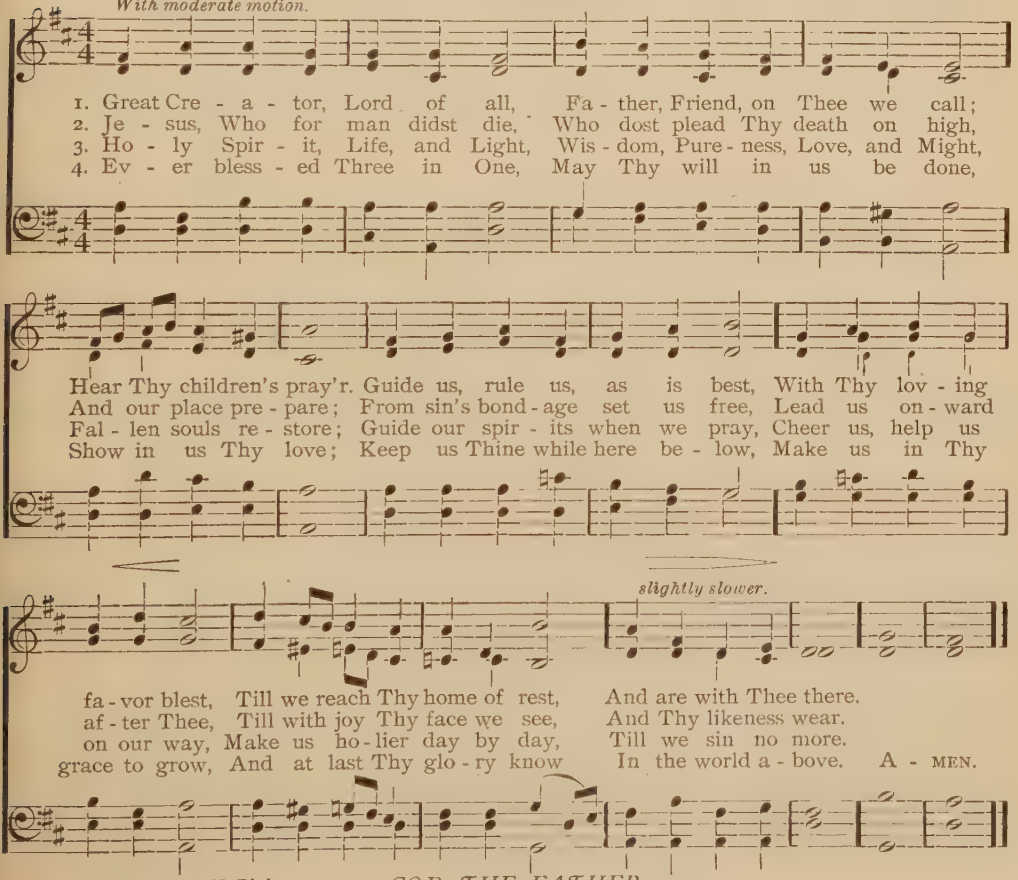
GOD THE FATHER

O God, to Whom Our Fathers Prayed

Copyright, 1894, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 59. *Great Creator, Lord of All*

T. B. Pollock, 1876 POLLOCK. 7.7.5.7.7.7.5. *R. Menthal*

With moderate motion.


1. Great Cre - a - tor, Lord of all, Fa - ther, Friend, on Thee we call;
2. Je - sus, Who for man didst die, Who dost plead Thy death on high,
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Life, and Light, Wis - dom, Pure - ness, Love, and Might,
4. Ev - er bless - ed Three in One, May Thy will in us be done,
Hear Thy children's pray'r. Guide us, rule us, as is best, With Thy lov - ing
And our place pre - pare; From sin's bond - age set us free, Lead us on - ward
Fal - len souls re - store; Guide our spir - its when we pray, Cheer us, help us
Show in us Thy love; Keep us Thine while here be - low, Make us in Thy
slightly slower.
fa - vor blest, Till we reach Thy home of rest, And are with Thee there.
af - ter Thee, Till with joy Thy face we see, And Thy likeness wear.
on our way, Make us ho - lier day by day, Till we sin no more.
grace to grow, And at last Thy glo - ry know In the world a - bove. A - MEN.

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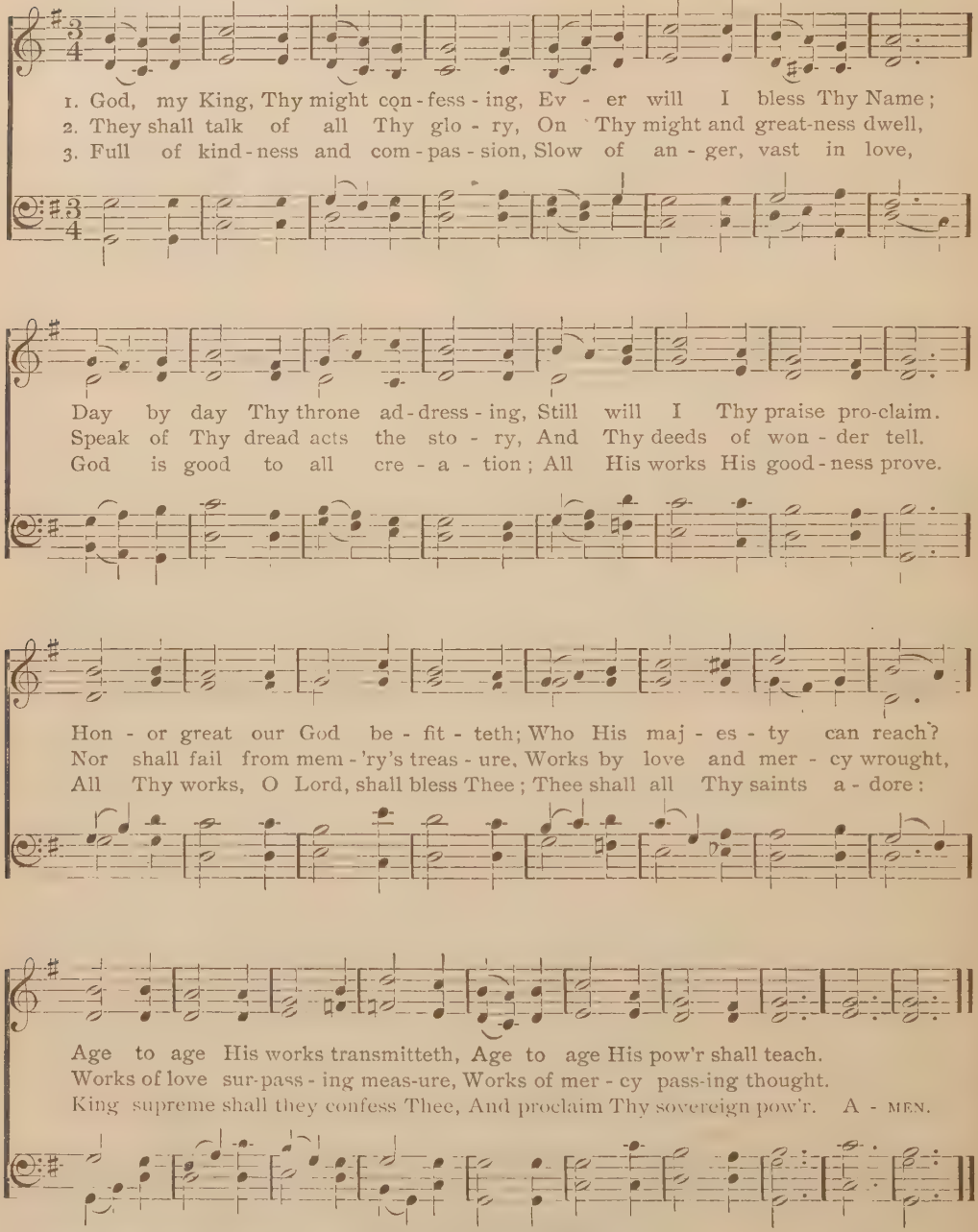
No. 60. *God, My King, Thy Might Confessing*

Rev. Richard Mant, M. A. MANT. 8s & 7s, D. *R. Menthal*


1. God, my King, Thy might con-fess-ing, Ev - er will I bless Thy Name;
2. They shall talk of all Thy glo - ry, On Thy might and great-ness dwell,
3. Full of kind-ness and com-pas-sion, Slow of an - ger, vast in love,
Day by day Thy throne ad-dress-ing, Still will I Thy praise pro-claim.
Speak of Thy dread acts the sto - ry, And Thy deeds of won - der tell.
God is good to all cre - a - tion; All His works His good-ness prove.
Hon - or great our God be - fit - teth; Who His maj - es - ty can reach?
Nor shall fail from mem-'ry's treas-ure, Works by love and mer - cy wrought,
All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee; Thee shall all Thy saints a - dore:
Age to age His works transmitteth, Age to age His pow'r shall teach.
Works of love sur-pass-ing meas-ure, Works of mer - cy pass-ing thought.
King supreme shall they confess Thee, And proclaim Thy sovereign pow'r. A - MEN.

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No. 61. *Lord God, We Worship Thee*

Johann Frank, 1653, tr. by C. Winkworth — *Caryl Florio*

Moderato. MARION. 6.8.6.7.6.6.6.

1. Lord God, we wor - ship Thee! In loud and hap - py cho - rus
2. Lord God, we wor - ship Thee! For Thou our land de - fend - est;
3. Lord God, we wor - ship Thee! Thou didst in - deed chas - tise us,
4. Lord God, we wor - ship Thee! And pray Thee, who hast blest us,

1. We
2. Thou
3. Yet
4. That

We praise Thy love and pow'r, Whose good-ness reign - eth o'er us. To
Thou pour - est down Thy grace, And strife and war Thou end - est. Since
Yet still Thy an - ger spares, And still Thy mer - cy tries us: Once
That we may live in peace, And none henceforth mo - lest us. O

praise Thy.....
pour - - est .....
still Thy.....
we may.....

heav'n our song shall soar, For - ev - - - er shall it be
gold - - - en peace, O Lord, Thou grant - - - est us to see,
more our Fath - er's hand Doth bid our sor - rows flee,
crown us with Thy love, And our de - fend - er be;

To heav'n
Since gold-
Once more
O crown

For - ev-
Thou grant-
Doth bid
And our

Re - sound - ing o'er and o'er, Lord God, we wor - ship Thee!
Our land with one ac - cord, Lord God, gives thanks to Thee,
And peace re - joice our land: Lord God, we wor - ship Thee!
Thou, who hast heard our pray'r, Lord God, we wor - ship Thee!

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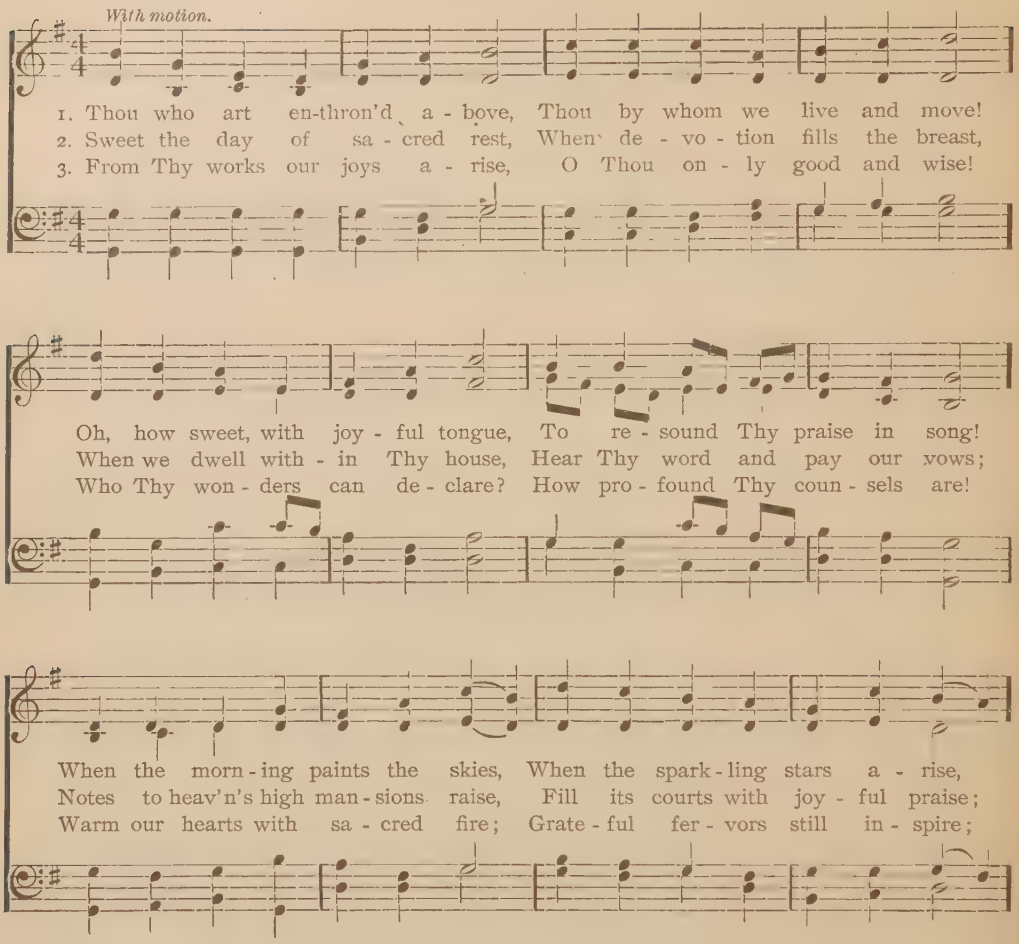
No. 62. *Thou Who art Enthroned Above*

G. Sandys SANDYS. 7s.D. *Jay Deavereaux*

With motion.


1. Thou who art en-thron'd a - bove, Thou by whom we live and move!
2. Sweet the day of sa - cred rest, When de - vo - tion fills the breast,
3. From Thy works our joys a - rise, O Thou on - ly good and wise!
Oh, how sweet, with joy - ful tongue, To re - sound Thy praise in song!
When we dwell with - in Thy house, Hear Thy word and pay our vows;
Who Thy won - ders can de - clare? How pro - found Thy coun - sels are!
When the morn - ing paints the skies, When the spark - ling stars a - rise,
Notes to heav'n's high man - sions raise, Fill its courts with joy - ful praise;
Warm our hearts with sa - cred fire; Grate - ful fer - vors still in - spire;
All Thy fa - vors to re-hearse, And give thanks in grate - ful verse.
With re - peat - ed hymns proclaim Great Je - ho - vah's aw - ful name.
All our pow'rs, with all their might, Ev - er in Thy praise u - nite. A - MEN.

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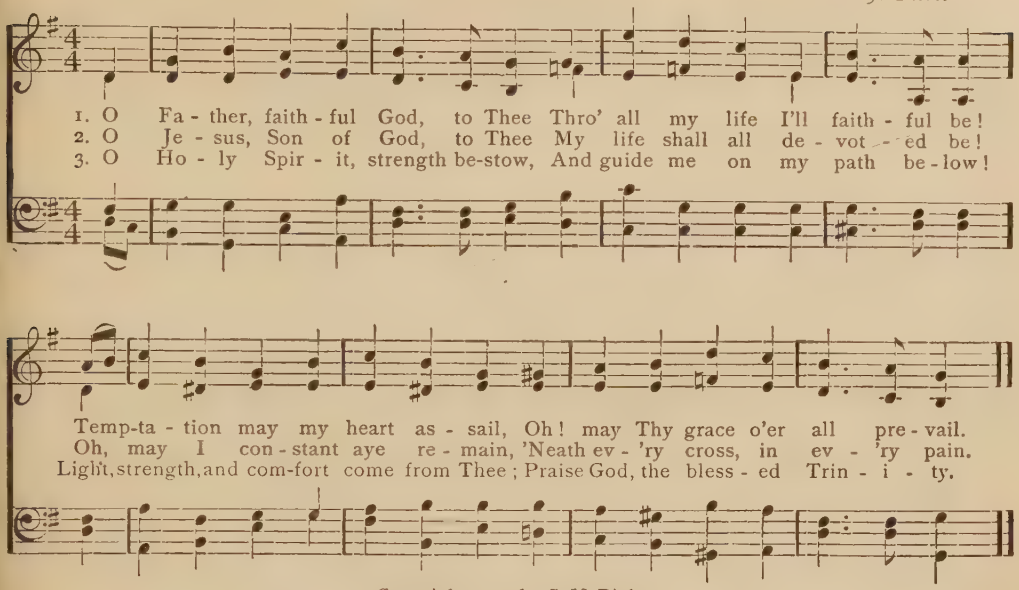
No. 63. *O Father, Faithful God, to Thee*

August Hermann Walter ERNST. L. M. *Caryl Florio*


1. O Fa - ther, faith - ful God, to Thee Thro' all my life I'll faith - ful be!
2. O Je - sus, Son of God, to Thee My life shall all de - vot - ed be!
3. O Ho - ly Spir - it, strength be-stow, And guide me on my path be - low!
Temp-ta - tion may my heart as - sail, Oh! may Thy grace o'er all pre - vail.
Oh, may I con - stant aye re - main, 'Neath ev - 'ry cross, in ev - 'ry pain.
Light, strength, and com-fort come from Thee; Praise God, the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

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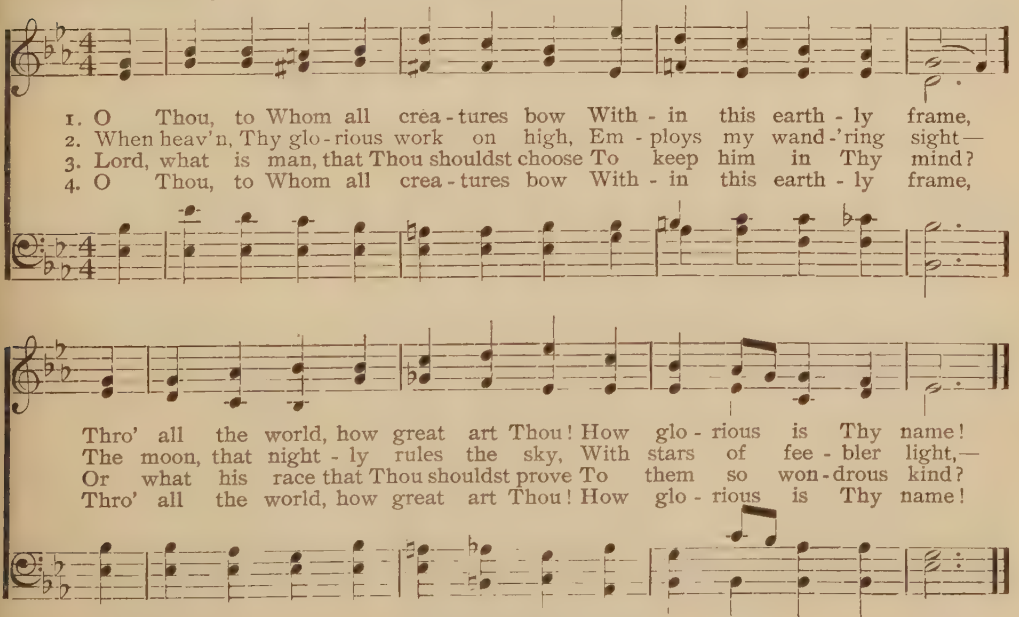
No. 64. *O Thou, to Whom All Creatures Bow*

Tate and Brady FRANCLYN. C.M. *Frank N. Shepperd*, 1892


1. O Thou, to Whom all crea - tures bow With - in this earth - ly frame,
2. When heav'n, Thy glo - rious work on high, Em - ploys my wand - 'ring sight—
3. Lord, what is man, that Thou shouldst choose To keep him in Thy mind?
4. O Thou, to Whom all crea - tures bow With - in this earth - ly frame,
Thro' all the world, how great art Thou! How glo - rious is Thy name!
The moon, that night - ly rules the sky, With stars of fee - bler light,—
Or what his race that Thou shouldst prove To them so won - drous kind?
Thro' all the world, how great art Thou! How glo - rious is Thy name!

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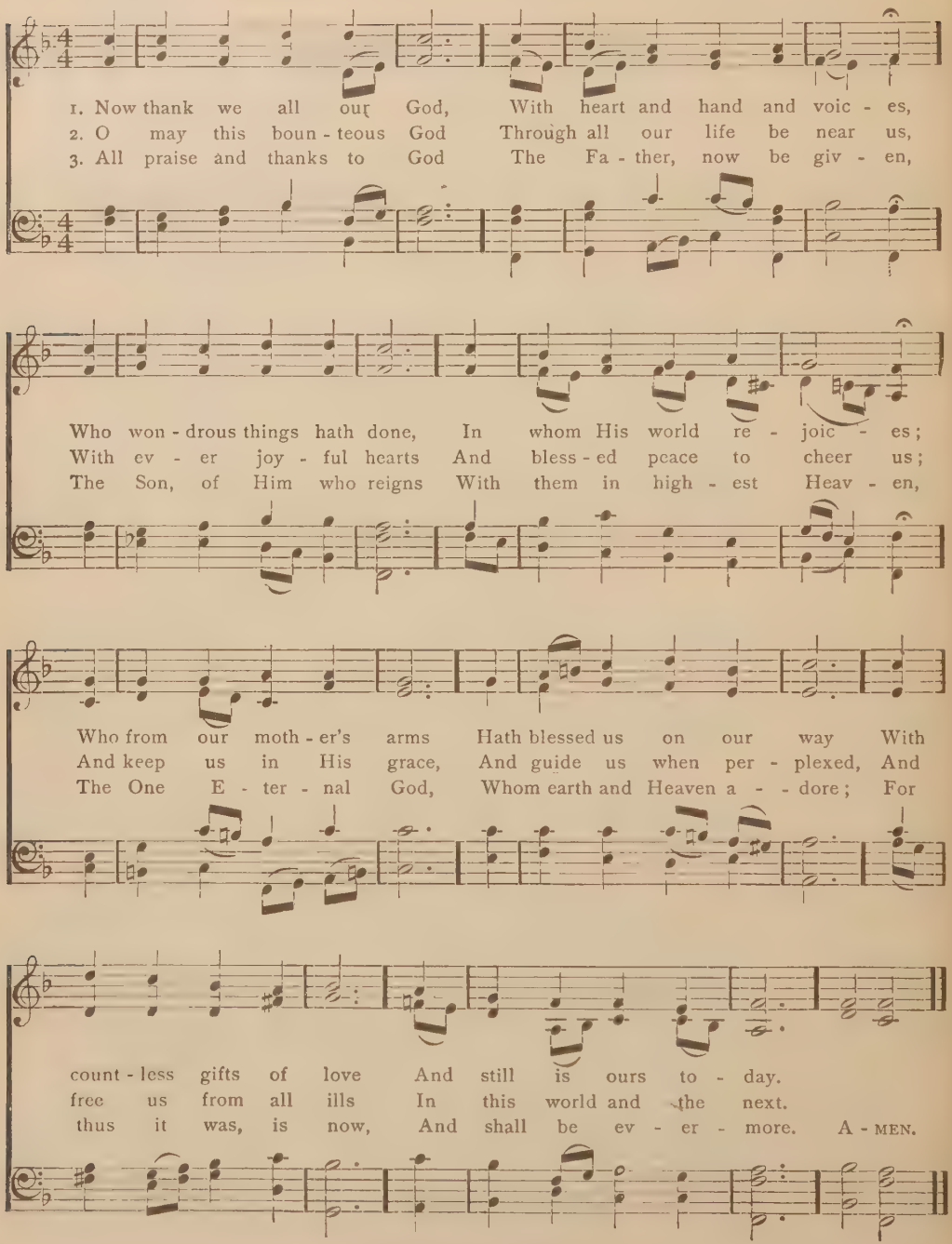
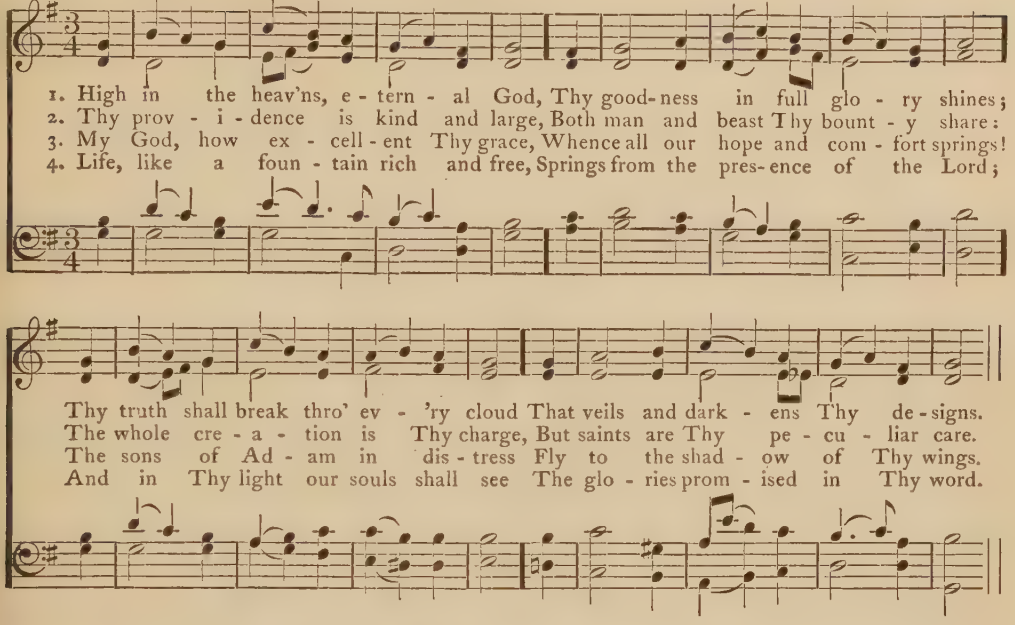
No. 65. *Now Thank we all our God*

Rev. Martin Rinkart. WITTEMBERG. P. M. *Rev. Johann Crüger?*


1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hand and voic - es,
2. O may this boun - teous God Through all our life be near us,
3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther, now be giv - en,
Who won - drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us;
The Son, of Him who reigns With them in high - est Heav - en,
Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way With
And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plexed, And
The One E - ter - nal God, Whom earth and Heaven a - - dore; For
count - less gifts of love And still is ours to - day.
free us from all ills In this world and the next.
thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more. A - MEN.

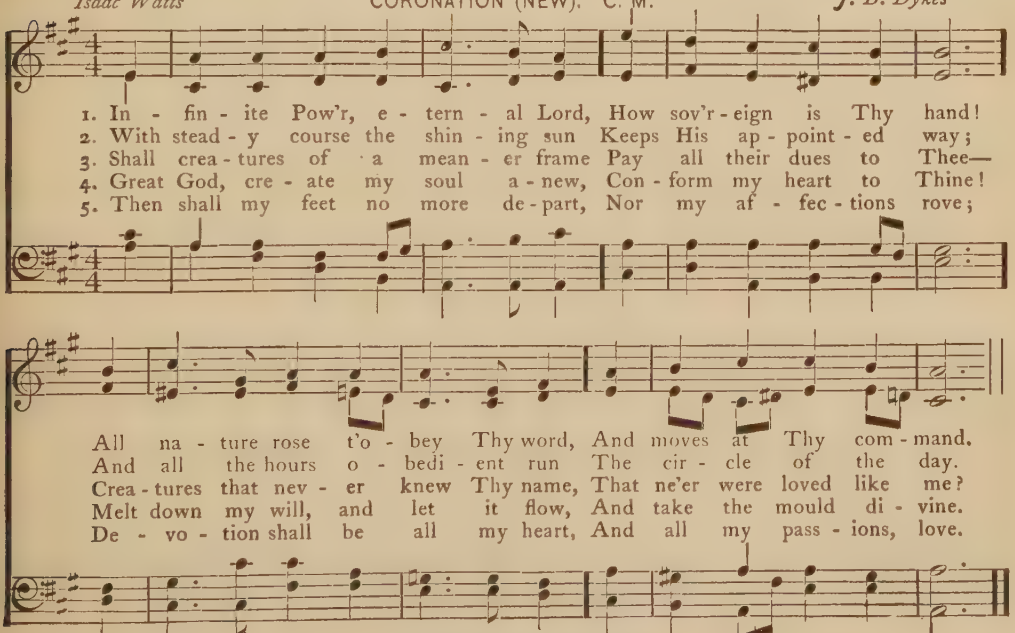
No. 66. *High in the Heavens, Eternal God*

Isaac Watts — INTERCESSION. L. M. — *Arr. by J. B. Dykes*


1. High in the heav'ns, e - tern - al God, Thy good-ness in full glo - ry shines;
2. Thy prov - i - dence is kind and large, Both man and beast Thy bount - y share:
3. My God, how ex - cell - ent Thy grace, Whence all our hope and com - fort springs!
4. Life, like a foun - tain rich and free, Springs from the pres-ence of the Lord;
Thy truth shall break thro' ev - 'ry cloud That veils and dark - ens Thy de-signs.
The whole cre - a - tion is Thy charge, But saints are Thy pe - cu - liar care.
The sons of Ad - am in dis - tress Fly to the shad - ow of Thy wings.
And in Thy light our souls shall see The glo - ries prom - ised in Thy word.

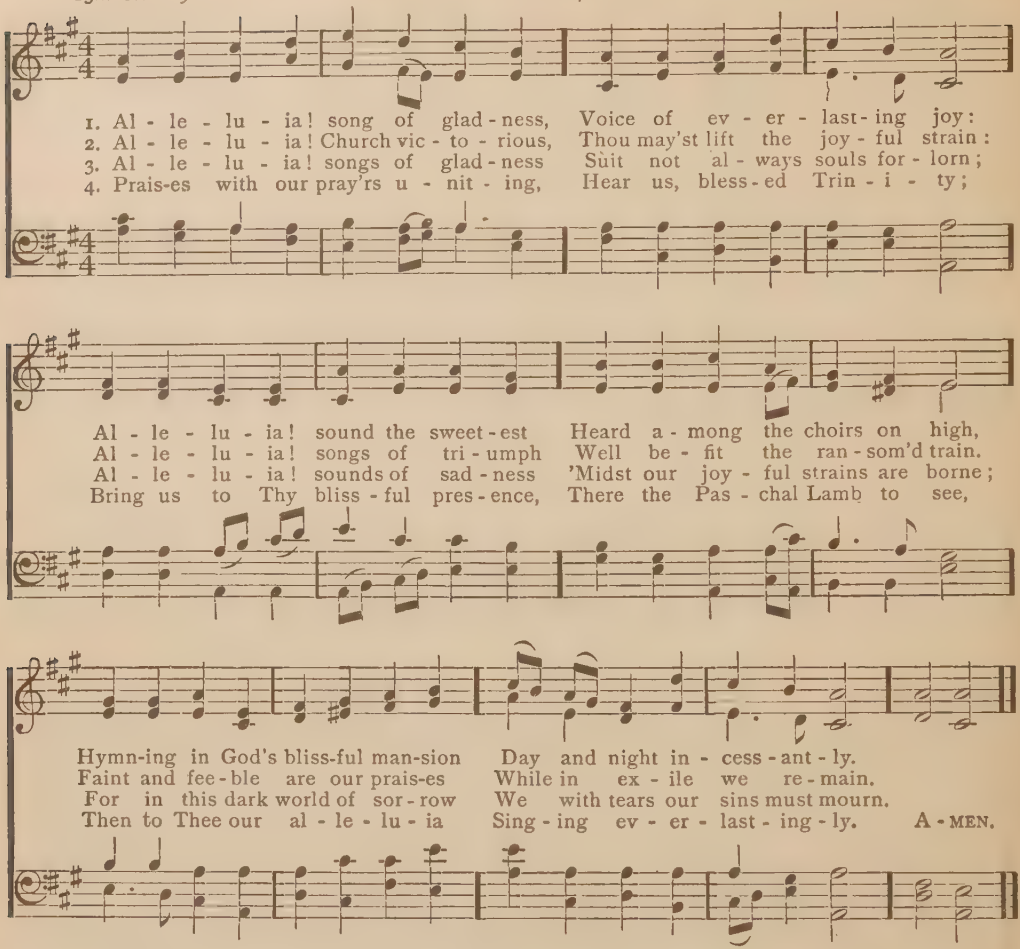
No. 67. *Infinite Power, Eternal Lord*

Isaac Watts — CORONATION (NEW). C. M. — *J. B. Dykes*


1. In - fin - ite Pow'r, e - tern - al Lord, How sov'r - eign is Thy hand!
2. With stead - y course the shin - ing sun Keeps His ap - point - ed way;
3. Shall crea - tures of a mean - er frame Pay all their dues to Thee—
4. Great God, cre - ate my soul a - new, Con - form my heart to Thine!
5. Then shall my feet no more de - part, Nor my af - fec - tions rove;
All na - ture rose t'o - bey Thy word, And moves at Thy com - mand.
And all the hours o - bedi - ent run The cir - cle of the day.
Crea - tures that nev - er knew Thy name, That ne'er were loved like me?
Melt down my will, and let it flow, And take the mould di - vine.
De - vo - tion shall be all my heart, And all my pass - ions, love.

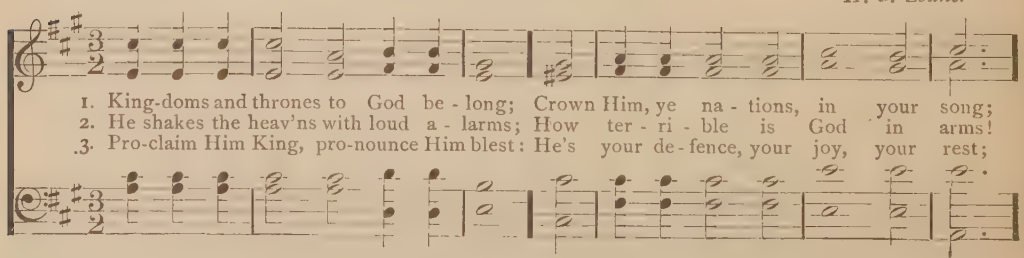
No. 68. *Alleluia! Song of Gladness*

13th Century DULCE CARMEN. 8s & 7s, Six lines. *M. Haydn*

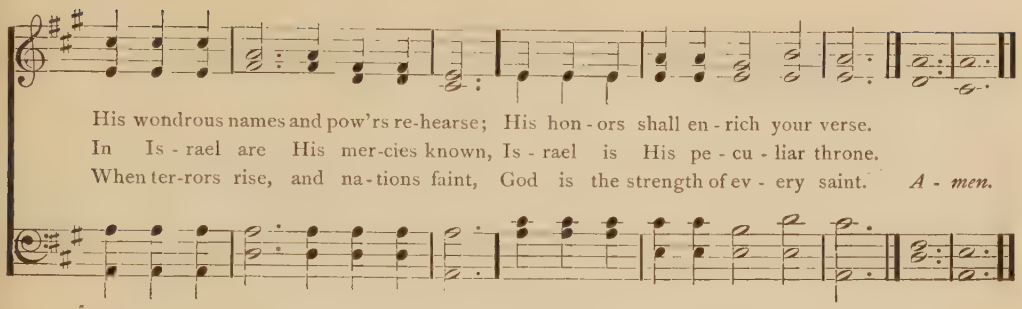

1. Al - le - lu - ia! song of glad - ness, Voice of ev - er - last - ing joy:
2. Al - le - lu - ia! Church vic - to - rious, Thou may'st lift the joy - ful strain:
3. Al - le - lu - ia! songs of glad - ness Süit not al - ways souls for - lorn;
4. Prais-es with our pray'rs u - nit - ing, Hear us, bless - ed Trin - i - ty;
Al - le - lu - ia! sound the sweet - est Heard a - mong the choirs on high,
Al - le - lu - ia! songs of tri - umph Well be - fit the ran - som'd train.
Al - le - lu - ia! sounds of sad - ness 'Midst our joy - ful strains are borne;
Bring us to Thy bliss - ful pres - ence, There the Pas - chal Lamb to see,
Hymn-ing in God's bliss-ful man-sion Day and night in - cess - ant - ly.
Faint and fee - ble are our prais-es While in ex - ile we re - main.
For in this dark world of sor - row We with tears our sins must mourn.
Then to Thee our al - le - lu - ia Sing - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly. A - MEN.

No. 69. *Kingdoms and Thrones to God Belong*

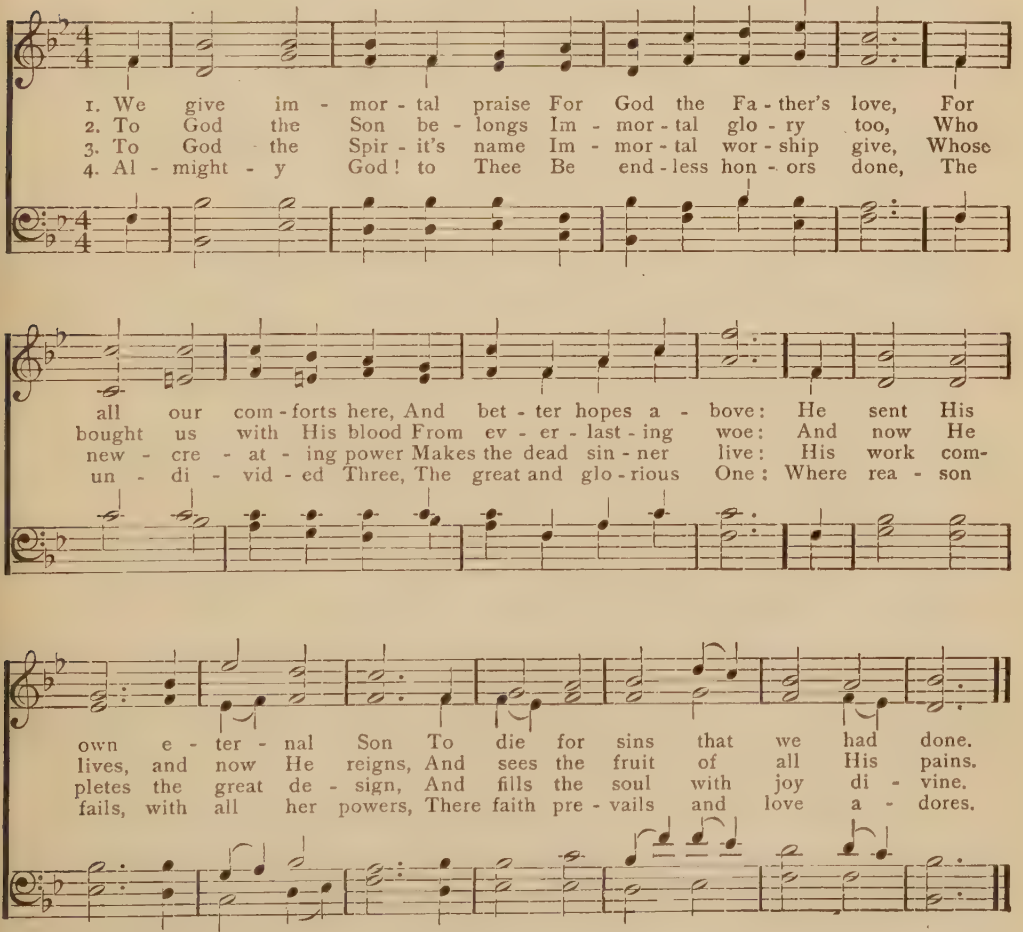
Isaac Watts MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. *H. C. Zeuner*


1. King-doms and thrones to God be - long; Crown Him, ye na - tions, in your song;
2. He shakes the heav'ns with loud a - larms; How ter - ri - ble is God in arms!
3. Pro-claim Him King, pro-nounce Him blest: He's your de - fence, your joy, your rest;

GOD THE FATHER


His wondrous names and pow'rs re-hearse; His hon - ors shall en - rich your verse.
In Is - rael are His mer-cies known, Is - rael is His pe - cu - liar throne.
When ter-rors rise, and na - tions faint, God is the strength of ev - ery saint. A - men.

No. 70. *We give Immortal Praise*

Isaac Watts — ARKELL. P. M. — *Albert J. Holden*, 1894

1. We give im - mor - tal praise For God the Fa - ther's love, For
2. To God the Son be - longs Im - mor - tal glo - ry too, Who
3. To God the Spir - it's name Im - mor - tal wor - ship give, Whose
4. Al - might - y God! to Thee Be end - less hon - ors done, The
all our com - forts here, And bet - ter hopes a - bove: He sent His
bought us with His blood From ev - er - last - ing woe: And now He
new - cre - at - ing power Makes the dead sin - ner live: His work com-
un - di - vid - ed Three, The great and glo - rious One: Where rea - son
own e - ter - nal Son To die for sins that we had done.
lives, and now He reigns, And sees the fruit of all His pains.
pletes the great de - sign, And fills the soul with joy di - vine.
fails, with all her powers, There faith pre - vails and love a - dores.

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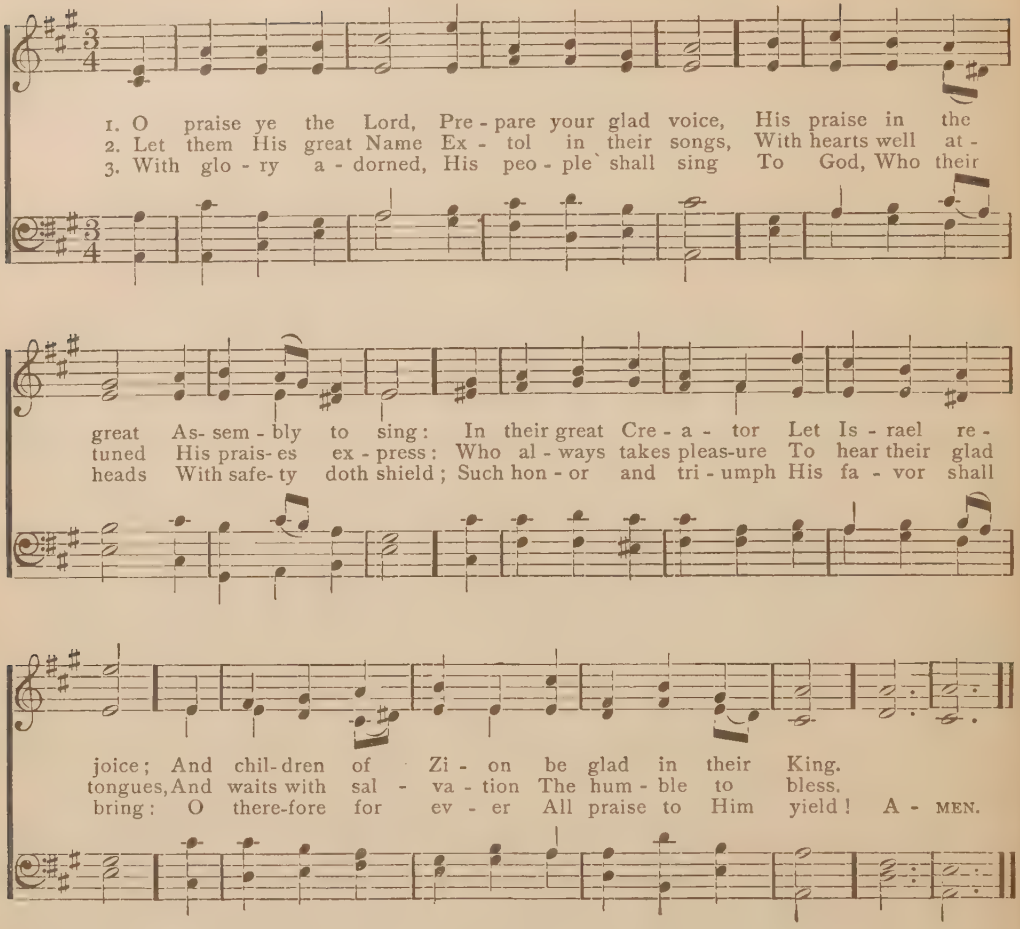
No. 71. *O Praise Ye the Lord*

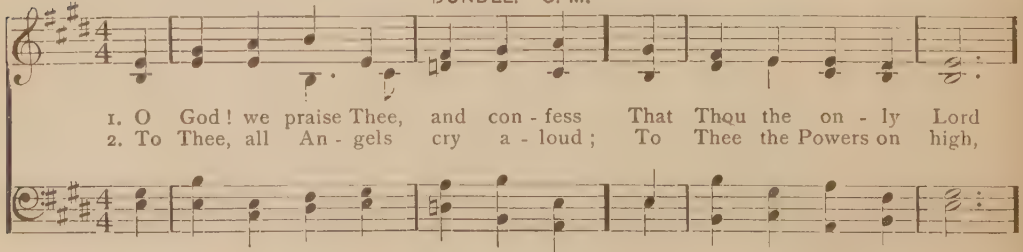
Metrical Psalm HANOVER. 10s & 11s. *G. F. Handel*


1. O praise ye the Lord, Pre - pare your glad voice, His praise in the
2. Let them His great Name Ex - tol in their songs, With hearts well at -
3. With glo - ry a - dorned, His peo - ple shall sing To God, Who their
great As- sem - bly to sing: In their great Cre - a - tor Let Is - rael re -
tuned His prais- es ex - press: Who al - ways takes pleas-ure To hear their glad
heads With safe- ty doth shield; Such hon - or and tri - umph His fa - vor shall
joice; And chil- dren of Zi - on be glad in their King.
tongues, And waits with sal - va - tion The hum - ble to bless.
bring: O there-fore for ev - er All praise to Him yield! A - MEN.

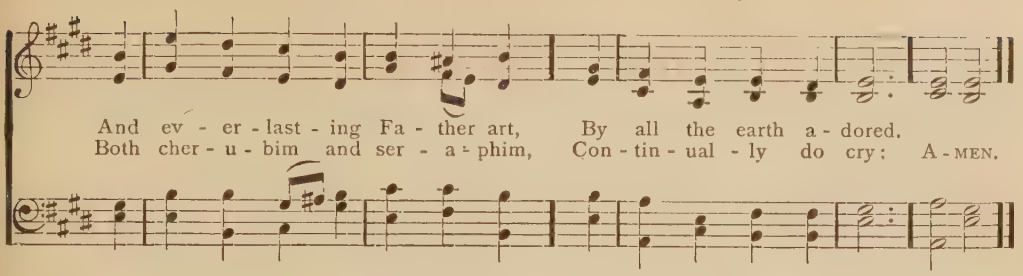
No. 72. *O God! We Praise Thee, and Confess*

Rev. Nicholas Brady, D.D., and Nahum Tate *From the Scotch Psalter*, 1615

DUNDEE. C. M.



GOD THE FATHER

O God! We Praise Thee, and Confess

3 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway!

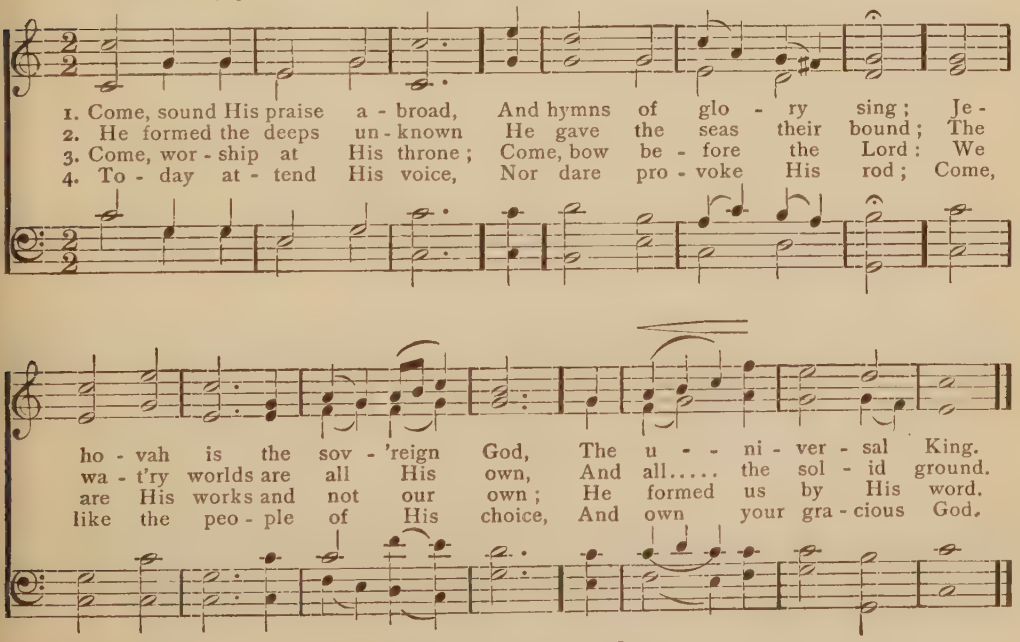
4 The Apostles' glorious company,
And Prophets crowned with light,
With all the Martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The Holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

6 Thy honored, true and only Son
And Holy Ghost, the spring
Of never-ceasing joy; O Christ
Of glory Thou art King. AMEN.

No. 73. *Come, Sound His Praise Abroad*

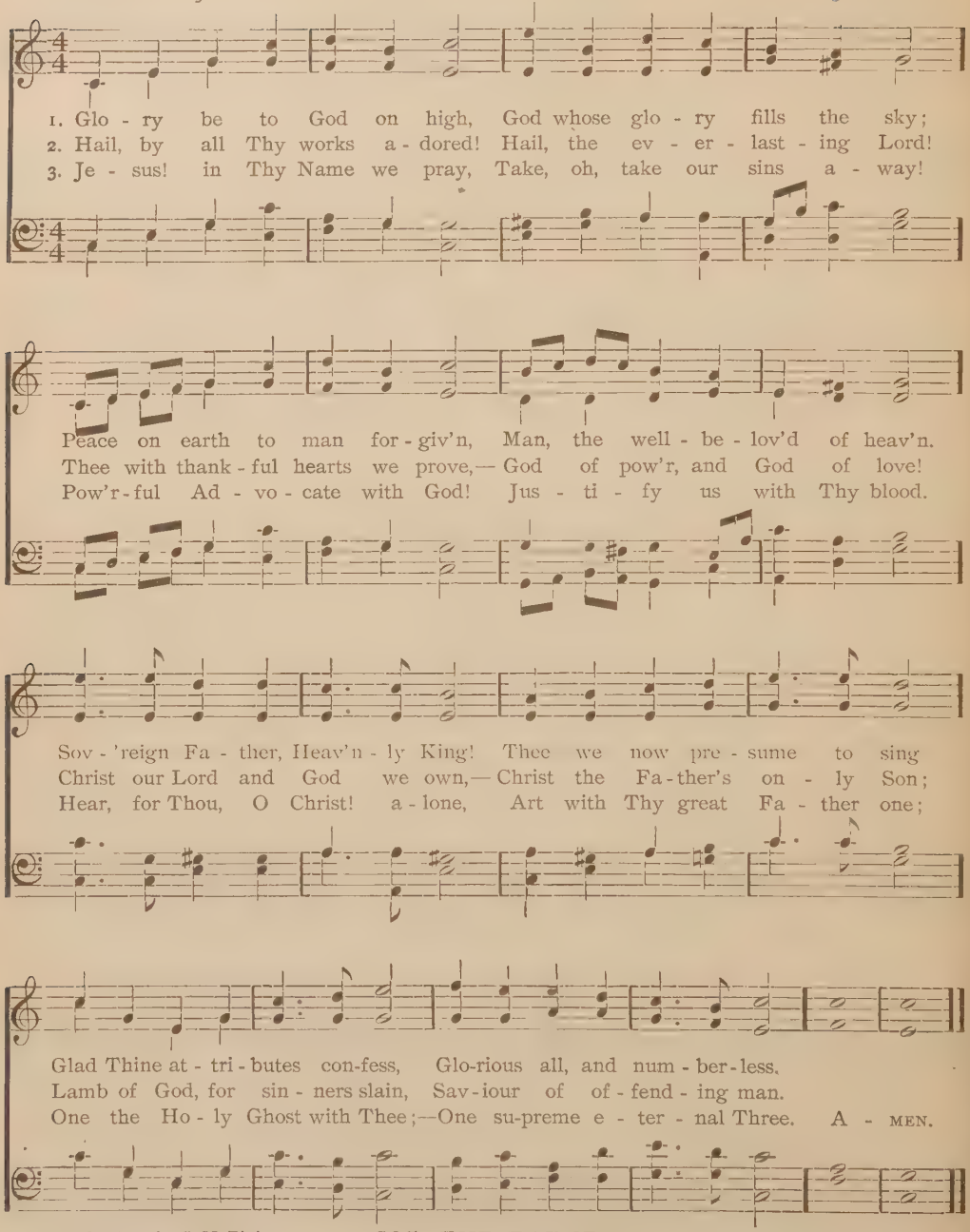
Isaac Watts, 1719 SILVER STREET. S. M. *Isaac Smith*, 1770


1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je -
2. He formed the deeps un - known He gave the seas their bound; The
3. Come, wor - ship at His throne; Come, bow be - fore the Lord: We
4. To - day at - tend His voice, Nor dare pro - voke His rod; Come,
ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - - ni - ver - sal King.
wa - t'ry worlds are all His own, And all..... the sol - id ground.
are His works and not our own; He formed us by His word.
like the peo - ple of His choice, And own your gra - cious God.

No. 74.

Glory Be to God on High

Charles Wesley HARGRAVE. 7s. 8 Lines. *J. Wilson*


1. Glo - ry be to God on high, God whose glo - ry fills the sky;
2. Hail, by all Thy works a - dored! Hail, the ev - er - last - ing Lord!
3. Je - sus! in Thy Name we pray, Take, oh, take our sins a - way!
Peace on earth to man for - giv'n, Man, the well - be - lov'd of heav'n.
Thee with thank - ful hearts we prove,— God of pow'r, and God of love!
Pow'r - ful Ad - vo - cate with God! Jus - ti - fy us with Thy blood.
Sov - 'reign Fa - ther, Heav'n - ly King! Thee we now pre - sume to sing
Christ our Lord and God we own,— Christ the Fa - ther's on - ly Son;
Hear, for Thou, O Christ! a - lone, Art with Thy great Fa - ther one;
Glad Thine at - tri - butes con-fess, Glo-rious all, and num - ber - less.
Lamb of God, for sin - ners slain, Sav - iour of of - fend - ing man.
One the Ho - ly Ghost with Thee;—One su-preme e - ter - nal Three. A - MEN.

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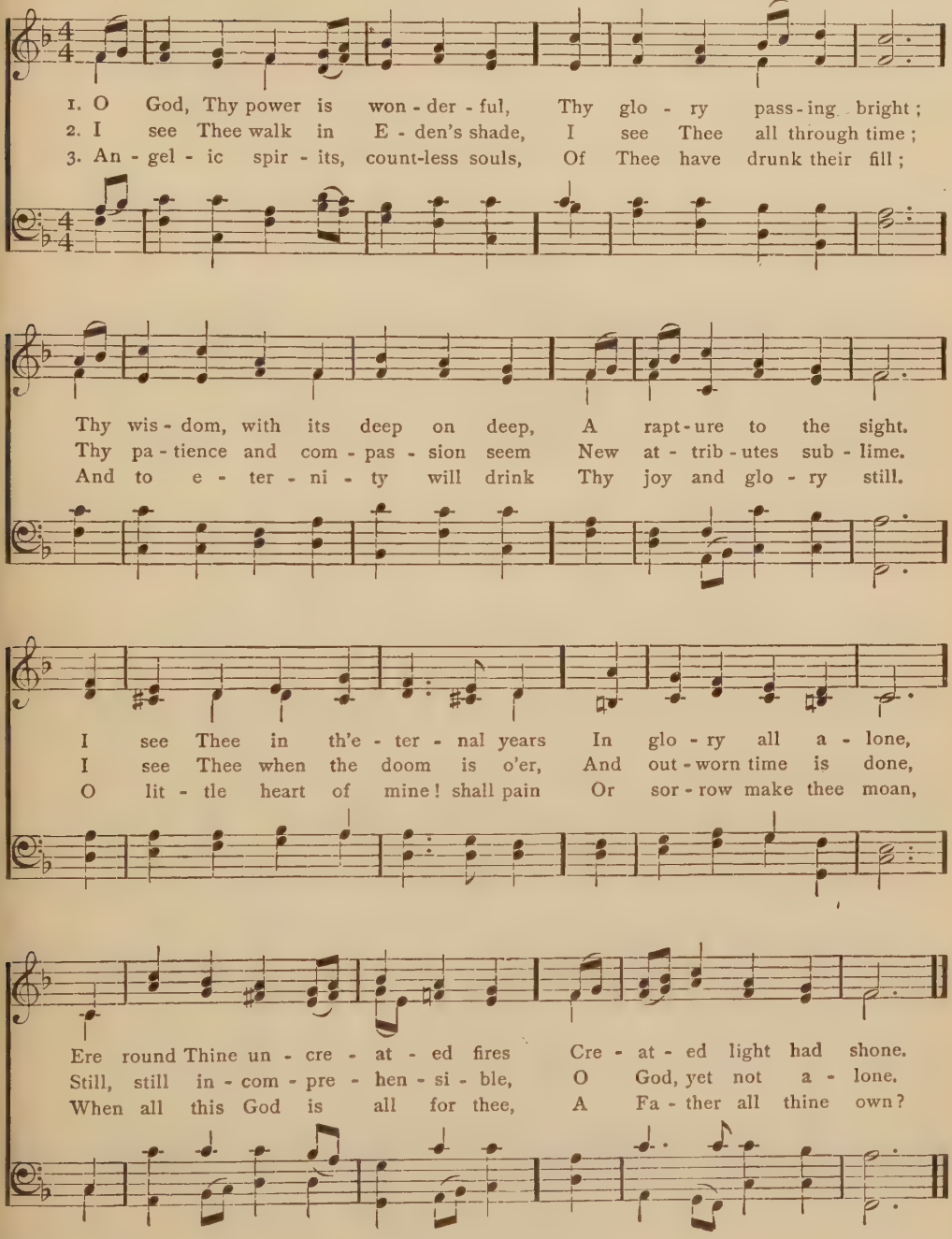
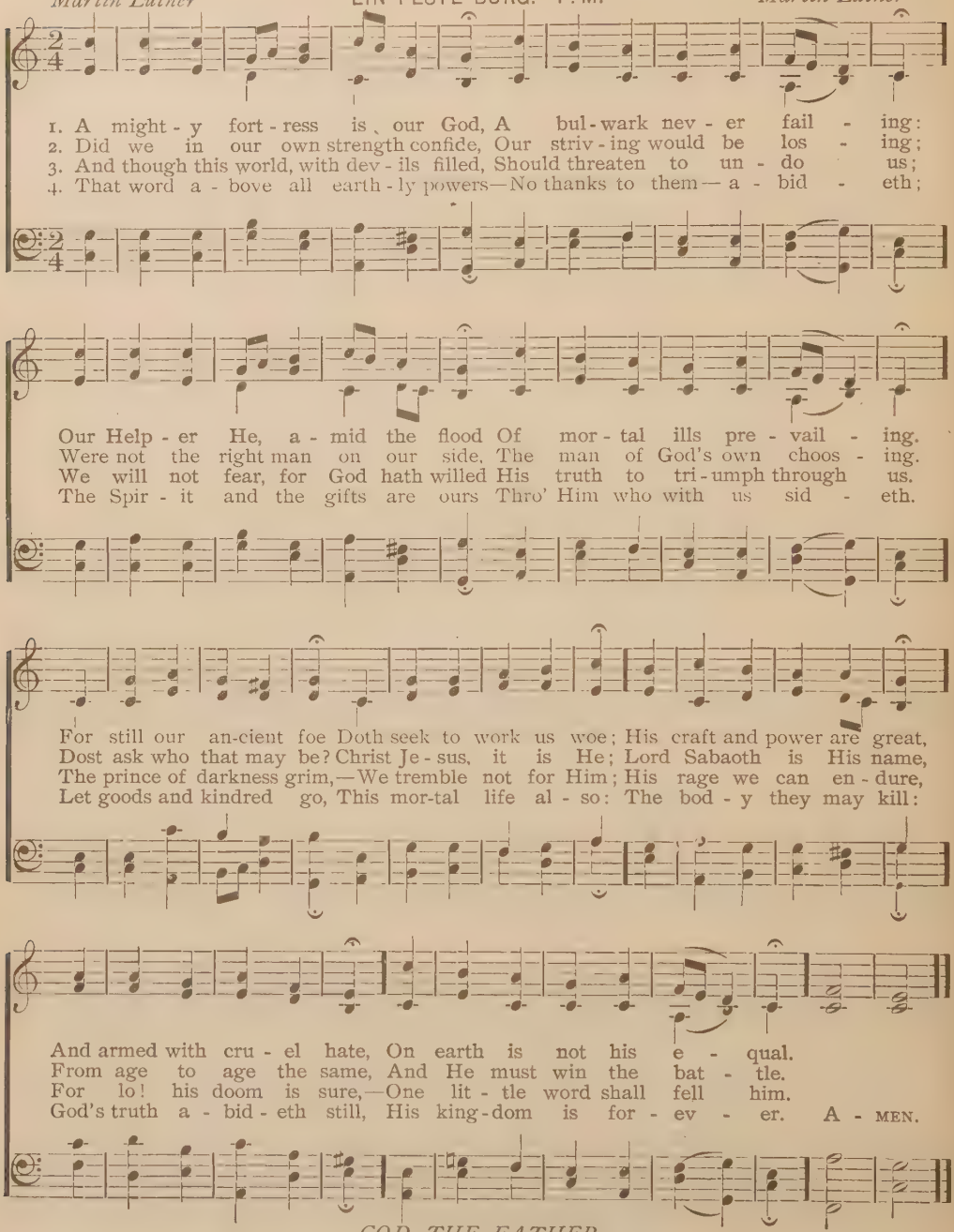
No. 75. *O God, Thy Power is Wonderful*

F. W. Faber NOEL. C. M. D. *Arr. by A. S. Sullivan*


1. O God, Thy power is won - der - ful, Thy glo - ry pass - ing bright;
2. I see Thee walk in E - den's shade, I see Thee all through time;
3. An - gel - ic spir - its, count-less souls, Of Thee have drunk their fill;
Thy wis - dom, with its deep on deep, A rapt - ure to the sight.
Thy pa - tience and com - pas - sion seem New at - trib - utes sub - lime.
And to e - ter - ni - ty will drink Thy joy and glo - ry still.
I see Thee in th'e - ter - nal years In glo - ry all a - lone,
I see Thee when the doom is o'er, And out - worn time is done,
O lit - tle heart of mine! shall pain Or sor - row make thee moan,
Ere round Thine un - cre - at - ed fires Cre - at - ed light had shone.
Still, still in - com - pre - hen - si - ble, O God, yet not a - lone.
When all this God is all for thee, A Fa - ther all thine own?

No. 76. *A Mighty Fortress is Our God*

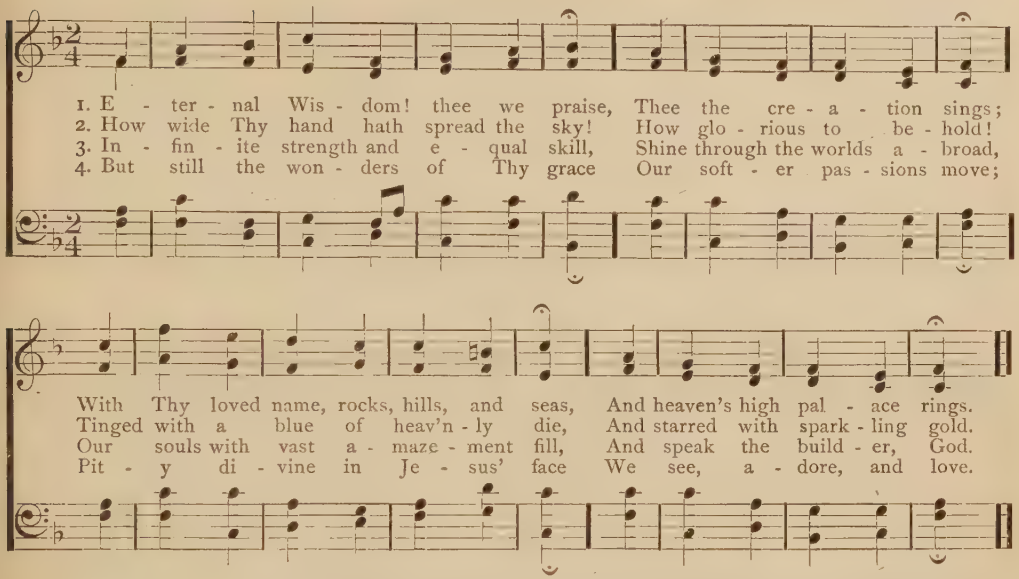
Martin Luther EIN FESTE BURG. P. M. *Martin Luther*


1. A might - y fort - ress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing:
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing;
3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us;
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly powers—No thanks to them—a - bid - eth;
Our Help - er He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.
Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us.
The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.
For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are great,
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His name,
The prince of darkness grim,—We tremble not for Him; His rage we can en - dure,
Let goods and kindred go, This mor-tal life al - so: The bod - y they may kill:
And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
For lo! his doom is sure,—One lit - tle word shall fell him.
God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er. A - MEN.

GOD THE FATHER

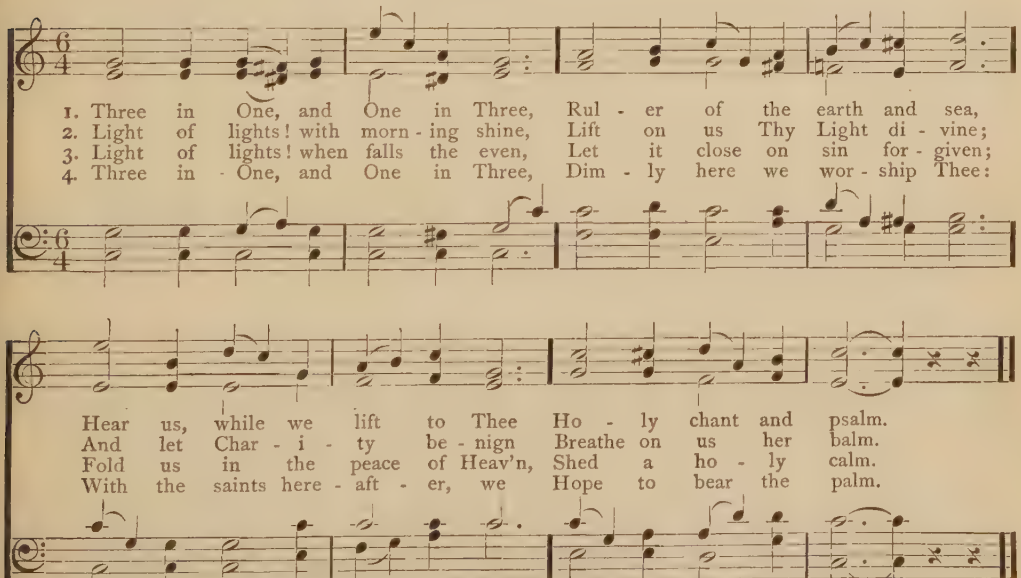
No. 77. *Eternal Wisdom! Thee We Praise*

Isaac Watts — DUNDEE. C. M. — *G. Frant*


1. E - ter - nal Wis - dom! thee we praise, Thee the cre - a - tion sings;
2. How wide Thy hand hath spread the sky! How glo - rious to be - hold!
3. In - fin - ite strength and e - qual skill, Shine through the worlds a - broad,
4. But still the won - ders of Thy grace Our soft - er pas - sions move;
With Thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas, And heaven's high pal - ace rings.
Tinged with a blue of heav'n - ly die, And starred with spark - ling gold.
Our souls with vast a - maze - ment fill, And speak the build - er, God.
Pit - y di - vine in Je - sus' face We see, a - dore, and love.

No. 78. *Three in One, and One in Three.*

Rev. Gilbert Rorison, LL.D — RORISON. 7s & 5s. — *S. M. Bixby*


1. Three in One, and One in Three, Rul - er of the earth and sea,
2. Light of lights! with morn - ing shine, Lift on us Thy Light di - vine;
3. Light of lights! when falls the even, Let it close on sin for - given;
4. Three in One, and One in Three, Dim - ly here we wor - ship Thee:
Hear us, while we lift to Thee Ho - ly chant and psalm.
And let Char - i - ty be - nign Breathe on us her balm.
Fold us in the peace of Heav'n, Shed a ho - ly calm.
With the saints here - aft - er, we Hope to bear the palm.

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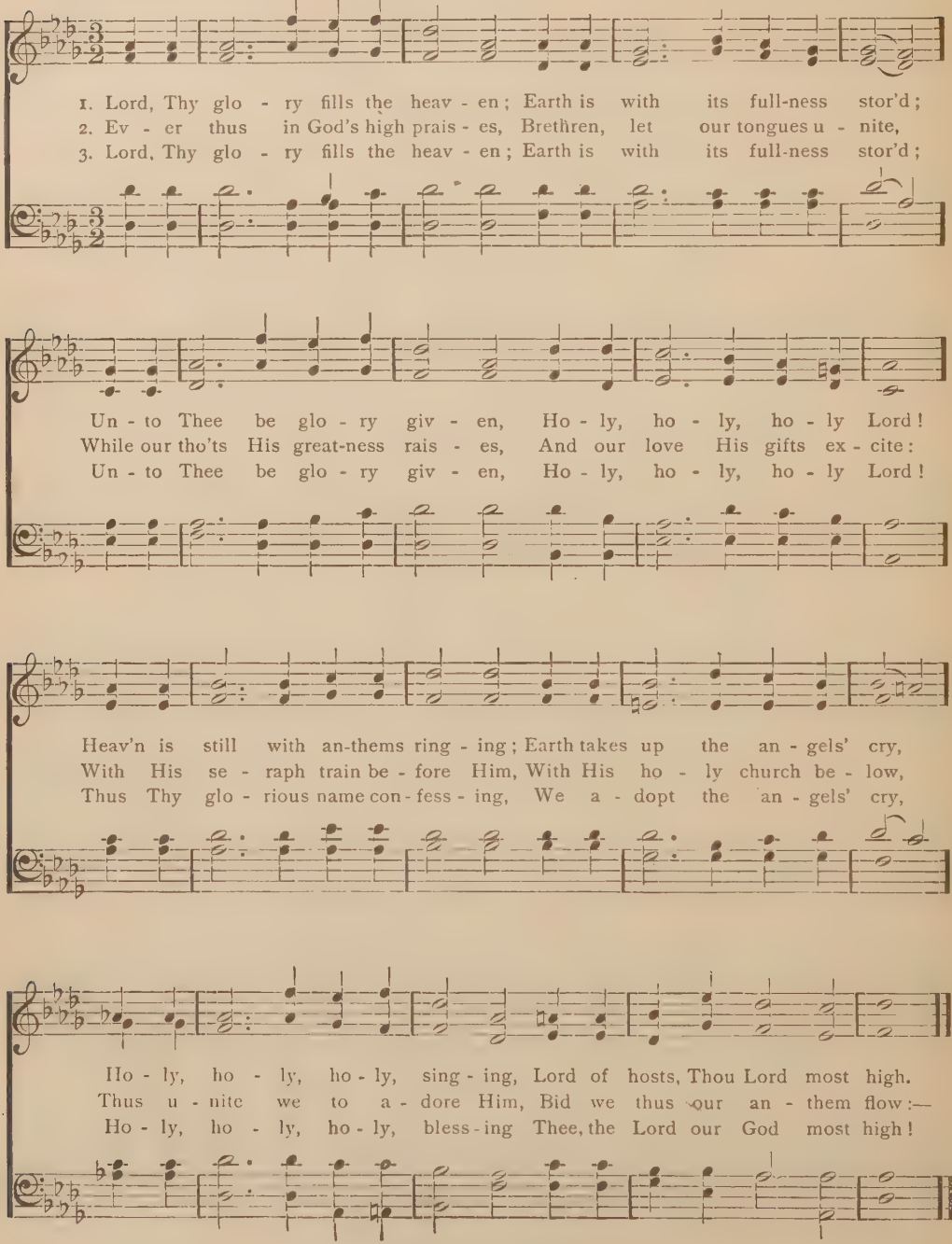
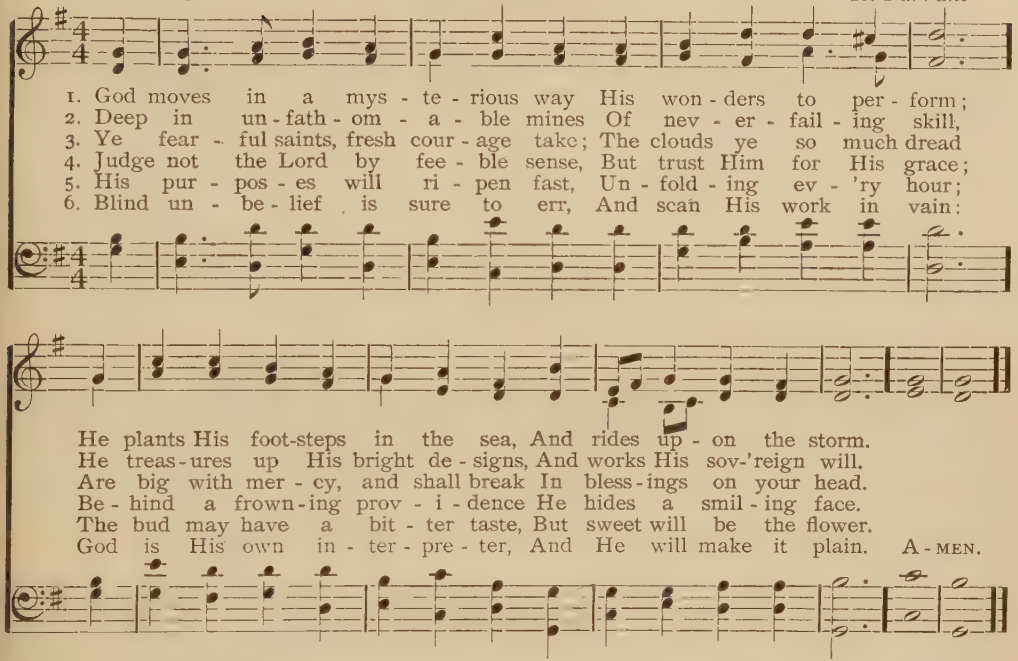
No. 79. *Lord, Thy Glory Fills the Heaven*

Rev. Richard Mant, D.D. FABEN. 8s, 7s. *J. H. Willcox*


1. Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its full-ness stor'd;
2. Ev - er thus in God's high prais - es, Brethren, let our tongues u - nite,
3. Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its full-ness stor'd;
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
While our tho'ts His great-ness rais - es, And our love His gifts ex - cite:
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
Heav'n is still with an-thems ring - ing; Earth takes up the an - gels' cry,
With His se - raph train be - fore Him, With His ho - ly church be - low,
Thus Thy glo - rious name con - fess - ing, We a - dopt the an - gels' cry,
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, sing - ing, Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most high.
Thus u - nite we to a - dore Him, Bid we thus our an - them flow:—
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, bless - ing Thee, the Lord our God most high!

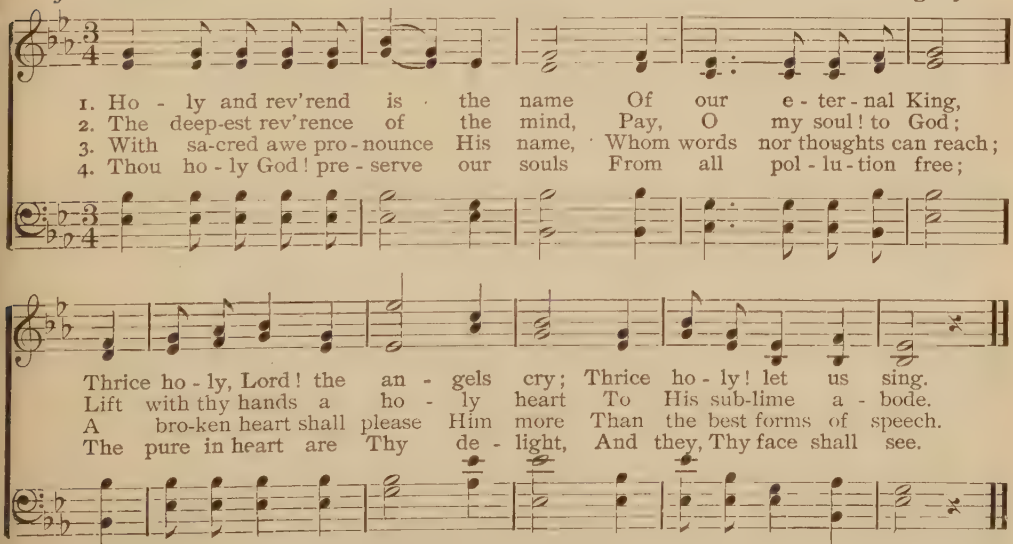
No. 80. *God Moves in a Mysterious Way*

William Cowper FARRANT. C.M. *R. Farrant*


1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form;
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill,
3. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh cour - age take; The clouds ye so much dread
4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;
5. His pur - pos - es will ri - pen fast, Un - fold - ing ev - 'ry hour;
6. Blind un - be - lief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain:
He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
He treas - ures up His bright de - signs, And works His sov-'reign will.
Are big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless - ings on your head.
Be - hind a frown - ing prov - i - dence He hides a smil - ing face.
The bud may have a bit - ter taste, But sweet will be the flower.
God is His own in - ter - pre - ter, And He will make it plain. A - MEN.

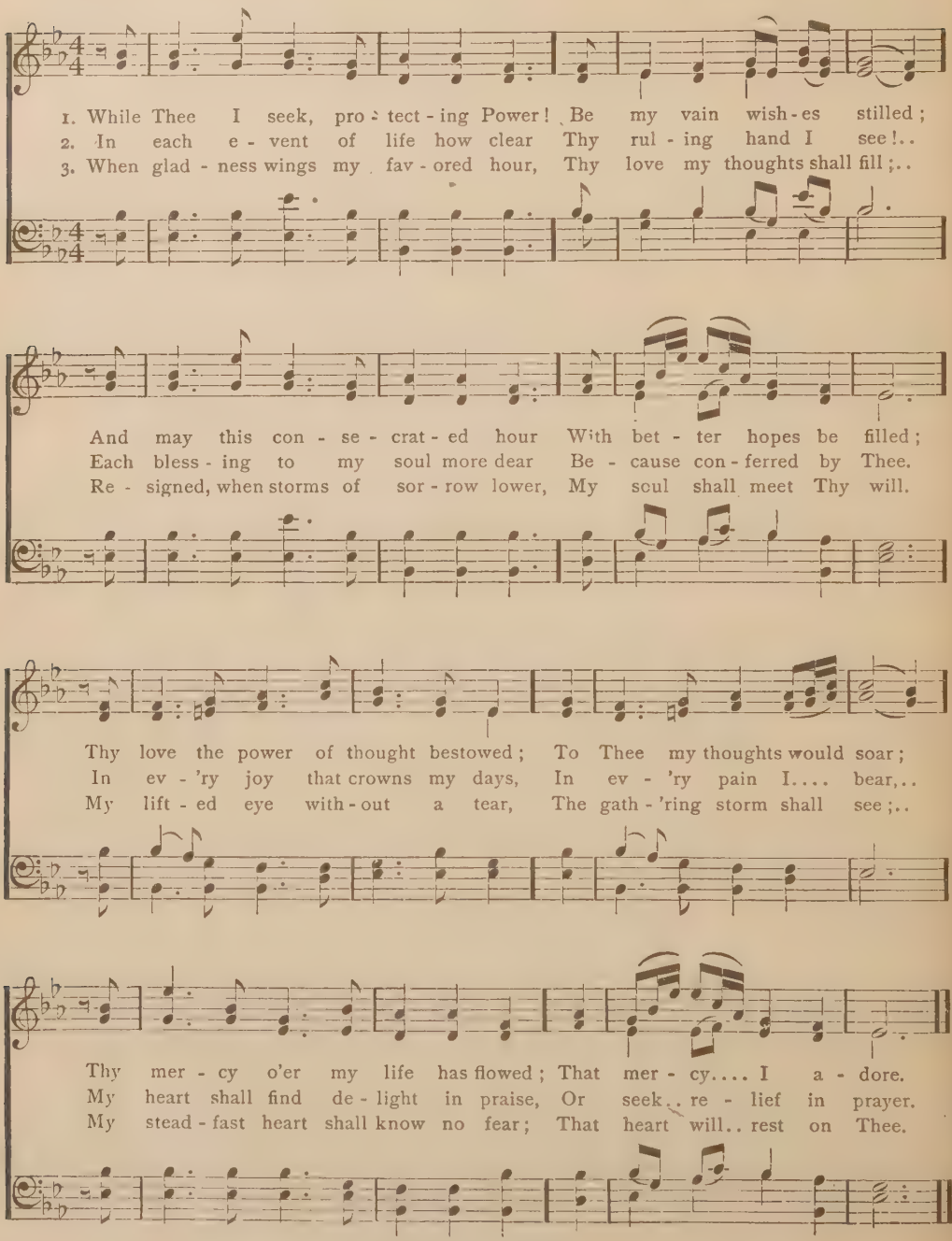
No. 81. *Holy and Reverend is the Name*

John Needham ELIZABETHTOWN. C.M. *Geo. Kingsley*


1. Ho - ly and rev'rend is the name Of our e - ter - nal King,
2. The deep-est rev'rence of the mind, Pay, O my soul! to God;
3. With sa-cred awe pro - nounce His name, Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
4. Thou ho - ly God! pre - serve our souls From all pol - lu - tion free;
Thrice ho - ly, Lord! the an - gels cry; Thrice ho - ly! let us sing.
Lift with thy hands a ho - ly heart To His sub-lime a - bode.
A bro-ken heart shall please Him more Than the best forms of speech.
The pure in heart are Thy de - light, And they, Thy face shall see.

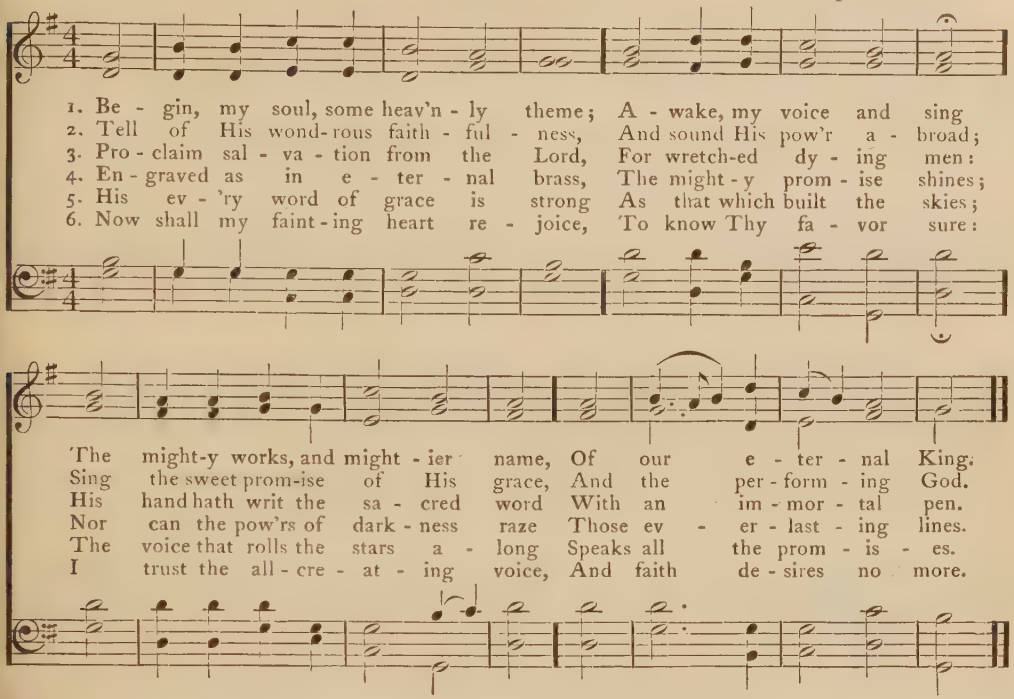
No. 82. *While Thee I Seek, Protecting Power*

Helen M. Williams · BRATTLE STREET C. M D. *Ignace Pleyel*


1. While Thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled;
2. In each e - vent of life how clear Thy rul - ing hand I see!..
3. When glad - ness wings my fav - ored hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill;..
And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled;
Each bless - ing to my soul more dear Be - cause con - ferred by Thee.
Re - signed, when storms of sor - row lower, My soul shall meet Thy will.
Thy love the power of thought bestowed; To Thee my thoughts would soar;
In ev - 'ry joy that crowns my days, In ev - 'ry pain I.... bear,..
My lift - ed eye with - out a tear, The gath - 'ring storm shall see;..
Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer - cy.... I a - dore.
My heart shall find de - light in praise, Or seek.. re - lief in prayer.
My stead - fast heart shall know no fear; That heart will.. rest on Thee.

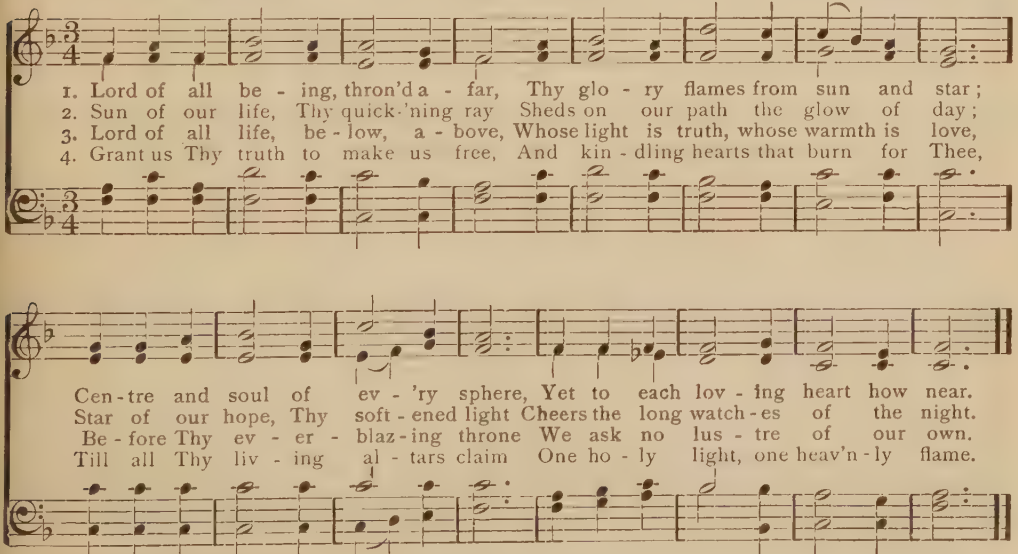
No. 83. *Begin, My Soul, Some Heavenly Theme*

Isaac Watts PETERBOROUGH. C. M. *Rev. Ralph Harrison*


1. Be - gin, my soul, some heav'n - ly theme; A - wake, my voice and sing
2. Tell of His wond-rous faith - ful - ness, And sound His pow'r a - broad;
3. Pro - claim sal - va - tion from the Lord, For wretch-ed dy - ing men:
4. En - graved as in e - ter - nal brass, The might - y prom - ise shines;
5. His ev - 'ry word of grace is strong As that which built the skies;
6. Now shall my faint - ing heart re - joice, To know Thy fa - vor sure:
The might-y works, and might - ier name, Of our e - ter - nal King.
Sing the sweet prom-ise of His grace, And the per - form - ing God.
His hand hath writ the sa - cred word With an im - mor - tal pen.
Nor can the pow'rs of dark - ness raze Those ev - er - last - ing lines.
The voice that rolls the stars a - long Speaks all the prom - is - es.
I trust the all - cre - at - ing voice, And faith de - sires no more.

No. 84. *Lord of All Being, Throned Afar*

O. W. Holmes, by per. HOLMES. L. M. *Jay Deavereaux.*


1. Lord of all be - ing, thron'd a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
2. Sun of our life, Thy quick-'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
3. Lord of all life, be - low, a - bove, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
4. Grant us Thy truth to make us free, And kin - dling hearts that burn for Thee,
Cen - tre and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near.
Star of our hope, Thy soft - ened light Cheers the long watch - es of the night.
Be - fore Thy ev - er - blaz - ing throne We ask no lus - tre of our own.
Till all Thy liv - ing al - tars claim One ho - ly light, one heav'n - ly flame.

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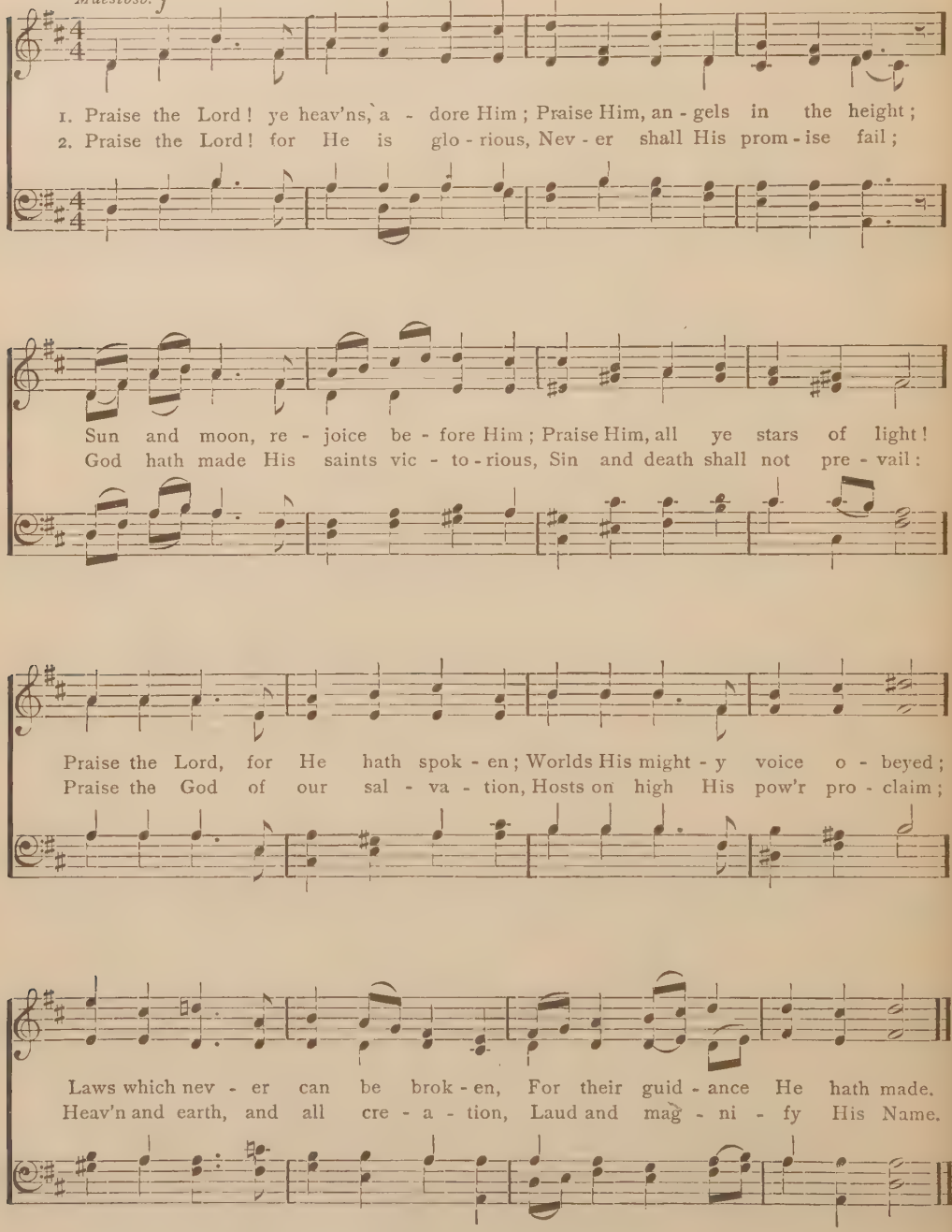
No. 85. *Praise the Lord! Ye Heavens, Adore Him*

John Kempthorne AVA. 8s & 7s D. *Albert J. Holden*, 1894

Maestoso. *f*


1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, a - dore Him; Praise Him, an - gels in the height;
2. Praise the Lord! for He is glo - rious, Nev - er shall His prom - ise fail;
Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light!
God hath made His saints vic - to - rious, Sin and death shall not pre - vail:
Praise the Lord, for He hath spok - en; Worlds His might - y voice o - beyed;
Praise the God of our sal - va - tion, Hosts on high His pow'r pro - claim;
Laws which nev - er can be brok - en, For their guid - ance He hath made.
Heav'n and earth, and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy His Name.

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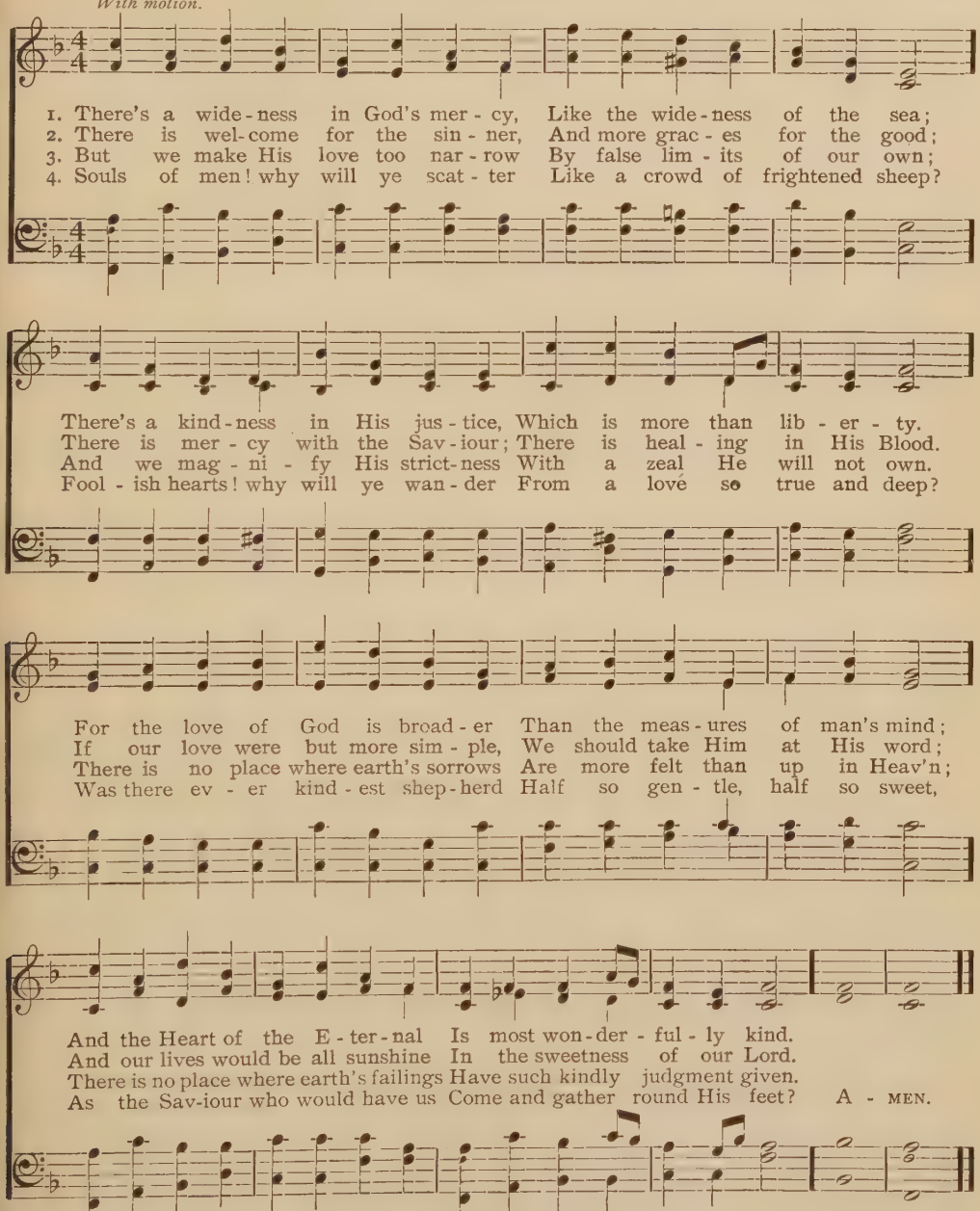
No. 86. *There's a Wideness in God's Mercy*

Frederick W. Faber
With motion.

NEWTON FERNS. 8s. & 7s. D.

Arr. from Samuel Smith by F. N. Shepperd, 1901


1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. But we make His love too nar-row By false lim-its of our own;
4. Souls of men! why will ye scat-ter Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour; There is heal-ing in His Blood.
And we mag-ni-fy His strict-ness With a zeal He will not own.
Fool-ish hearts! why will ye wan-der From a love so true and deep?
For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ures of man's mind;
If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;
There is no place where earth's sorrows Are more felt than up in Heav'n;
Was there ev-er kind-est shep-herd Half so gen-tle, half so sweet,
And the Heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.
There is no place where earth's failings Have such kindly judgment given.
As the Sav-iour who would have us Come and gather round His feet? A-MEN.

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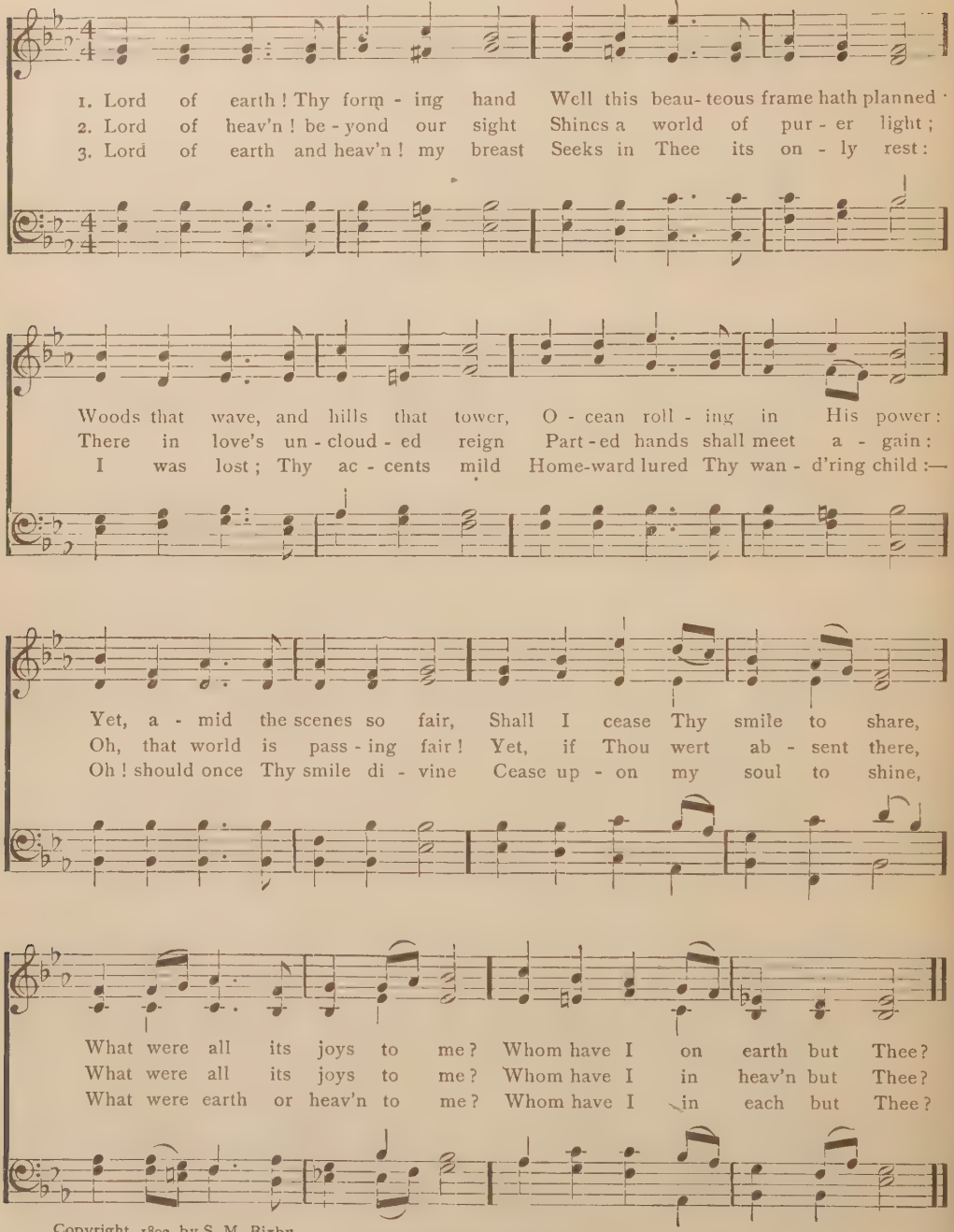
GOD THE FATHER

No. 87. *Lord of Earth, Thy Forming Hand*

Sir Robert Grant GRANT. 7s D. *R. Menthal.*


1. Lord of earth! Thy form - ing hand Well this beau- teous frame hath planned
2. Lord of heav'n! be - yond our sight Shines a world of pur - er light;
3. Lord of earth and heav'n! my breast Seeks in Thee its on - ly rest:
Woods that wave, and hills that tower, O - cean roll - ing in His power:
There in love's un - cloud - ed reign Part - ed hands shall meet a - gain:
I was lost; Thy ac - cents mild Home-ward lured Thy wan - d'ring child:—
Yet, a - mid the scenes so fair, Shall I cease Thy smile to share,
Oh, that world is pass - ing fair! Yet, if Thou wert ab - sent there,
Oh! should once Thy smile di - vine Cease up - on my soul to shine,
What were all its joys to me? Whom have I on earth but Thee?
What were all its joys to me? Whom have I in heav'n but Thee?
What were earth or heav'n to me? Whom have I in each but Thee?

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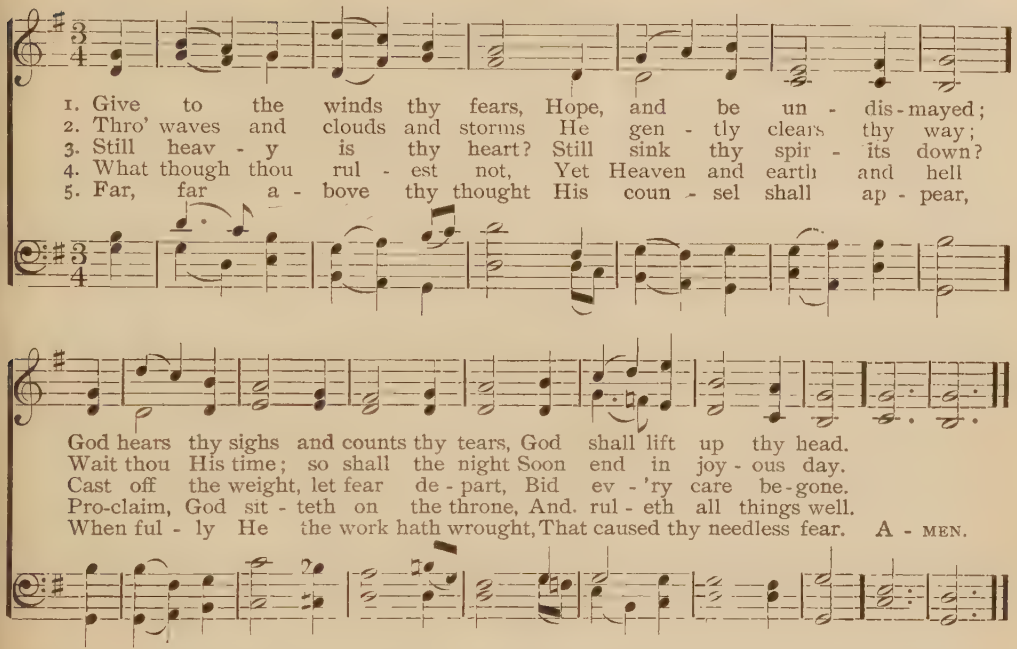
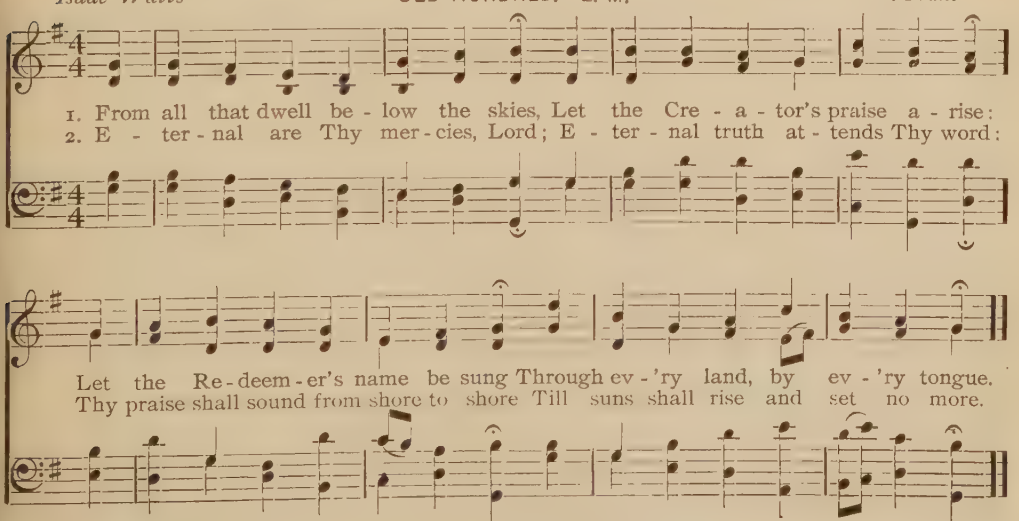
No. 88. *Give to the Winds Thy Fears*

Paul Gerhardt THACHER. S.M. *G. F. Handel*


1. Give to the winds thy fears, Hope, and be un - dis - mayed;
2. Thro' waves and clouds and storms He gen - tly clears thy way;
3. Still heav - y is thy heart? Still sink thy spir - its down?
4. What though thou rul - est not, Yet Heaven and earth and hell
5. Far, far a - bove thy thought His coun - sel shall ap - pear,
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.
Wait thou His time; so shall the night Soon end in joy - ous day.
Cast off the weight, let fear de - part, Bid ev - 'ry care be - gone.
Pro-claim, God sit - teth on the throne, And rul - eth all things well.
When ful - ly He the work hath wrought, That caused thy needless fear. A - MEN.

No. 89. *From All that Dwell below the Skies*

Isaac Watts OLD HUNDRED. L. M. *Guil. Franc*

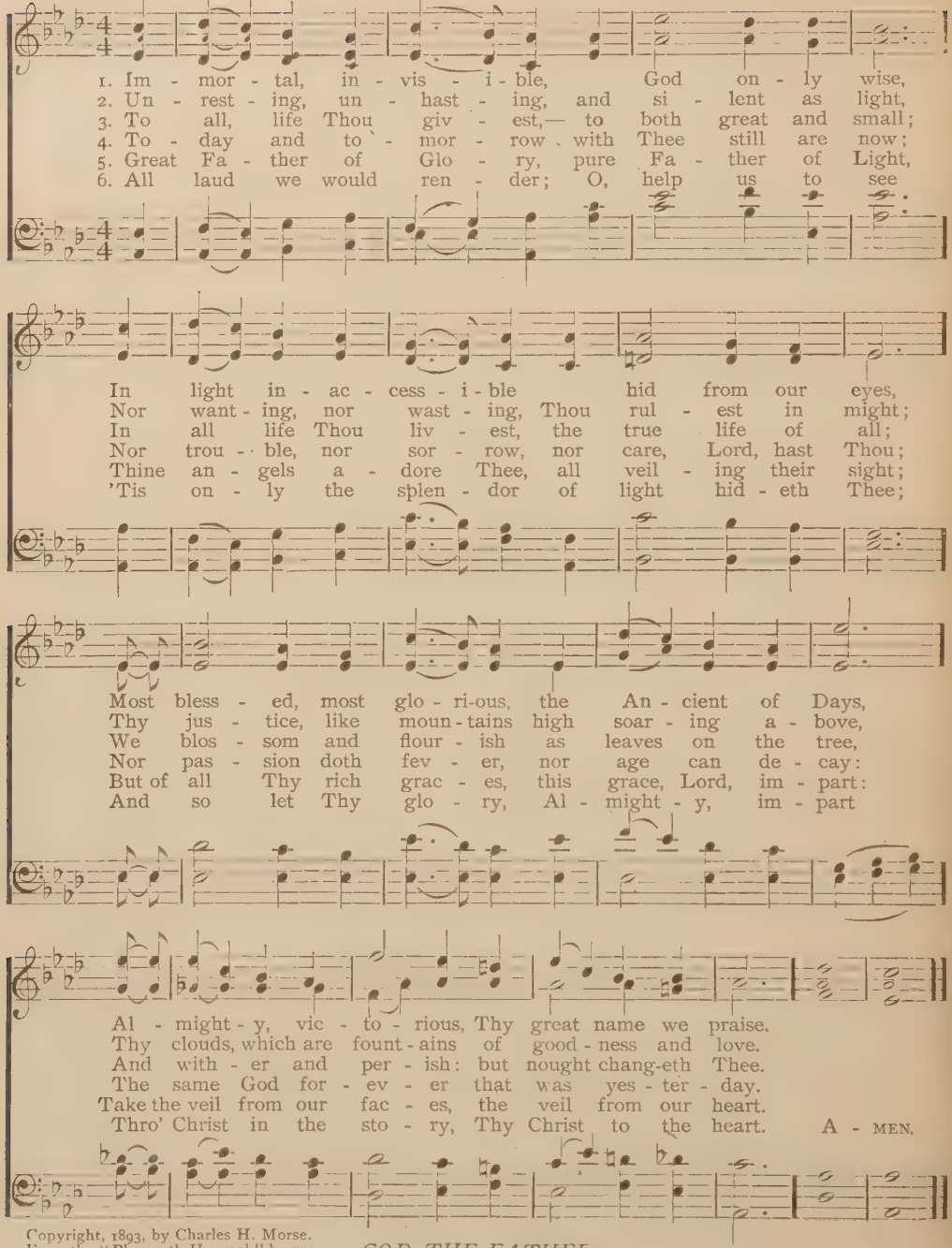

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise:
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word:
Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung Through ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore Till suns shall rise and set no more.

GOD THE FATHER

No. 90.

Immortal, Invisible

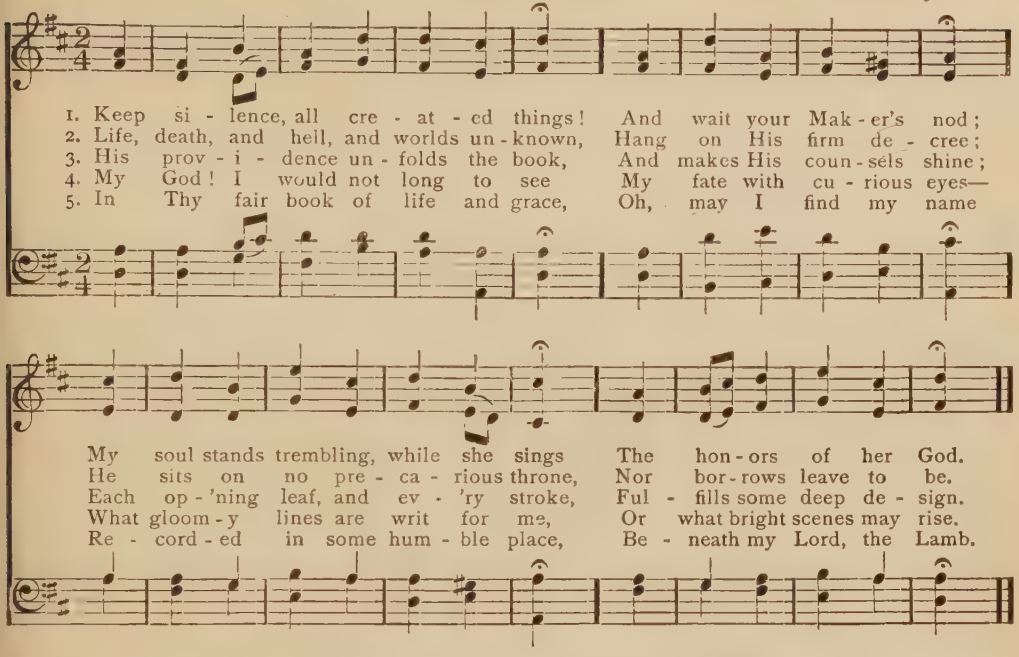
Walter C. Smith — TRINITY CHURCH. 11s. — *Charles H. Morse*


1. Im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, God on - ly wise,
2. Un - rest - ing, un - hast - ing, and si - lent as light,
3. To all, life Thou giv - est,— to both great and small;
4. To - day and to - mor - row with Thee still are now;
5. Great Fa - ther of Glo - ry, pure Fa - ther of Light,
6. All laud we would ren - der; O, help us to see
In light in - ac - cess - i - ble hid from our eyes,
Nor want - ing, nor wast - ing, Thou rul - est in might;
In all life Thou liv - est, the true life of all;
Nor trou - ble, nor sor - row, nor care, Lord, hast Thou;
Thine an - gels a - dore Thee, all veil - ing their sight;
'Tis on - ly the splen - dor of light hid - eth Thee;
Most bless - ed, most glo - ri-ous, the An - cient of Days,
Thy jus - tice, like moun - tains high soar - ing a - bove,
We blos - som and flour - ish as leaves on the tree,
Nor pas - sion doth fev - er, nor age can de - cay:
But of all Thy rich grac - es, this grace, Lord, im - part:
And so let Thy glo - ry, Al - might - y, im - part
Al - might - y, vic - to - rious, Thy great name we praise.
Thy clouds, which are fount - ains of good - ness and love.
And with - er and per - ish: but nought chang-eth Thee.
The same God for - ev - er that was yes - ter - day.
Take the veil from our fac - es, the veil from our heart.
Thro' Christ in the sto - ry, Thy Christ to the heart. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1893, by Charles H. Morse.
From the "Plymouth Hymnal," by per.

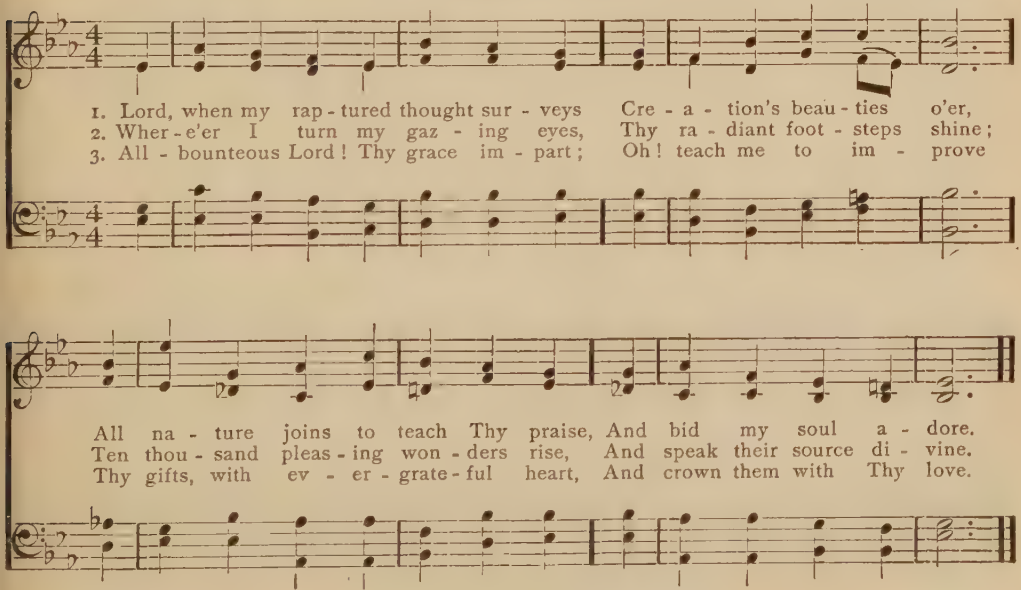
No. 91. *Keep Silence, All Created Things*

Isaac Watts — ST. ANNS. C. M. — *William Croft*


1. Keep si - lence, all cre - at - ed things! And wait your Mak - er's nod;
2. Life, death, and hell, and worlds un - known, Hang on His firm de - cree;
3. His prov - i - dence un - folds the book, And makes His coun - sels shine;
4. My God! I would not long to see My fate with cu - rious eyes—
5. In Thy fair book of life and grace, Oh, may I find my name
My soul stands trembling, while she sings The hon - ors of her God.
He sits on no pre - ca - rious throne, Nor bor - rows leave to be.
Each op - 'ning leaf, and ev - 'ry stroke, Ful - fills some deep de - sign.
What gloom - y lines are writ for me, Or what bright scenes may rise.
Re - cord - ed in some hum - ble place, Be - neath my Lord, the Lamb.

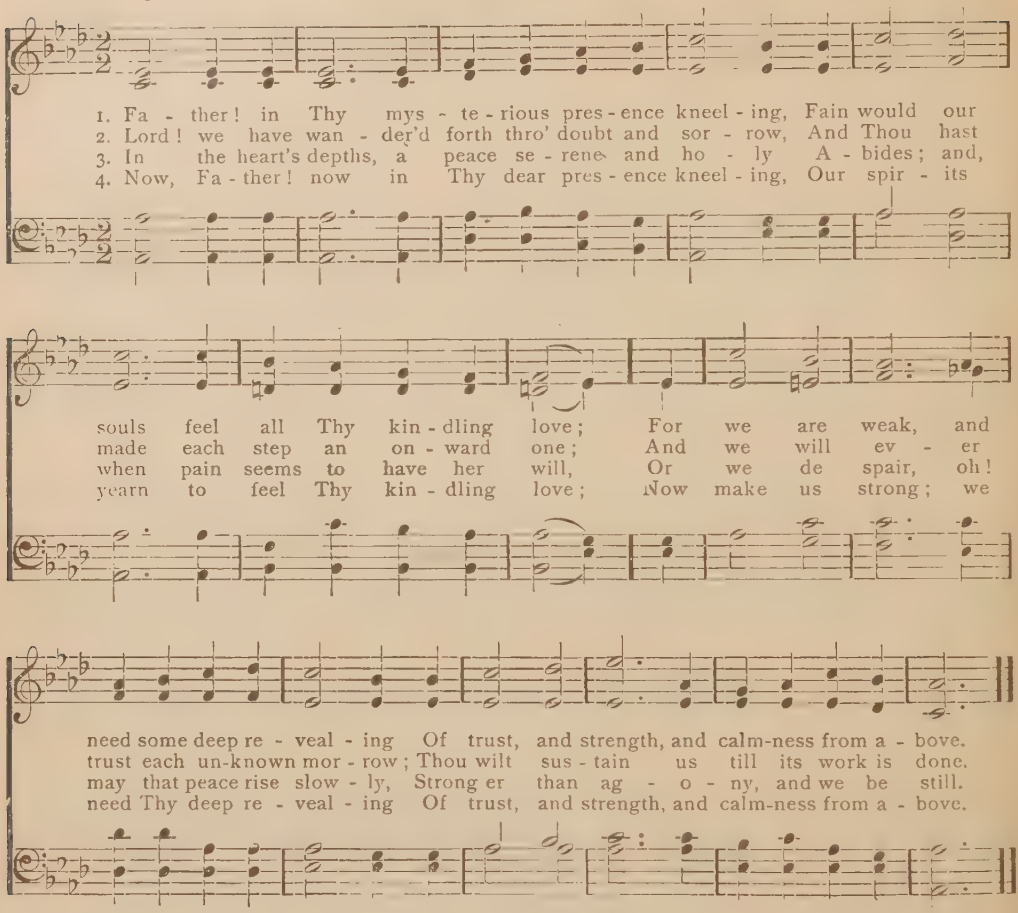
No. 92. *Lord, When My Raptured Thought Surveys*

Anne Steele, 1760 — ST. FRANCIS. C. M. — *G. A. Löhr*, 1866


1. Lord, when my rap - tured thought sur - veys Cre - a - tion's beau - ties o'er,
2. Wher - e'er I turn my gaz - ing eyes, Thy ra - diant foot - steps shine;
3. All - bounteous Lord! Thy grace im - part; Oh! teach me to im - prove
All na - ture joins to teach Thy praise, And bid my soul a - dore.
Ten thou - sand pleas - ing won - ders rise, And speak their source di - vine.
Thy gifts, with ev - er - grate - ful heart, And crown them with Thy love.

No. 93. *Father! in Thy Mysterious Presence*

Samuel Johnson, 1846 ZELTON. P. M. *S. M. Bixby*


1. Fa - ther! in Thy mys - te - rious pres - ence kneel - ing, Fain would our
2. Lord! we have wan - der'd forth thro' doubt and sor - row, And Thou hast
3. In the heart's depths, a peace se - rene and ho - ly A - bides; and,
4. Now, Fa - ther! now in Thy dear pres - ence kneel - ing, Our spir - its
souls feel all Thy kin - dling love; For we are weak, and
made each step an on - ward one; And we will ev - er
when pain seems to have her will, Or we de spair, oh!
yearn to feel Thy kin - dling love; Now make us strong; we
need some deep re - veal - ing Of trust, and strength, and calm-ness from a - bove.
trust each un-known mor - row; Thou wilt sus - tain us till its work is done.
may that peace rise slow - ly, Strong er than ag - o - ny, and we be still.
need Thy deep re - veal - ing Of trust, and strength, and calm-ness from a - bove.

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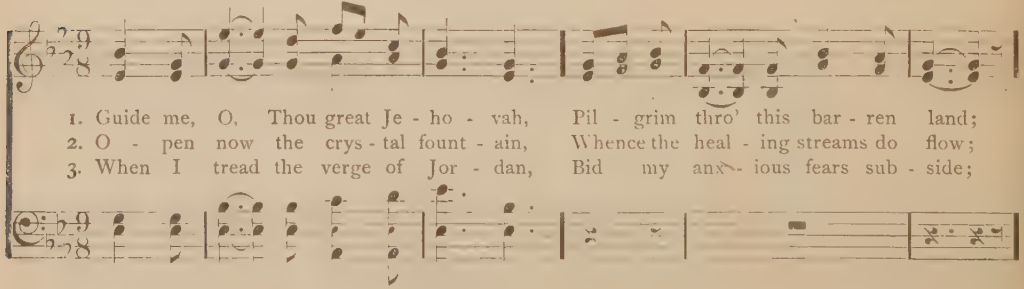
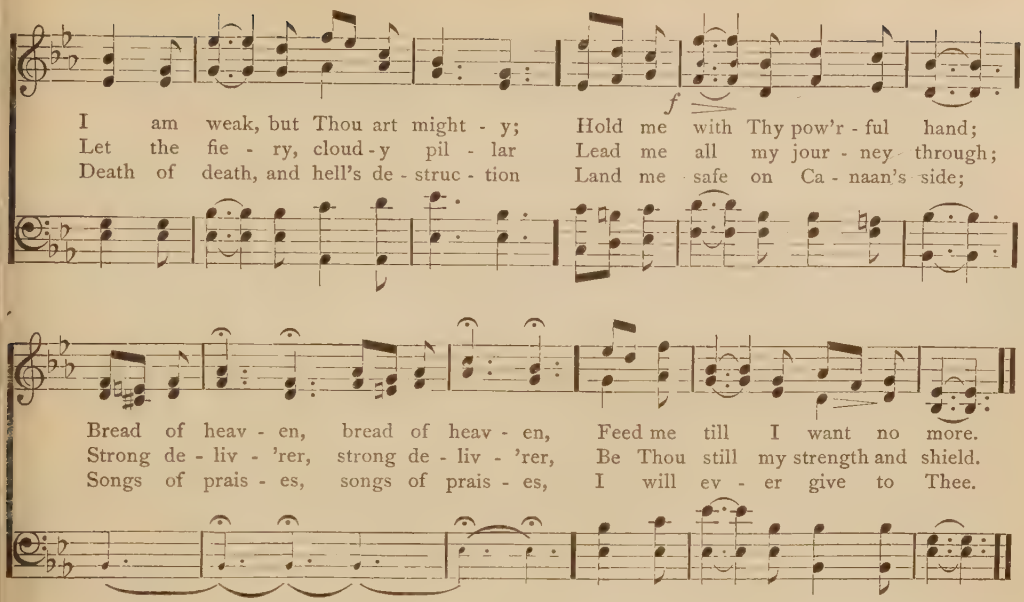
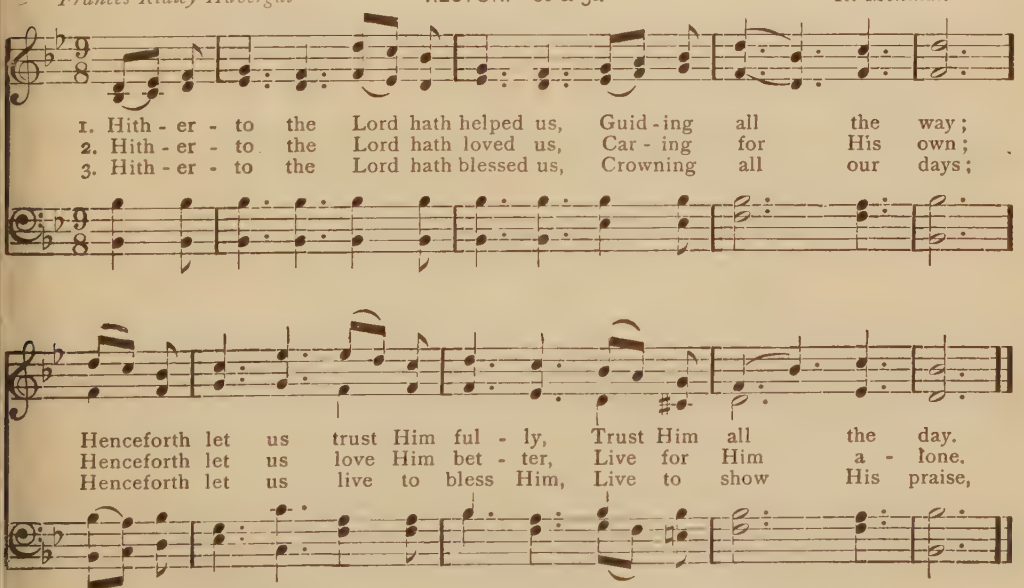
No. 94. *Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah*

Rev. Wm. Williams SEGUR. 8.7.8.7.4.7. *J. P. Holbrook, by per.*


1. Guide me, O, Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
2. O - pen now the crys - tal fount - ain, Whence the heal - ing streams do flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side;


I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand;
Let the fie - ry, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through;
Death of death, and hell's de - struc - tion Land me safe on Ca - naan's side;
Bread of heav - en, bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong de - liv - 'rer, strong de - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais - es, songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to Thee.

No. 95. *Hitherto the Lord Hath Helped Us*

Frances Ridley Havergal ALSTON. 8s & 5s. *R. Menthal.*

1. Hith - er - to the Lord hath helped us, Guid - ing all the way;
2. Hith - er - to the Lord hath loved us, Car - ing for His own;
3. Hith - er - to the Lord hath blessed us, Crowning all our days;
Henceforth let us trust Him ful - ly, Trust Him all the day.
Henceforth let us love Him bet - ter, Live for Him a - lone.
Henceforth let us live to bless Him, Live to show His praise,

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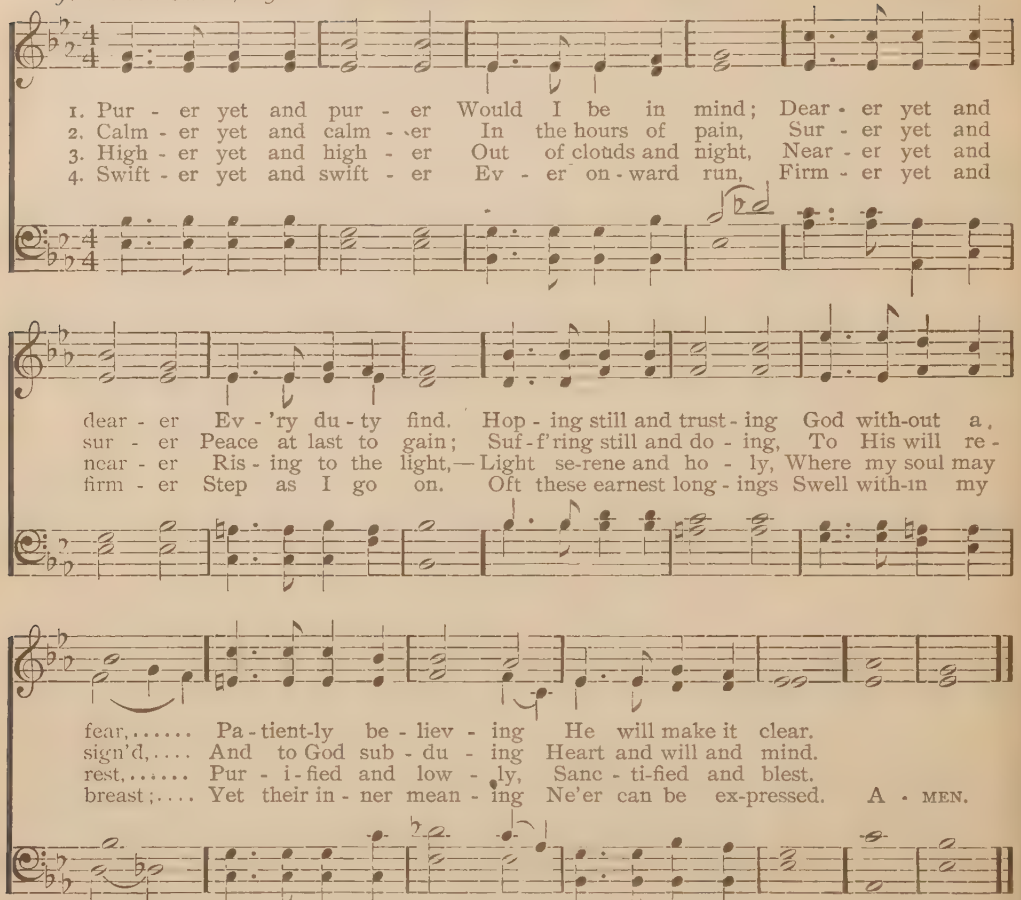
No. 96. *Purer Yet and Purer*

J. W. von Goethe, 1858 VON GOETHE. 6s. & 5s. 8 LINES. *J. Wilson*


1. Pur - er yet and pur - er Would I be in mind; Dear - er yet and
2. Calm - er yet and calm - er In the hours of pain, Sur - er yet and
3. High - er yet and high - er Out of clouds and night, Near - er yet and
4. Swift - er yet and swift - er Ev - er on - ward run, Firm - er yet and
dear - er Ev - 'ry du - ty find. Hop - ing still and trust - ing God with-out a
sur - er Peace at last to gain; Suf - f'ring still and do - ing, To His will re -
near - er Ris - ing to the light,— Light se-rene and ho - ly, Where my soul may
firm - er Step as I go on. Oft these earnest long - ings Swell with-in my
fear,..... Pa - tient-ly be - liev - ing He will make it clear.
sign'd,.... And to God sub - du - ing Heart and will and mind.
rest,..... Pur - i - fied and low - ly, Sanc - ti-fied and blest.
breast;.... Yet their in - ner mean - ing Ne'er can be ex-pressed. A - MEN.

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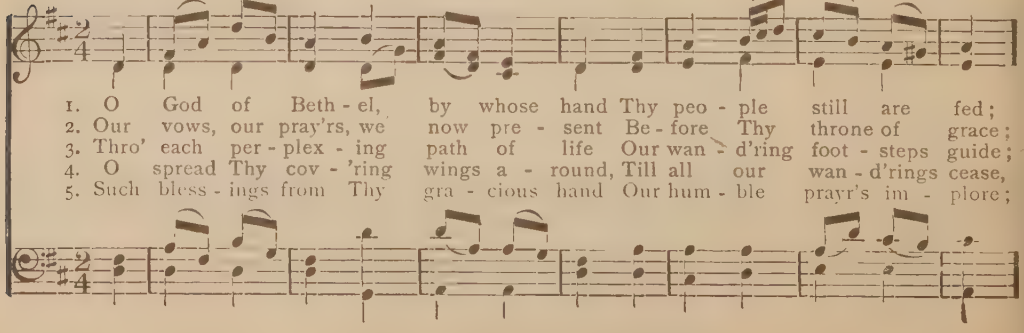
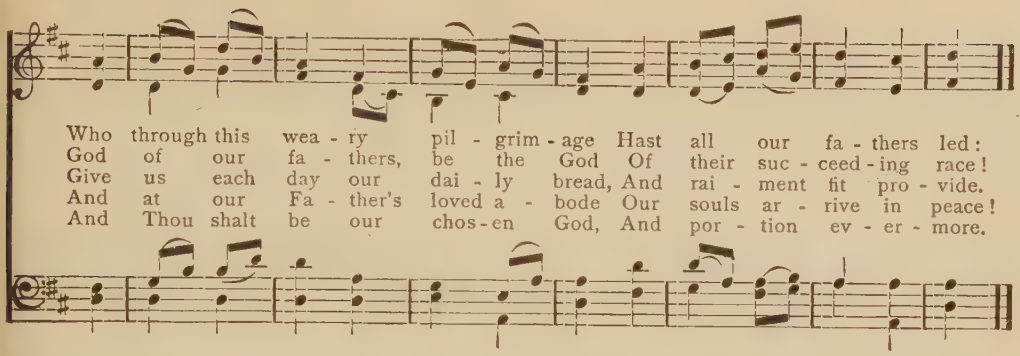
No. 97. *O God of Bethel, by Whose Hand*

Philip Doddridge WARWICK. C. M. *Samuel Stanley*

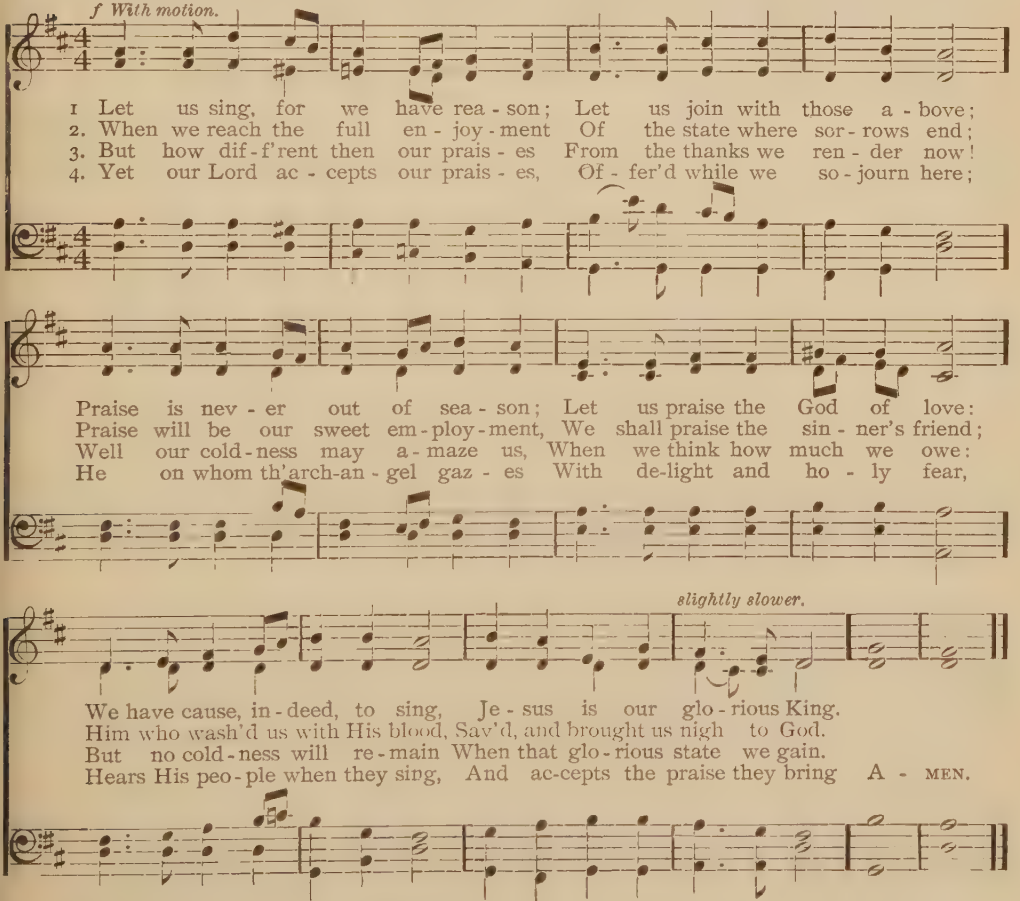

1. O God of Beth - el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed;
2. Our vows, our pray'rs, we now pre - sent Be - fore Thy throne of grace;
3. Thro' each per - plex - ing path of life Our wan - d'ring foot - steps guide;
4. O spread Thy cov - 'ring wings a - round, Till all our wan - d'rings cease,
5. Such bless - ings from Thy gra - cious hand Our hum - ble prayr's im - plore;

O God of Bethel, by Whose Hand


Who through this wea - ry pil - grim - age Hast all our fa - thers led:
God of our fa - thers, be the God Of their suc - ceed - ing race!
Give us each day our dai - ly bread, And rai - ment fit pro - vide.
And at our Fa - ther's loved a - bode Our souls ar - rive in peace!
And Thou shalt be our chos - en God, And por - tion ev - er - more.

No. 98. *Let us Sing, for We have Reason*

John Newton DAY. Ps. 113. 8.7.8.7.7. *Joseph Menthal*


f With motion.
1 Let us sing, for we have rea - son; Let us join with those a - bove;
2. When we reach the full en - joy - ment Of the state where sor - rows end;
3. But how dif - f'rent then our prais - es From the thanks we ren - der now!
4. Yet our Lord ac - cepts our prais - es, Of - fer'd while we so - journ here;
Praise is nev - er out of sea - son; Let us praise the God of love:
Praise will be our sweet em - ploy - ment, We shall praise the sin - ner's friend;
Well our cold - ness may a - maze us, When we think how much we owe:
He on whom th'arch-an - gel gaz - es With de-light and ho - ly fear,
slightly slower.
We have cause, in - deed, to sing, Je - sus is our glo - rious King.
Him who wash'd us with His blood, Sav'd, and brought us nigh to God.
But no cold - ness will re - main When that glo - rious state we gain.
Hears His peo - ple when they sing, And ac-cepts the praise they bring A - MEN.

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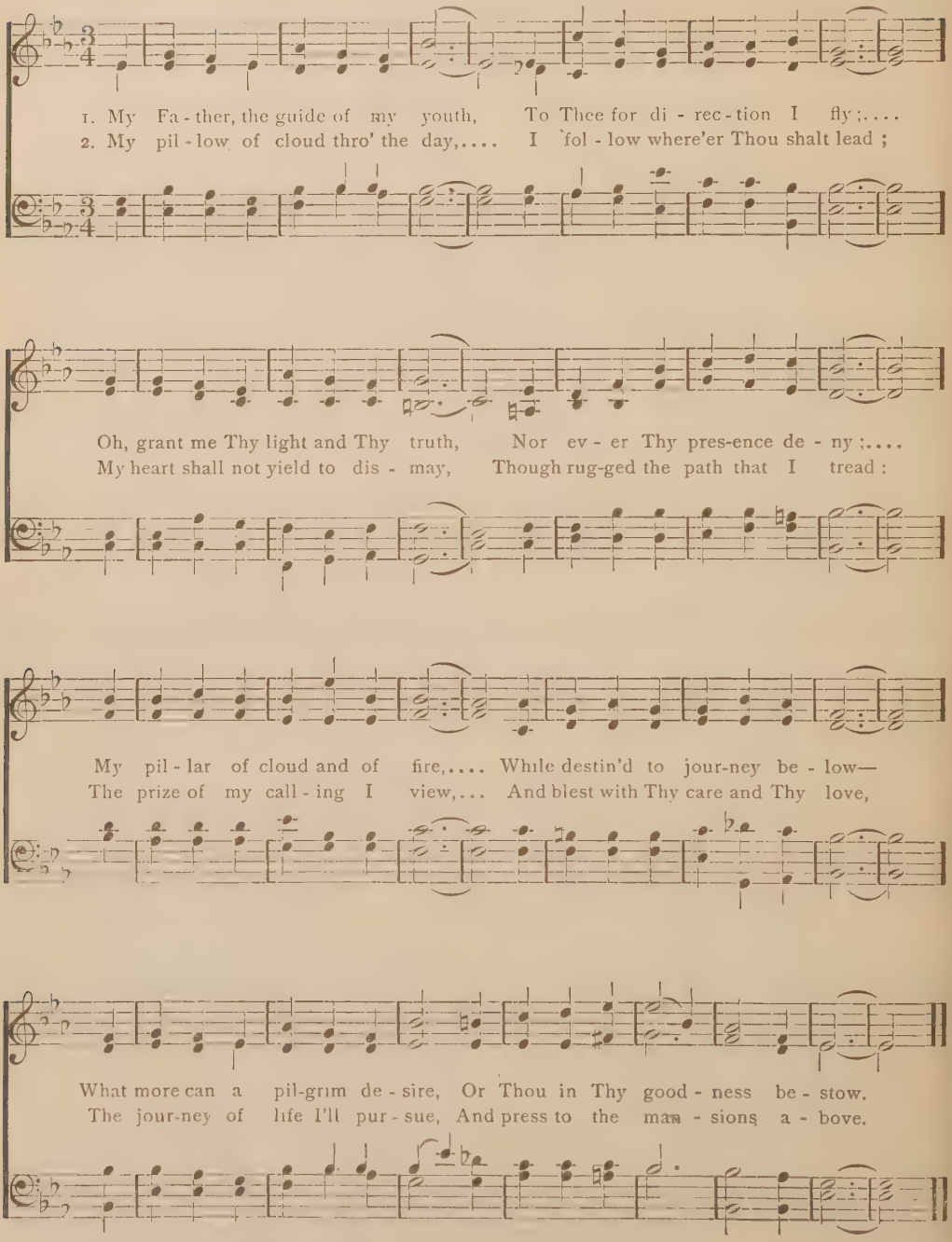
No. 99. *My Father, the Guide of My Youth*

Anon. DELPHOS. L. M. D. *Caryl Florio*


1. My Fa - ther, the guide of my youth, To Thee for di - rec - tion I fly;....
2. My pil - low of cloud thro' the day,.... I fol - low where'er Thou shalt lead;
Oh, grant me Thy light and Thy truth, Nor ev - er Thy pres-ence de - ny;....
My heart shall not yield to dis - may, Though rug-ged the path that I tread:
My pil - lar of cloud and of fire,.... While destin'd to jour-ney be - low—
The prize of my call - ing I view,... And blest with Thy care and Thy love,
What more can a pil-grim de - sire, Or Thou in Thy good - ness be - stow.
The jour-ney of life I'll pur - sue, And press to the man - sions a - bove.

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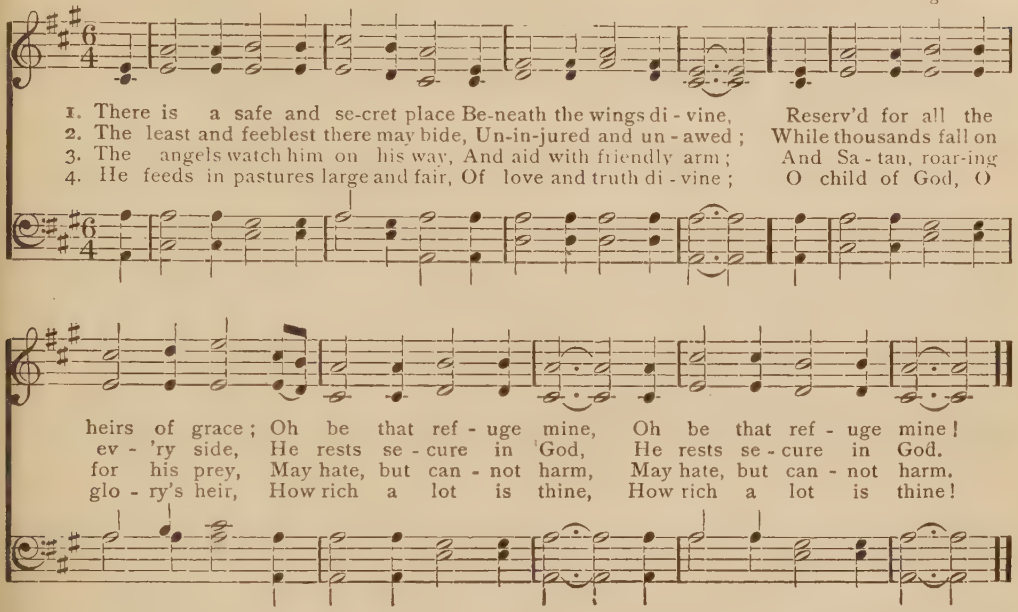
No. 100. *There is a Safe and Secret Place*

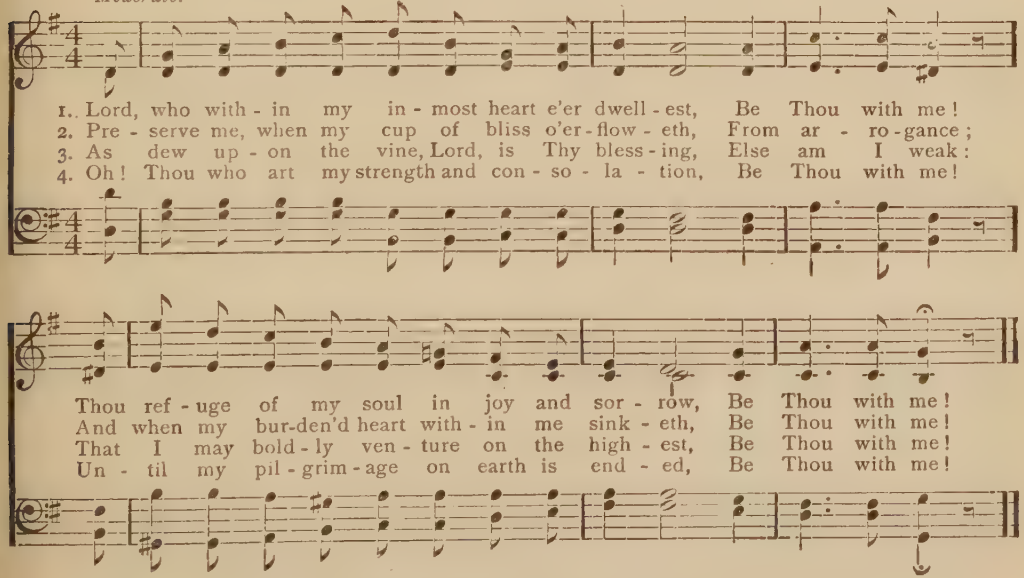
Henry Francis Lyte — ORTONVILLE. C. M. — *Thomas Hastings*


1. There is a safe and se-cret place Be-neath the wings di - vine, Reserv'd for all the
2. The least and feeblest there may bide, Un-in-jured and un - awed ; While thousands fall on
3. The angels watch him on his way, And aid with friendly arm ; And Sa - tan, roar-ing
4. He feeds in pastures large and fair, Of love and truth di - vine ; O child of God, O
heirs of grace ; Oh be that ref - uge mine, Oh be that ref - uge mine !
ev - 'ry side, He rests se - cure in God, He rests se - cure in God.
for his prey, May hate, but can - not harm, May hate, but can - not harm.
glo - ry's heir, How rich a lot is thine, How rich a lot is thine !

No 101. *Lord, Who within My Inmost Heart*

Emanuel Geibel — GEIBEL. 11s & 4s. — *Caryl Florio*

Moderato.


1. Lord, who with - in my in - most heart e'er dwell - est, Be Thou with me !
2. Pre - serve me, when my cup of bliss o'er - flow - eth, From ar - ro - gance ;
3. As dew up - on the vine, Lord, is Thy bless - ing, Else am I weak :
4. Oh ! Thou who art my strength and con - so - la - tion, Be Thou with me !
Thou ref - uge of my soul in joy and sor - row, Be Thou with me !
And when my bur-den'd heart with - in me sink - eth, Be Thou with me !
That I may bold - ly ven - ture on the high - est, Be Thou with me !
Un - til my pil - grim - age on earth is end - ed, Be Thou with me !

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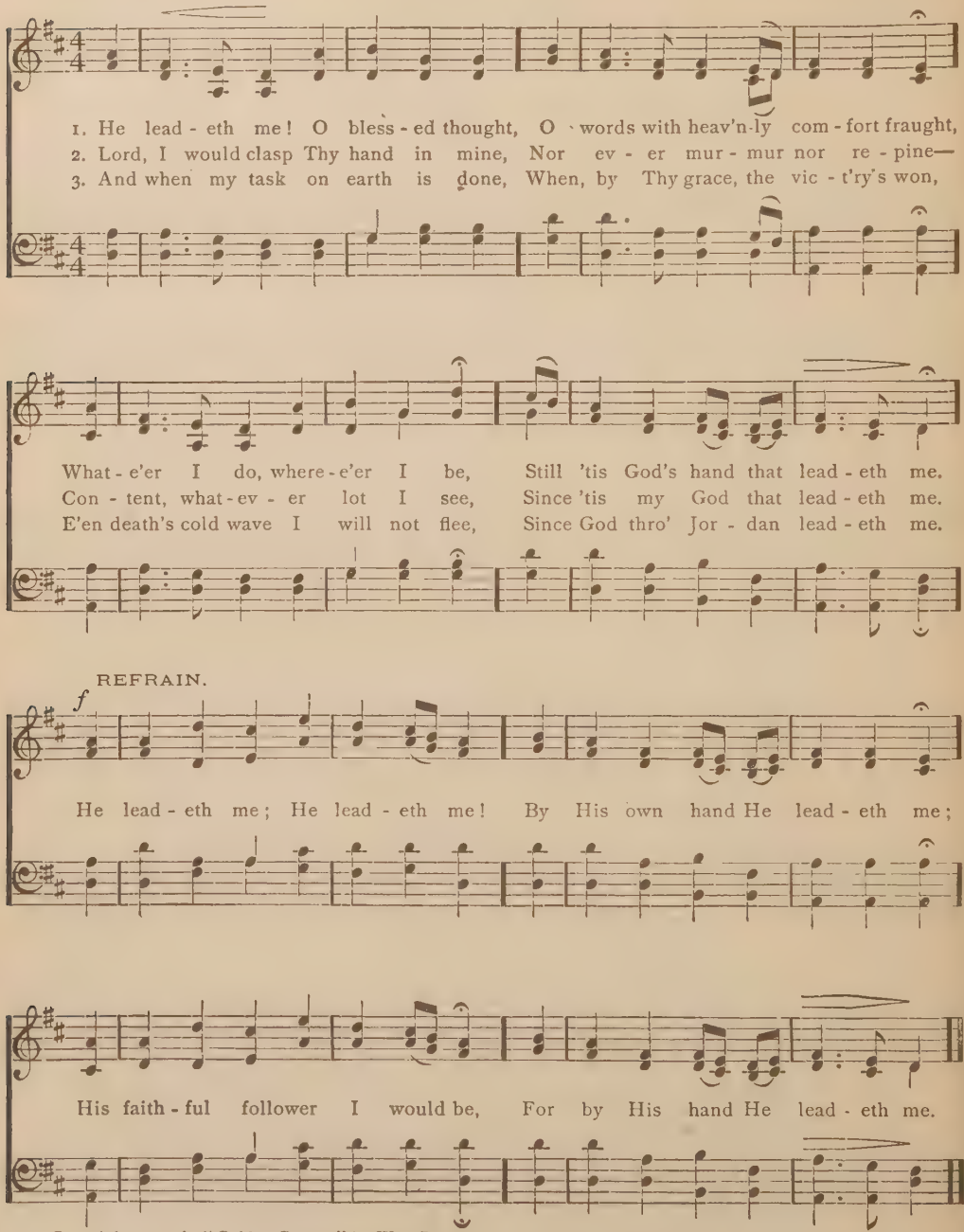
No. 102. *He Leadeth me! O Blessed Thought*

Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore, 1861 GILMORE. L. M., with Refrain. *Wm. B. Bradbury*


1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed thought, O words with heav'n-ly com - fort fraught,
2. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine—
3. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic - t'ry's won,
What - e'er I do, where - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.
REFRAIN.
f
He lead - eth me; He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me;
His faith - ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

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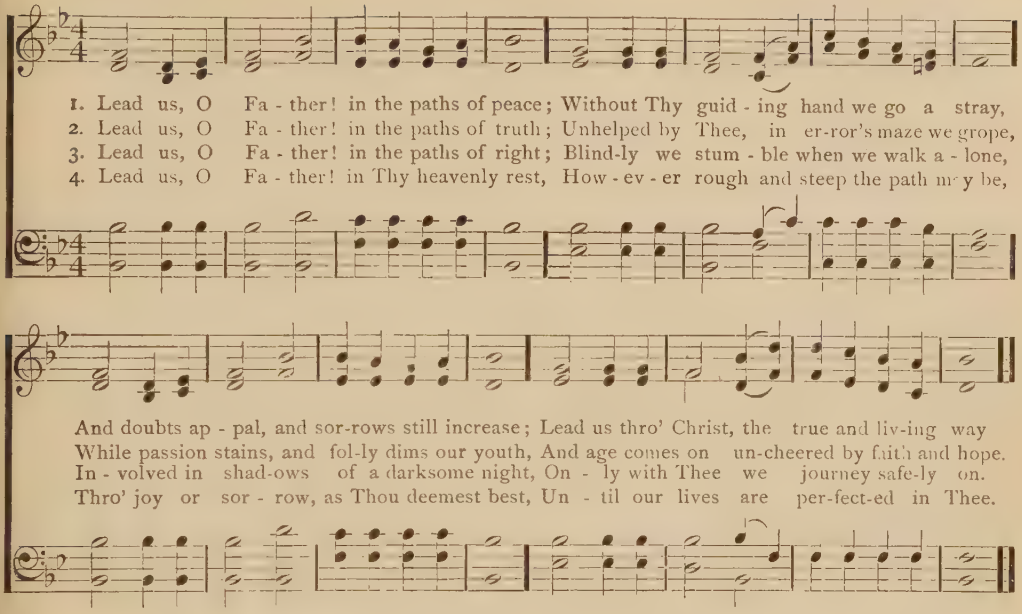
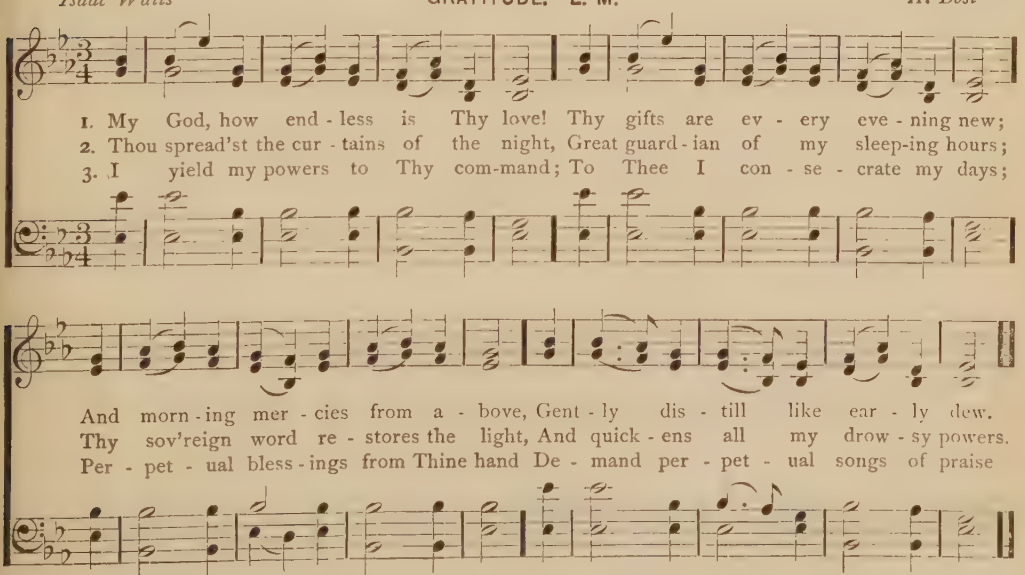
No. 103. *Lead us, O Father!*

William Henry Burleigh — ERNAN. 10s. — *Dr. Lowell Mason*


1. Lead us, O Fa - ther! in the paths of peace; Without Thy guid - ing hand we go a stray,
2. Lead us, O Fa - ther! in the paths of truth; Unhelped by Thee, in er-ror's maze we grope,
3. Lead us, O Fa - ther! in the paths of right; Blind-ly we stum - ble when we walk a - lone,
4. Lead us, O Fa - ther! in Thy heavenly rest, How - ev - er rough and steep the path may be,
And doubts ap - pal, and sor-rows still increase; Lead us thro' Christ, the true and liv-ing way
While passion stains, and fol-ly dims our youth, And age comes on un-cheered by faith and hope.
In - volved in shad-ows of a darksome night, On - ly with Thee we journey safe-ly on.
Thro' joy or sor - row, as Thou deemest best, Un - til our lives are per-fect-ed in Thee.

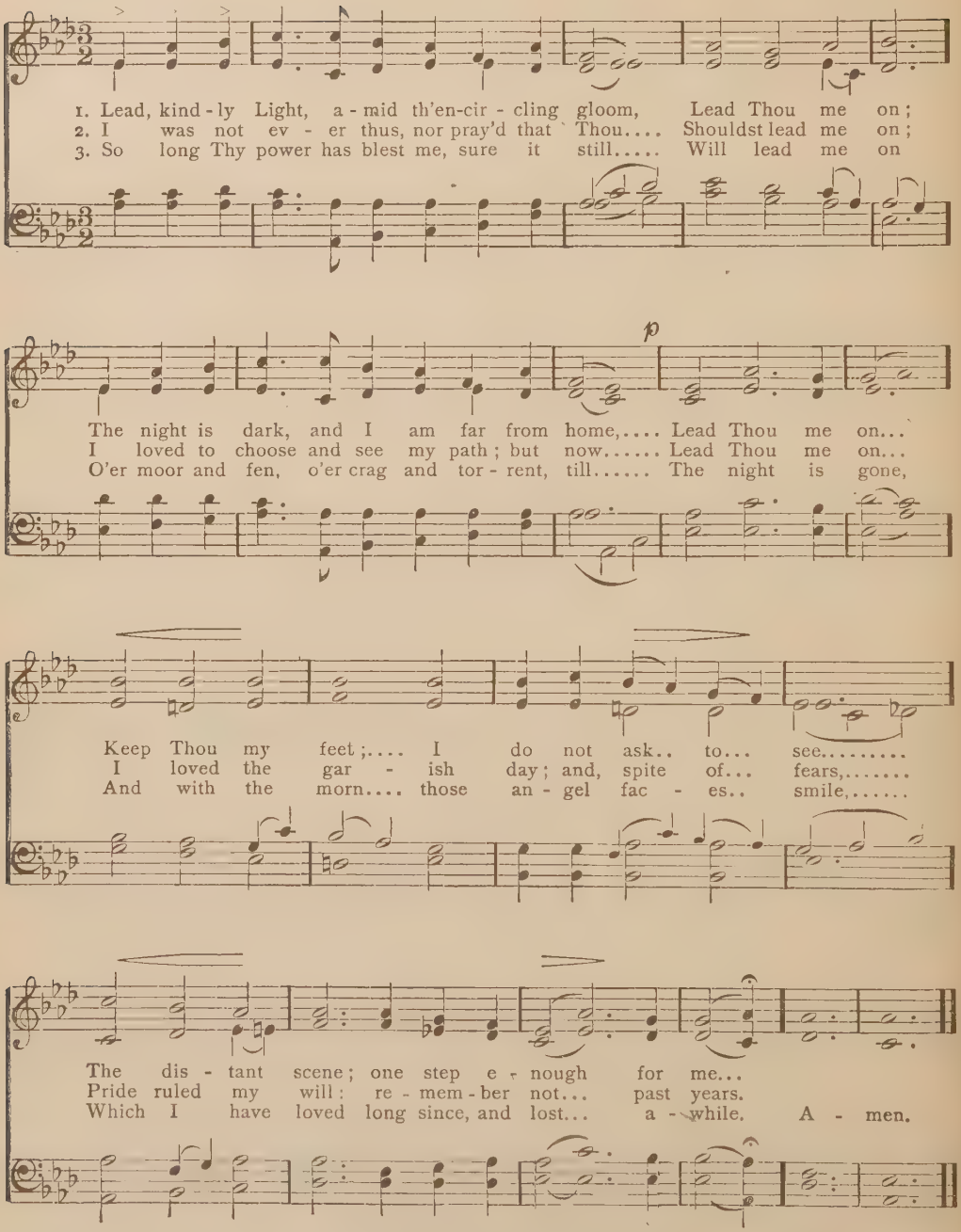
No. 104. *My God, how Endless is Thy Love*

Isaac Watts — GRATITUDE. L. M. — *A. Bost*


1. My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - ery eve - ning new;
2. Thou spread'st the cur - tains of the night, Great guard - ian of my sleep-ing hours;
3. I yield my powers to Thy com-mand; To Thee I con - se - crate my days;
And morn - ing mer - cies from a - bove, Gent - ly dis - till like ear - ly dew.
Thy sov'reign word re - stores the light, And quick - ens all my drow - sy powers.
Per - pet - ual bless - ings from Thine hand De - mand per - pet - ual songs of praise

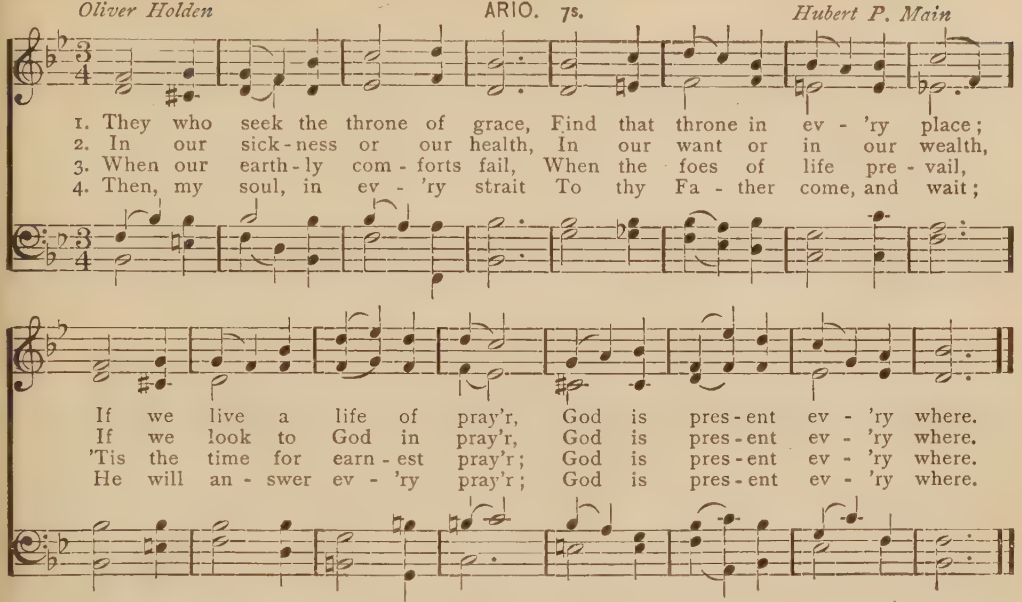
No. 105.

Lead, Kindly Light

John H. Newman, 1833 LUX BENIGNA. 10s & 4s. *J. B. Dykes*, 1868

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou.... Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still..... Will lead me on
p
The night is dark, and I am far from home,.... Lead Thou me on...
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,..... Lead Thou me on...
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till..... The night is gone,
Keep Thou my feet;.... I do not ask.. to... see.....
I loved the gar-ish day; and, spite of... fears,.....
And with the morn.... those an-gel fac-es.. smile,.....
The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me...
Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not... past years.
Which I have loved long since, and lost... a-while. A-men.

No. 106. *They Who Seek the Throne of Grace*

Oliver Holden ARIO. 7s. *Hubert P. Main*


1. They who seek the throne of grace, Find that throne in ev - 'ry place;
2. In our sick-ness or our health, In our want or in our wealth,
3. When our earth-ly com-forts fail, When the foes of life pre-vail,
4. Then, my soul, in ev - 'ry strait To thy Fa - ther come, and wait;
If we live a life of pray'r, God is pres-ent ev - 'ry where.
If we look to God in pray'r, God is pres-ent ev - 'ry where.
'Tis the time for earn-est pray'r; God is pres-ent ev - 'ry where.
He will an-swer ev - 'ry pray'r; God is pres-ent ev - 'ry where.

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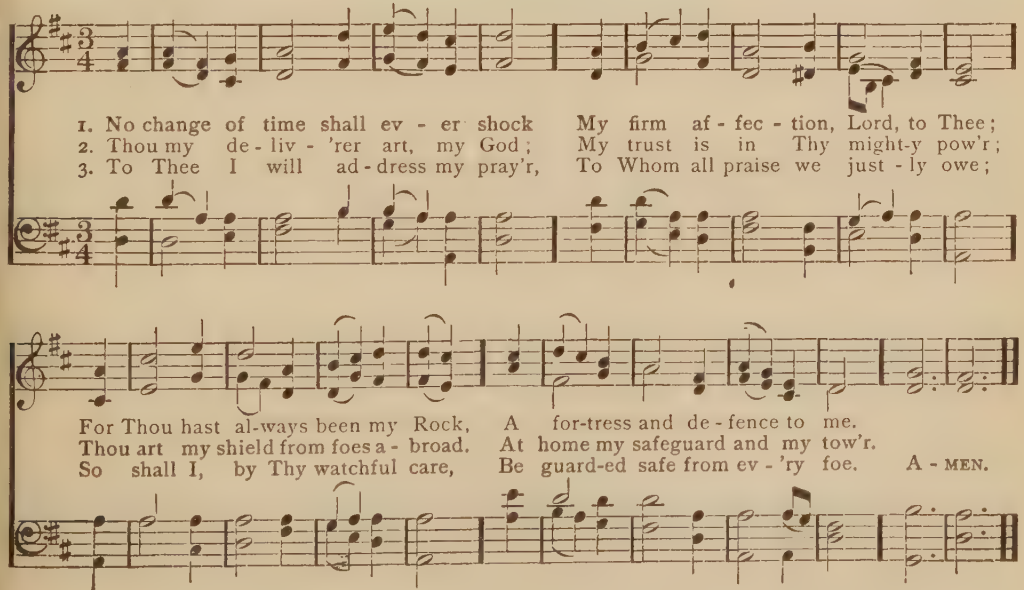
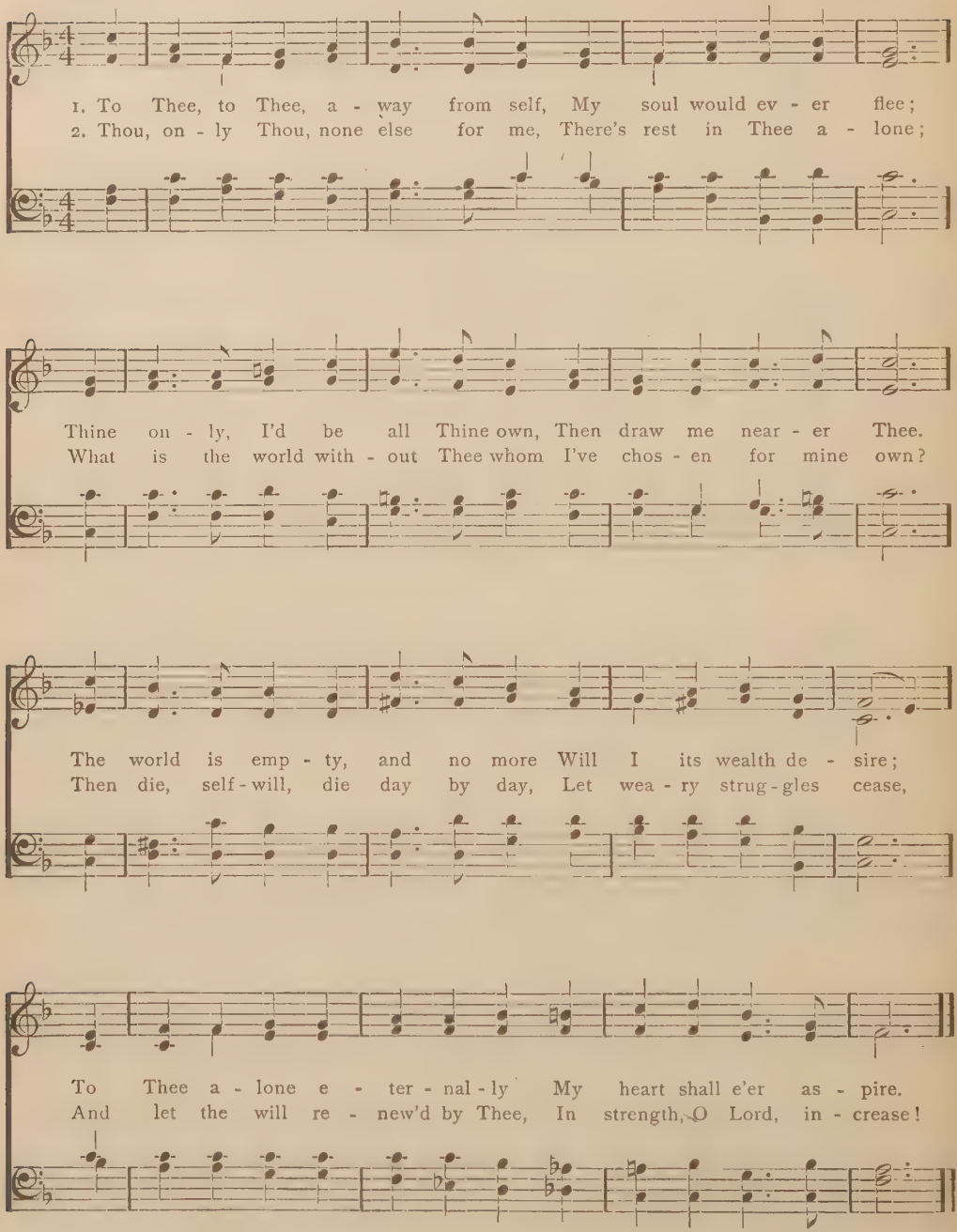
No. 107. *No Change of Time Shall Ever Shock*

Metrical Psalm KIRKE. L. M. *D. Bortnianski*


1. No change of time shall ev - er shock My firm af-fec-tion, Lord, to Thee;
2. Thou my de-liv-'rer art, my God; My trust is in Thy might-y pow'r;
3. To Thee I will ad-dress my pray'r, To Whom all praise we just-ly owe;
For Thou hast al-ways been my Rock, A for-tress and de-fence to me.
Thou art my shield from foes a-broad. At home my safeguard and my tow'r.
So shall I, by Thy watchful care, Be guard-ed safe from ev - 'ry foe. A - MEN.

No. 108. *To Thee, to Thee, Away from Self*

Luise Hensel ASHVILLE. P. M. *Caryl Florio*


1. To Thee, to Thee, a - way from self, My soul would ev - er flee;
2. Thou, on - ly Thou, none else for me, There's rest in Thee a - lone;
Thine on - ly, I'd be all Thine own, Then draw me near - er Thee.
What is the world with - out Thee whom I've chos - en for mine own?
The world is emp - ty, and no more Will I its wealth de - sire;
Then die, self - will, die day by day, Let wea - ry strug - gles cease,
To Thee a - lone e - ter - nal - ly My heart shall e'er as - pire.
And let the will re - new'd by Thee, In strength, O Lord, in - crease!

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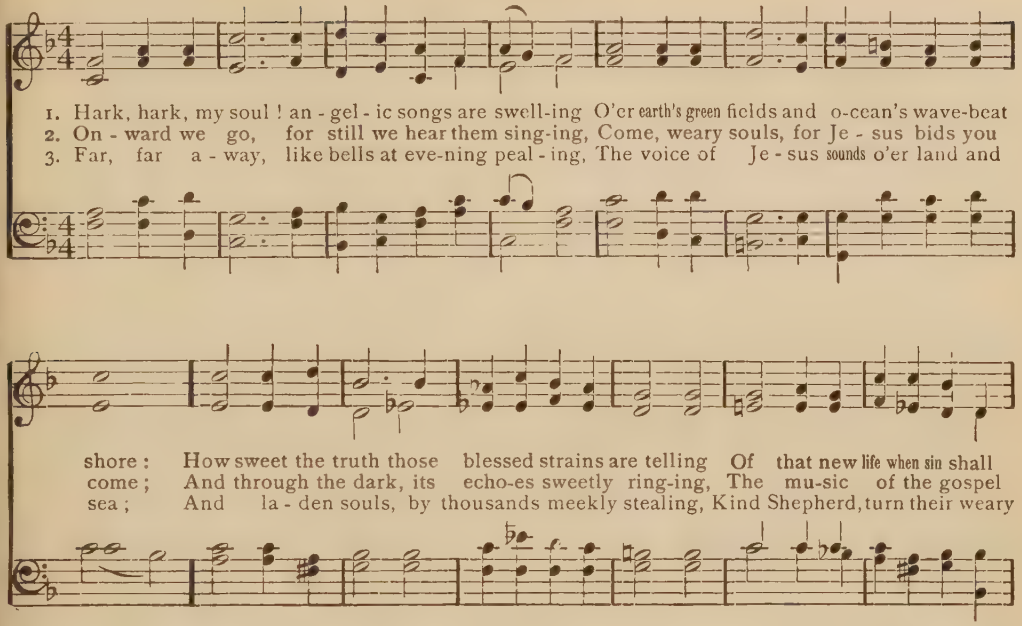
No. 109. # *Hark, Hark, My Soul*

F. W. Faber VOX ANGELICA. P. M. *J. B. Dykes*


1. Hark, hark, my soul ! an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and o-cean's wave-beat
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, Come, weary souls, for Je - sus bids you
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve-ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and
shore : How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall
come ; And through the dark, its echo-es sweetly ring-ing, The mu-sic of the gospel
sea ; And la - den souls, by thousands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary

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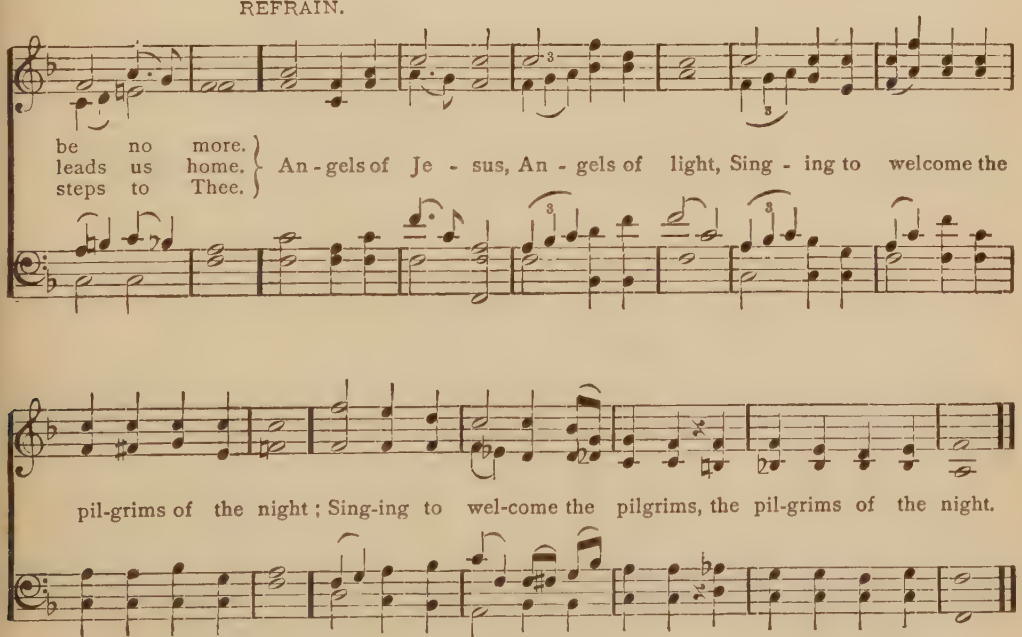
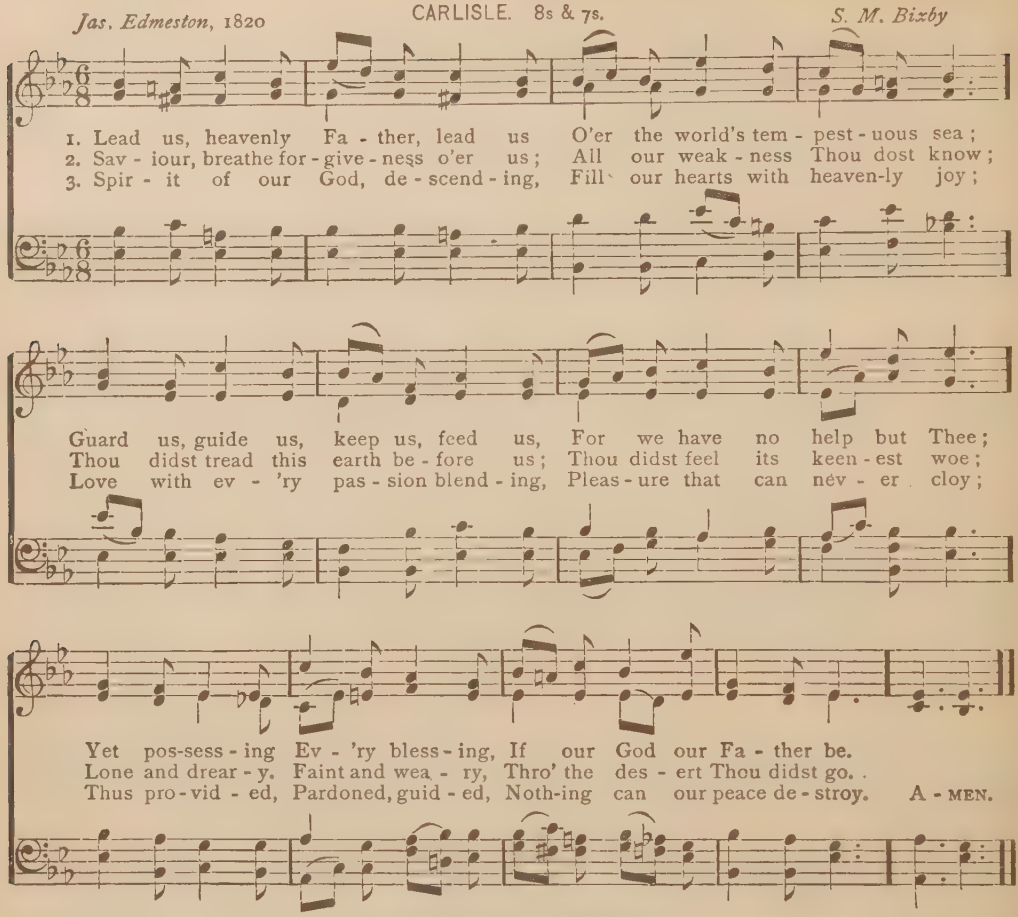

be no more.
leads us home.
steps to Thee.
An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome the
pil-grims of the night ; Sing-ing to wel-come the pilgrims, the pil-grims of the night.

Second Tune, No. 641. *GUIDANCE*

No. 110. *Lead Us, Heavenly Father, Lead Us*

Jas. Edmeston, 1820 — CARLISLE. 8s & 7s. — *S. M. Bixby*


1. Lead us, heavenly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem - pest - uous sea;
2. Sav - iour, breathe for - give - ness o'er us; All our weak - ness Thou dost know;
3. Spir - it of our God, de - scend - ing, Fill our hearts with heaven-ly joy;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;
Thou didst tread this earth be - fore us; Thou didst feel its keen - est woe;
Love with ev - 'ry pas - sion blend - ing, Pleas - ure that can nev - er cloy;
Yet pos-sess - ing Ev - 'ry bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.
Lone and drear - y, Faint and wea - ry, Thro' the des - ert Thou didst go.
Thus pro - vid - ed, Pardoned, guid - ed, Noth-ing can our peace de - stroy. A - MEN.

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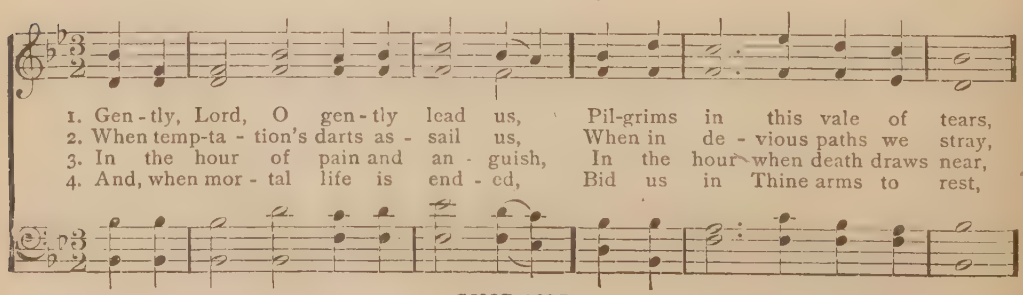
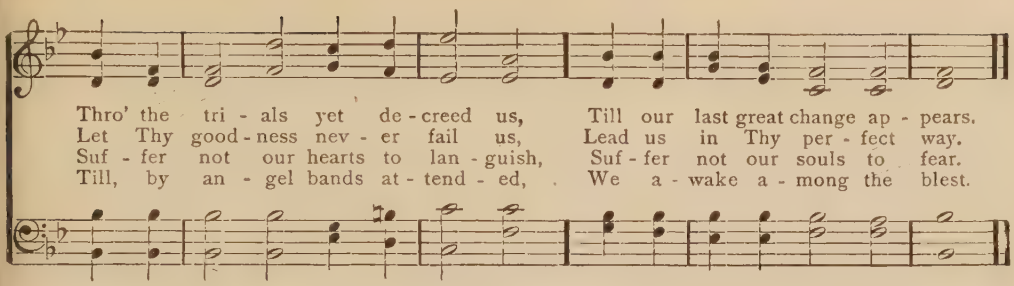
No. 111. *Gently, Lord, O Gently Lead Us*

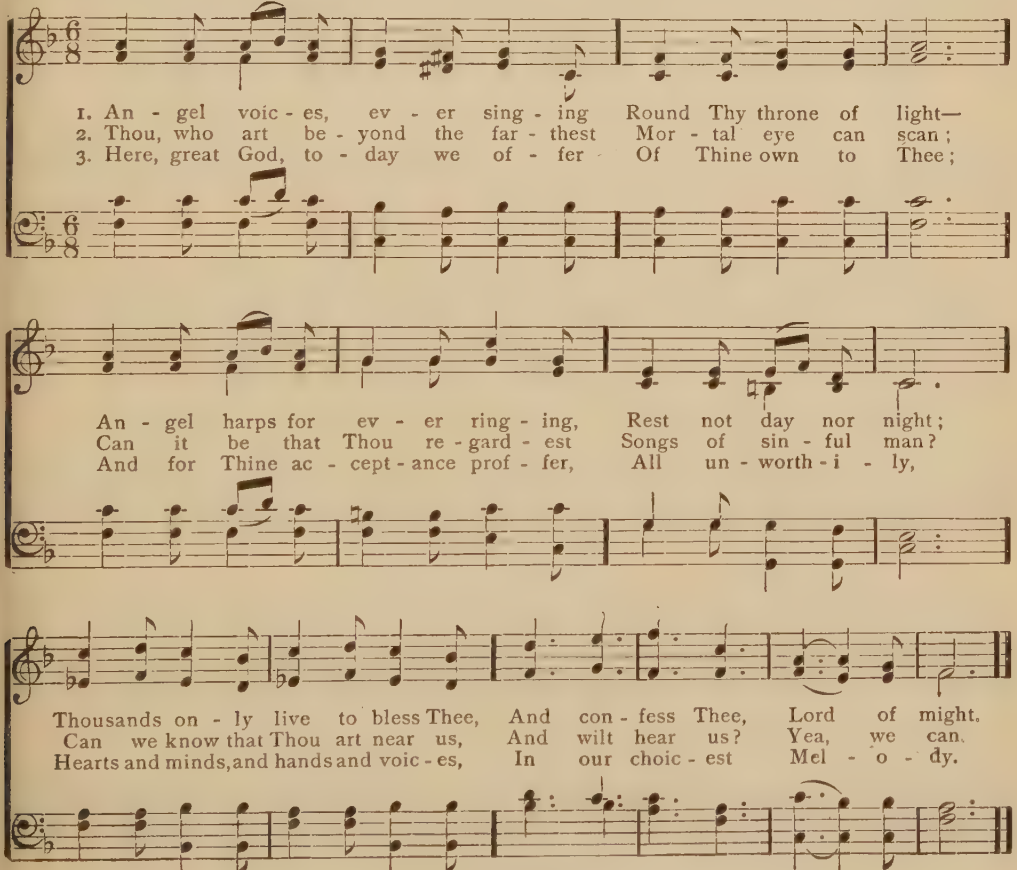
Thomas Hastings, 1830 — STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s. — *Darius E. Jones*, 1847


1. Gen - tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us, Pil-grims in this vale of tears,
2. When temp-ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,
3. In the hour of pain and an - guish, In the hour when death draws near,
4. And, when mor - tal life is end - ed, Bid us in Thine arms to rest,


Thro' the tri - als yet de - creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears.
Let Thy good - ness nev - er fail us, Lead us in Thy per - fect way.
Suf - fer not our hearts to lan - guish, Suf - fer not our souls to fear.
Till, by an - gel bands at - tend - ed, We a - wake a - mong the blest.

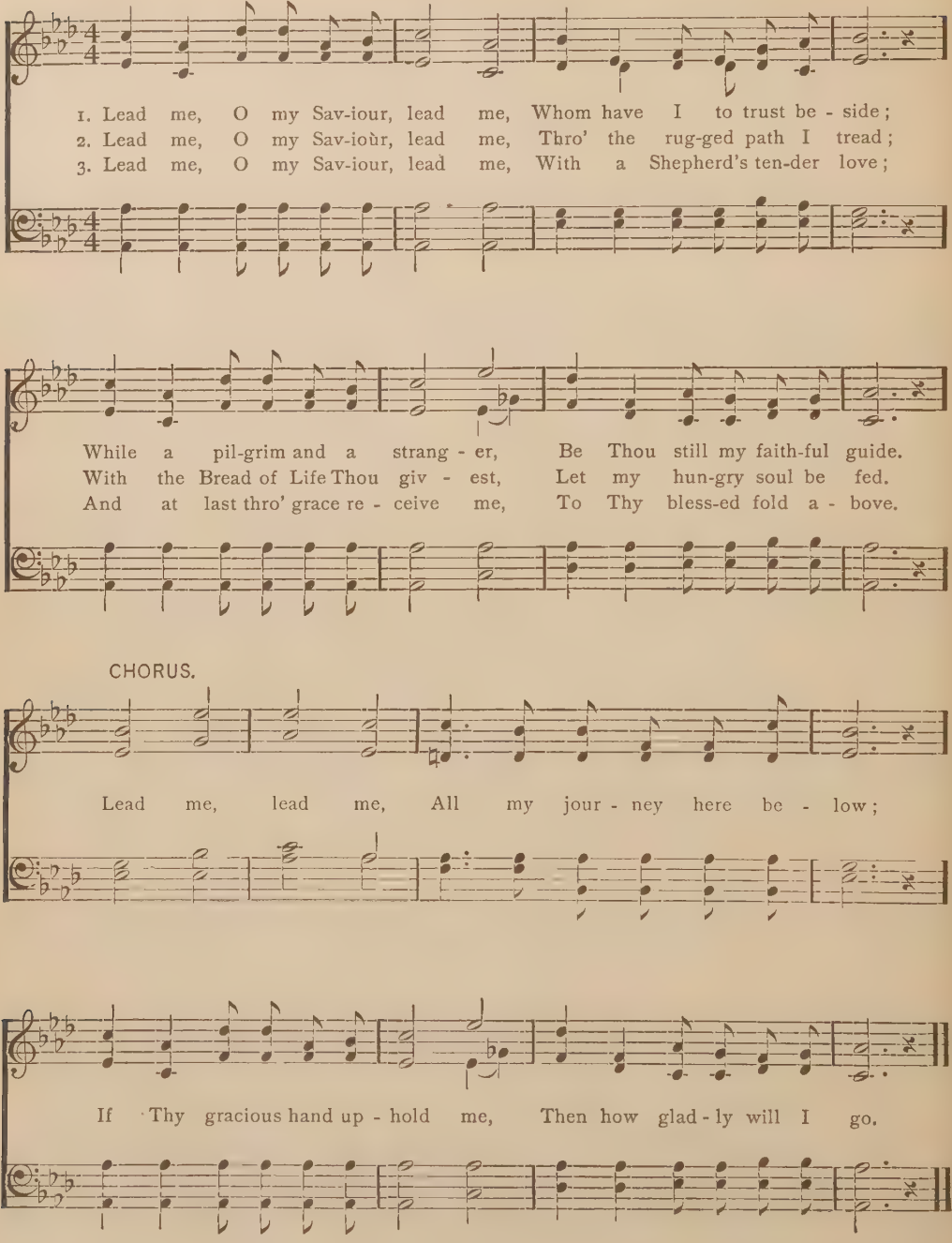
No. 112. *Angel Voices Ever Singing*

F. Pott ANGEL VOICES. P. M. *A. S. Sullivan*


1. An - gel voic - es, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light—
2. Thou, who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan;
3. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee;
An - gel harps for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
Can it be that Thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man?
And for Thine ac - cept - ance prof - fer, All un - worth - i - ly,
Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee, Lord of might.
Can we know that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
Hearts and minds, and hands and voic - es, In our choic - est Mel - o - dy.

No. 113. *Lead Me, O My Saviour, Lead Me*

Fanny J. Crosby UNSELD. 8s & 7s, with Chorus. *B. C. Unseld*


1. Lead me, O my Sav-iour, lead me, Whom have I to trust be - side;
2. Lead me, O my Sav-iour, lead me, Thro' the rug-ged path I tread;
3. Lead me, O my Sav-iour, lead me, With a Shepherd's ten-der love;
While a pil-grim and a strang - er, Be Thou still my faith-ful guide.
With the Bread of Life Thou giv - est, Let my hun-gry soul be fed.
And at last thro' grace re - ceive me, To Thy bless-ed fold a - bove.
CHORUS.
Lead me, lead me, All my jour - ney here be - low;
If Thy gracious hand up - hold me, Then how glad - ly will I go.

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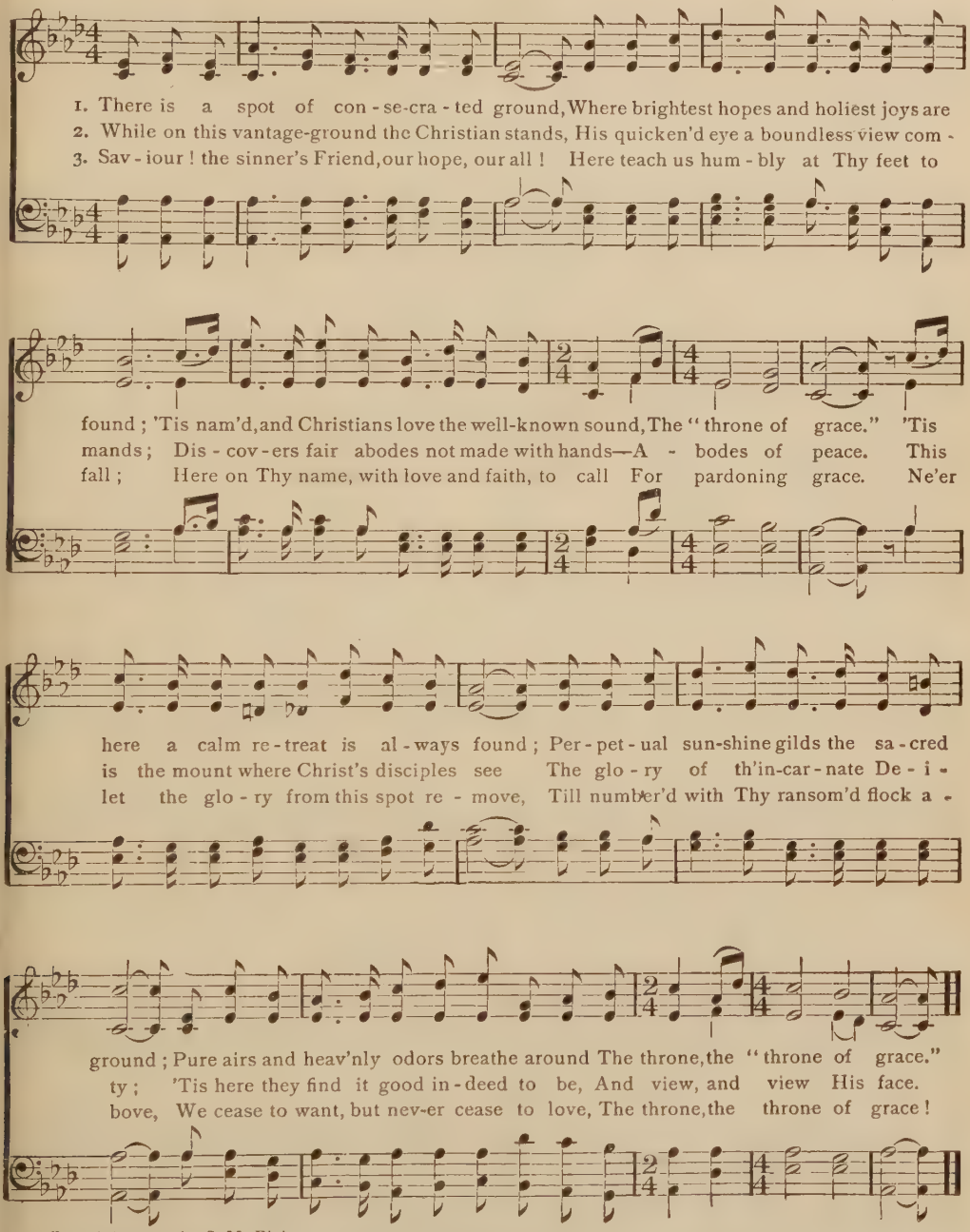
No. 114. *There is a Spot of Consecrated Ground*

Charlotte Elliott. Abr. ELLIOTT. Irregular. *S. M. Bixby*

1. There is a spot of con - se-cra - ted ground, Where brightest hopes and holiest joys are
2. While on this vantage-ground the Christian stands, His quicken'd eye a boundless view com -
3. Sav - iour ! the sinner's Friend, our hope, our all ! Here teach us hum - bly at Thy feet to
found ; 'Tis nam'd, and Christians love the well-known sound, The " throne of grace." 'Tis
mands ; Dis - cov - ers fair abodes not made with hands—A - bodes of peace. This
fall ; Here on Thy name, with love and faith, to call For pardoning grace. Ne'er
here a calm re - treat is al - ways found ; Per - pet - ual sun-shine gilds the sa - cred
is the mount where Christ's disciples see The glo - ry of th'in-car - nate De - i -
let the glo - ry from this spot re - move, Till number'd with Thy ransom'd flock a -
ground ; Pure airs and heav'nly odors breathe around The throne, the " throne of grace."
ty ; 'Tis here they find it good in - deed to be, And view, and view His face.
bove, We cease to want, but nev-er cease to love, The throne, the throne of grace !

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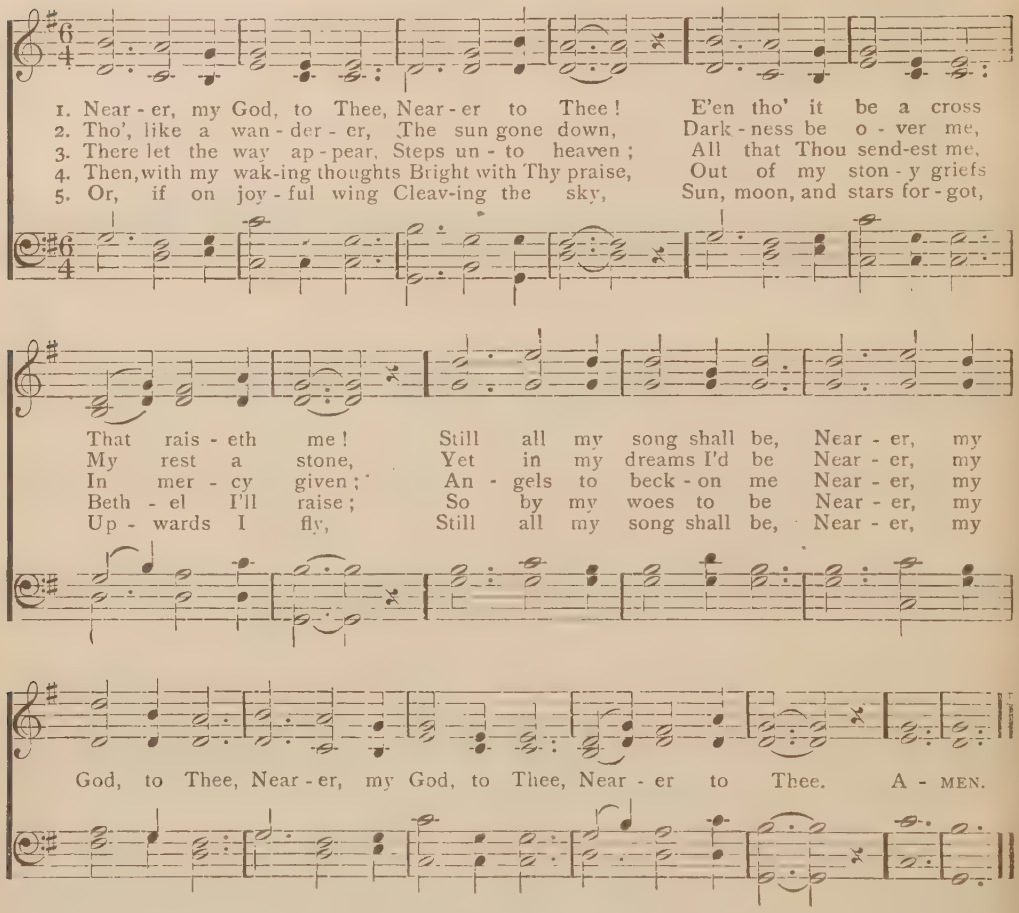
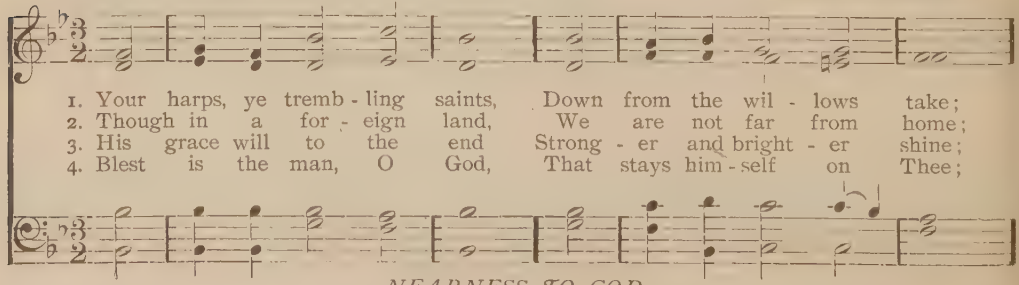
No. 115. *Nearer, My God, to Thee*

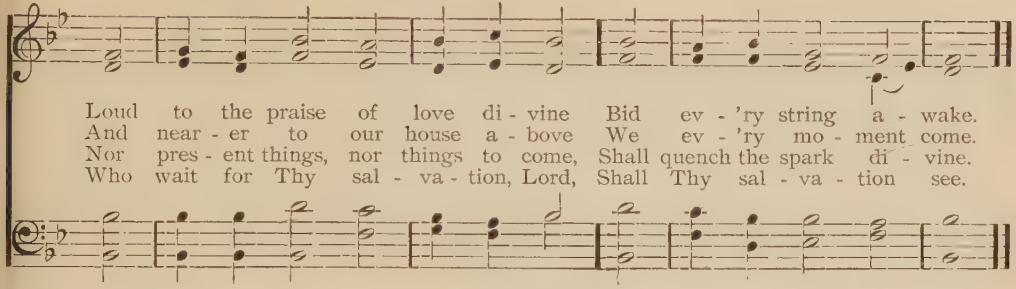
Mrs. S. F. Adams BETHANY. 6s & 4s. *Dr. Lowell Mason*


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho', like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou send-est me,
4. Then, with my wak-ing thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs
5. Or, if on joy - ful wing Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,
That rais - eth me! Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my
In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my
Up - wards I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A - MEN.

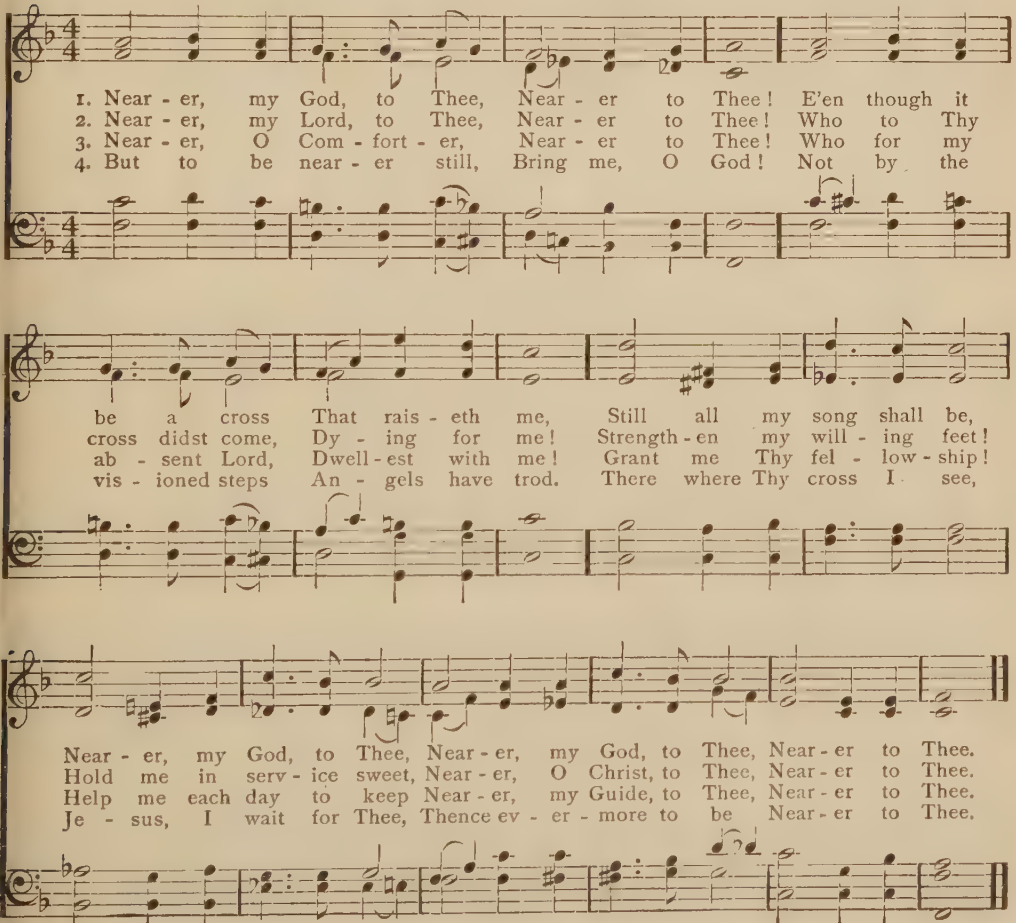
No. 116. *Your Harps, Ye Trembling Saints*

Augustus Montague Toplady OLMUTZ. S.M. *Arr. by Lowell Mason*


1. Your harps, ye tremb - ling saints, Down from the wil - lows take;
2. Though in a for - eign land, We are not far from home;
3. His grace will to the end Strong - er and bright - er shine;
4. Blest is the man, O God, That stays him - self on Thee;


Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev - 'ry string a - wake.
And near - er to our house a - bove We ev - 'ry mo - ment come.
Nor pres - ent things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark di - vine.
Who wait for Thy sal - va - tion, Lord, Shall Thy sal - va - tion see.

No. 117. *Nearer, My God, to Thee*

Stz. 1, *Mrs. S. F. Adams*
Stzs. 2, 3 *and* 4, *Dr. H. D. Ganse* GANSE. 6s & 4s. *F. N. Shepperd*, 1892

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Near - er, my Lord, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! Who to Thy
3. Near - er, O Com - fort - er, Near - er to Thee! Who for my
4. But to be near - er still, Bring me, O God! Not by the
be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be,
cross didst come, Dy - ing for me! Strength - en my will - ing feet!
ab - sent Lord, Dwell - est with me! Grant me Thy fel - low - ship!
vis - ioned steps An - gels have trod. There where Thy cross I see,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
Hold me in serv - ice sweet, Near - er, O Christ, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
Help me each day to keep Near - er, my Guide, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
Je - sus, I wait for Thee, Thence ev - er - more to be Near - er to Thee.

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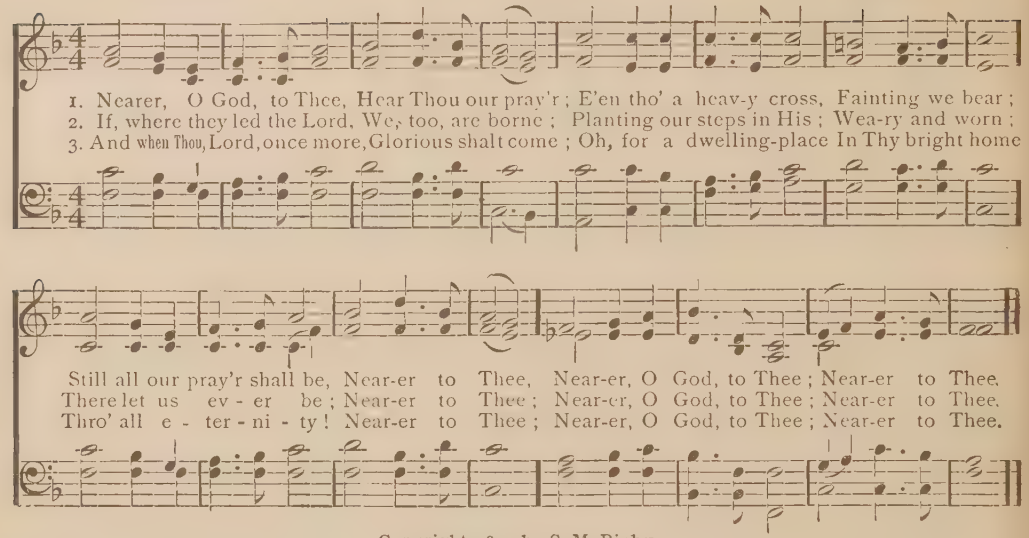
No. 118. *Nearer, O God, to Thee*

W. W. Howe, alt. HOW. 6s & 4s. *R. Menthal.*


1. Nearer, O God, to Thee, Hear Thou our pray'r; E'en tho' a heav-y cross, Fainting we bear;
2. If, where they led the Lord, We, too, are borne; Planting our steps in His; Wea-ry and worn;
3. And when Thou, Lord, once more, Glorious shalt come; Oh, for a dwelling-place In Thy bright home
Still all our pray'r shall be, Near-er to Thee, Near-er, O God, to Thee; Near-er to Thee.
There let us ev - er be; Near-er to Thee; Near-er, O God, to Thee; Near-er to Thee.
Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty! Near-er to Thee; Near-er, O God, to Thee; Near-er to Thee.

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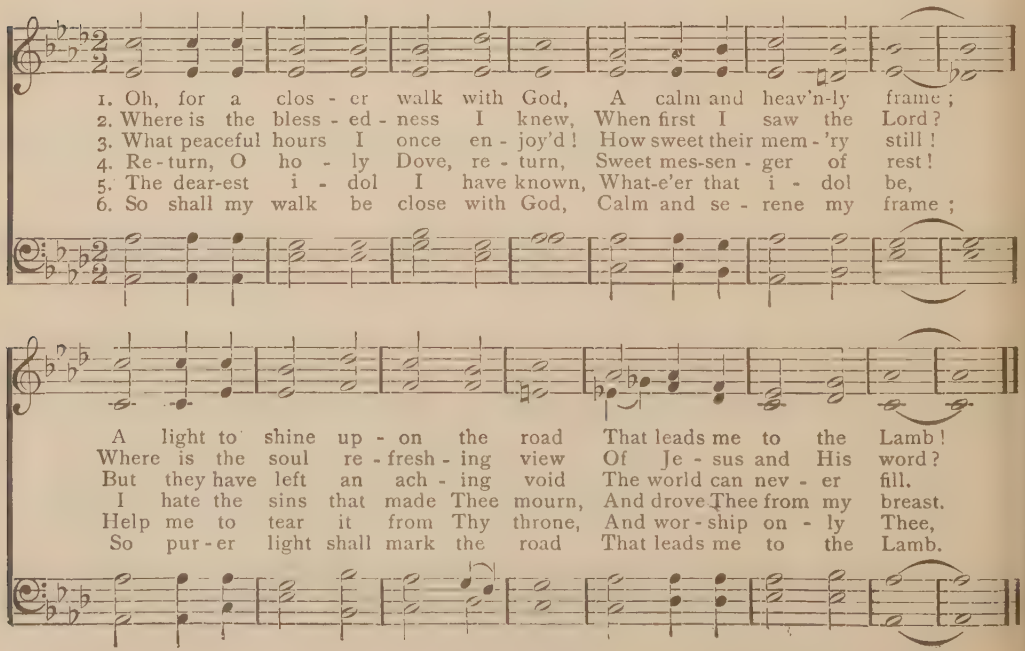
No. 119. *Oh, for a Closer Walk with God*

William Cowper BRADSTREET. C. M. *S. M. Bixby.*


1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame;
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peaceful hours I once en - joy'd! How sweet their mem - 'ry still!
4. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes-sen - ger of rest!
5. The dear-est i - dol I have known, What-e'er that i - dol be,
6. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly Thee,
So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

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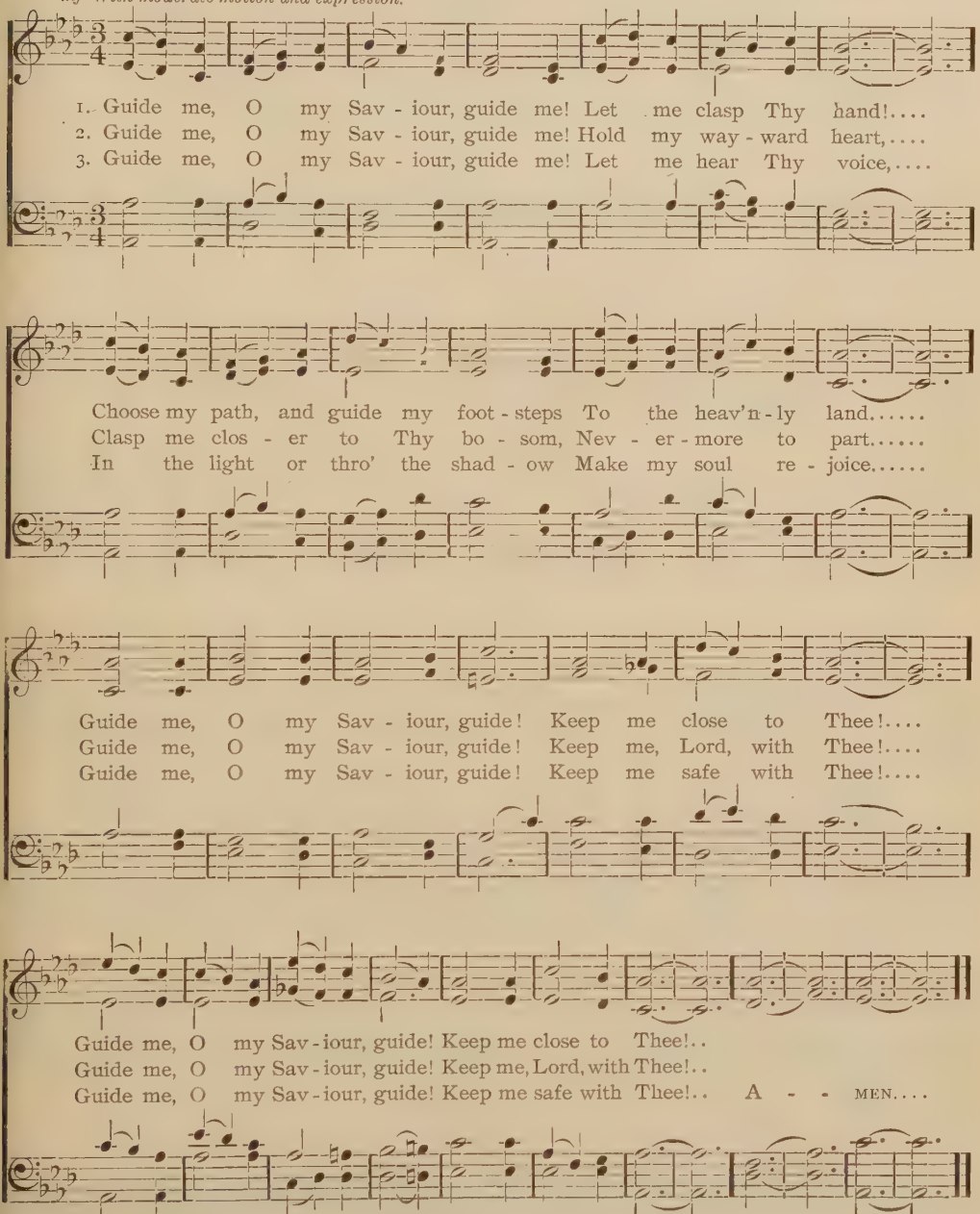
No. 120. *Guide Me, O My Saviour, Guide Me*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891 BOURNE. 8.5.8.5.7.5. 6 LINES. *S. M. Bixby, 1899*

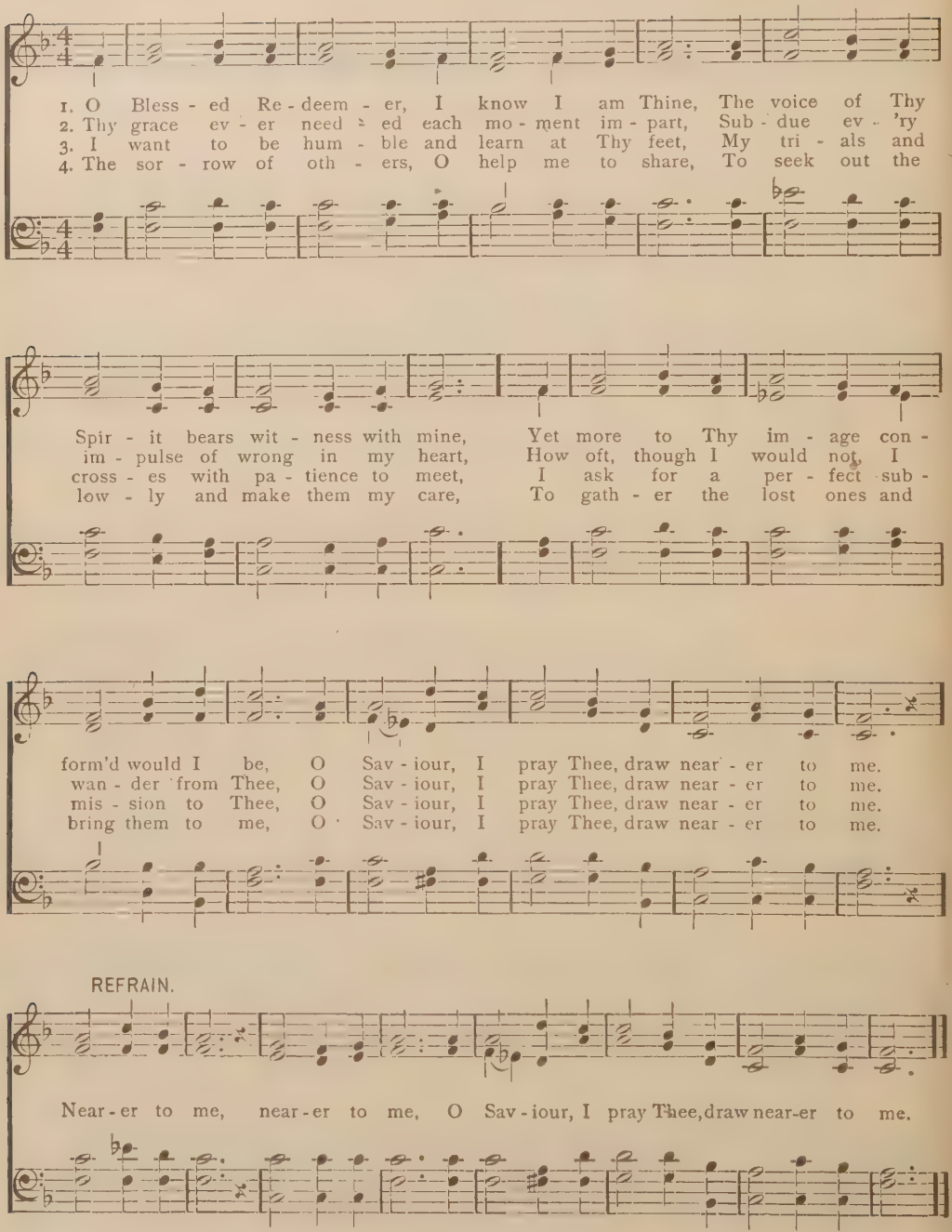
mf With moderate motion and expression.


1. Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide me! Let me clasp Thy hand!....
2. Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide me! Hold my way - ward heart,....
3. Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide me! Let me hear Thy voice,....
Choose my path, and guide my foot - steps To the heav'n - ly land.....
Clasp me clos - er to Thy bo - som, Nev - er - more to part.....
In the light or thro' the shad - ow Make my soul re - joice.....
Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide! Keep me close to Thee!....
Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide! Keep me, Lord, with Thee!....
Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide! Keep me safe with Thee!....
Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide! Keep me close to Thee!..
Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide! Keep me, Lord, with Thee!..
Guide me, O my Sav - iour, guide! Keep me safe with Thee!.. A - - MEN....

Copyright, 1900, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 121. *O Blessed Redeemer, I Know*

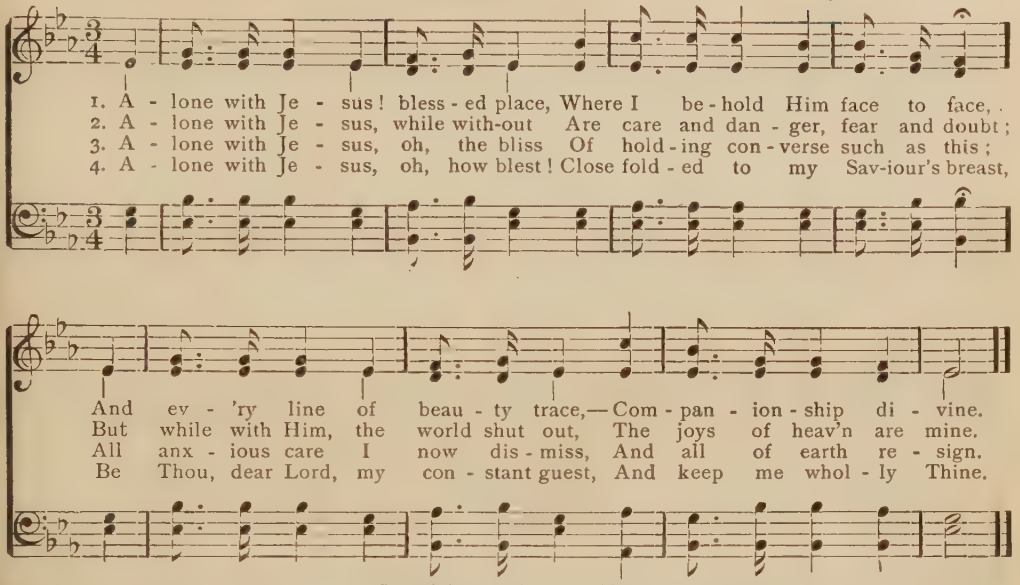
Fanny J. Crosby — 11s. with Refrain. — *W. H. Doane*


1. O Bless - ed Re - deem - er, I know I am Thine, The voice of Thy
2. Thy grace ev - er need - ed each mo - ment im - part, Sub - due ev - 'ry
3. I want to be hum - ble and learn at Thy feet, My tri - als and
4. The sor - row of oth - ers, O help me to share, To seek out the
Spir - it bears wit - ness with mine, Yet more to Thy im - age con -
im - pulse of wrong in my heart, How oft, though I would not, I
cross - es with pa - tience to meet, I ask for a per - fect sub -
low - ly and make them my care, To gath - er the lost ones and
form'd would I be, O Sav - iour, I pray Thee, draw near - er to me.
wan - der from Thee, O Sav - iour, I pray Thee, draw near - er to me.
mis - sion to Thee, O Sav - iour, I pray Thee, draw near - er to me.
bring them to me, O Sav - iour, I pray Thee, draw near - er to me.
REFRAIN.
Near - er to me, near - er to me, O Sav - iour, I pray Thee, draw near - er to me.

Copyright, 1891, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

No. 122. *Alone with Jesus*

Mary Ingalls Pierce — INGLASS. 8.8.8s & 6s. — *Joseph Martine.*


1. A - lone with Je - sus! bless - ed place, Where I be - hold Him face to face,
2. A - lone with Je - sus, while with-out Are care and dan - ger, fear and doubt;
3. A - lone with Je - sus, oh, the bliss Of hold - ing con - verse such as this;
4. A - lone with Je - sus, oh, how blest! Close fold - ed to my Sav-iour's breast,
And ev - 'ry line of beau - ty trace,— Com - pan - ion - ship di - vine.
But while with Him, the world shut out, The joys of heav'n are mine.
All anx - ious care I now dis - miss, And all of earth re - sign.
Be Thou, dear Lord, my con - stant guest, And keep me whol - ly Thine.

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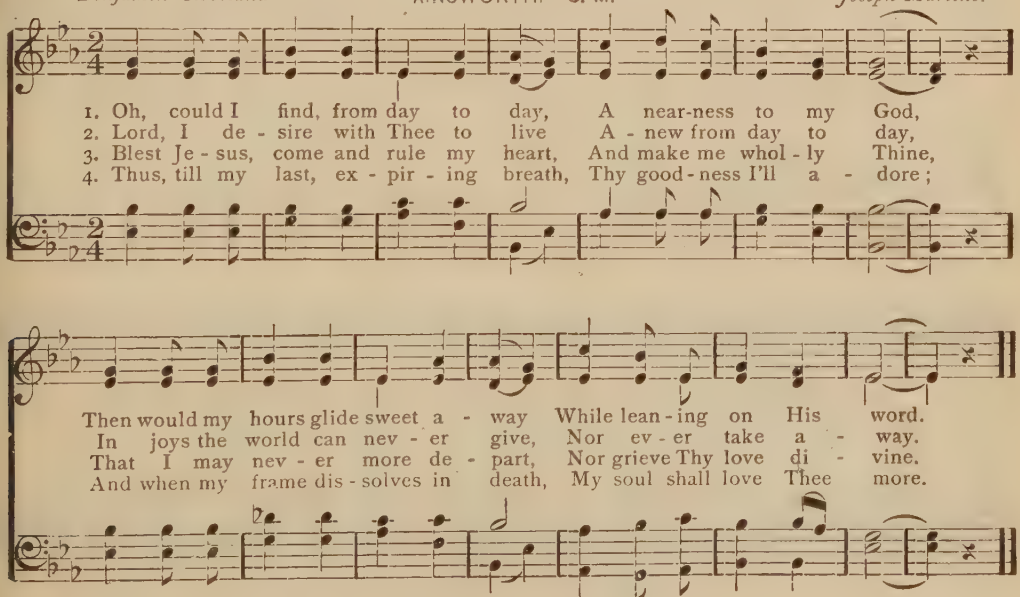
No. 123. *Oh, Could I Find from Day to Day*

Benjamin Cleveland — AINSWORTH. C. M. — *Joseph Martine.*


1. Oh, could I find, from day to day, A near-ness to my God,
2. Lord, I de - sire with Thee to live A - new from day to day,
3. Blest Je - sus, come and rule my heart, And make me whol - ly Thine,
4. Thus, till my last, ex - pir - ing breath, Thy good - ness I'll a - dore;
Then would my hours glide sweet a - way While lean - ing on His word.
In joys the world can nev - er give, Nor ev - er take a - way.
That I may nev - er more de - part, Nor grieve Thy love di - vine.
And when my frame dis - solves in death, My soul shall love Thee more.

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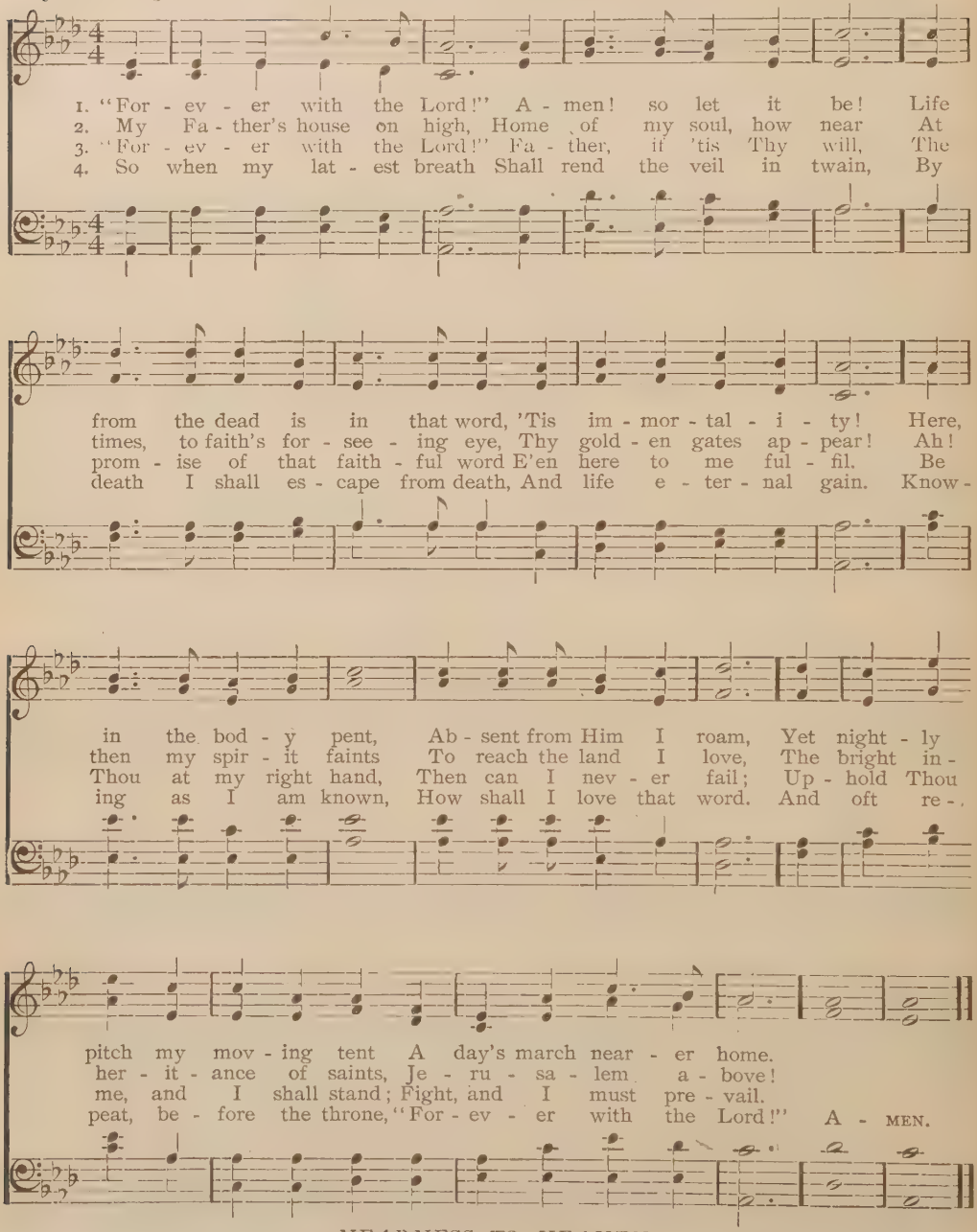
No. 124. *"Forever with the Lord"*

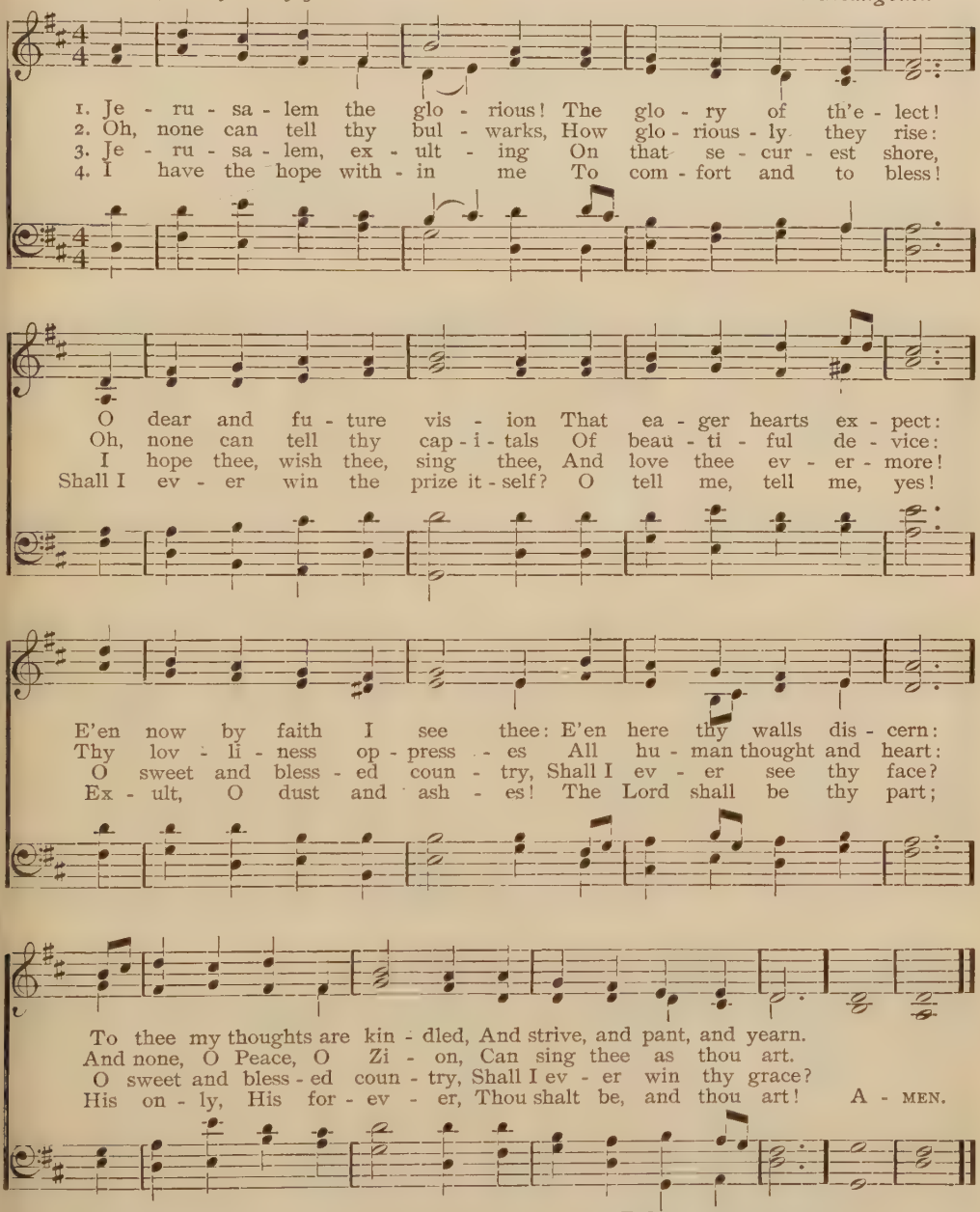
James Montgomery NEARNESS TO HEAVEN. S.M.D. OF 8 LINES. *I. B. Woodbury*

1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men! so let it be! Life
2. My Fa - ther's house on high, Home of my soul, how near At
3. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" Fa - ther, if 'tis Thy will, The
4. So when my lat - est breath Shall rend the veil in twain, By
from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty! Here,
times, to faith's for - see - ing eye, Thy gold - en gates ap - pear! Ah!
prom - ise of that faith - ful word E'en here to me ful - fil. Be
death I shall es - cape from death, And life e - ter - nal gain. Know -
in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam, Yet night - ly
then my spir - it faints To reach the land I love, The bright in -
Thou at my right hand, Then can I nev - er fail; Up - hold Thou
ing as I am known, How shall I love that word. And oft re -
pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near - er home.
her - it - ance of saints, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove!
me, and I shall stand; Fight, and I must pre - vail.
peat, be - fore the throne, "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - MEN.

NEARNESS TO HEAVEN

No. 125.

Jerusalem, the Glorious

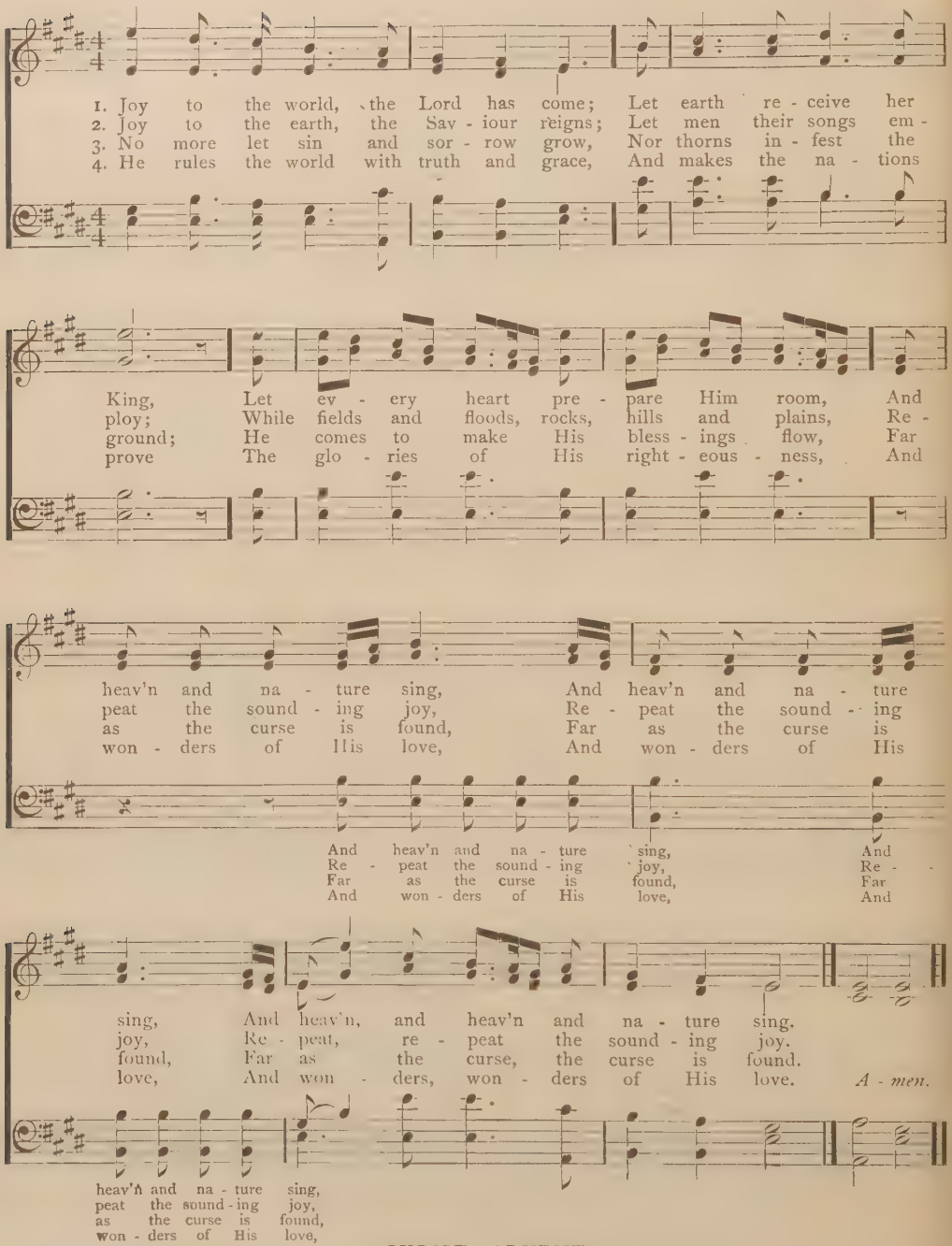
PEARSALL. 7s.& 6s. 8 Lines.

Bernard of Cluny, tr. by J. M. Neale — *St. Gall Katholiches Gesangbuch*

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the glo - rious! The glo - ry of th'e - lect!
2. Oh, none can tell thy bul - warks, How glo - rious - ly they rise:
3. Je - ru - sa - lem, ex - ult - ing On that se - cur - est shore,
4. I have the hope with - in me To com - fort and to bless!
O dear and fu - ture vis - ion That ea - ger hearts ex - pect:
Oh, none can tell thy cap - i - tals Of beau - ti - ful de - vice:
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee, And love thee ev - er - more!
Shall I ev - er win the prize it - self? O tell me, tell me, yes!
E'en now by faith I see thee: E'en here thy walls dis - cern:
Thy lov - li - ness op - press - es All hu - man thought and heart:
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, Shall I ev - er see thy face?
Ex - ult, O dust and ash - es! The Lord shall be thy part;
To thee my thoughts are kin - dled, And strive, and pant, and yearn.
And none, O Peace, O Zi - on, Can sing thee as thou art.
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, Shall I ev - er win thy grace?
His on - ly, His for - ev - er, Thou shalt be, and thou art! A - MEN.

NEARNESS TO HEAVEN

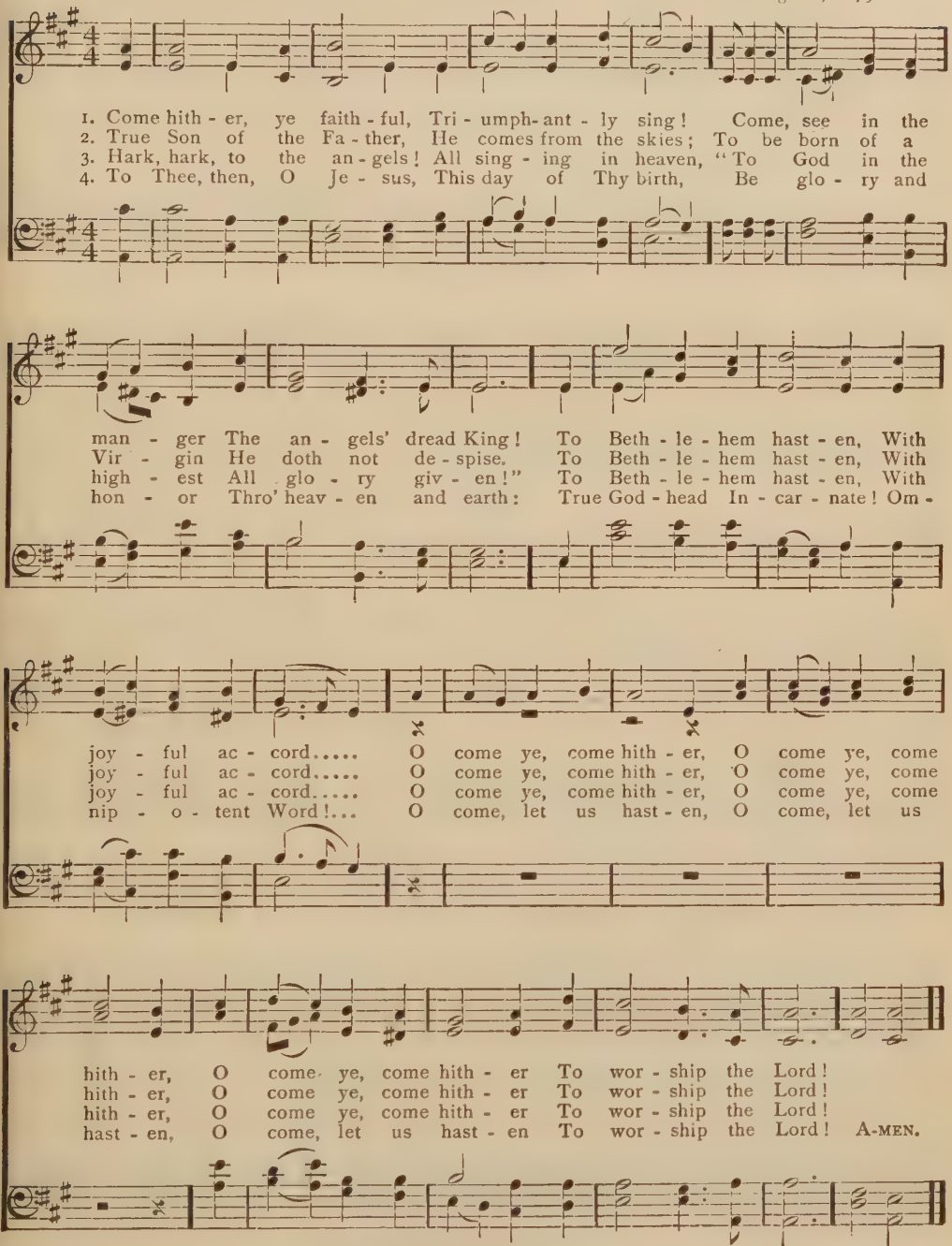
No. 126.

Joy to the World

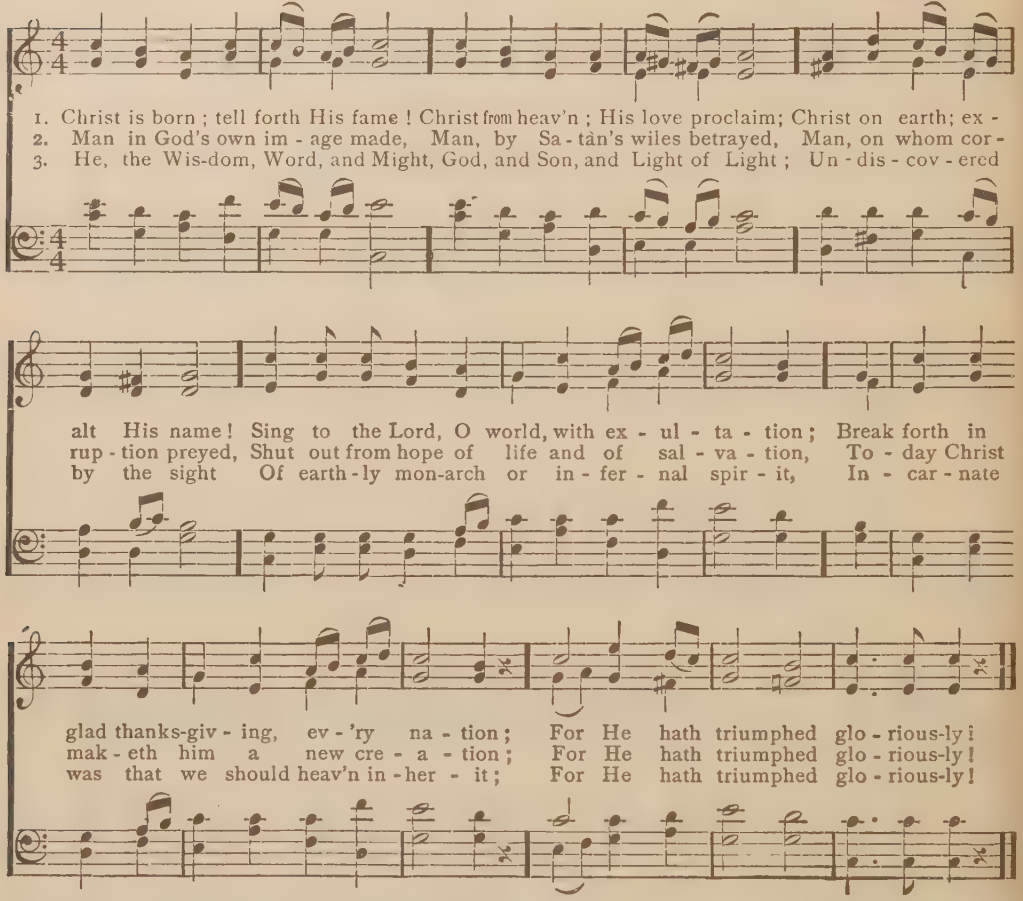
Isaac Watts — ANTIOCH. C. M. — *Arr. by Lowell Mason*

1. Joy to the world, the Lord has come; Let earth re - ceive her
2. Joy to the earth, the Sav - iour reigns; Let men their songs em -
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions
King, Let ev - ery heart pre - pare Him room, And
ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re -
ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow, Far
prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture
peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His
And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re -
Far as the curse is found, Far
And won - ders of His love, And
sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
found, Far as the curse, the curse is found.
love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love. A - men.
heav'n and na - ture sing,
peat the sound - ing joy,
as the curse is found,
won - ders of His love,

No. 127. *Come Hither, Ye Faithful*

Tr. Rev. E. Caswall ADESTE FIDELES. P.M. *Marcantoine "Portagallo,"* 1790.

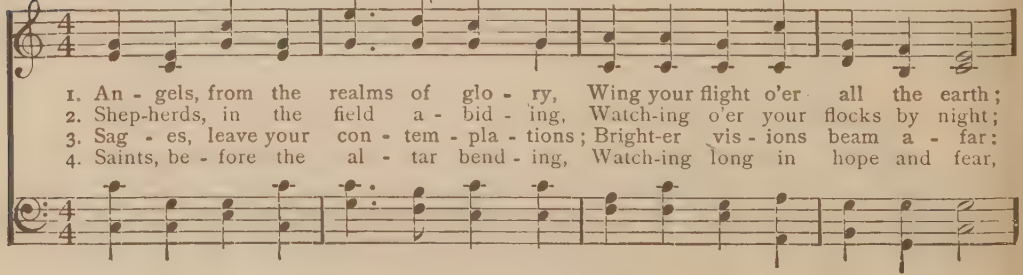

1. Come hith - er, ye faith - ful, Tri - umph- ant - ly sing! Come, see in the
2. True Son of the Fa - ther, He comes from the skies; To be born of a
3. Hark, hark, to the an - gels! All sing - ing in heaven, "To God in the
4. To Thee, then, O Je - sus, This day of Thy birth, Be glo - ry and
man - ger The an - gels' dread King! To Beth - le - hem hast - en, With
Vir - gin He doth not de - spise. To Beth - le - hem hast - en, With
high - est All glo - ry giv - en!" To Beth - le - hem hast - en, With
hon - or Thro' heav - en and earth: True God - head In - car - nate! Om -
joy - ful ac - cord..... O come ye, come hith - er, O come ye, come
joy - ful ac - cord..... O come ye, come hith - er, O come ye, come
joy - ful ac - cord..... O come ye, come hith - er, O come ye, come
nip - o - tent Word!... O come, let us hast - en, O come, let us
hith - er, O come ye, come hith - er To wor - ship the Lord!
hith - er, O come ye, come hith - er To wor - ship the Lord!
hith - er, O come ye, come hith - er To wor - ship the Lord!
hast - en, O come, let us hast - en To wor - ship the Lord! A-MEN.

No. 128. *Christ is Born; Tell Forth His Fame*

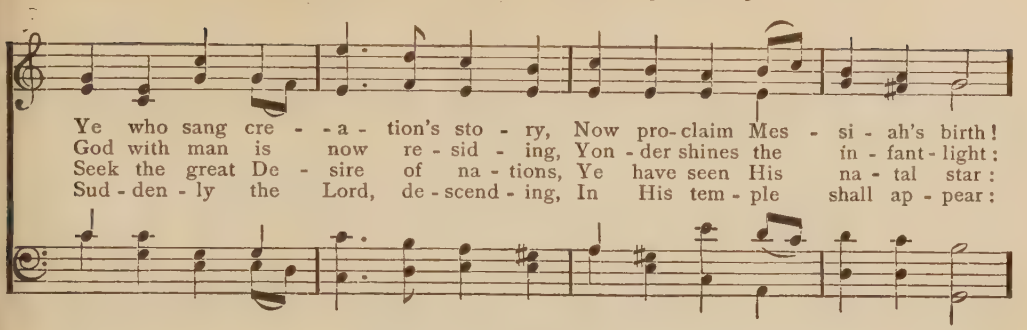
J. M. Neale, tr. TRIUMPH. P. M. *C. Gounod*

1. Christ is born ; tell forth His fame ! Christ from heav'n ; His love proclaim; Christ on earth; ex -
2. Man in God's own im - age made, Man, by Sa - tan's wiles betrayed, Man, on whom cor -
3. He, the Wis-dom, Word, and Might, God, and Son, and Light of Light ; Un - dis - cov - ered
alt His name! Sing to the Lord, O world, with ex - ul - ta - tion; Break forth in
rup - tion preyed, Shut out from hope of life and of sal - va - tion, To - day Christ
by the sight Of earth - ly mon-arch or in - fer - nal spir - it, In - car - nate
glad thanks-giv - ing, ev - 'ry na - tion; For He hath triumphed glo - rious-ly!
mak - eth him a new cre - a - tion; For He hath triumphed glo - rious-ly!
was that we should heav'n in - her - it; For He hath triumphed glo - rious-ly!

No. 129. *Angels from the Realms of Glory*

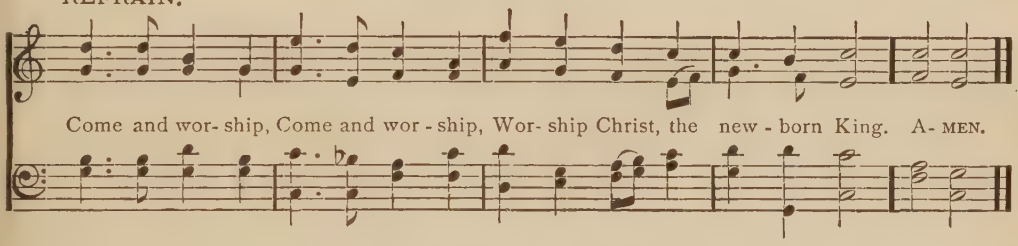
James Montgomery, 1819 REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s & 4s. *Henry Smart*


1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
2. Shep-herds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch-ing o'er your flocks by night;
3. Sag - es, leave your con - tem - pla - tions; Bright-er vis - ions beam a - far:
4. Saints, be - fore the al - tar bend - ing, Watch-ing long in hope and fear,

Angels from the Realms of Glory

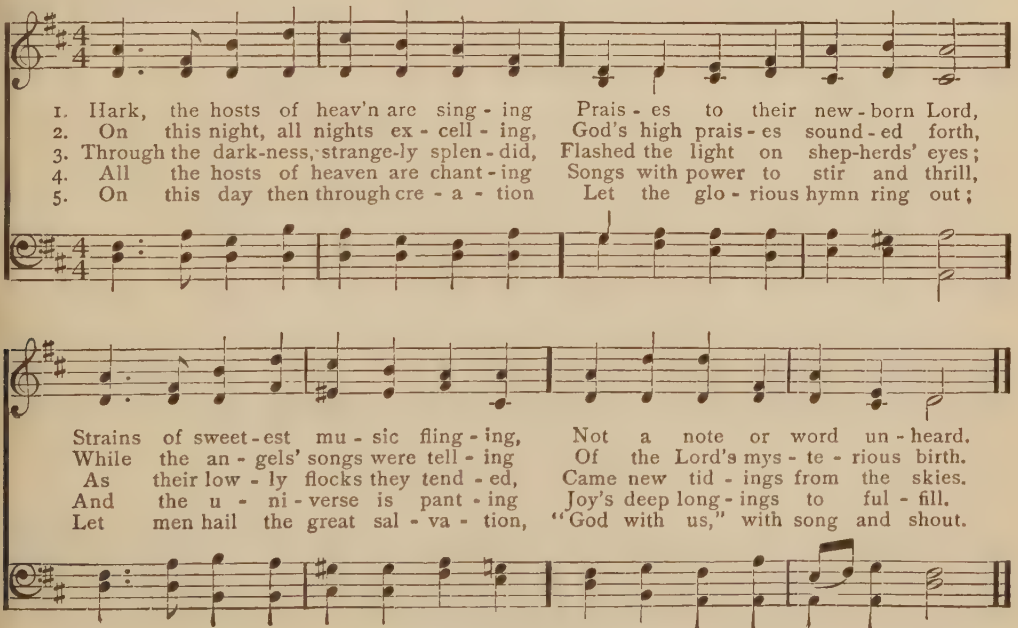

Ye who sang cre - - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth!
God with man is now re - sid - ing, Yon - der shines the in - fant - light:
Seek the great De - sire of na - tions, Ye have seen His na - tal star:
Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing, In His tem - ple shall ap - pear:

REFRAIN.



No. 130. *Hark, the Hosts of Heaven are Singing*

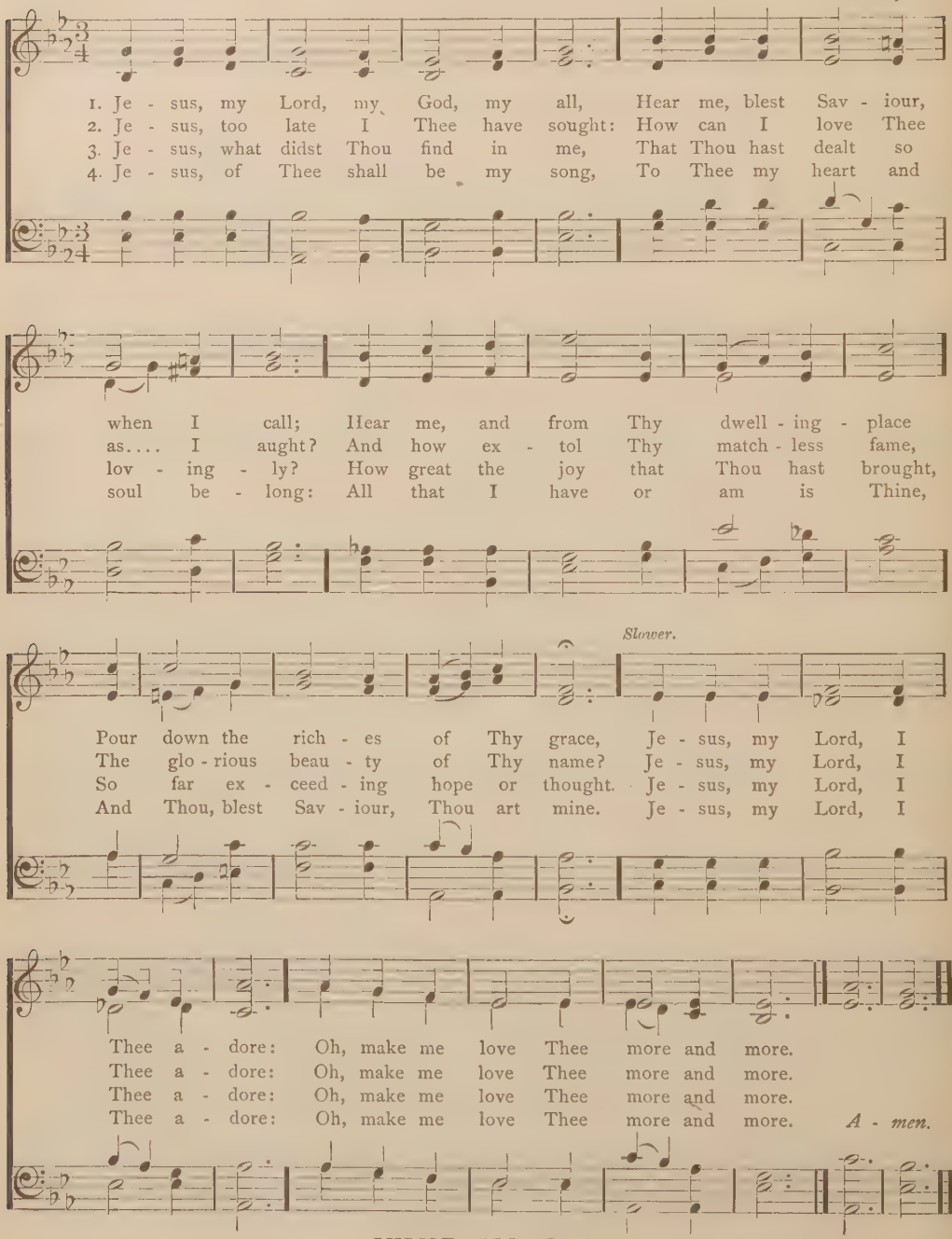
E. H. Plumptre OSWALD. 8s & 7s. *J. B. Dykes*


1. Hark, the hosts of heav'n are sing - ing Prais - es to their new - born Lord,
2. On this night, all nights ex - cell - ing, God's high prais - es sound - ed forth,
3. Through the dark-ness, strange-ly splen - did, Flashed the light on shep-herds' eyes;
4. All the hosts of heaven are chant - ing Songs with power to stir and thrill,
5. On this day then through cre - a - tion Let the glo - rious hymn ring out;
Strains of sweet - est mu - sic fling - ing, Not a note or word un - heard.
While the an - gels' songs were tell - ing Of the Lord's mys - te - rious birth.
As their low - ly flocks they tend - ed, Came new tid - ings from the skies.
And the u - ni - verse is pant - ing Joy's deep long - ings to ful - fill.
Let men hail the great sal - va - tion, "God with us," with song and shout.

No. 131. *Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All*

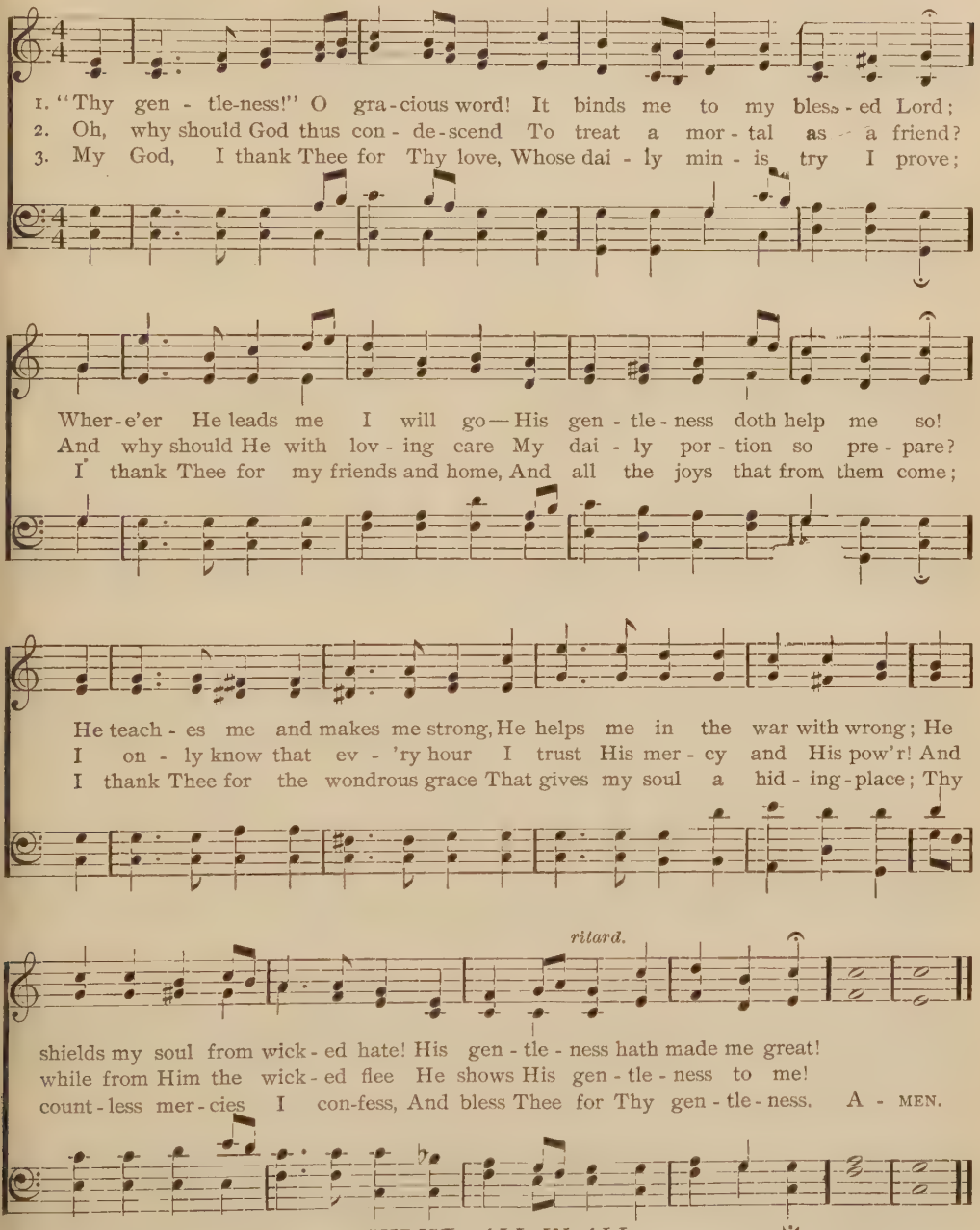
ADORO. L. M., Six lines

H. Collins *J. Barnby*


1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sav - iour,
2. Je - sus, too late I Thee have sought: How can I love Thee
3. Je - sus, what didst Thou find in me, That Thou hast dealt so
4. Je - sus, of Thee shall be my song, To Thee my heart and
when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place
as.... I aught? And how ex - tol Thy match - less fame,
lov - ing - ly? How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
soul be - long: All that I have or am is Thine,
Slower.
Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace, Je - sus, my Lord, I
The glo - rious beau - ty of Thy name? Je - sus, my Lord, I
So far ex - ceed - ing hope or thought. Je - sus, my Lord, I
And Thou, blest Sav - iour, Thou art mine. Je - sus, my Lord, I
Thee a - dore: Oh, make me love Thee more and more.
Thee a - dore: Oh, make me love Thee more and more.
Thee a - dore: Oh, make me love Thee more and more.
Thee a - dore: Oh, make me love Thee more and more. A - men.

No. 132. "*Thy Gentleness!*" O Gracious Word

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891 THE WORD. 8s. *E. P. Tate*


1. "Thy gen - tle-ness!" O gra - cious word! It binds me to my bless - ed Lord;
2. Oh, why should God thus con - de-scend To treat a mor - tal as a friend?
3. My God, I thank Thee for Thy love, Whose dai - ly min - is try I prove;
Wher-e'er He leads me I will go—His gen - tle - ness doth help me so!
And why should He with lov - ing care My dai - ly por - tion so pre - pare?
I thank Thee for my friends and home, And all the joys that from them come;
He teach - es me and makes me strong, He helps me in the war with wrong; He
I on - ly know that ev - 'ry hour I trust His mer - cy and His pow'r! And
I thank Thee for the wondrous grace That gives my soul a hid - ing-place; Thy
ritard.
shields my soul from wick - ed hate! His gen - tle - ness hath made me great!
while from Him the wick - ed flee He shows His gen - tle - ness to me!
count - less mer - cies I con-fess, And bless Thee for Thy gen - tle - ness. A - MEN.

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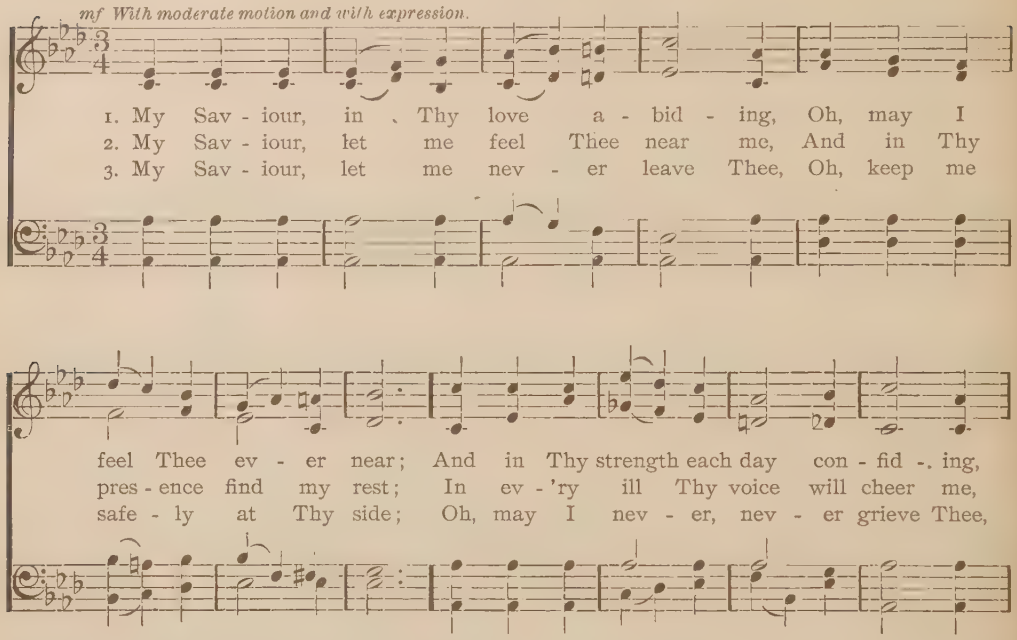
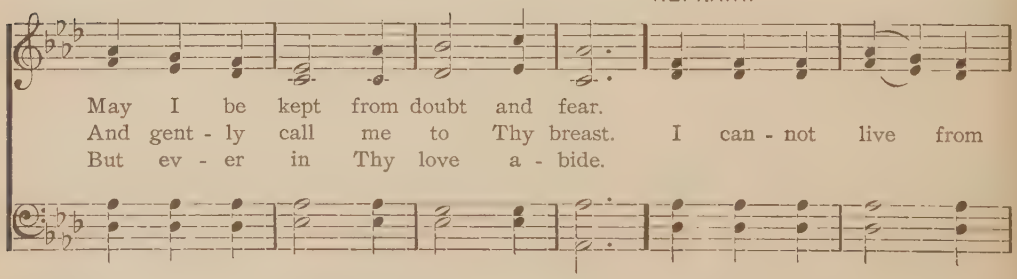
No. 133. *My Saviour, in Thy Love Abiding*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 ABIDING. 9s.&8s. With Refrain. *Joseph Martine*

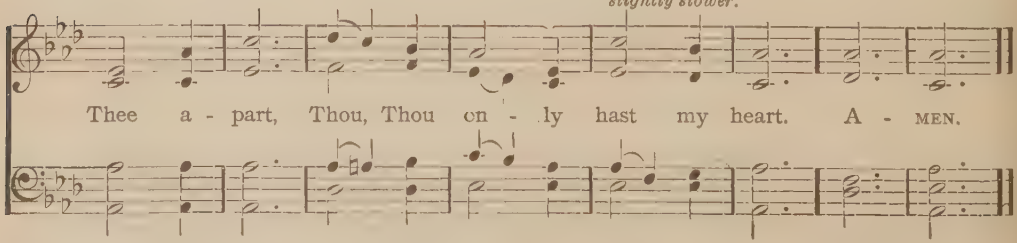
mf With moderate motion and with expression.


1. My Sav - iour, in Thy love a - bid - ing, Oh, may I
2. My Sav - iour, let me feel Thee near me, And in Thy
3. My Sav - iour, let me nev - er leave Thee, Oh, keep me
feel Thee ev - er near; And in Thy strength each day con - fid - ing,
pres - ence find my rest; In ev - 'ry ill Thy voice will cheer me,
safe - ly at Thy side; Oh, may I nev - er, nev - er grieve Thee,

REFRAIN.



slightly slower.



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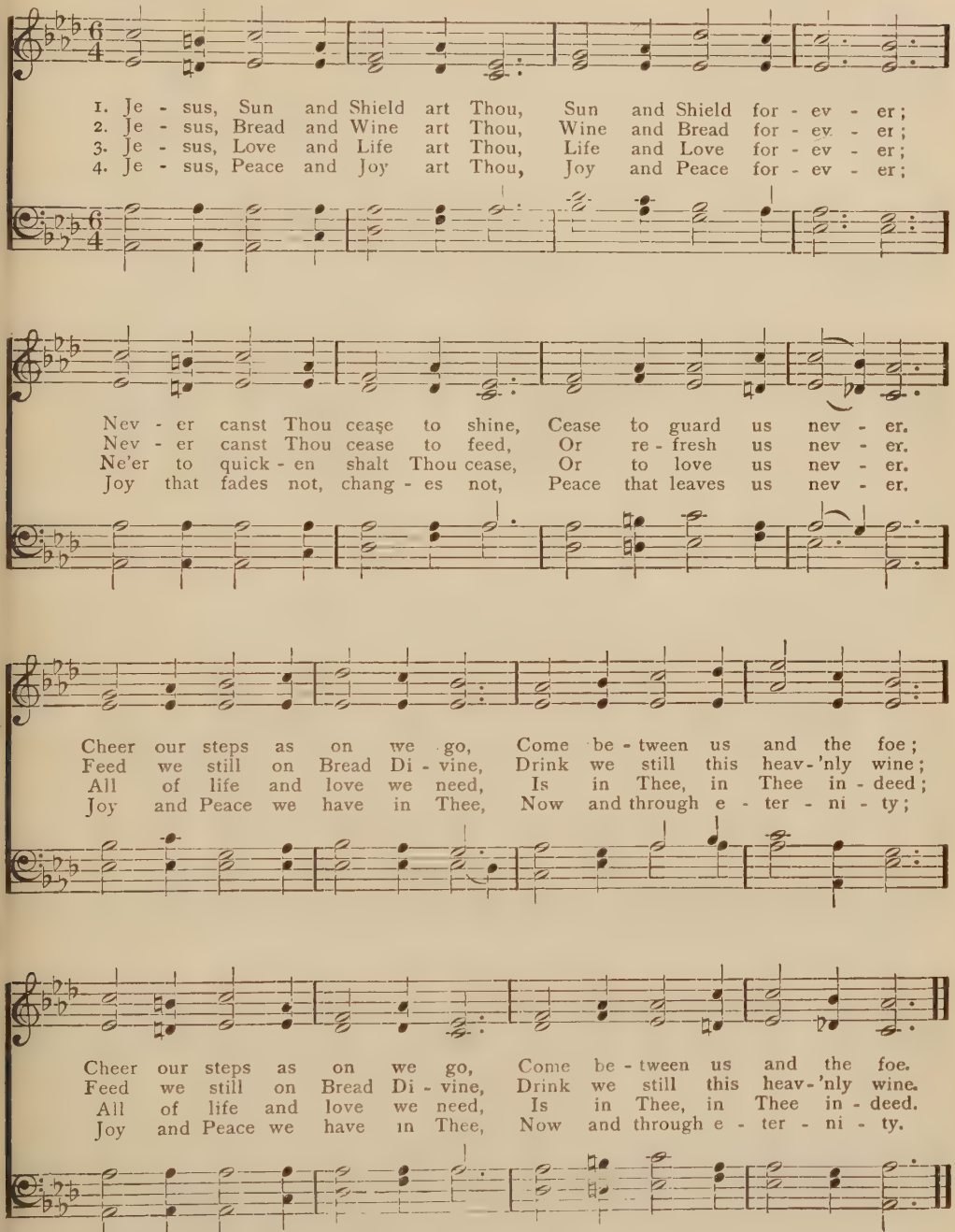
No. 134. *Jesus, Sun and Shield Art Thou*

Horatius Bonar, D.D. 7s & 6s. *W. H. Doane*

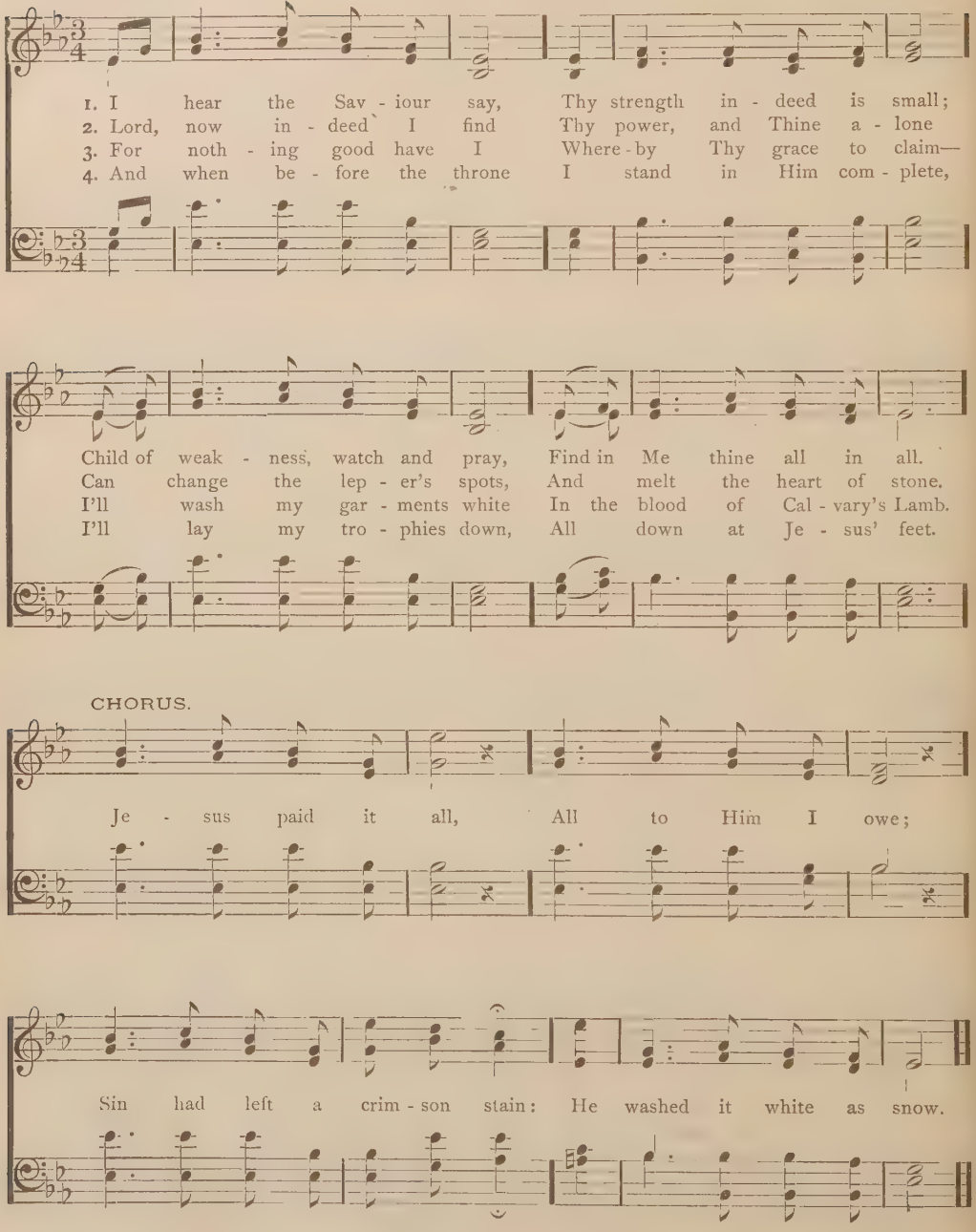

1. Je - sus, Sun and Shield art Thou, Sun and Shield for - ev - er;
2. Je - sus, Bread and Wine art Thou, Wine and Bread for - ev - er;
3. Je - sus, Love and Life art Thou, Life and Love for - ev - er;
4. Je - sus, Peace and Joy art Thou, Joy and Peace for - ev - er;
Nev - er canst Thou cease to shine, Cease to guard us nev - er.
Nev - er canst Thou cease to feed, Or re - fresh us nev - er.
Ne'er to quick - en shalt Thou cease, Or to love us nev - er.
Joy that fades not, chang - es not, Peace that leaves us nev - er.
Cheer our steps as on we go, Come be - tween us and the foe;
Feed we still on Bread Di - vine, Drink we still this heav - 'nly wine;
All of life and love we need, Is in Thee, in Thee in - deed;
Joy and Peace we have in Thee, Now and through e - ter - ni - ty;
Cheer our steps as on we go, Come be - tween us and the foe.
Feed we still on Bread Di - vine, Drink we still this heav - 'nly wine.
All of life and love we need, Is in Thee, in Thee in - deed.
Joy and Peace we have in Thee, Now and through e - ter - ni - ty.

Copyright, 1891, by W. H. Doane. Used by per,

No. 135.

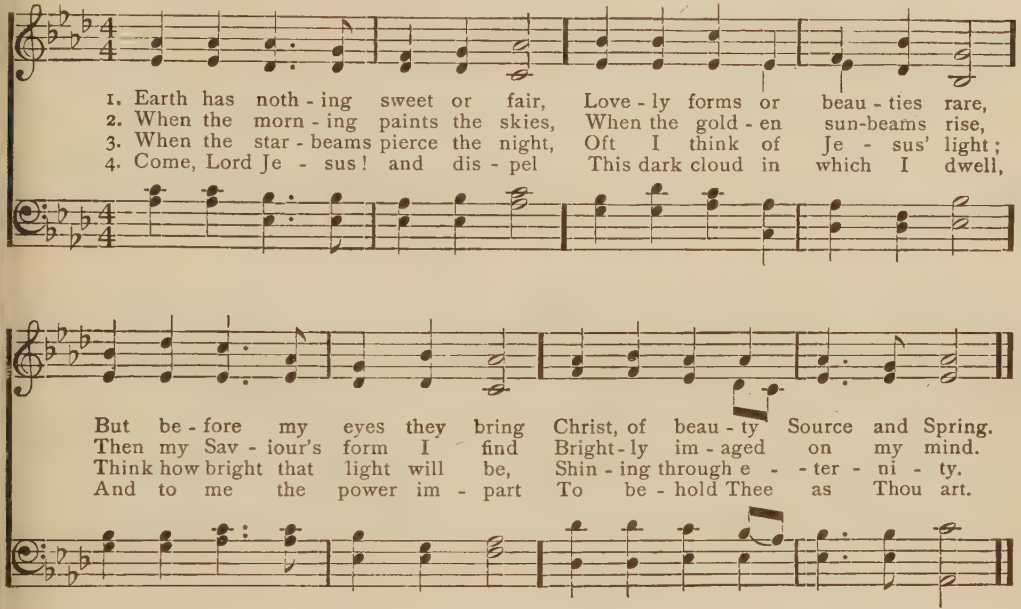
I Hear the Saviour Say

Mrs. Elvina M. Hall — PUTNEY. 6.6.6.6, with Chorus. — *John T. Grape, by per.*


1. I hear the Sav - iour say, Thy strength in - deed is small;
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy power, and Thine a - lone
3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim—
4. And when be - fore the throne I stand in Him com - plete,
Child of weak - ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
Can change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my gar - ments white In the blood of Cal - vary's Lamb.
I'll lay my tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.
CHORUS.
Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crim - son stain: He washed it white as snow.

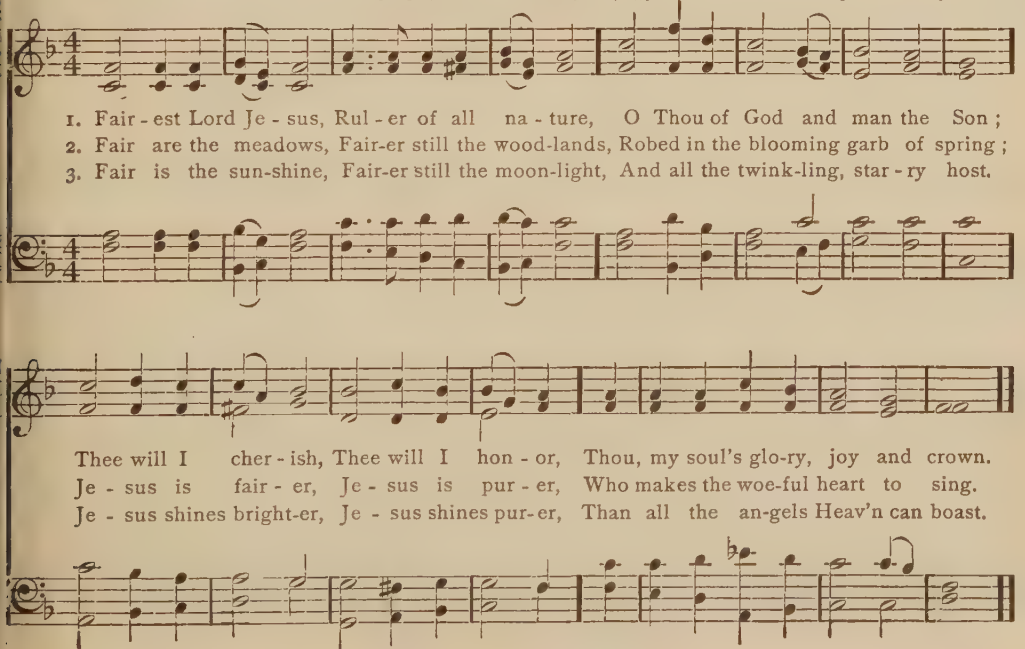
No. 136. *Earth Has Nothing Sweet or Fair*

Johann Scheffler, tr. Frances E. Cox, 1841 ST. BEES. 7s. *J. B. Dykes*


1. Earth has noth - ing sweet or fair, Love - ly forms or beau - ties rare,
2. When the morn - ing paints the skies, When the gold - en sun-beams rise,
3. When the star - beams pierce the night, Oft I think of Je - sus' light;
4. Come, Lord Je - sus! and dis - pel This dark cloud in which I dwell,
But be - fore my eyes they bring Christ, of beau - ty Source and Spring.
Then my Sav - iour's form I find Bright - ly im - aged on my mind.
Think how bright that light will be, Shin - ing through e - - ter - ni - ty.
And to me the power im - part To be - hold Thee as Thou art.

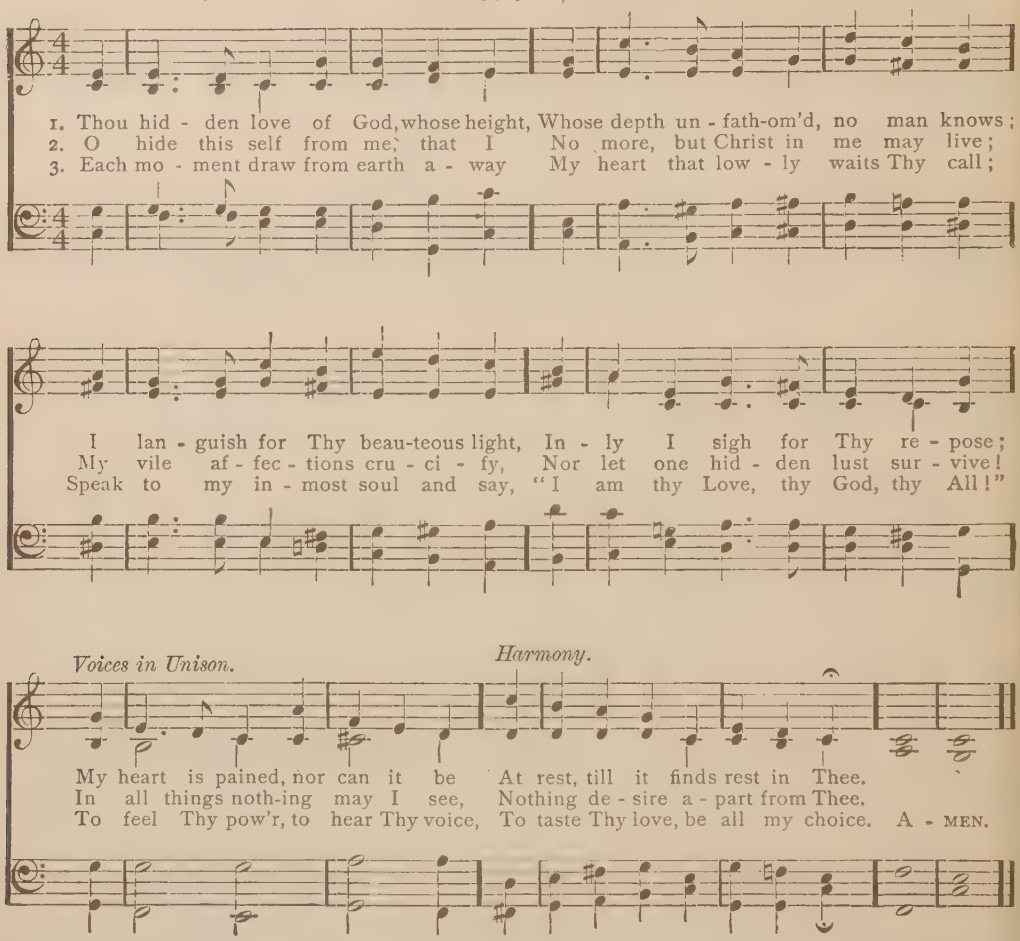
No. 137. *Fairest Lord Jesus*

German, tr. CRUSADER'S HYMN. P. M. *The Twelfth Century*


1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture, O Thou of God and man the Son;
2. Fair are the meadows, Fair-er still the wood-lands, Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
3. Fair is the sun-shine, Fair-er still the moon-light, And all the twink-ling, star - ry host.
Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo-ry, joy and crown.
Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe-ful heart to sing.
Je - sus shines bright-er, Je - sus shines pur-er, Than all the an-gels Heav'n can boast.

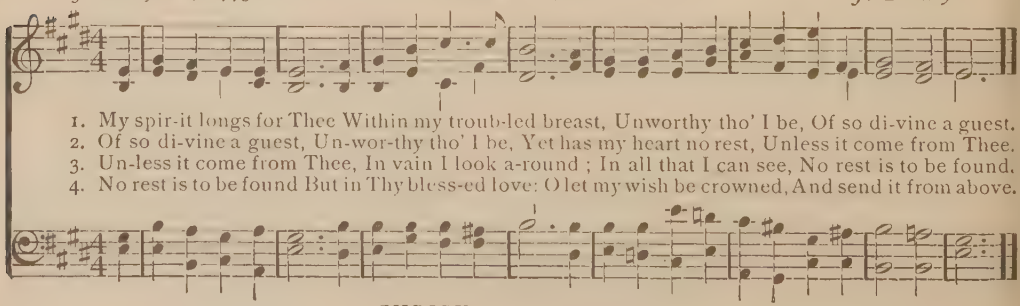
No. 138. *Thou Hidden Love of God*

Charles Wesley — HIDDEN LOVE. 8s, Six lines — *John Stainer*


1. Thou hid - den love of God, whose height, Whose depth un - fath-om'd, no man knows;
2. O hide this self from me, that I No more, but Christ in me may live;
3. Each mo - ment draw from earth a - way My heart that low - ly waits Thy call;
I lan - guish for Thy beau-teous light, In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose;
My vile af - fec - tions cru - ci - fy, Nor let one hid - den lust sur - vive!
Speak to my in - most soul and say, "I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
Voices in Unison.
Harmony.
My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.
In all things noth-ing may I see, Nothing de - sire a - part from Thee.
To feel Thy pow'r, to hear Thy voice, To taste Thy love, be all my choice. A - MEN.

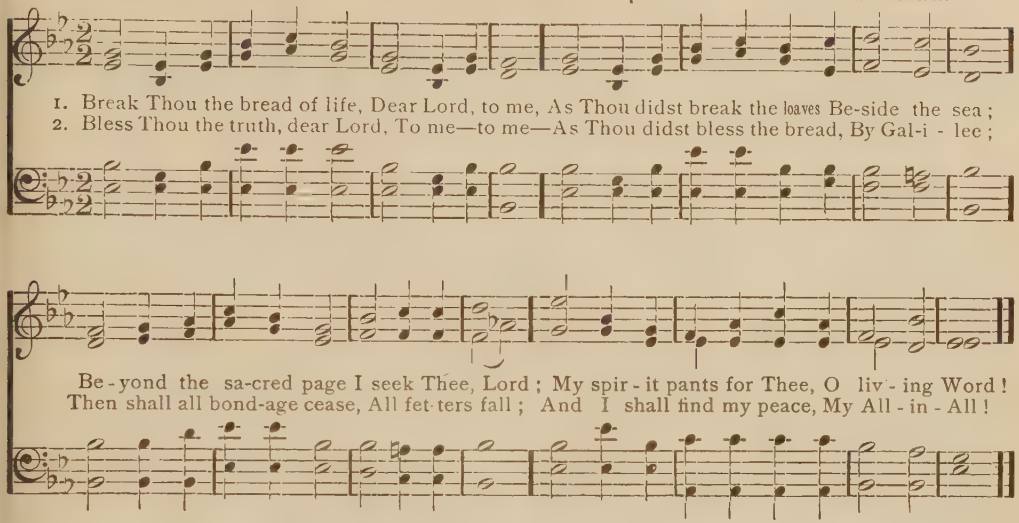
No. 139. *My Spirit Longs for Thee*

John Byrom, 1773 — BYROM. S. M. — *J. Barnby*


1. My spir-it longs for Thee Within my troub-led breast, Unworthy tho' I be, Of so di-vine a guest.
2. Of so di-vine a guest, Un-wor-thy tho' I be, Yet has my heart no rest, Unless it come from Thee.
3. Un-less it come from Thee, In vain I look a-round; In all that I can see, No rest is to be found.
4. No rest is to be found But in Thy bless-ed love: O let my wish be crowned, And send it from above.

No. 140. *Break Thou the Bread of Life*

Miss Mary A. Lathbury BREAD OF LIFE. 6s & 4s D. *W. F. Sherwin*


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea;
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me—As Thou didst bless the bread, By Gal-i - lee;
Be-yond the sa-cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word!
Then shall all bond-age cease, All fet-ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All-in-All!

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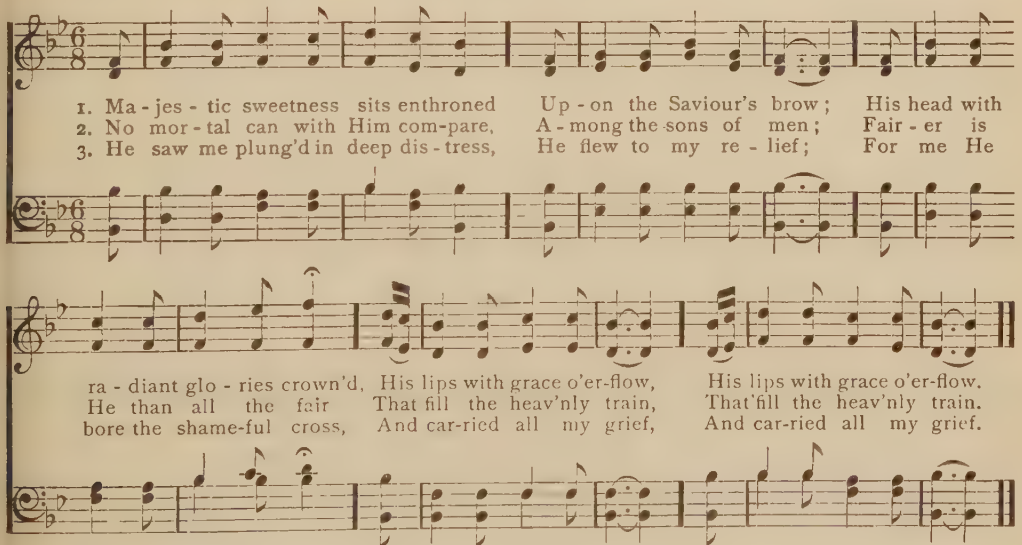
No. 141. *Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned*

Samuel Stennett ORTONVILLE. C. M. *Thomas Hastings*


1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is
3. He saw me plung'd in deep dis-tress, He flew to my re-lief; For me He
ra-diant glo-ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shame-ful cross, And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

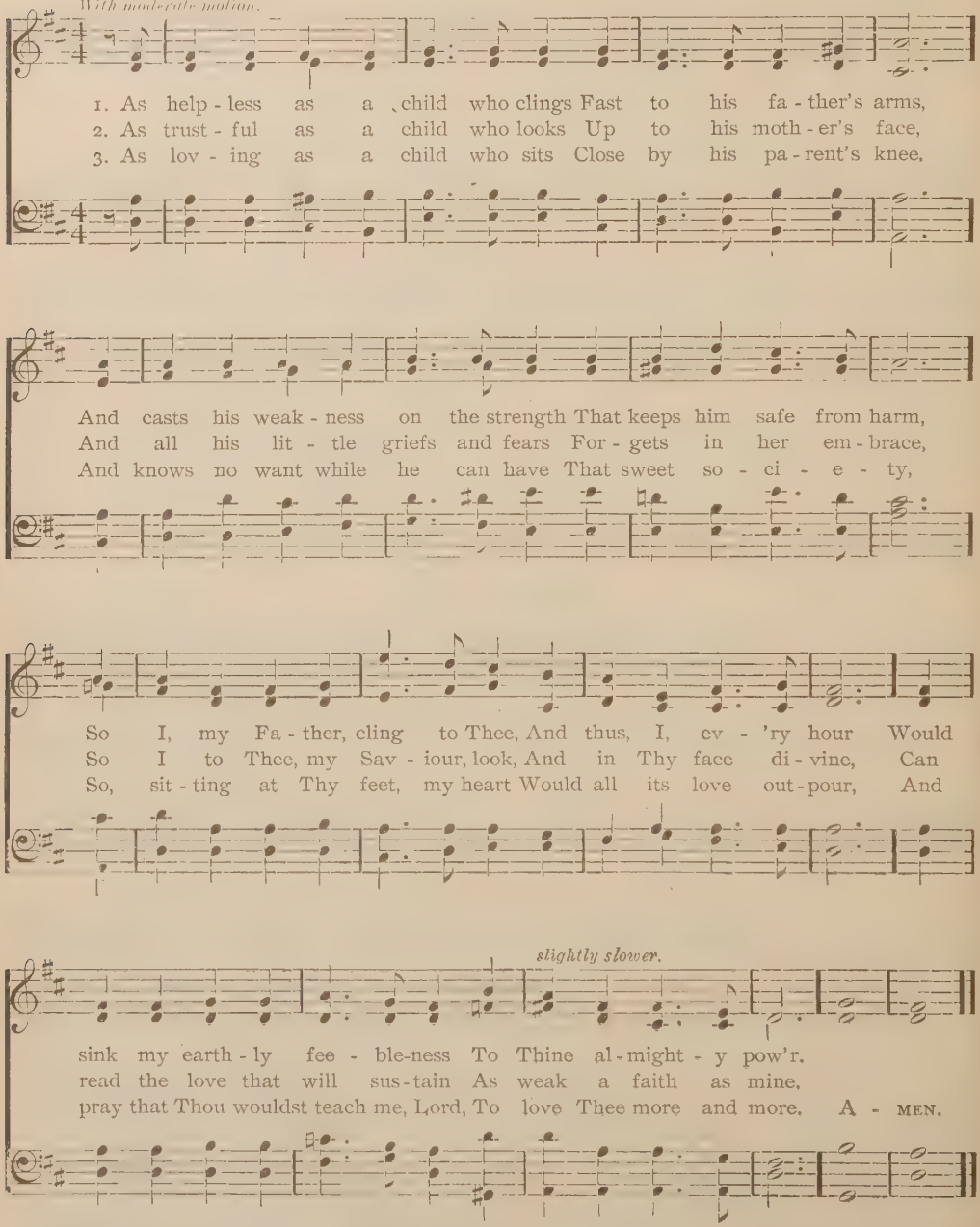
4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
‖: He saves me from the grave. :‖

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
‖: And makes my joy complete. :‖

No. 142. *As Helpless as a Child Who Clings*

J. D. Burns, 1864 BURNS. C.M.D. *Joseph Martine*

With moderate motion.


1. As help - less as a child who clings Fast to his fa - ther's arms,
2. As trust - ful as a child who looks Up to his moth - er's face,
3. As lov - ing as a child who sits Close by his pa - rent's knee,
And casts his weak - ness on the strength That keeps him safe from harm,
And all his lit - tle griefs and fears For - gets in her em - brace,
And knows no want while he can have That sweet so - ci - e - ty,
So I, my Fa - ther, cling to Thee, And thus, I, ev - 'ry hour Would
So I to Thee, my Sav - iour, look, And in Thy face di - vine, Can
So, sit - ting at Thy feet, my heart Would all its love out - pour, And
slightly slower.
sink my earth - ly fee - ble-ness To Thine al - might - y pow'r.
read the love that will sus - tain As weak a faith as mine.
pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord, To love Thee more and more. A - MEN.

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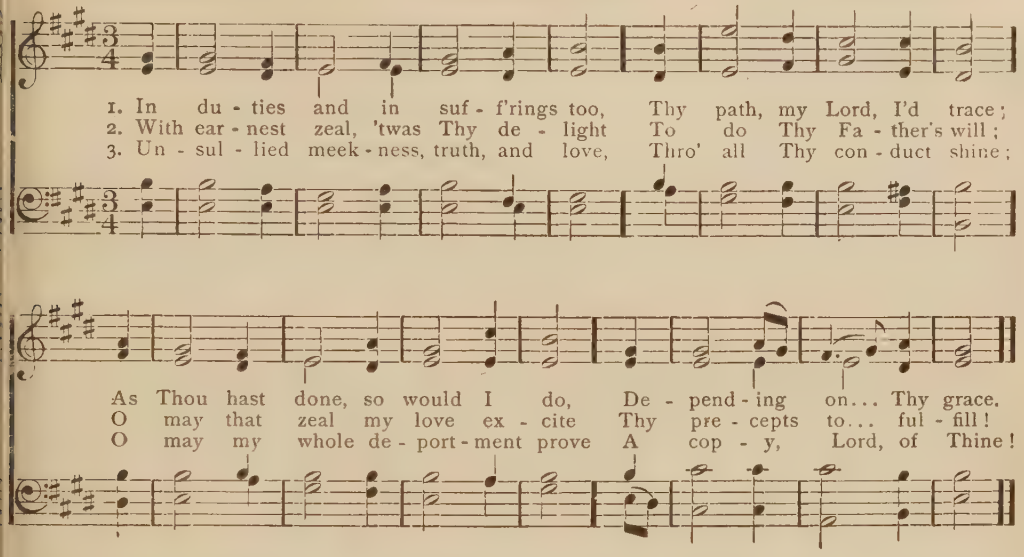
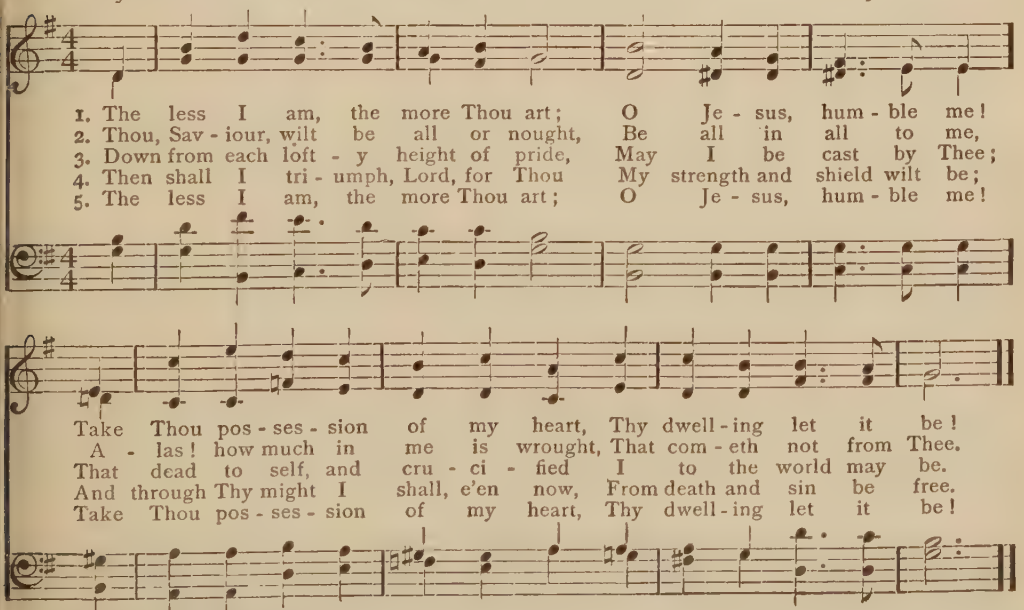
No. 143. *In Duties and in Sufferings Too*

Benjamin Beddome, 1799 — TUCKERMAN. C. M. — *S. P. Tuckerman*, 1843


1. In du - ties and in suf - f'rings too, Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;
2. With ear - nest zeal, 'twas Thy de - light To do Thy Fa - ther's will;
3. Un - sul - lied meek - ness, truth, and love, Thro' all Thy con - duct shine;
As Thou hast done, so would I do, De - pend - ing on... Thy grace.
O may that zeal my love ex - cite Thy pre - cepts to... ful - fill!
O may my whole de - port - ment prove A cop - y, Lord, of Thine!

No. 144. *The Less I Am, the More Thou Art*

Adolf Moraht — MORAHT. C. M. — *Caryl Florio*


1. The less I am, the more Thou art; O Je - sus, hum - ble me!
2. Thou, Sav - iour, wilt be all or nought, Be all in all to me,
3. Down from each loft - y height of pride, May I be cast by Thee;
4. Then shall I tri - umph, Lord, for Thou My strength and shield wilt be;
5. The less I am, the more Thou art; O Je - sus, hum - ble me!
Take Thou pos - ses - sion of my heart, Thy dwell - ing let it be!
A - las! how much in me is wrought, That com - eth not from Thee.
That dead to self, and cru - ci - fied I to the world may be.
And through Thy might I shall, e'en now, From death and sin be free.
Take Thou pos - ses - sion of my heart, Thy dwell - ing let it be!

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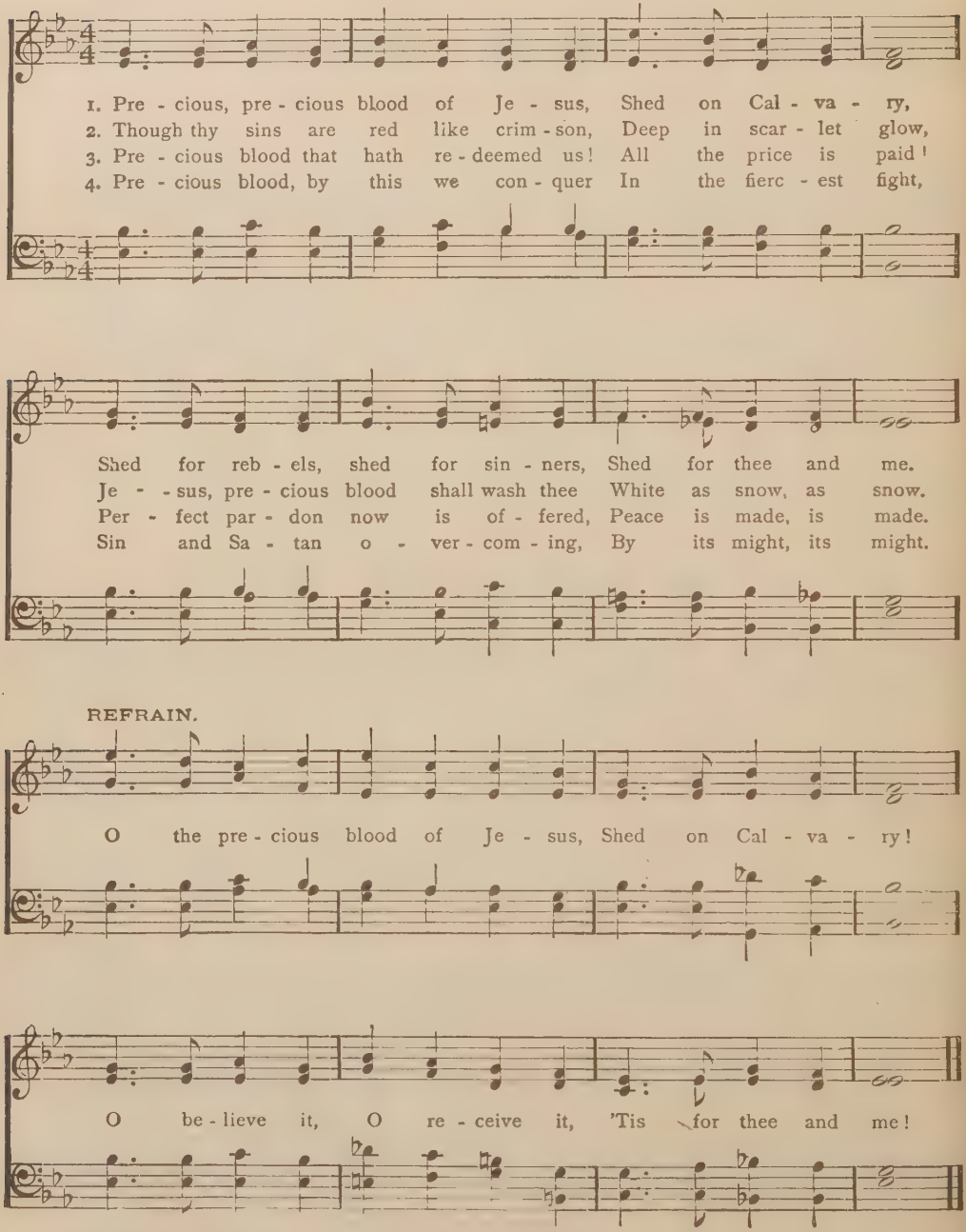
No. 145. *Precious Blood of Jesus*

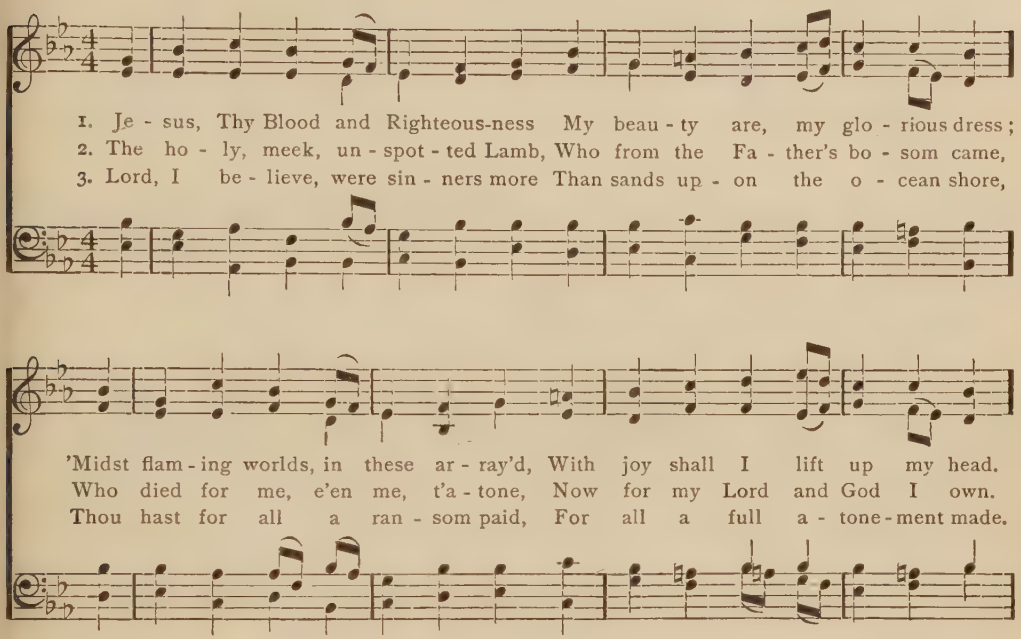
Frances Ridley Havergal PARDON. 8s & 5s. *S. M. Bixby*


1. Pre - cious, pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry,
2. Though thy sins are red like crim - son, Deep in scar - let glow,
3. Pre - cious blood that hath re - deemed us! All the price is paid!
4. Pre - cious blood, by this we con - quer In the fierc - est fight,
Shed for reb - els, shed for sin - ners, Shed for thee and me.
Je - - sus, pre - cious blood shall wash thee White as snow, as snow.
Per - fect par - don now is of - fered, Peace is made, is made.
Sin and Sa - tan o - ver - com - ing, By its might, its might.
REFRAIN.
O the pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry!
O be - lieve it, O re - ceive it, 'Tis for thee and me!

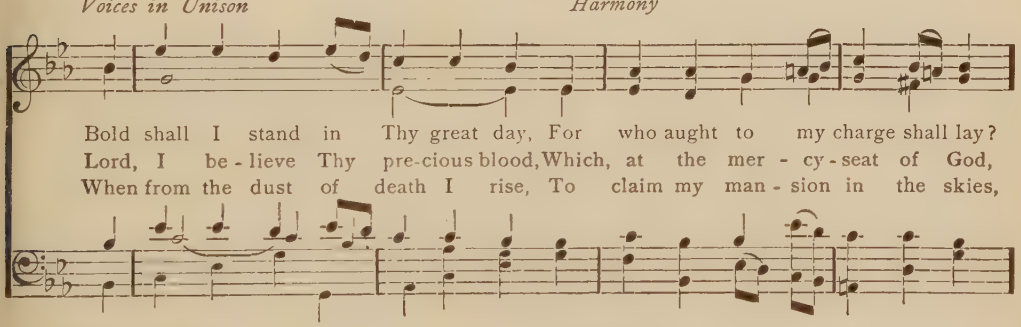
Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bix[illegible].

No. 146. *Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness*

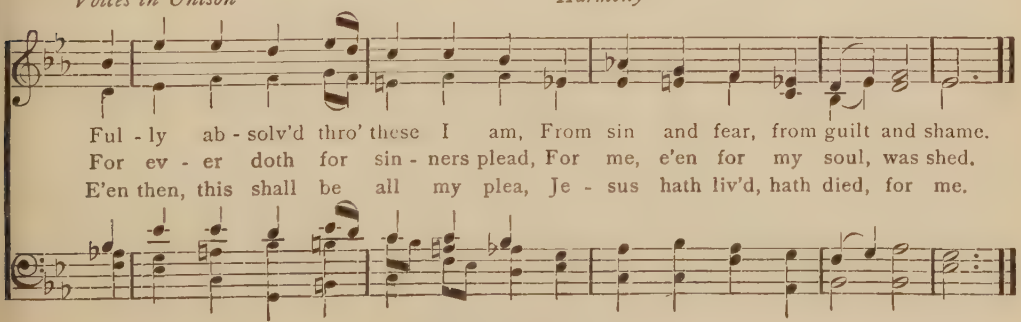
John Wesley, tr. JORDAN. L. M. D. *J. Barnby*


1. Je - sus, Thy Blood and Righteous-ness My beau - ty are, my glo - rious dress;
2. The ho - ly, meek, un - spot - ted Lamb, Who from the Fa - ther's bo - som came,
3. Lord, I be - lieve, were sin - ners more Than sands up - on the o - cean shore,
'Midst flam - ing worlds, in these ar - ray'd, With joy shall I lift up my head.
Who died for me, e'en me, t'a - tone, Now for my Lord and God I own.
Thou hast for all a ran - som paid, For all a full a - tone - ment made.

Voices in Unison *Harmony*

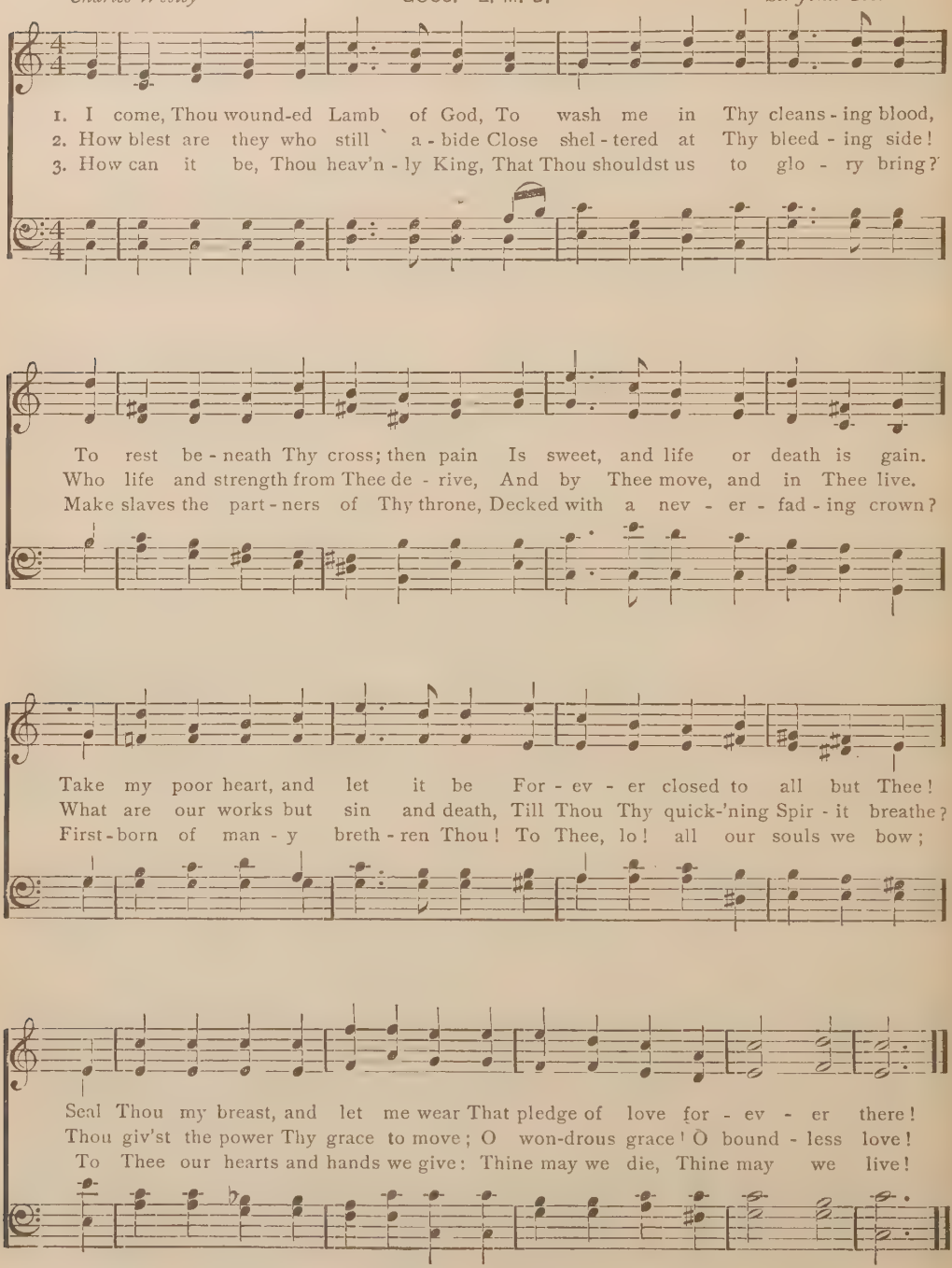

Bold shall I stand in Thy great day, For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Lord, I be - lieve Thy pre-cious blood, Which, at the mer - cy - seat of God,
When from the dust of death I rise, To claim my man - sion in the skies,

Voices in Unison *Harmony*


Ful - ly ab - solv'd thro' these I am, From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
For ev - er doth for sin - ners plead, For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.
E'en then, this shall be all my plea, Je - sus hath liv'd, hath died, for me.

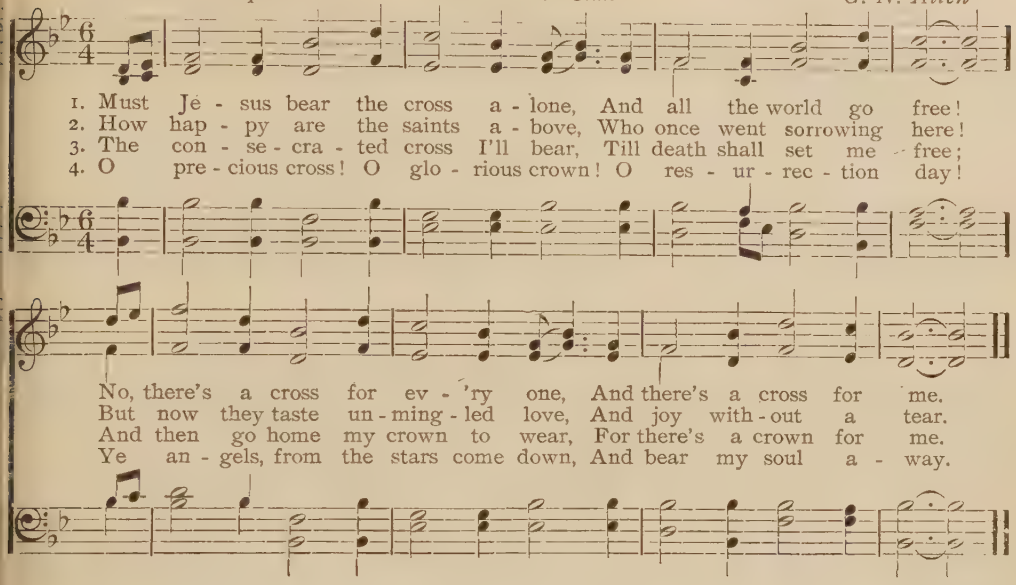
No. 147. *I Come, Thou Wounded Lamb of God*

Charles Wesley GOSS. L. M. D. *Sir John Goss*


1. I come, Thou wound-ed Lamb of God, To wash me in Thy cleans - ing blood,
2. How blest are they who still a - bide Close shel - tered at Thy bleed - ing side!
3. How can it be, Thou heav'n - ly King, That Thou shouldst us to glo - ry bring?
To rest be - neath Thy cross; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
Who life and strength from Thee de - rive, And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
Make slaves the part - ners of Thy throne, Decked with a nev - er - fad - ing crown?
Take my poor heart, and let it be For - ev - er closed to all but Thee!
What are our works but sin and death, Till Thou Thy quick-'ning Spir - it breathe?
First - born of man - y breth - ren Thou! To Thee, lo! all our souls we bow;
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love for - ev - er there!
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move; O won-drous grace! O bound - less love!
To Thee our hearts and hands we give: Thine may we die, Thine may we live!

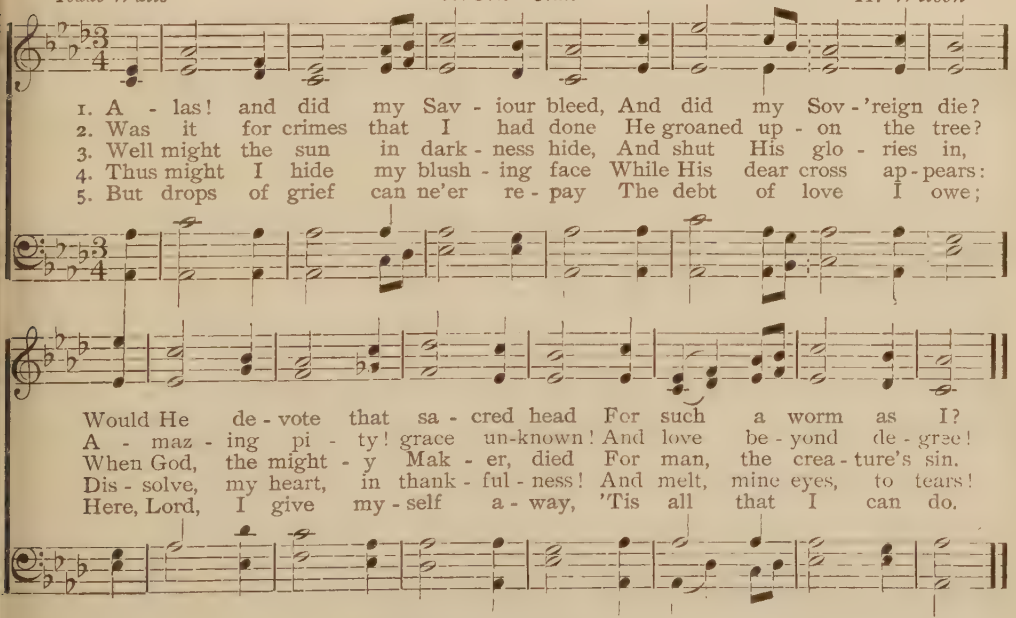
No. 148. *Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone*

From Thomas Shepherd MAITLAND. C.M. *G. N. Allen*

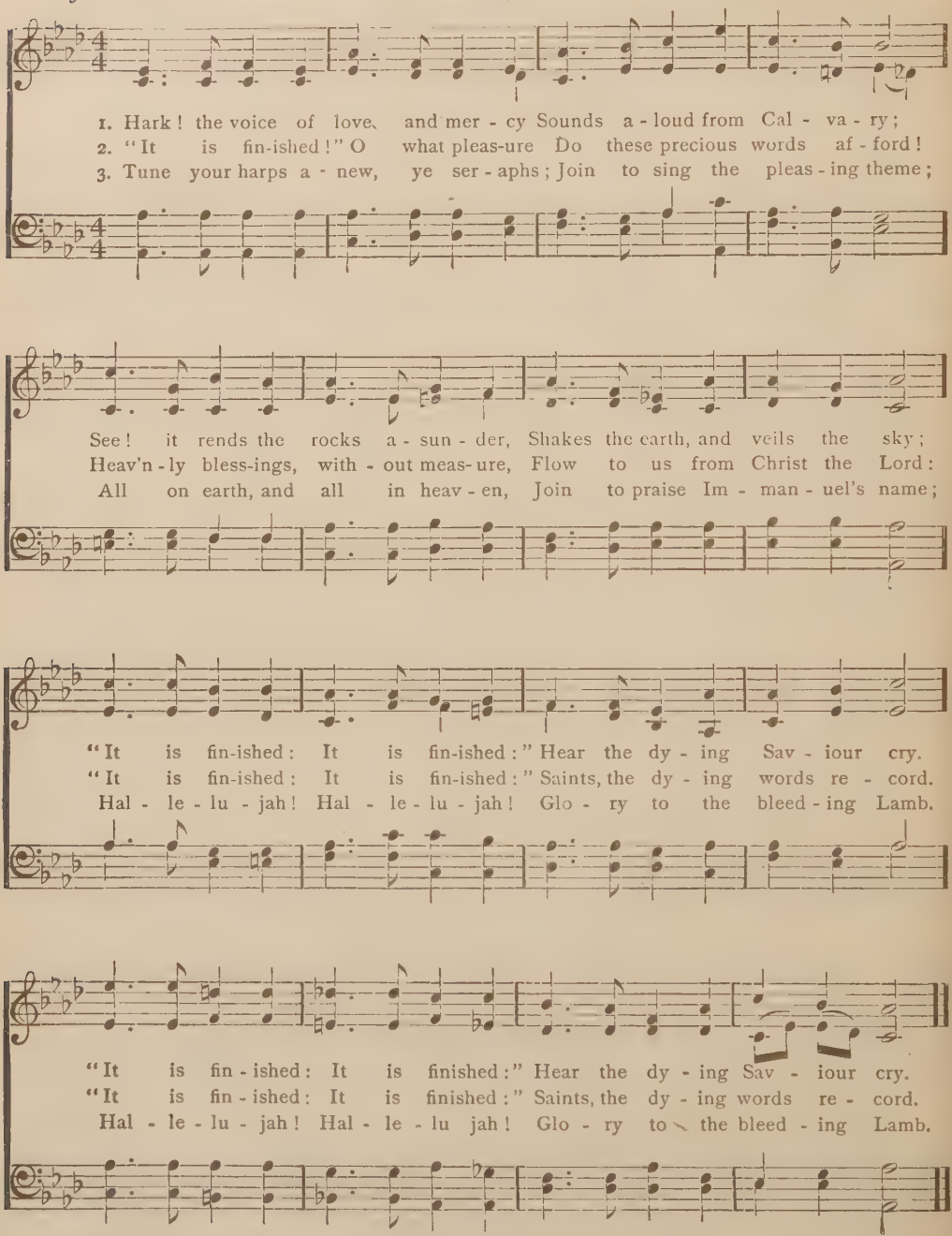

1. Must Jé - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free!
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
4. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - ming - led love, And joy with - out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

No. 149. *Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed*

Isaac Watts AVON. C.M. *H. Wilson*


1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears:
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When God, the might - y Mak - er, died For man, the crea - ture's sin.
Dis - solve, my heart, in thank - ful - ness! And melt, mine eyes, to tears!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

No. 150. *Hark, the Voice of Love and Mercy*

Jonathan Evans EVANS. 8s, 7s & 4s. *S. M. Bixby*

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry;
2. "It is fin-ished!" O what pleas-ure Do these precious words af - ford!
3. Tune your harps a - new, ye ser - aphs; Join to sing the pleas - ing theme;
See! it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
Heav'n - ly bless-ings, with - out meas-ure, Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
All on earth, and all in heav - en, Join to praise Im - man - uel's name;
"It is fin-ished: It is fin-ished:" Hear the dy - ing Sav - iour cry.
"It is fin-ished: It is fin-ished:" Saints, the dy - ing words re - cord.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb.
"It is fin - ished: It is finished:" Hear the dy - ing Sav - iour cry.
"It is fin - ished: It is finished:" Saints, the dy - ing words re - cord.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu jah! Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb.

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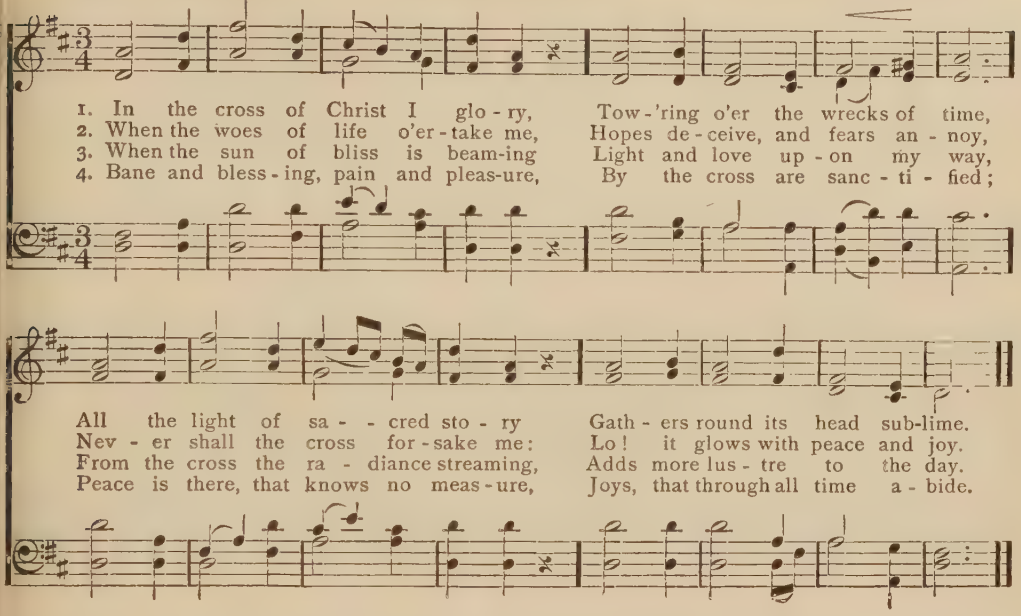
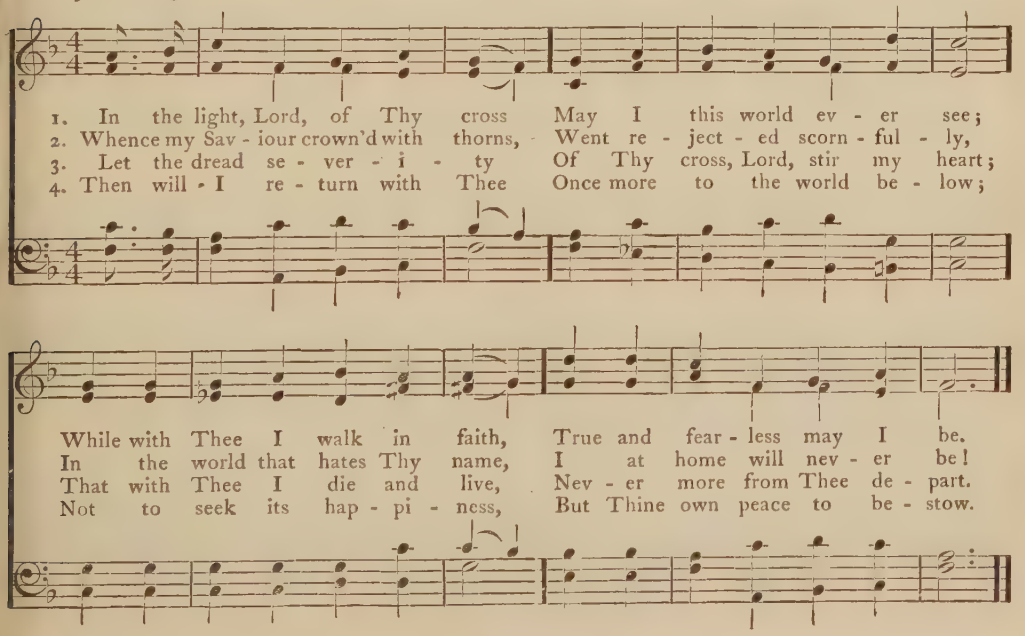
No. 151. *In the Cross of Christ I Glory*

John Bowring, 1829 — RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. — *Ithamar Conkey*, 1847


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time,
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up-on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
All the light of sa - - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds more lus - tre to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys, that through all time a - bide.

No. 152. *In the Light, Lord, of Thy Cross*

J. P. Lange — LANGE. 7s. — *Caryl Florio*


1. In the light, Lord, of Thy cross May I this world ev - er see;
2. Whence my Sav - iour crown'd with thorns, Went re - ject - ed scorn - ful - ly,
3. Let the dread se - ver - i - ty Of Thy cross, Lord, stir my heart;
4. Then will - I re - turn with Thee Once more to the world be - low;
While with Thee I walk in faith, True and fear - less may I be.
In the world that hates Thy name, I at home will nev - er be!
That with Thee I die and live, Nev - er more from Thee de - part.
Not to seek its hap - pi - ness, But Thine own peace to be - stow.

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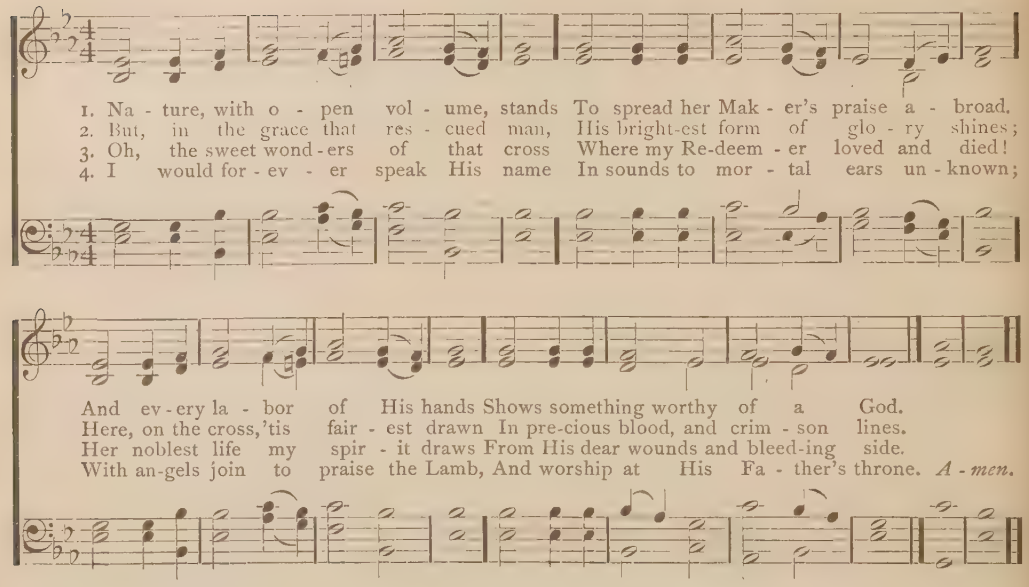
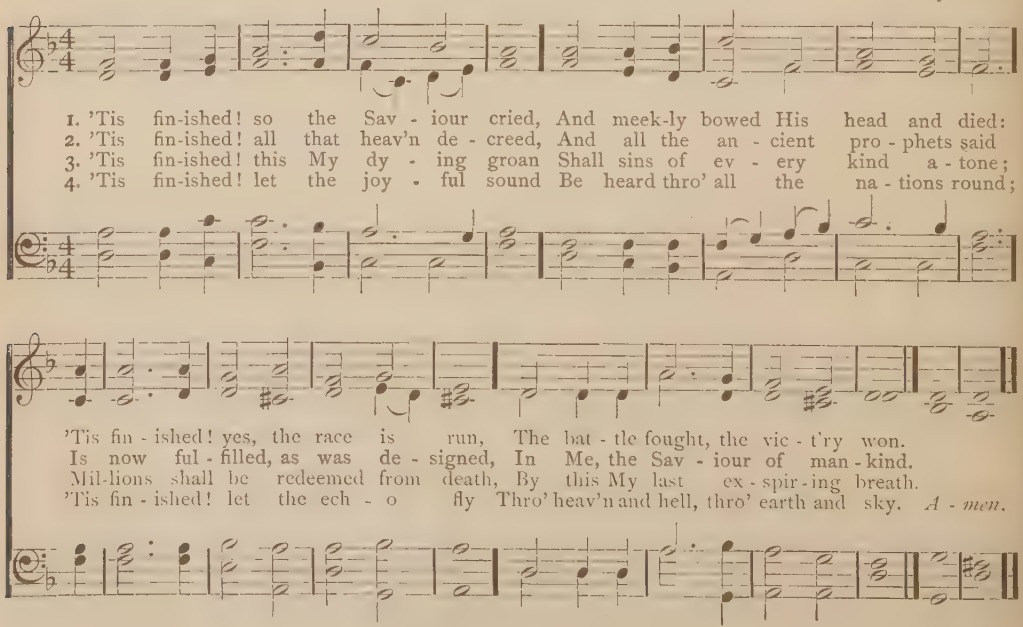
No. 153. *Nature, with Open Volume, Stands*

Isaac Watts — HAMBURG. L. M. — *Arr. by Lowell Mason*


1. Na - ture, with o - pen vol - ume, stands To spread her Mak - er's praise a - broad.
2. But, in the grace that res - cued man, His bright-est form of glo - ry shines;
3. Oh, the sweet wond - ers of that cross Where my Re-deem - er loved and died!
4. I would for - ev - er speak His name In sounds to mor - tal ears un - known;
And ev - ery la - bor of His hands Shows something worthy of a God.
Here, on the cross, 'tis fair - est drawn In pre-cious blood, and crim - son lines.
Her noblest life my spir - it draws From His dear wounds and bleed-ing side.
With an-gels join to praise the Lamb, And worship at His Fa - ther's throne. A - men.

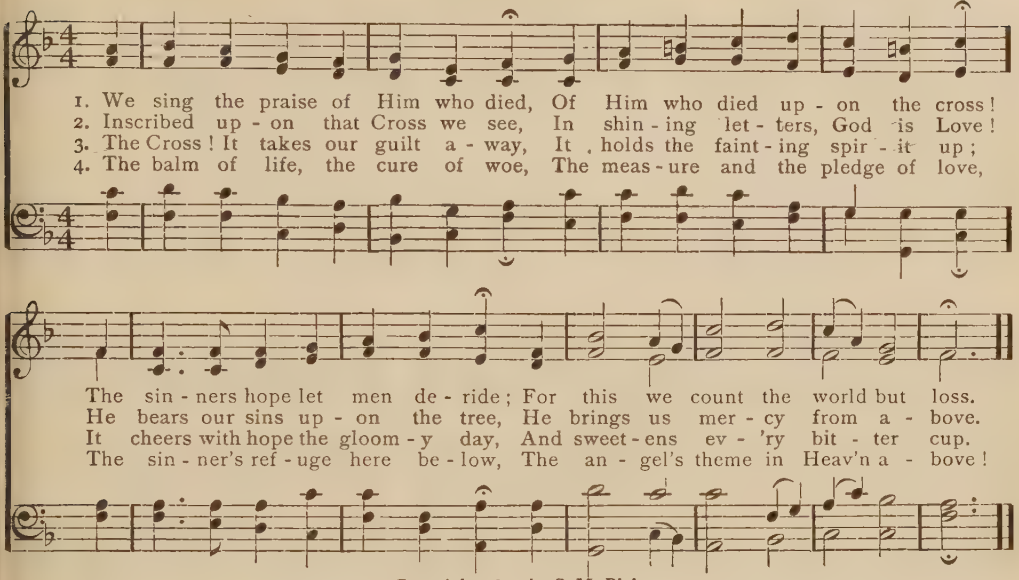
No. 154. *'Tis Finished! so the Saviour Cried*

Samuel Stennett — ST. CROSS. L. M. — *J. B. Dykes*


1. 'Tis fin-ished! so the Sav - iour cried, And meek-ly bowed His head and died:
2. 'Tis fin-ished! all that heav'n de - creed, And all the an - cient pro - phets said
3. 'Tis fin-ished! this My dy - ing groan Shall sins of ev - ery kind a - tone;
4. 'Tis fin-ished! let the joy - ful sound Be heard thro' all the na - tions round;
'Tis fin - ished! yes, the race is run, The bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won.
Is now ful - filled, as was de - signed, In Me, the Sav - iour of man - kind.
Mil-lions shall be redeemed from death, By this My last ex - spir - ing breath.
'Tis fin - ished! let the ech - o fly Thro' heav'n and hell, thro' earth and sky. A - men.

No.155. *We Sing the Praise of Him Who Died*

Rev. Thos. Kelly. Abr. CHESTER. L. M. *Joseph Martine*


1. We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who died up - on the cross!
2. Inscribed up - on that Cross we see, In shin - ing let - ters, God is Love!
3. The Cross! It takes our guilt a - way, It holds the faint - ing spir - it up;
4. The balm of life, the cure of woe, The meas - ure and the pledge of love,
The sin - ners hope let men de - ride; For this we count the world but loss.
He bears our sins up - on the tree, He brings us mer - cy from a - bove.
It cheers with hope the gloom - y day, And sweet - ens ev - 'ry bit - ter cup.
The sin - ner's ref - uge here be - low, The an - gel's theme in Heav'n a - bove!

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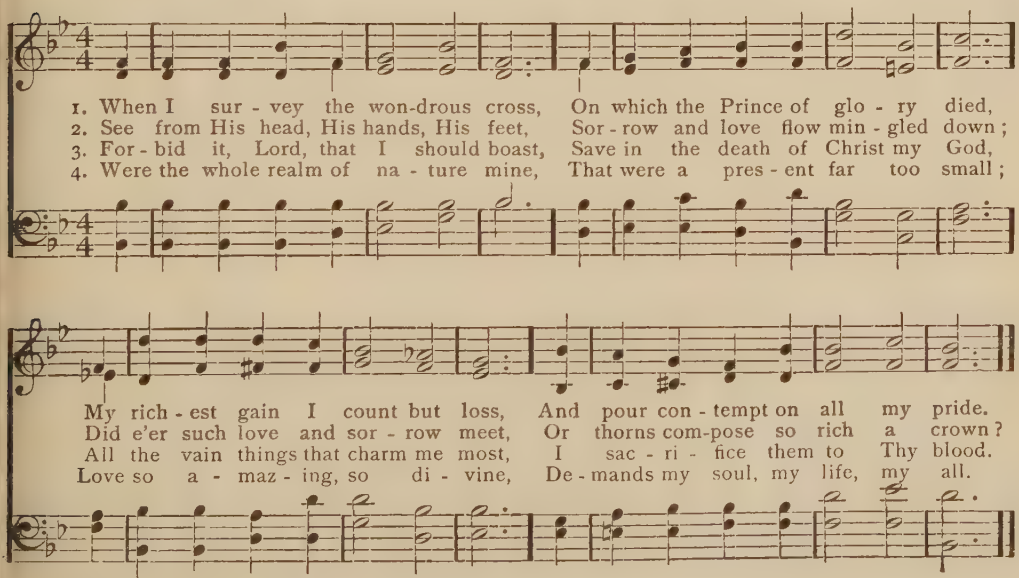
No. 156. *When I Survey the Wondrous Cross*

Isaac Watts, 1707 MILDRED. L. M. *S. M. Bixby*


1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;
3. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God,
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to Thy blood.
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

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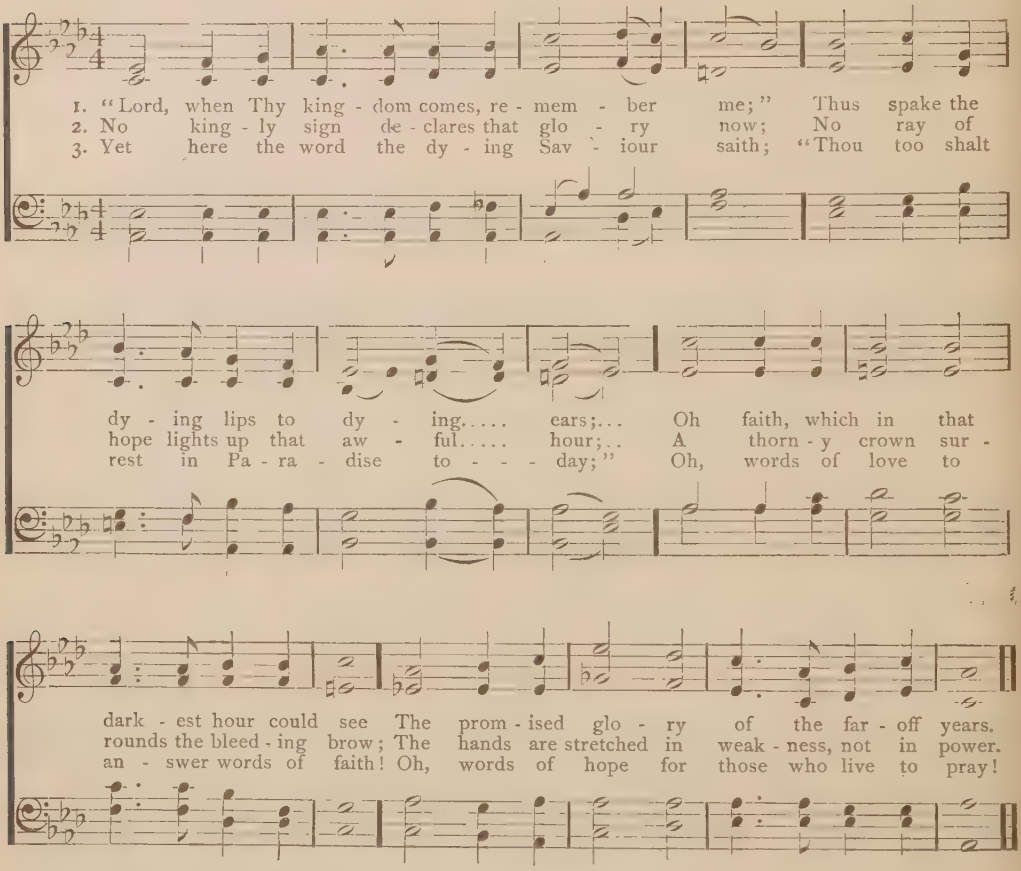
No. 157. "*Lord, when Thy Kingdom Comes*"

W. D. Maclagen — MACLAGEN. 10s. — *S. M. Bixby*


1. "Lord, when Thy king - dom comes, re - mem - ber me;" Thus spake the
2. No king - ly sign de - clares that glo - ry now; No ray of
3. Yet here the word the dy - ing Sav - iour saith; "Thou too shalt
dy - ing lips to dy - ing..... ears;... Oh faith, which in that
hope lights up that aw - ful..... hour;.. A thorn - y crown sur -
rest in Pa - ra - dise to - - - day;" Oh, words of love to
dark - est hour could see The prom - ised glo - ry of the far - off years.
rounds the bleed - ing brow; The hands are stretched in weak - ness, not in power.
an - swer words of faith! Oh, words of hope for those who live to pray!

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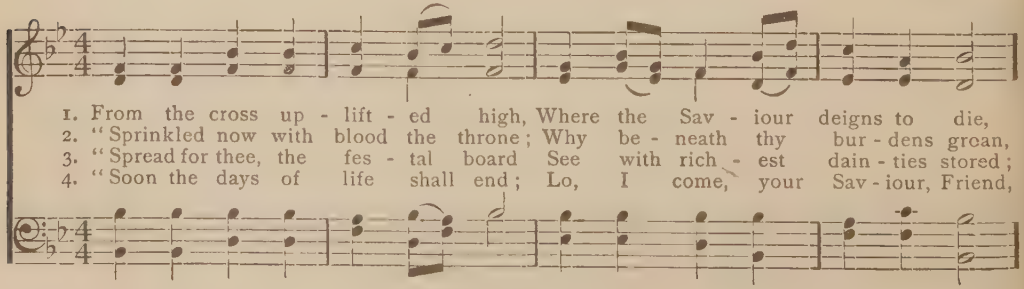
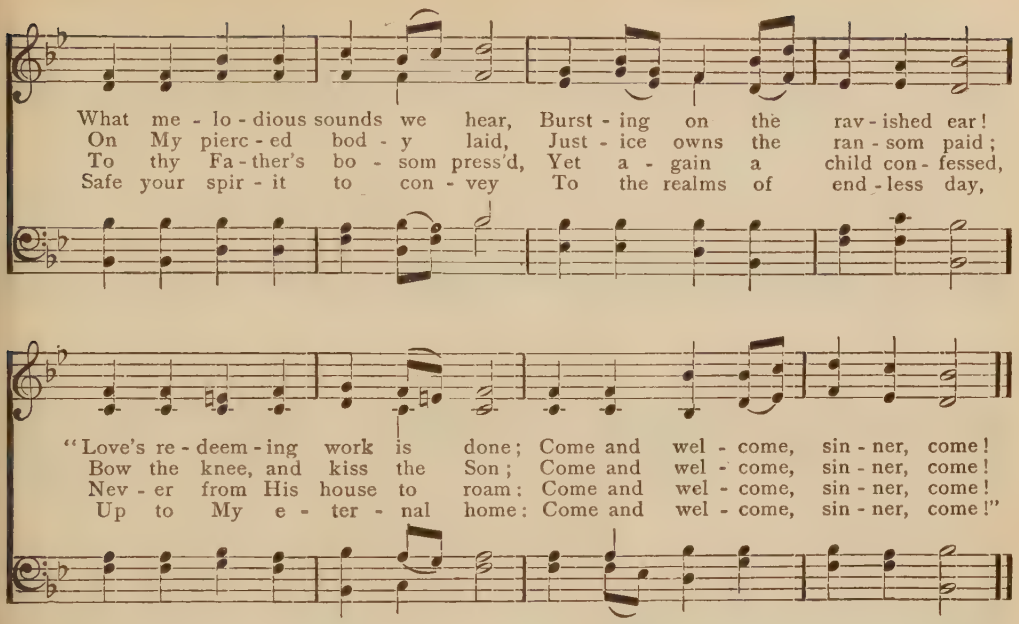
No. 158. *From the Cross Uplifted High*

J. Haweis — ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines. — *C. H. A. Malan*

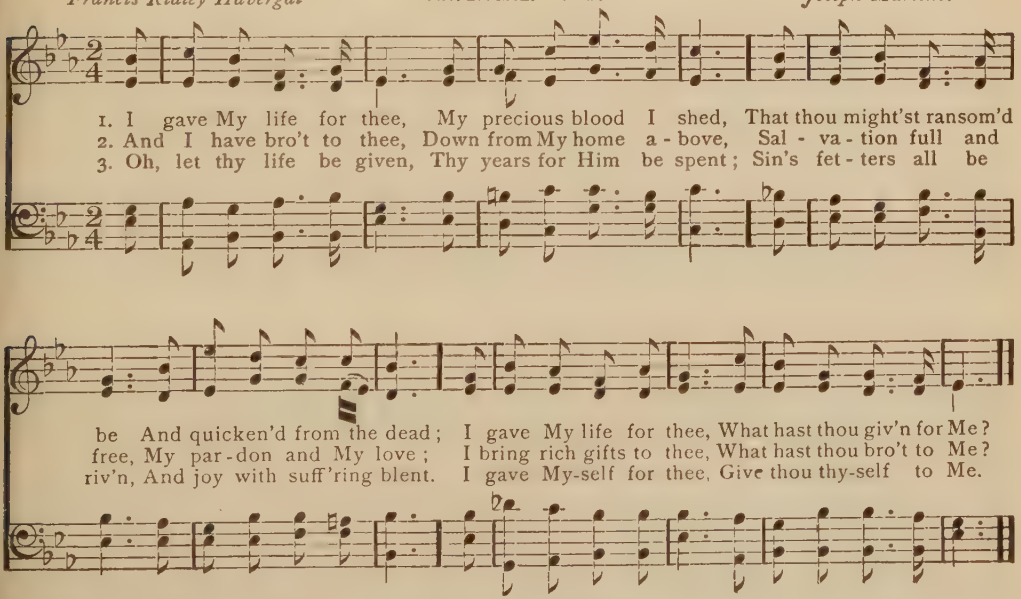

1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sav - iour deigns to die,
2. "Sprinkled now with blood the throne; Why be - neath thy bur - dens groan,
3. "Spread for thee, the fes - tal board See with rich - est dain - ties stored;
4. "Soon the days of life shall end; Lo, I come, your Sav - iour, Friend,

From the Cross Uplifted High


What me - lo - dious sounds we hear, Burst - ing on the rav - ished ear!
On My pierc - ed bod - y laid, Just - ice owns the ran - som paid;
To thy Fa - ther's bo - som press'd, Yet a - gain a child con - fessed,
Safe your spir - it to con - vey To the realms of end - less day,
"Love's re - deem - ing work is done; Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come!
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son; Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come!
Nev - er from His house to roam; Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come!
Up to My e - ter - nal home: Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come!"

No. 159. *I Gave My Life for Thee*

Francis Ridley Havergal HAVERGAL. 6s D. *Joseph Martine.*


1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransom'd
2. And I have bro't to thee, Down from My home a - bove, Sal - va - tion full and
3. Oh, let thy life be given, Thy years for Him be spent; Sin's fet - ters all be
be And quicken'd from the dead; I gave My life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?
free, My par - don and My love; I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou bro't to Me?
riv'n, And joy with suff'ring blent. I gave My-self for thee, Give thou thy-self to Me.

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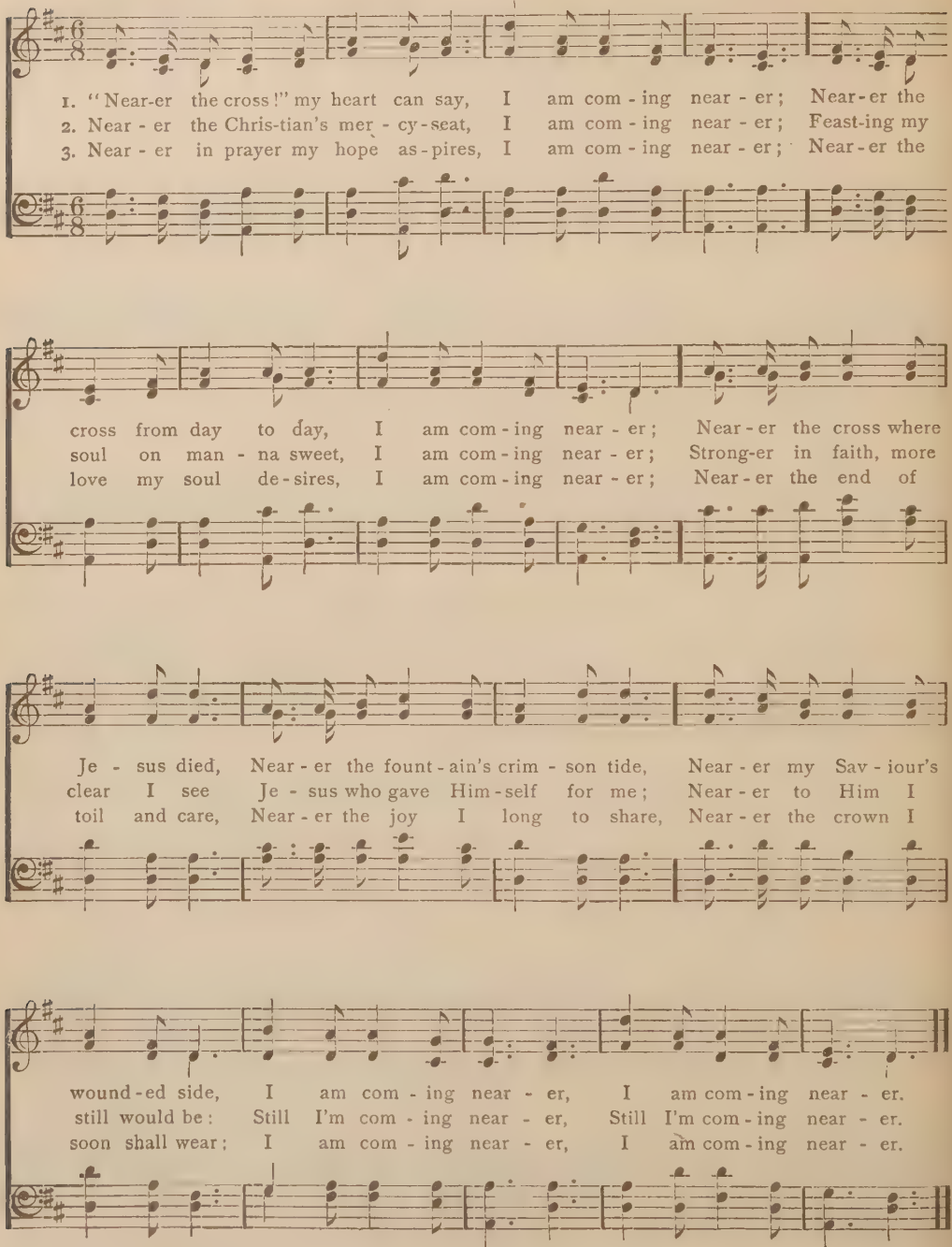
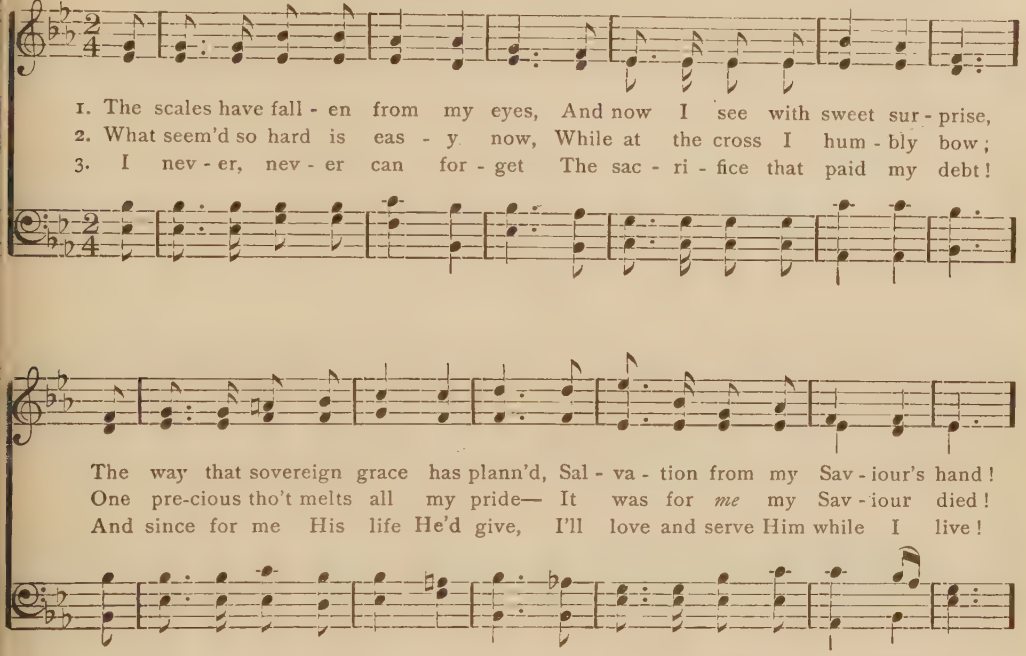
No. 160. *"Nearer the Cross!" My Heart Can Say*

Fanny J. Crosby KNAPP. P. M. *Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, by per.*

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the
2. Near-er the Chris-tian's mer-cy-seat, I am com-ing near-er; Feast-ing my
3. Near-er in prayer my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the
cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of
Je-sus died, Near-er the fount-ain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav-iour's
clear I see Je-sus who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I
wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
still would be: Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
soon shall wear; I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

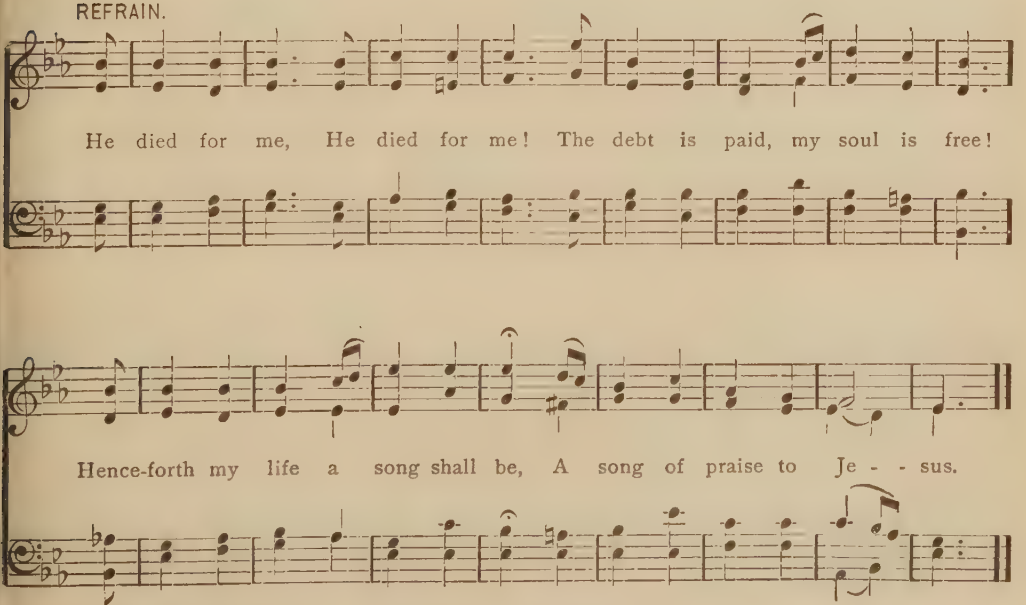
Copyright, 1873, by Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

No. 161. *The Scales Have Fallen from My Eyes*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1894. EXULTATION. L. M. with Refrain. *Joseph Martine.*


1. The scales have fall - en from my eyes, And now I see with sweet sur - prise,
2. What seem'd so hard is eas - y now, While at the cross I hum - bly bow;
3. I nev - er, nev - er can for - get The sac - ri - fice that paid my debt!
The way that sovereign grace has plann'd, Sal - va - tion from my Sav - iour's hand!
One pre-cious tho't melts all my pride— It was for *me* my Sav - iour died!
And since for me His life He'd give, I'll love and serve Him while I live!

REFRAIN.



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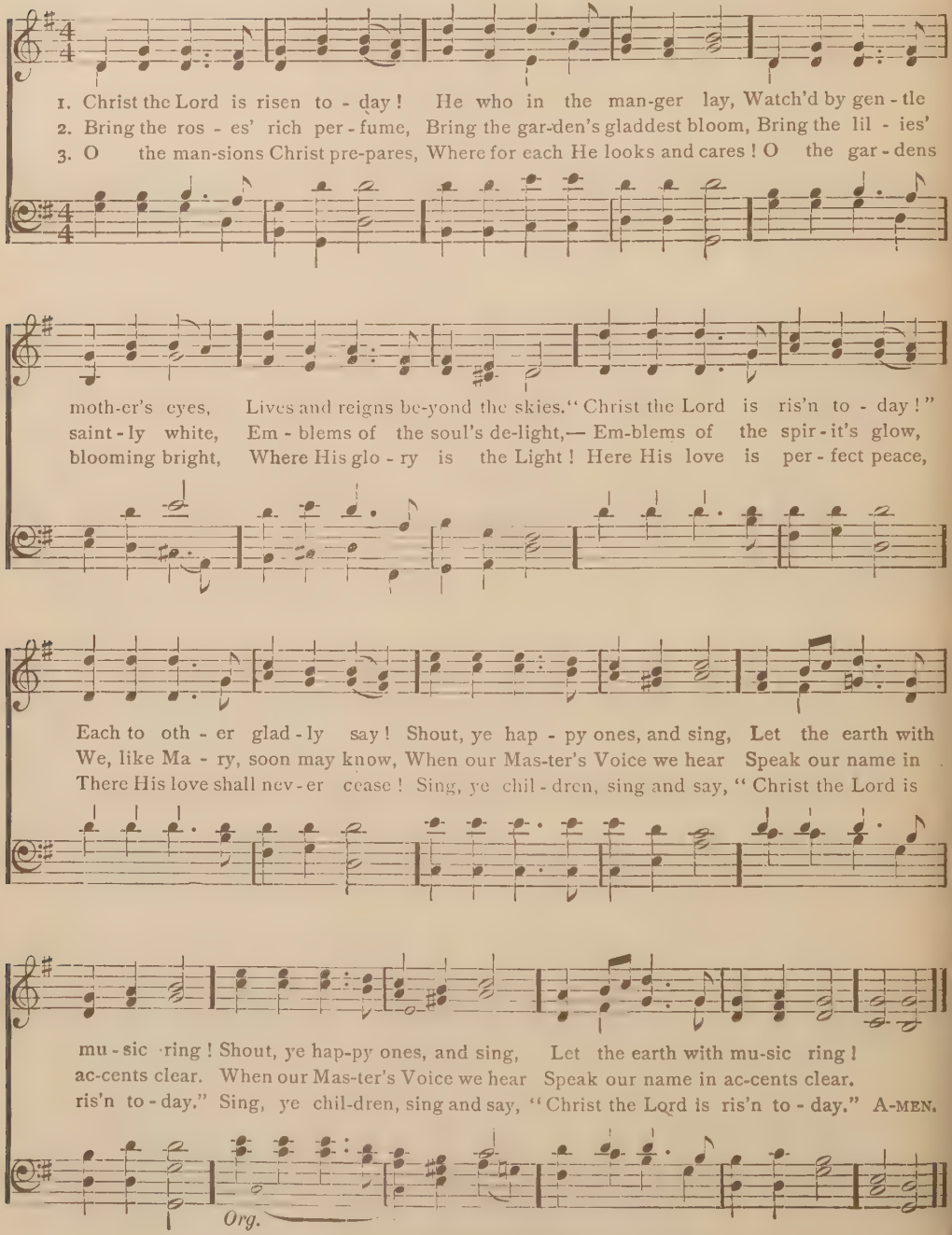
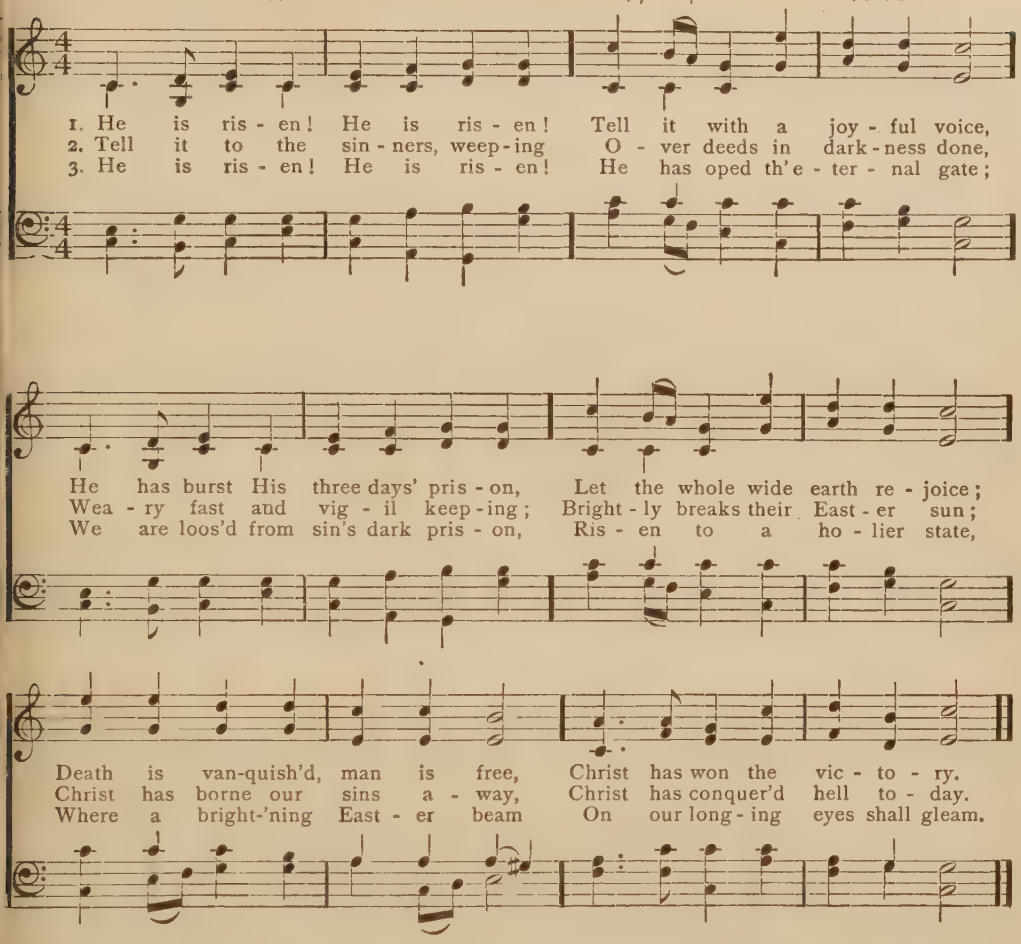
No. 162. *Christ the Lord is Risen To-Day*

Mrs. R. S. Storrs. MENDELSSOHN. 7s. D. *F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Ph.D.*

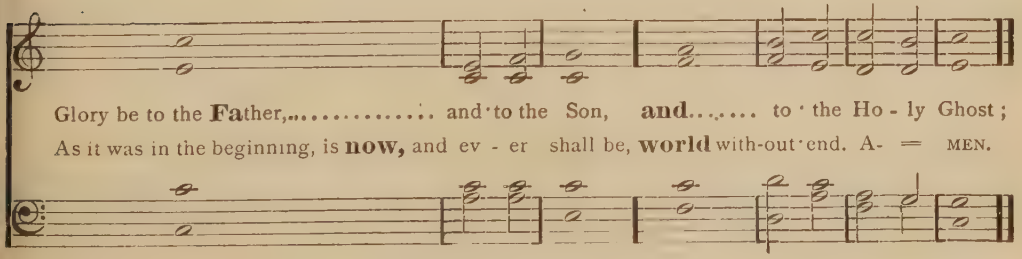

1. Christ the Lord is risen to - day! He who in the man-ger lay, Watch'd by gen - tle
2. Bring the ros - es' rich per - fume, Bring the gar-den's gladdest bloom, Bring the lil - ies'
3. O the man-sions Christ pre-pares, Where for each He looks and cares! O the gar - dens
moth-er's eyes, Lives and reigns be-yond the skies." Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day!"
saint - ly white, Em - blems of the soul's de-light,— Em-blems of the spir - it's glow,
blooming bright, Where His glo - ry is the Light! Here His love is per - fect peace,
Each to oth - er glad - ly say! Shout, ye hap - py ones, and sing, Let the earth with
We, like Ma - ry, soon may know, When our Mas-ter's Voice we hear Speak our name in
There His love shall nev - er cease! Sing, ye chil - dren, sing and say, " Christ the Lord is
mu - sic ring! Shout, ye hap-py ones, and sing, Let the earth with mu-sic ring!
ac-cents clear. When our Mas-ter's Voice we hear Speak our name in ac-cents clear.
ris'n to - day." Sing, ye chil-dren, sing and say, "Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day." A-MEN.
Org.

No. 163. # *He is Risen! He is Risen*

C. F. Alexander, 1853 UNSER HERRSCHER. 8s, 7s & 4s. *W. H. Monk*

1. He is ris - en! He is ris - en! Tell it with a joy - ful voice,
2. Tell it to the sin - ners, weep - ing O - ver deeds in dark - ness done,
3. He is ris - en! He is ris - en! He has oped th'e - ter - nal gate;
He has burst His three days' pris - on, Let the whole wide earth re - joice;
Wea - ry fast and vig - il keep - ing; Bright - ly breaks their East - er sun;
We are loos'd from sin's dark pris - on, Ris - en to a ho - lier state,
Death is van-quish'd, man is free, Christ has won the vic - to - ry.
Christ has borne our sins a - way, Christ has conquer'd hell to - day.
Where a bright-'ning East - er beam On our long - ing eyes shall gleam.

Gloria Patri

E. G. Monk


Glory be to the **Fa**ther,..... and to the Son, **and**..... to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is **now,** and ev - er shall be, **world** with-out end. A- = MEN.

No. 164. *Sing with All the Sons of Glory*

Rev. W. J. Irons, D. D. IRONS. 8s.7s. *S. M. Bixby*

With motion.

f

1. Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur - rec - tion - song!
2. Oh, what glo - ry, far ex - ceed - ing All that eye has yet per - ceived!
3. "Life e - ter - nal!" Heav'n re - joic - es; Je - sus lives Who once was dead;
4. "Life e - ter - nal!" Oh, what won - ders Crowd on faith—what joy un - known,

Death and sor - row, earth's dark sto - ry, To the "for - mer days" be - long.
Ho - liest hearts, for a - ges plead - ing, Nev - er that full joy con - ceived.
Join, O man, the death - less voi - ces; Child of God, lift up Thy head.
When, a - midst earth's clos - ing thun-ders, Saints shall stand be - fore the throne!

Ev - en now the dawn is break - ing, Soon the night of time shall cease,
God has promised, Christ pre - pares it, There on high our wel - come waits;
Pa - tri-archs from dis - tant a - ges, Saints all long - ing for their heav'n,
Oh! to en - ter that bright por - tal, See that glow - ing fir - ma - ment,

slightly slower.

And, in God's own like-ness wak-ing, Man shall know e - ter - nal peace.
Ev - 'ry hum - ble spir - it shares it; Christ has pass'd th'-eter - nal gates.
Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sa - ges, All a-wait the glo - ry given.
Know, with Thee, O God im - mor - tal, "Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent!" A - MEN.

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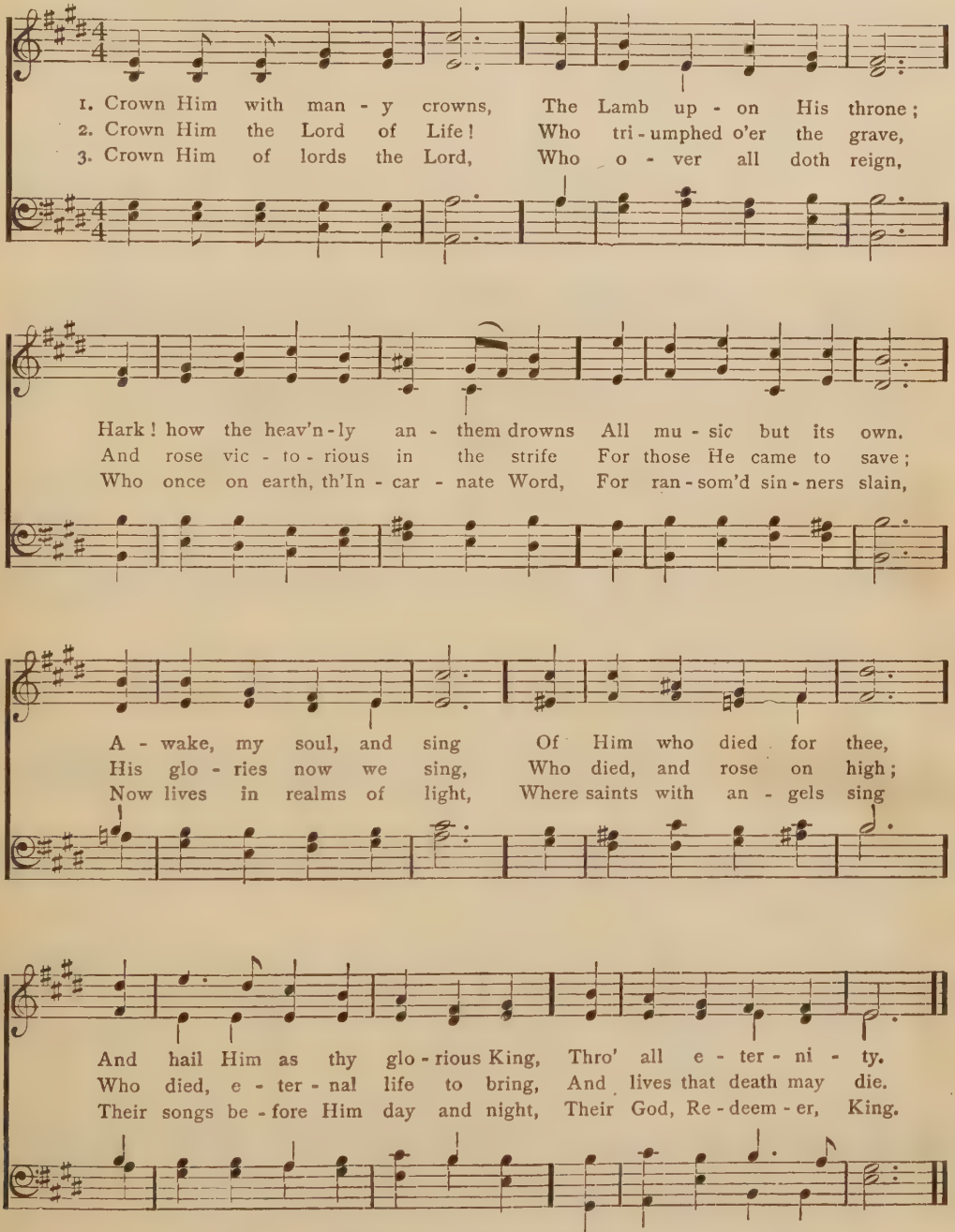
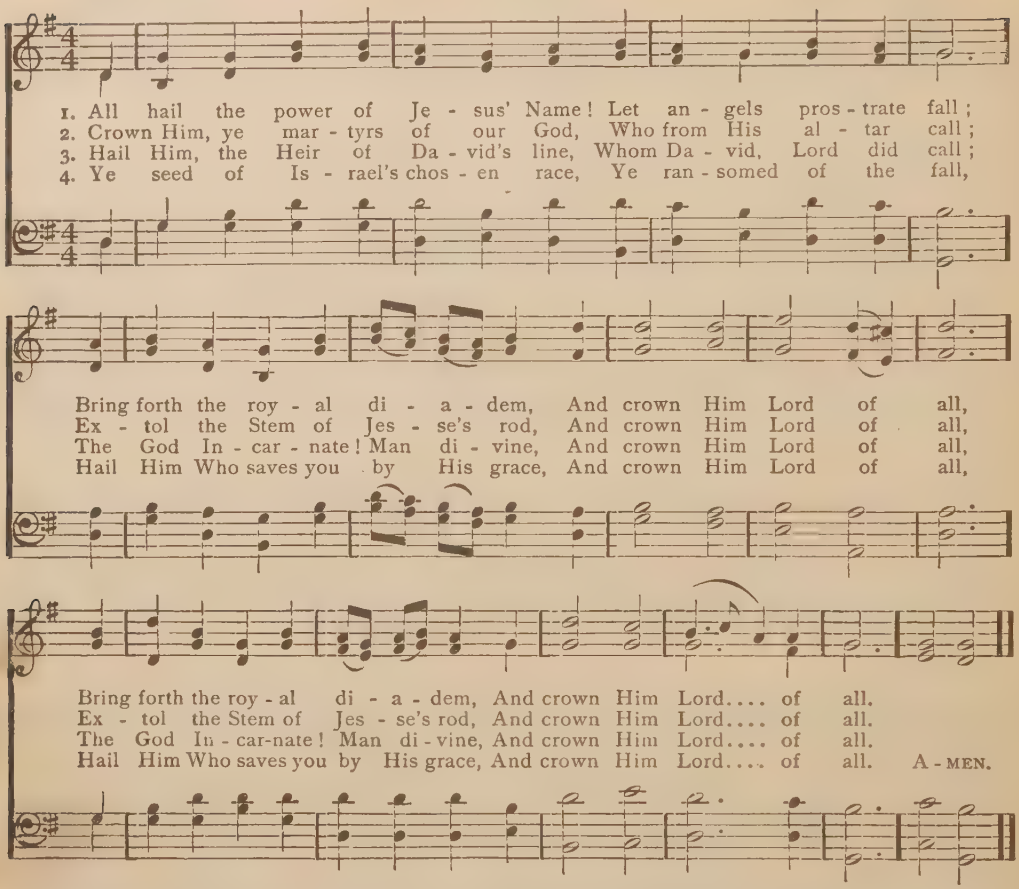
No. 165 *Crown Him with Many Crowns*

Mathew Bridges DIADEMATA. S. M. D. *G. J. Elvey*


1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of Life! Who tri - umphed o'er the grave,
3. Crown Him of lords the Lord, Who o - ver all doth reign,
Hark! how the heav'n - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own.
And rose vic - to - rious in the strife For those He came to save;
Who once on earth, th'In - car - nate Word, For ran - som'd sin - ners slain,
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died, and rose on high;
Now lives in realms of light, Where saints with an - gels sing
And hail Him as thy glo - rious King, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
Who died, e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
Their songs be - fore Him day and night, Their God, Re - deem - er, King.

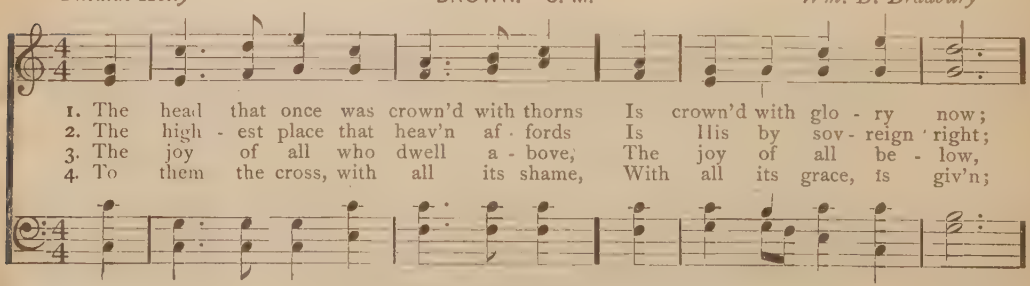
No. 166. *All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name*

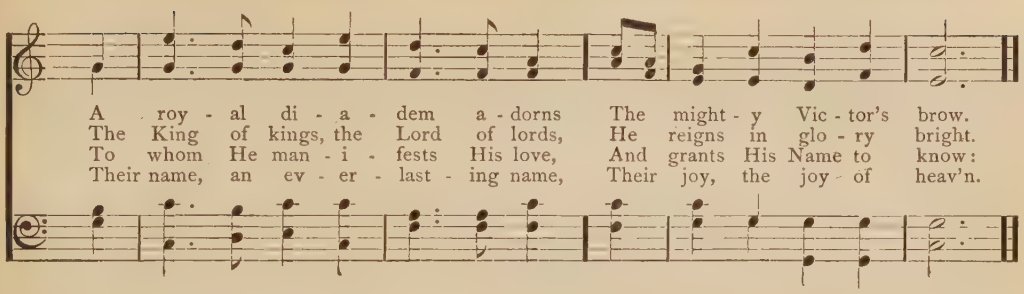
Edw. Perronet, 1780 — CORONATION. C. M. — *O. Holden*


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;
3. Hail Him, the Heir of Da - vid's line, Whom Da - vid, Lord did call;
4. Ye seed of Is - rael's chos - en race, Ye ran - somed of the fall,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Ex - tol the Stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all,
The God In - car - nate! Man di - vine, And crown Him Lord of all,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
Ex - tol the Stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
The God In - car-nate! Man di - vine, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord.... of all. A - MEN.

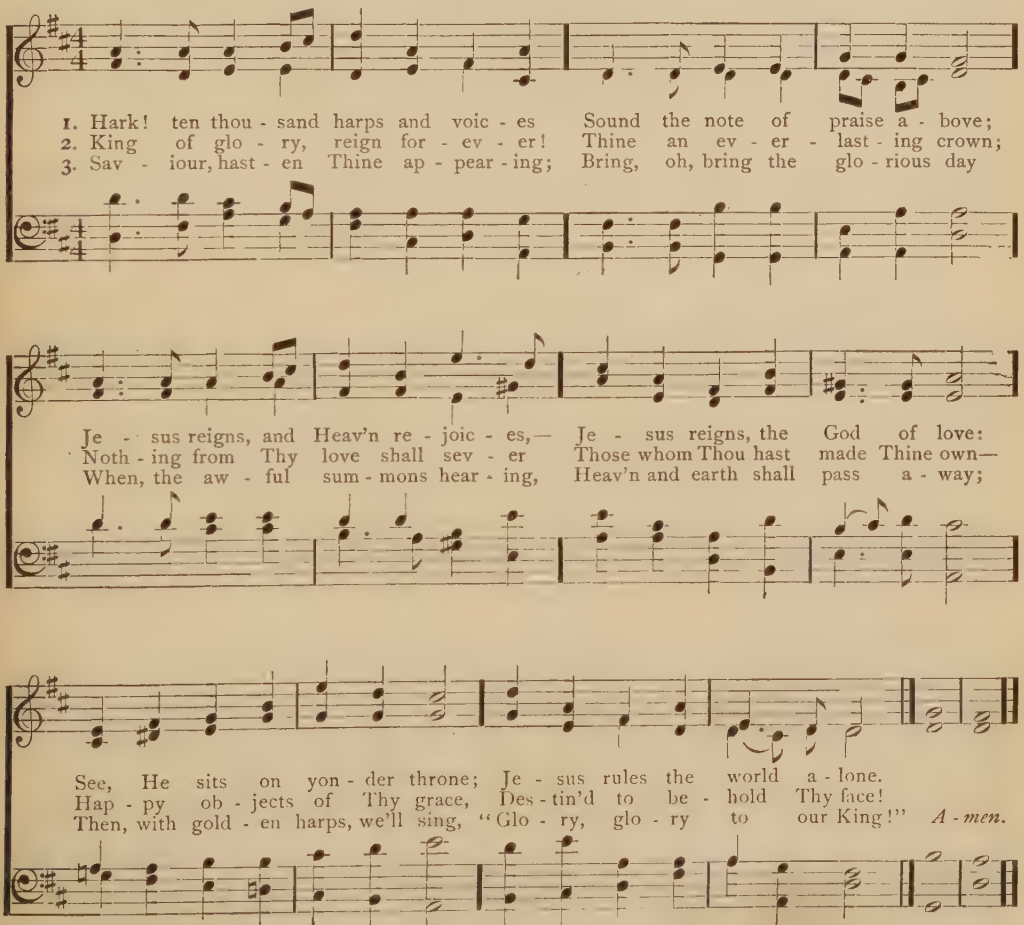
No. 167. *The Head that once Was Crowned with Thorns*

Thomas Kelly — BROWN. C. M. — *Wm. B. Bradbury*


1. The head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glo - ry now;
2. The high - est place that heav'n af - fords Is His by sov - reign right;
3. The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low,
4. To them the cross, with all its shame, With all its grace, is giv'n;

The Head that once Was Crowned with Thorns

A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow.
The King of kings, the Lord of lords, He reigns in glo - ry bright.
To whom He man - i - fests His love, And grants His Name to know:
Their name, an ev - er - last - ing name, Their joy, the joy of heav'n.

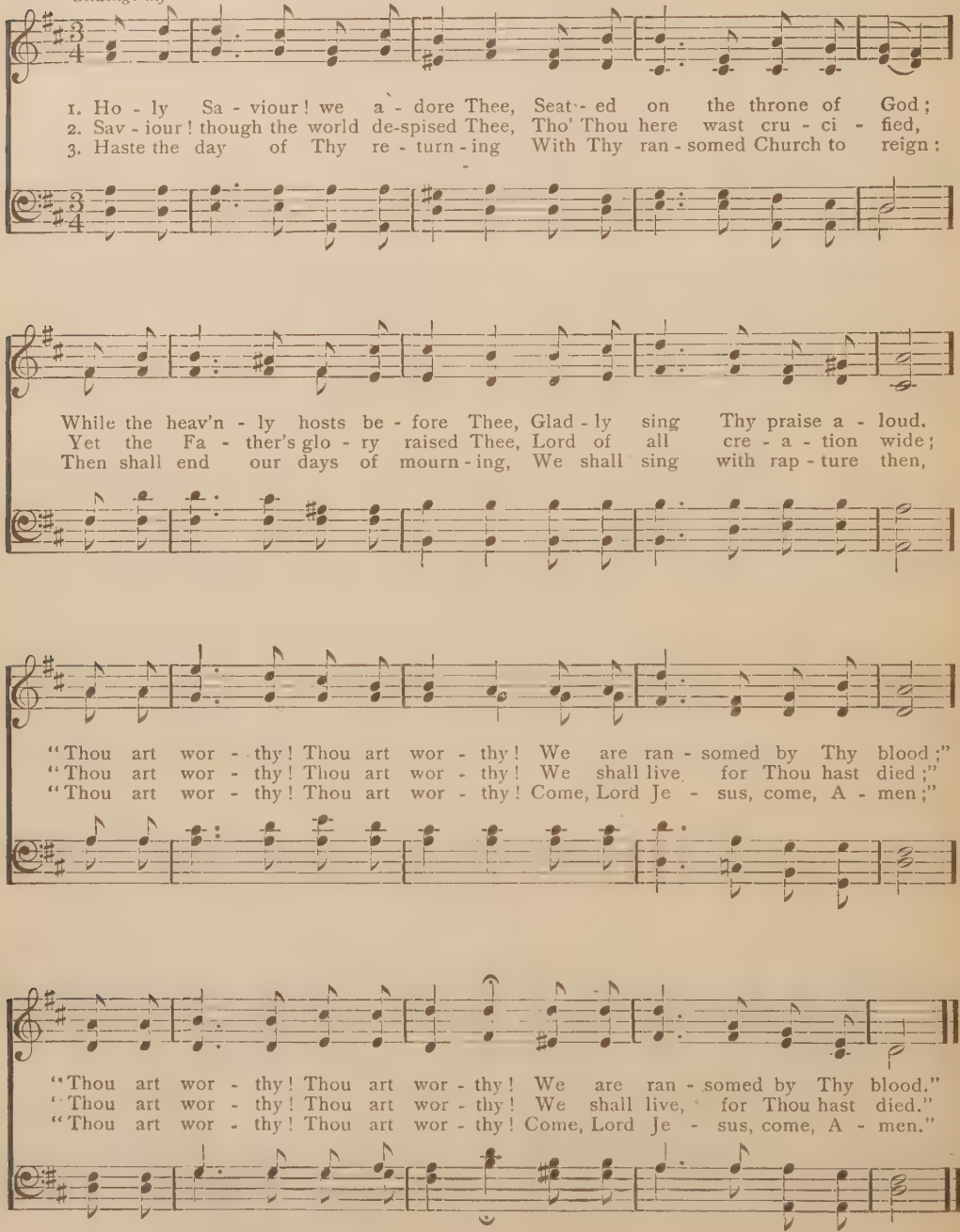
No. 168. *Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices*

T. Kelly PRESCOTT. 8.7.8.7.7.7. *R. P. Stewart*

1. Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove;
2. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er! Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;
3. Sav - iour, hast - en Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, oh, bring the glo - rious day
Je - sus reigns, and Heav'n re - joic - es,— Je - sus reigns, the God of love:
Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own—
When, the aw - ful sum - mons hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;
See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des - tin'd to be - hold Thy face!
Then, with gold - en harps, we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!" A - men.

No. 169. *Holy Saviour! We Adore Thee*

James G. Deck DECK. 8s & 7s D. *H. P. Danks*

Gliding. mf


1. Ho - ly Sa - viour! we a - dore Thee, Seat - ed on the throne of God;
2. Sav - iour! though the world de-spised Thee, Tho' Thou here wast cru - ci - fied,
3. Haste the day of Thy re - turn - ing With Thy ran - somed Church to reign:
While the heav'n - ly hosts be - fore Thee, Glad - ly sing Thy praise a - loud.
Yet the Fa - ther's glo - ry raised Thee, Lord of all cre - a - tion wide;
Then shall end our days of mourn - ing, We shall sing with rap - ture then,
"Thou art wor - thy! Thou art wor - thy! We are ran - somed by Thy blood;"
"Thou art wor - thy! Thou art wor - thy! We shall live for Thou hast died;"
"Thou art wor - thy! Thou art wor - thy! Come, Lord Je - sus, come, A - men;"
"Thou art wor - thy! Thou art wor - thy! We are ran - somed by Thy blood."
"Thou art wor - thy! Thou art wor - thy! We shall live, for Thou hast died."
"Thou art wor - thy! Thou art wor - thy! Come, Lord Je - sus, come, A - men."

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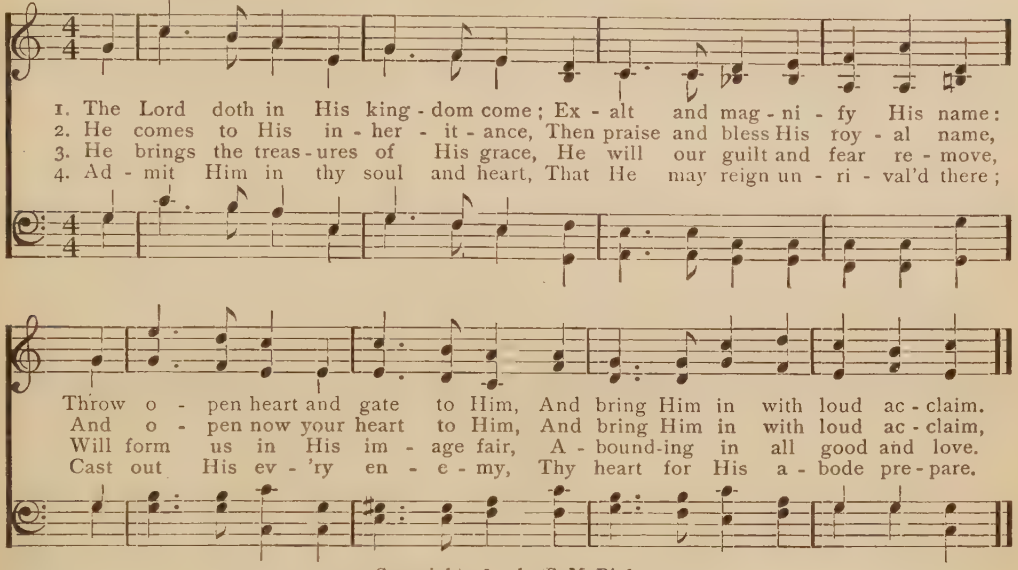
No. 170. *The Lord Doth in His Kingdom Come*

Victor von Strauss STRAUSS. L. M. *Caryl Florio*


1. The Lord doth in His king - dom come; Ex - alt and mag - ni - fy His name:
2. He comes to His in - her - it - ance, Then praise and bless His roy - al name,
3. He brings the treas - ures of His grace, He will our guilt and fear re - move,
4. Ad - mit Him in thy soul and heart, That He may reign un - ri - val'd there;
Throw o - pen heart and gate to Him, And bring Him in with loud ac - claim.
And o - pen now your heart to Him, And bring Him in with loud ac - claim,
Will form us in His im - age fair, A - bound-ing in all good and love.
Cast out His ev - 'ry en - e - my, Thy heart for His a - bode pre - pare.

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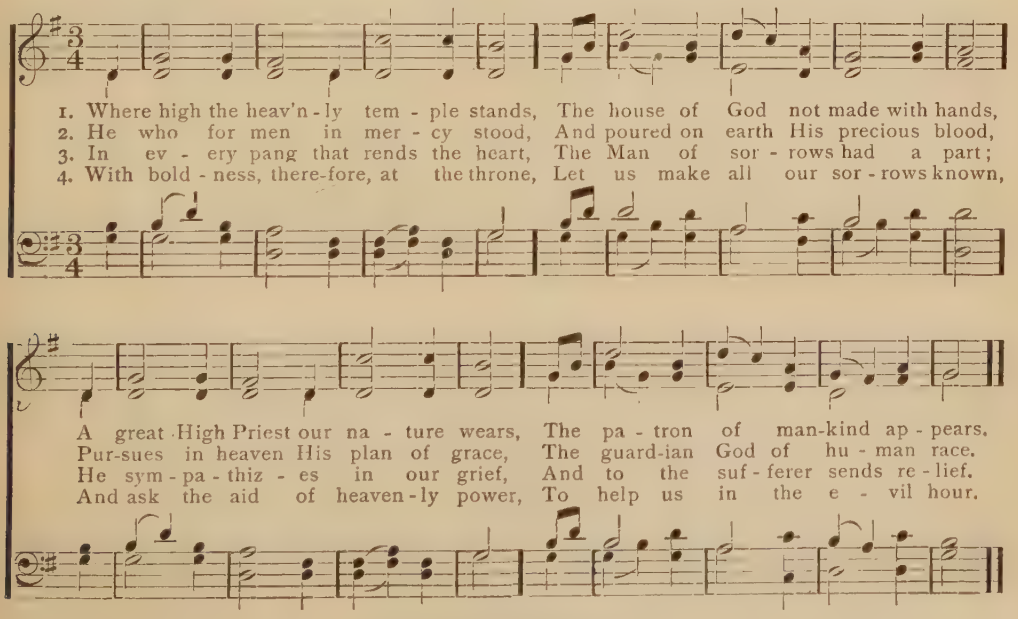
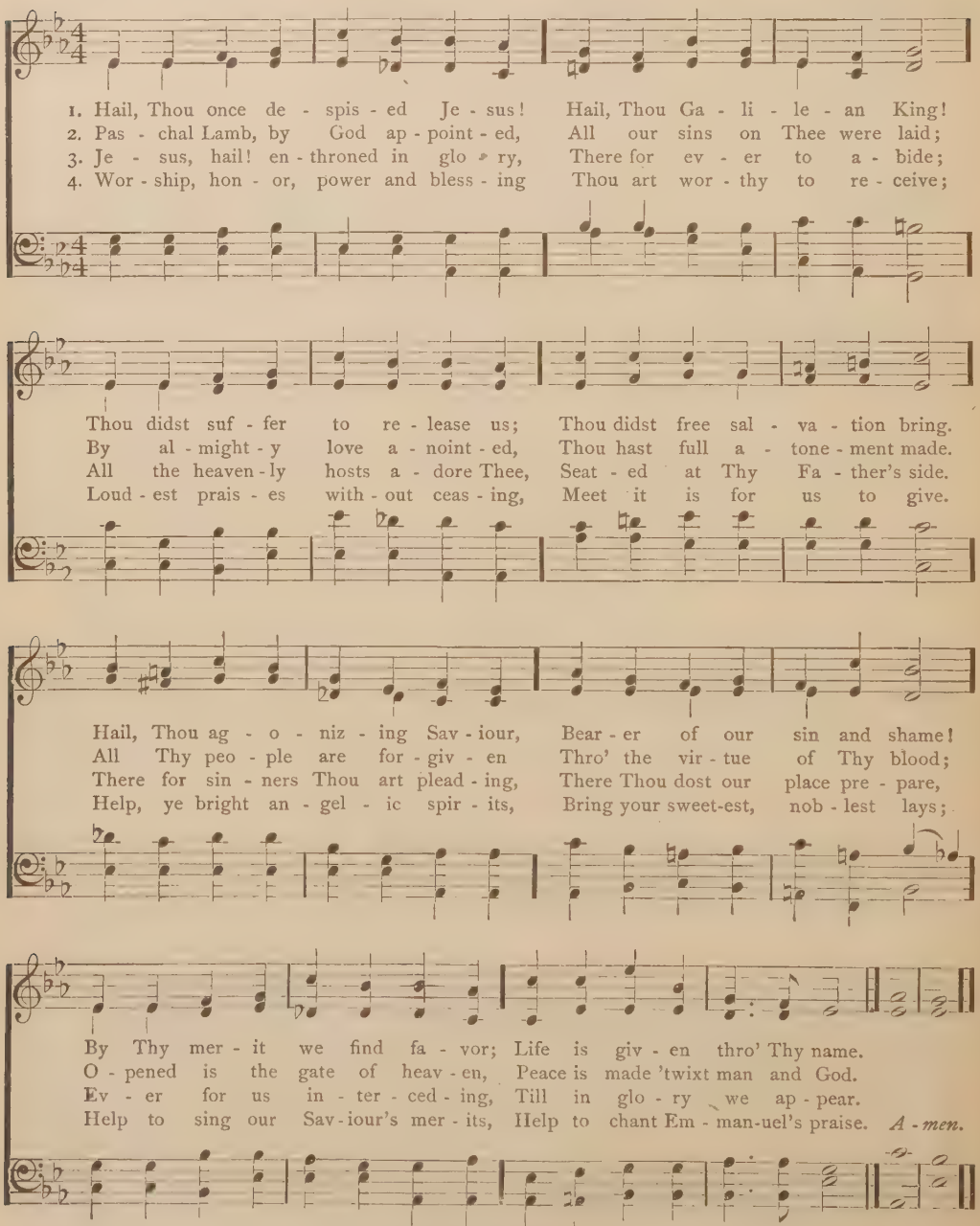
No. 171. *Where High the Heavenly Temple*

Michael Bruce. DRESDEN. L. M. *From Mozart.*

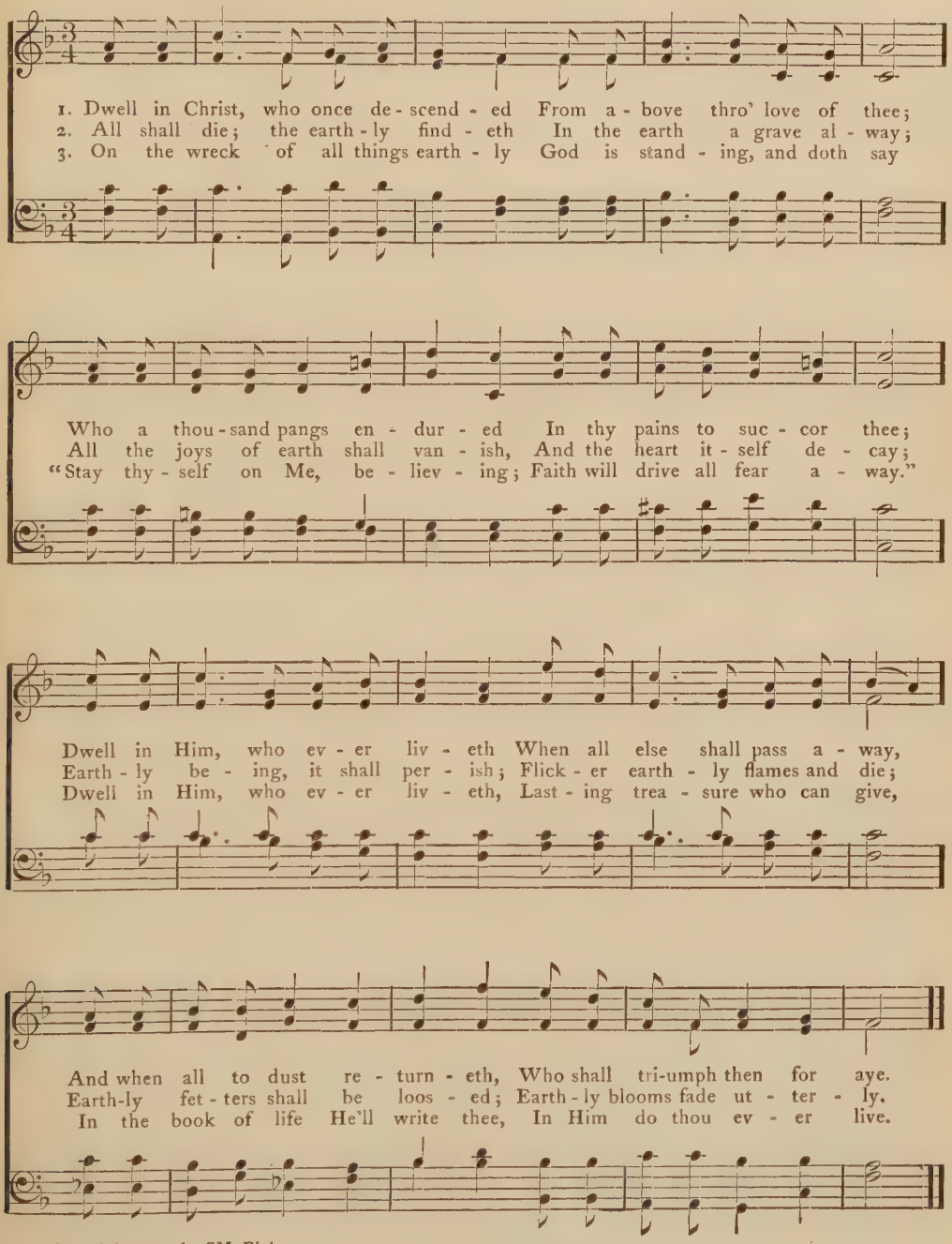

1. Where high the heav'n - ly tem - ple stands, The house of God not made with hands,
2. He who for men in mer - cy stood, And poured on earth His precious blood,
3. In ev - ery pang that rends the heart, The Man of sor - rows had a part;
4. With bold - ness, there-fore, at the throne, Let us make all our sor - rows known,
A great High Priest our na - ture wears, The pa - tron of man-kind ap - pears.
Pur-sues in heaven His plan of grace, The guard-ian God of hu - man race.
He sym - pa - thiz - es in our grief, And to the suf - ferer sends re - lief.
And ask the aid of heaven - ly power, To help us in the e - vil hour.

No. 172. *Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus*

LEWELLYN. 8s & 7s, D.

J. Bakewell—M. Madan—A. M. Toplady *J. Barnby*

1. Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Ga - li - le - an King!
2. Pas - chal Lamb, by God ap - point - ed, All our sins on Thee were laid;
3. Je - sus, hail! en - throned in glo - ry, There for ev - er to a - bide;
4. Wor - ship, hon - or, power and bless - ing Thou art wor - thy to re - ceive;
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
By al - might - y love a - noint - ed, Thou hast full a - tone - ment made.
All the heaven - ly hosts a - dore Thee, Seat - ed at Thy Fa - ther's side.
Loud - est prais - es with - out ceas - ing, Meet it is for us to give.
Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!
All Thy peo - ple are for - giv - en Thro' the vir - tue of Thy blood;
There for sin - ners Thou art plead - ing, There Thou dost our place pre - pare,
Help, ye bright an - gel - ic spir - its, Bring your sweet-est, nob - lest lays;
By Thy mer - it we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' Thy name.
O - pened is the gate of heav - en, Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.
Help to sing our Sav - iour's mer - its, Help to chant Em - man - uel's praise. A - men.

No. 173. *Dwell in Christ, Who Once Descended*

K. J. P. Spitta SPITTA. 8s & 7s D. *Caryl Florio*

1. Dwell in Christ, who once de - scend - ed From a - bove thro' love of thee;
2. All shall die; the earth - ly find - eth In the earth a grave al - way;
3. On the wreck of all things earth - ly God is stand - ing, and doth say
Who a thou - sand pangs en - dur - ed In thy pains to suc - cor thee;
All the joys of earth shall van - ish, And the heart it - self de - cay;
"Stay thy - self on Me, be - liev - ing; Faith will drive all fear a - way."
Dwell in Him, who ev - er liv - eth When all else shall pass a - way,
Earth - ly be - ing, it shall per - ish; Flick - er earth - ly flames and die;
Dwell in Him, who ev - er liv - eth, Last - ing trea - sure who can give,
And when all to dust re - turn - eth, Who shall tri-umph then for aye.
Earth-ly fet - ters shall be loos - ed; Earth - ly blooms fade ut - ter - ly.
In the book of life He'll write thee, In Him do thou ev - er live.

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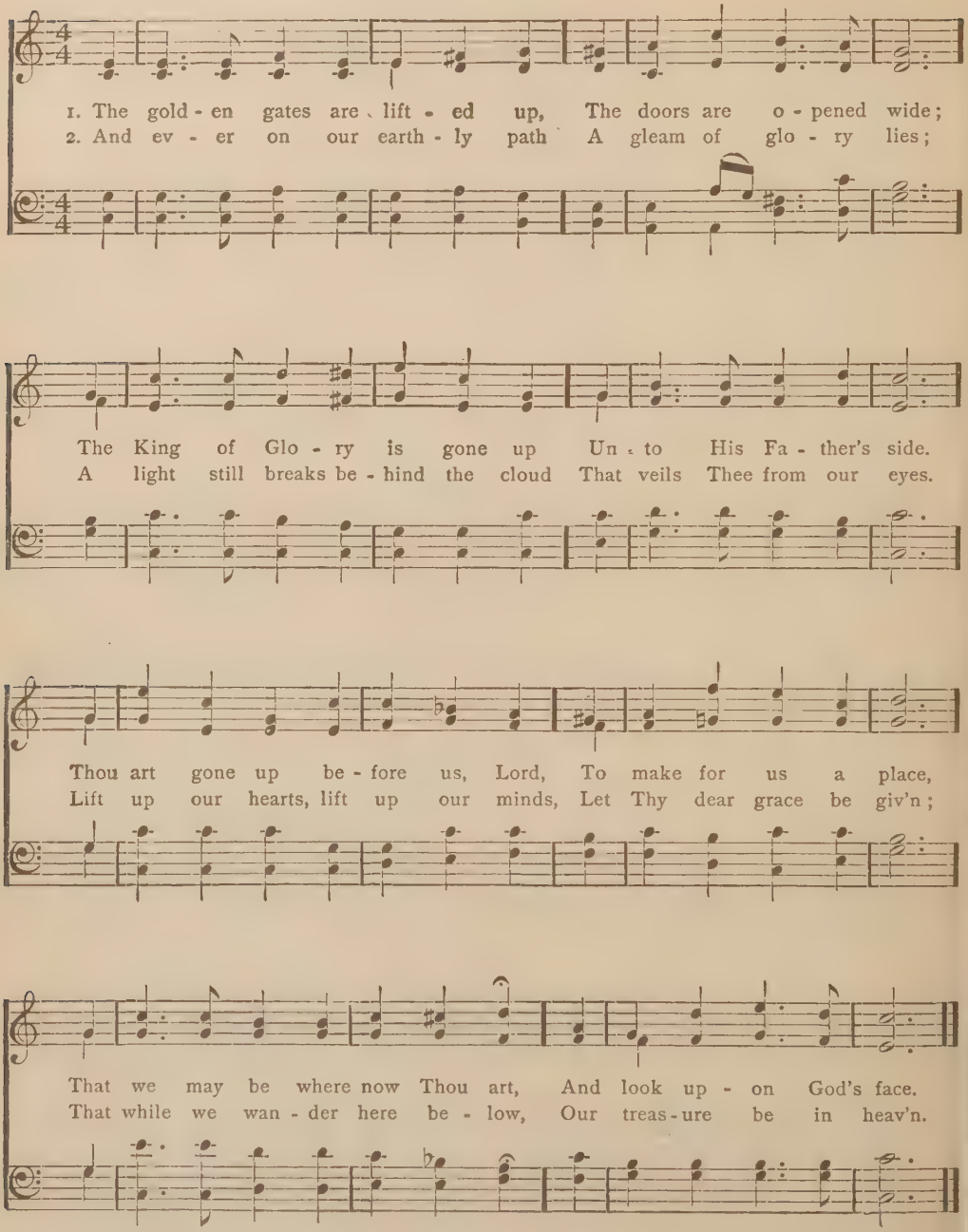
No. 174. *The Golden Gates Are Lifted Up*

C. F. Alexander, abr. GOLDTHWAITE. C. M. D. *S. M. Bixby*


1. The gold - en gates are lift - ed up, The doors are o - pened wide;
2. And ev - er on our earth - ly path A gleam of glo - ry lies;
The King of Glo - ry is gone up Un - to His Fa - ther's side.
A light still breaks be - hind the cloud That veils Thee from our eyes.
Thou art gone up be - fore us, Lord, To make for us a place,
Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds, Let Thy dear grace be giv'n;
That we may be where now Thou art, And look up - on God's face.
That while we wan - der here be - low, Our treas - ure be in heav'n.

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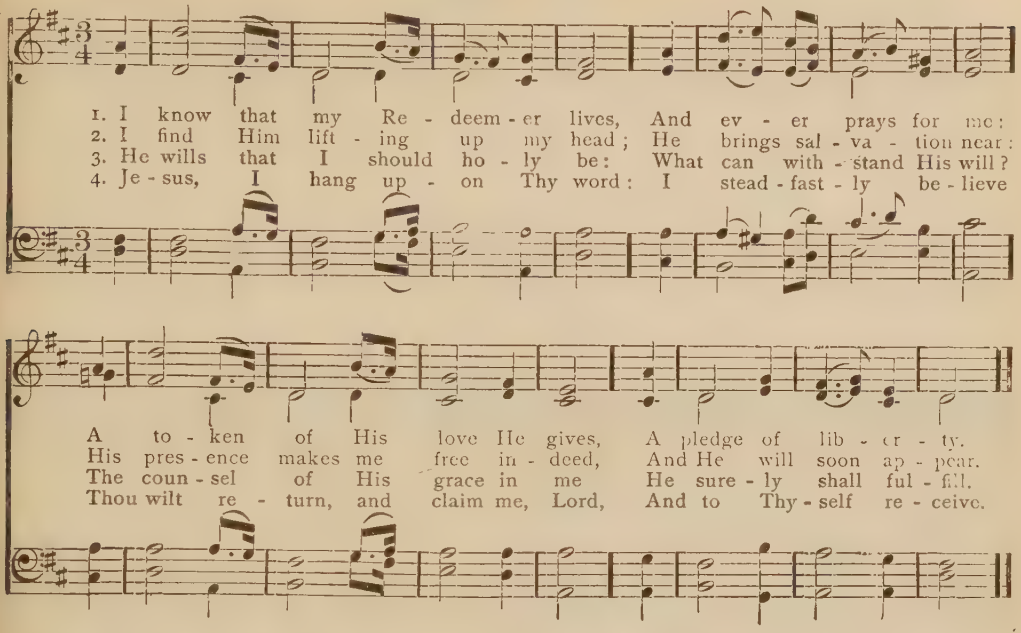
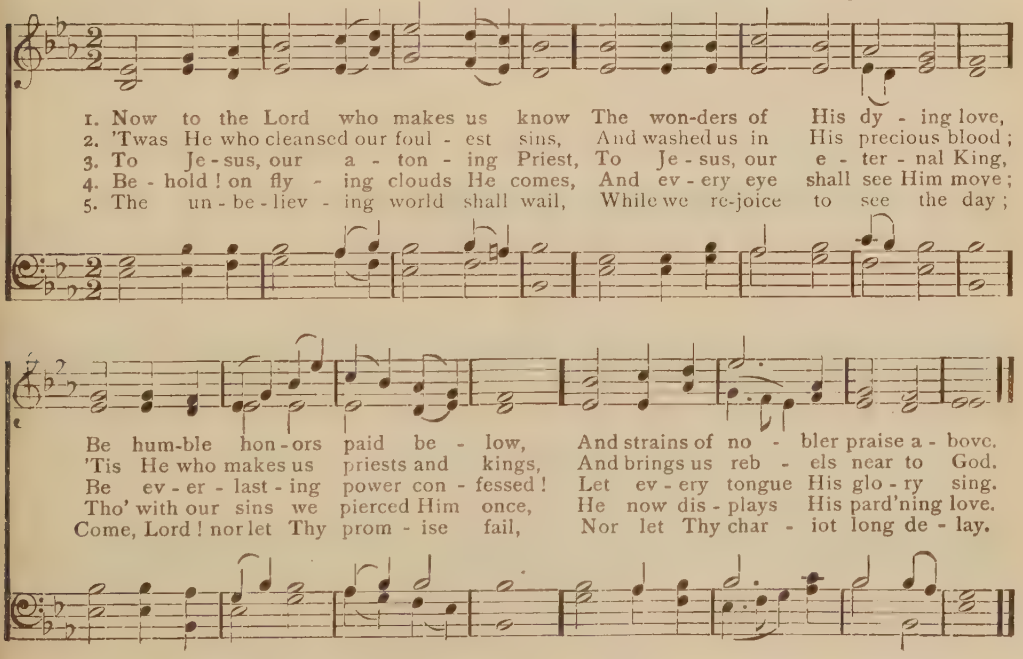
No. 175. *I Know That My Redeemer Lives*

Charles Wesley — BRADFORD. C. M. — *Arr. from Handel*


1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
2. I find Him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near:
3. He wills that I should ho - ly be: What can with - stand His will?
4. Je - sus, I hang up - on Thy word: I stead - fast - ly be - lieve
A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
The coun - sel of His grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fil.
Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy - self re - ceive.

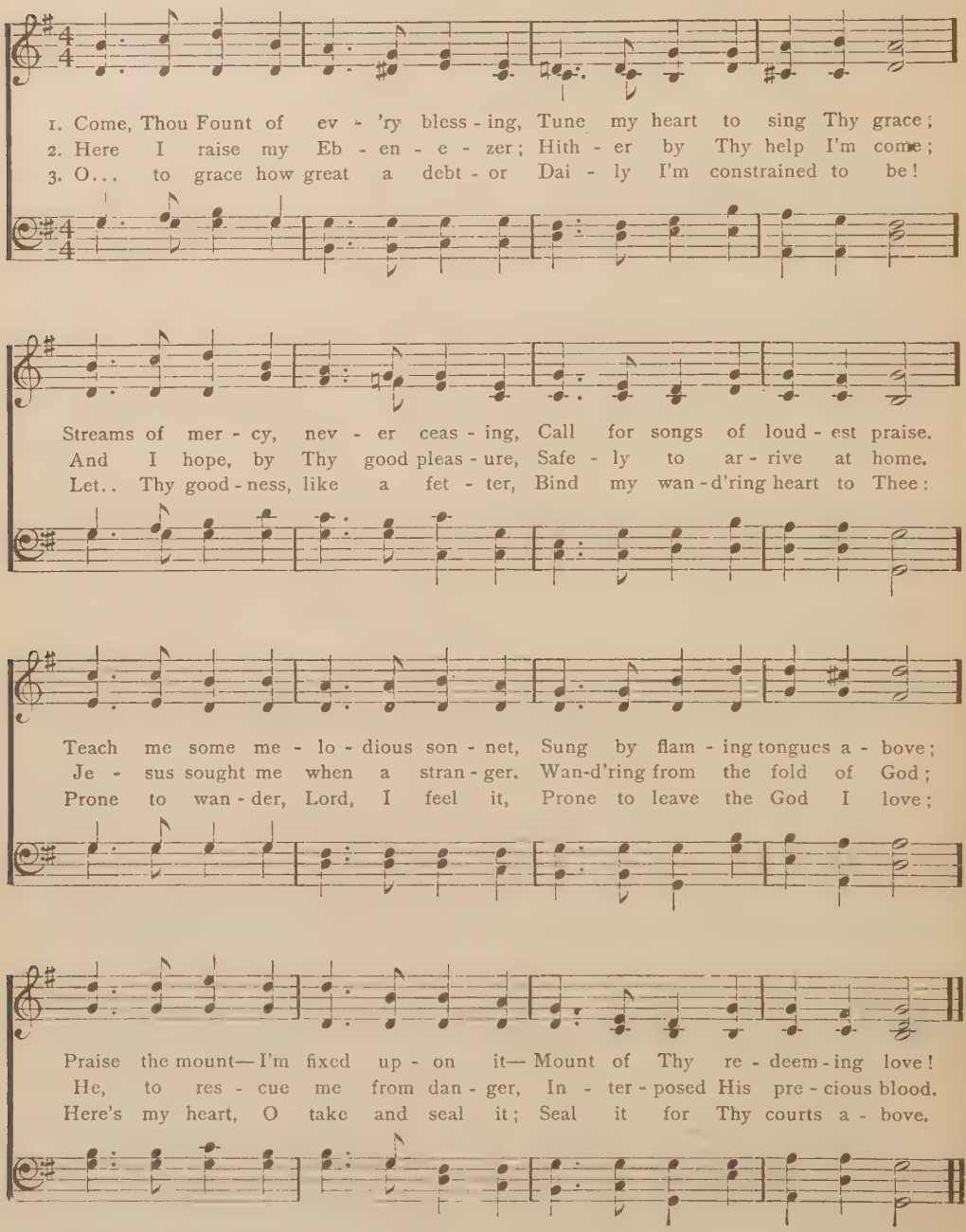
No. 176. *Now to the Lord, Who Makes Us Know*

Isaac Watts. — DUKE STREET. L. M. — *J. Hatton.*


1. Now to the Lord who makes us know The won-ders of His dy - ing love,
2. 'Twas He who cleansed our foul - est sins, And washed us in His precious blood;
3. To Je - sus, our a - ton - ing Priest, To Je - sus, our e - ter - nal King,
4. Be - hold! on fly - ing clouds He comes, And ev - ery eye shall see Him move;
5. The un - be - liev - ing world shall wail, While we re-joice to see the day;
Be hum-ble hon - ors paid be - low, And strains of no - bler praise a - bove.
'Tis He who makes us priests and kings, And brings us reb - els near to God.
Be ev - er - last - ing power con - fessed! Let ev - ery tongue His glo - ry sing.
Tho' with our sins we pierced Him once, He now dis - plays His pard'ning love.
Come, Lord! nor let Thy prom - ise fail, Nor let Thy char - iot long de - lay.

No. 177. *Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing*

Robert Robinson CECILE. S. M. D. *S. M. Bixby*


1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O... to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Let.. Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee:
Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger. Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
Praise the mount— I'm fixed up - on it— Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love!
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

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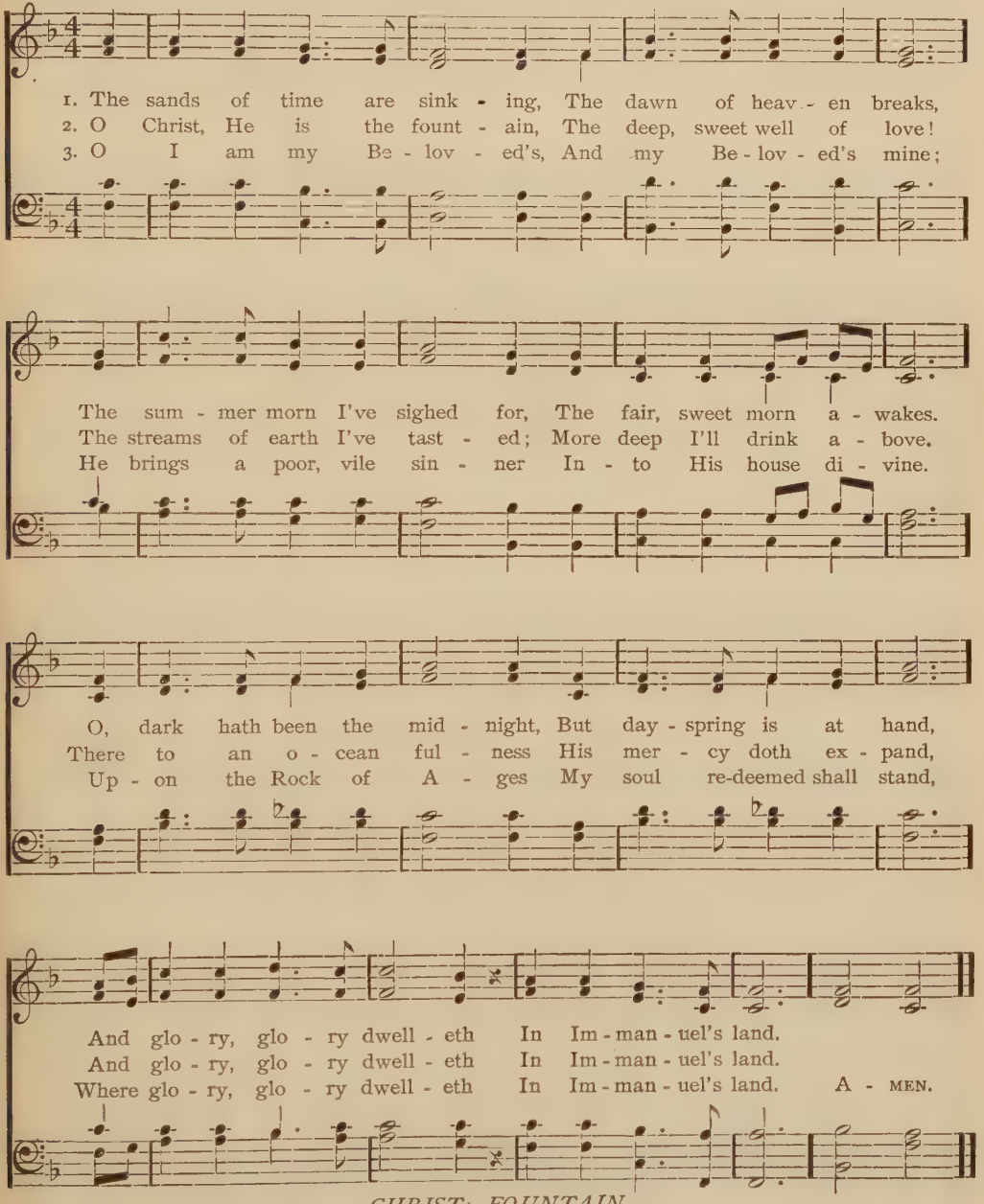
No. 178. *The Sands of Time Are Sinking*

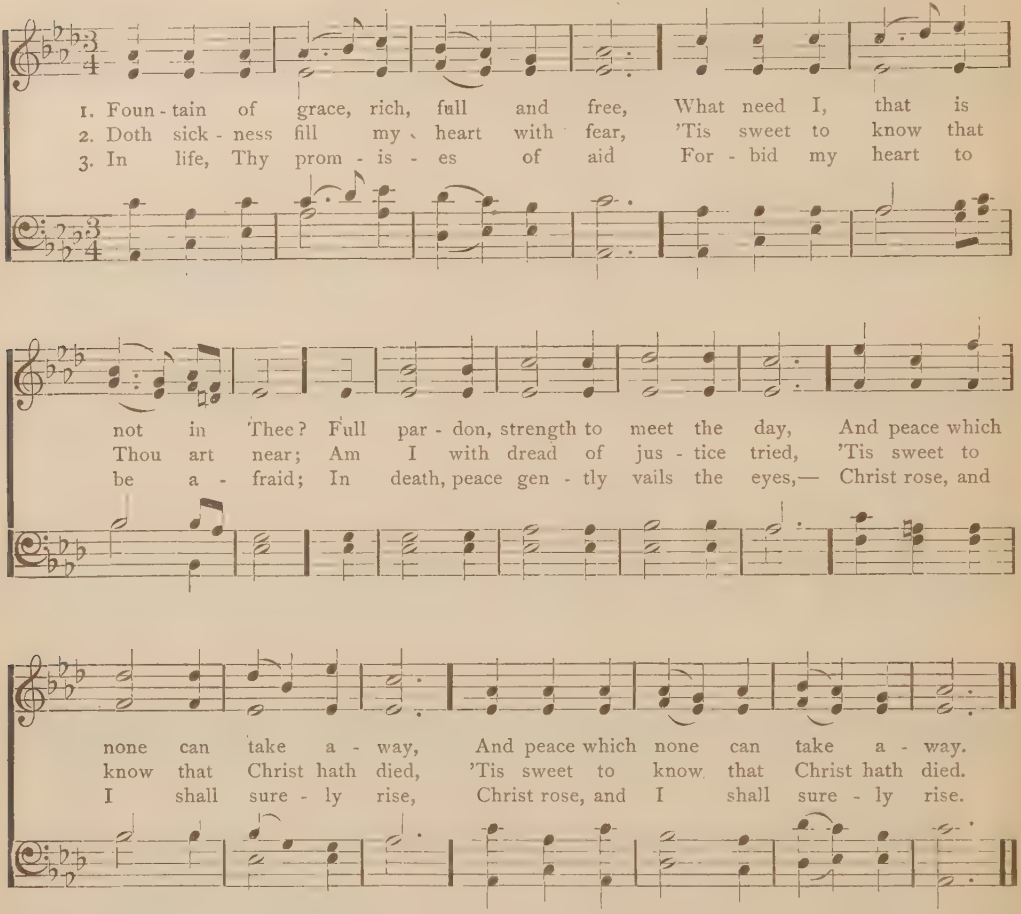
RUTHERFORD. 7.6.7.6 7.6.7.5.

Mrs. Anne Cousin, 1857

Chretien D' Urhan
Edward Francis Rimbault

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
2. O Christ, He is the fount - ain, The deep, sweet well of love!
3. O I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be - lov - ed's mine;
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.
The streams of earth I've tast - ed; More deep I'll drink a - bove.
He brings a poor, vile sin - ner In - to His house di - vine.
O, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
There to an o - cean ful - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
Up - on the Rock of A - ges My soul re-deemed shall stand,
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
Where glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land. A - MEN.

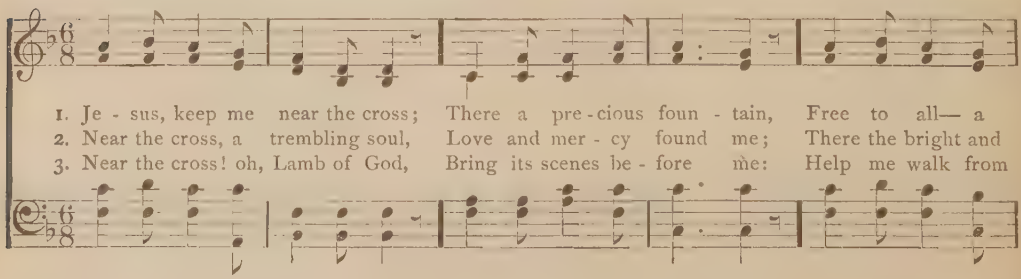
No. 179. *Fountain of Grace, Rich, Full and Free*

James Edmeston. PARK STREET. L. M. *F. M. A. Venua*


1. Foun - tain of grace, rich, full and free, What need I, that is
2. Doth sick - ness fill my heart with fear, 'Tis sweet to know that
3. In life, Thy prom - is - es of aid For - bid my heart to
not in Thee? Full par - don, strength to meet the day, And peace which
Thou art near; Am I with dread of jus - tice tried, 'Tis sweet to
be a - fraid; In death, peace gen - tly vails the eyes,— Christ rose, and
none can take a - way, And peace which none can take a - way.
know that Christ hath died, 'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.
I shall sure - ly rise, Christ rose, and I shall sure - ly rise.

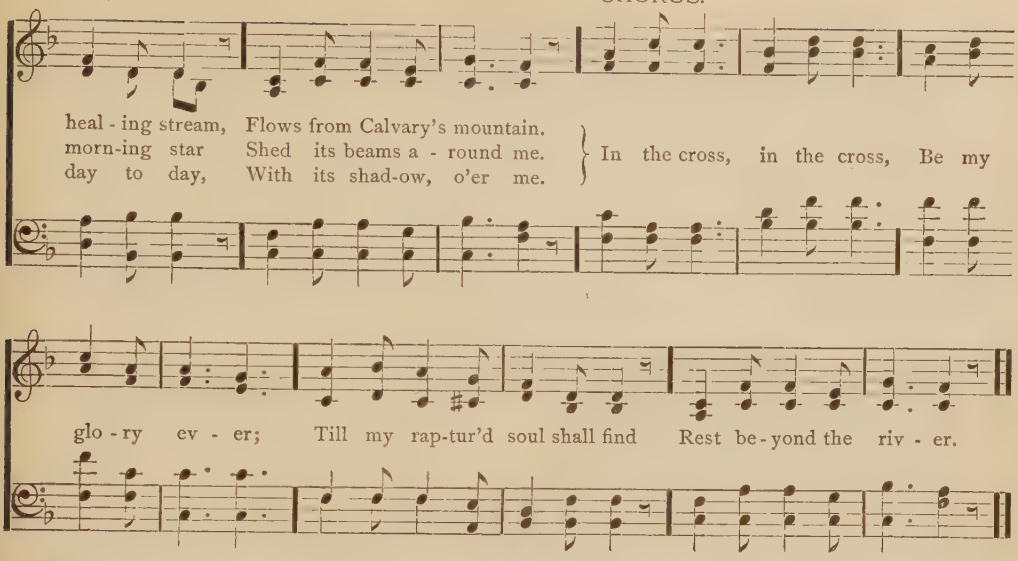
No. 180. *Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross*

Mrs. F. C. Van Alstyne NEAR THE CROSS. P. M. *W. H. Doane*


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross; There a pre - cious foun - tain, Free to all— a
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer - cy found me; There the bright and
3. Near the cross! oh, Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me: Help me walk from

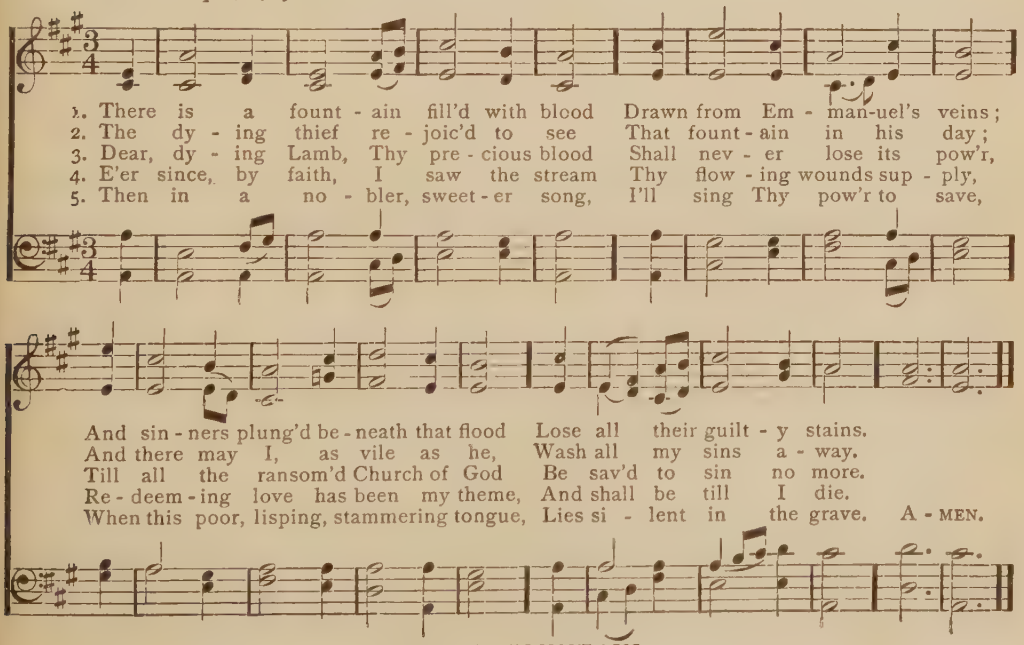
Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross

CHORUS.


heal - ing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.
morn-ing star Shed its beams a - round me.
day to day, With its shad-ow, o'er me.
In the cross, in the cross, Be my
glo - ry ev - er; Till my rap-tur'd soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.

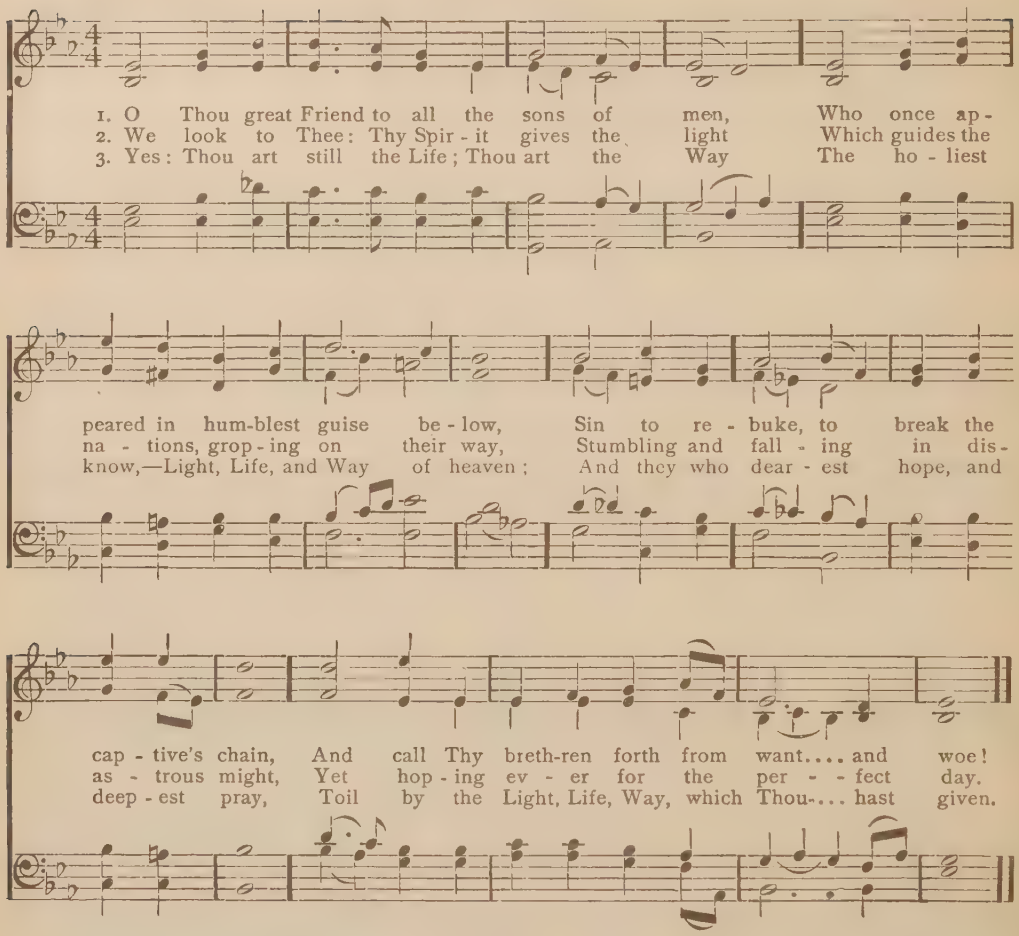
No. 181. *There is a Fountain Filled with Blood*

William Cowper, 1719 MARTYRDOM. C. M. *H. Wilson*


1. There is a fount - ain fill'd with blood Drawn from Em - man-uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joic'd to see That fount - ain in his day;
3. Dear, dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
And sin - ners plung'd be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, as vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ransom'd Church of God Be sav'd to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue, Lies si - lent in the grave. A - MEN.

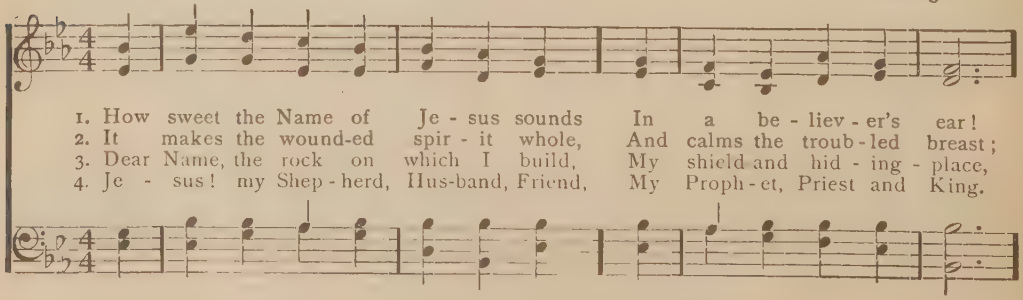
No. 182. *O Thou Great Friend*

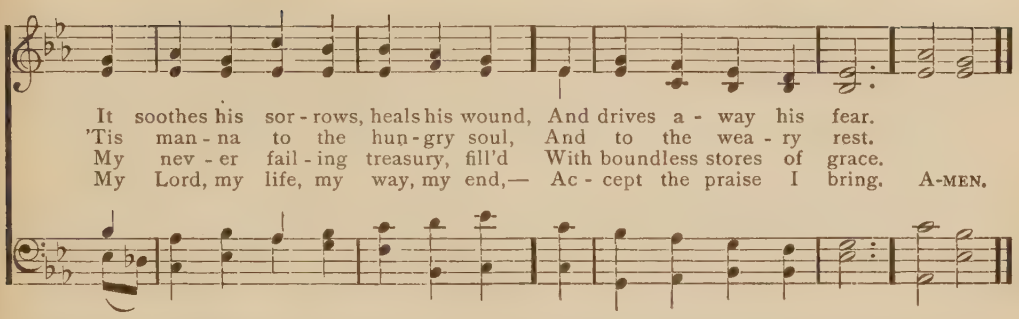
Theodore Parker — PAX DEI. 10s. — *J. B. Dykes*


1. O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men, Who once ap-
2. We look to Thee: Thy Spir-it gives the light Which guides the
3. Yes: Thou art still the Life; Thou art the Way The ho-liest
peared in hum-blest guise be-low, Sin to re-buke, to break the
na-tions, grop-ing on their way, Stumbling and fall-ing in dis-
know,—Light, Life, and Way of heaven; And they who dear-est hope, and
cap-tive's chain, And call Thy breth-ren forth from want.... and woe!
as-trous might, Yet hop-ing ev-er for the per--fect day.
deep-est pray, Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which Thou-.... hast given.

No. 183. *How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds*

John Newton — ST. PETER. C. M. — *A. R. Reinagle*


1. How sweet the Name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear!
2. It makes the wound-ed spir-it whole, And calms the troub-led breast;
3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid-ing-place,
4. Je-sus! my Shep-herd, Hus-band, Friend, My Proph-et, Priest and King.

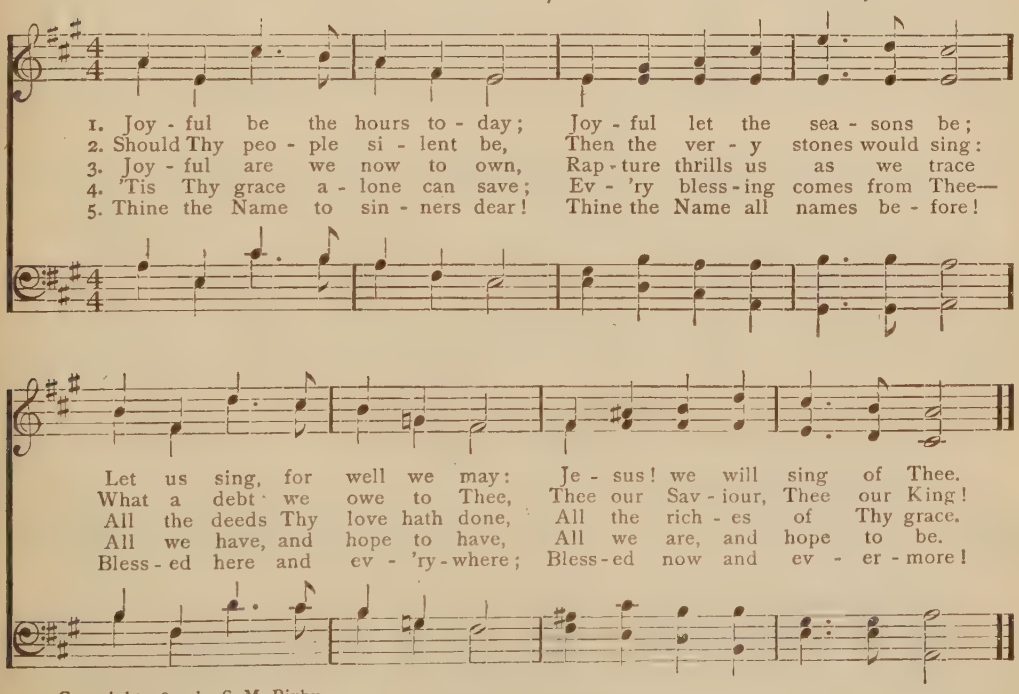

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wound, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
My nev - er fail - ing treasury, fill'd With boundless stores of grace.
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,— Ac - cept the praise I bring. A-MEN.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see Thee as Thou art
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death. AMEN.

No. 184. *Joyful Be the Hours To-Day*

Thomas Kelly JOY. 7s. *Caryl Florio*


1. Joy - ful be the hours to - day; Joy - ful let the sea - sons be;
2. Should Thy peo - ple si - lent be, Then the ver - y stones would sing:
3. Joy - ful are we now to own, Rap - ture thrills us as we trace
4. 'Tis Thy grace a - lone can save; Ev - 'ry bless - ing comes from Thee—
5. Thine the Name to sin - ners dear! Thine the Name all names be - fore!
Let us sing, for well we may: Je - sus! we will sing of Thee.
What a debt we owe to Thee, Thee our Sav - iour, Thee our King!
All the deeds Thy love hath done, All the rich - es of Thy grace.
All we have, and hope to have, All we are, and hope to be.
Bless - ed here and ev - 'ry - where; Bless - ed now and ev - er - more!

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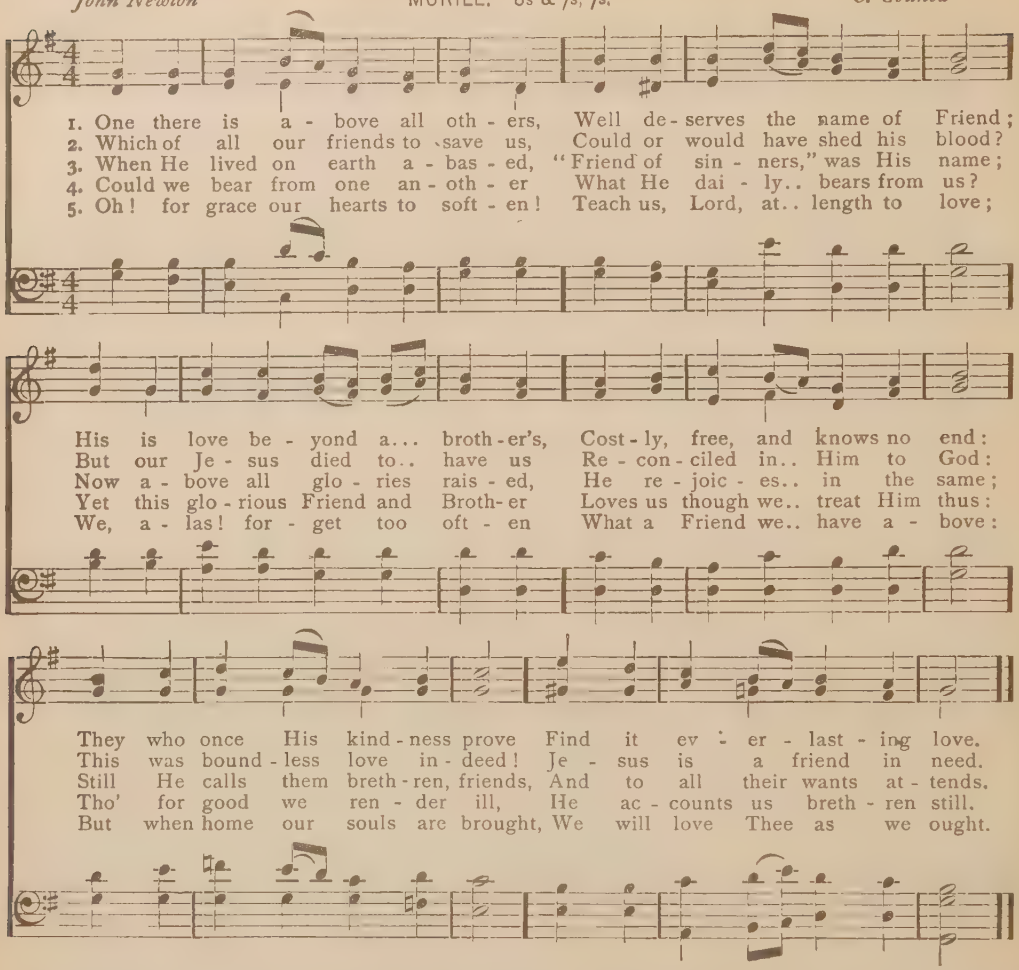
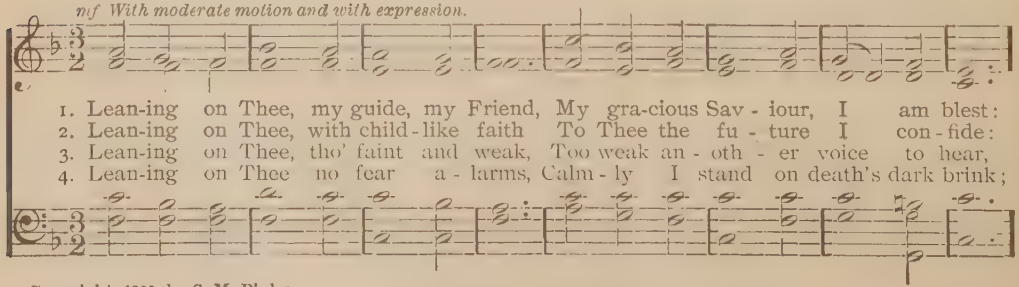
No. 185. *One There Is Above All Others*

John Newton — MURIEL. 8s & 7s, 7s. — *C. Gounod*

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of Friend;
2. Which of all our friends to save us, Could or would have shed his blood?
3. When He lived on earth a - bas - ed, "Friend of sin - ners," was His name;
4. Could we bear from one an - oth - er What He dai - ly.. bears from us?
5. Oh! for grace our hearts to soft - en! Teach us, Lord, at.. length to love;
His is love be - yond a... broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end:
But our Je - sus died to.. have us Re - con - ciled in.. Him to God:
Now a - bove all glo - ries rais - ed, He re - joic - es.. in the same;
Yet this glo - rious Friend and Broth - er Loves us though we.. treat Him thus:
We, a - las! for - get too oft - en What a Friend we.. have a - bove:
They who once His kind - ness prove Find it ev - er - last - ing love.
This was bound - less love in - deed! Je - sus is a friend in need.
Still He calls them breth - ren, friends, And to all their wants at - tends.
Tho' for good we ren - der ill, He ac - counts us breth - ren still.
But when home our souls are brought, We will love Thee as we ought.

No. 186. *Leaning On Thee*

Charlotte Elliott, 1834 — STENNETT. 8.8.8.4. — *R. Menthal*

mf With moderate motion and with expression.


1. Lean-ing on Thee, my guide, my Friend, My gra-cious Sav - iour, I am blest:
2. Lean-ing on Thee, with child-like faith To Thee the fu - ture I con - fide:
3. Lean-ing on Thee, tho' faint and weak, Too weak an - oth - er voice to hear,
4. Lean-ing on Thee no fear a - larms, Calm - ly I stand on death's dark brink;

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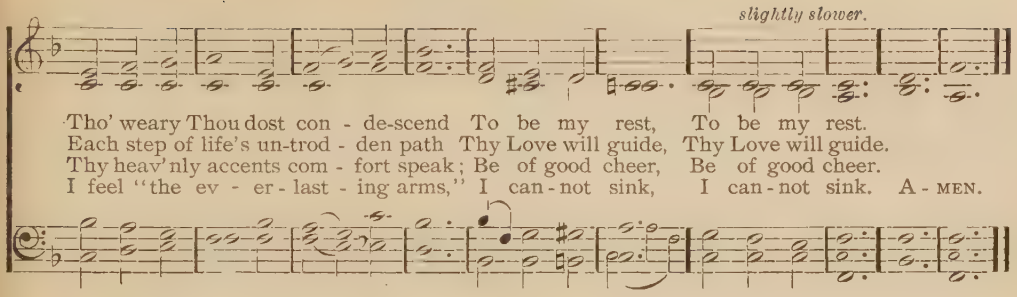
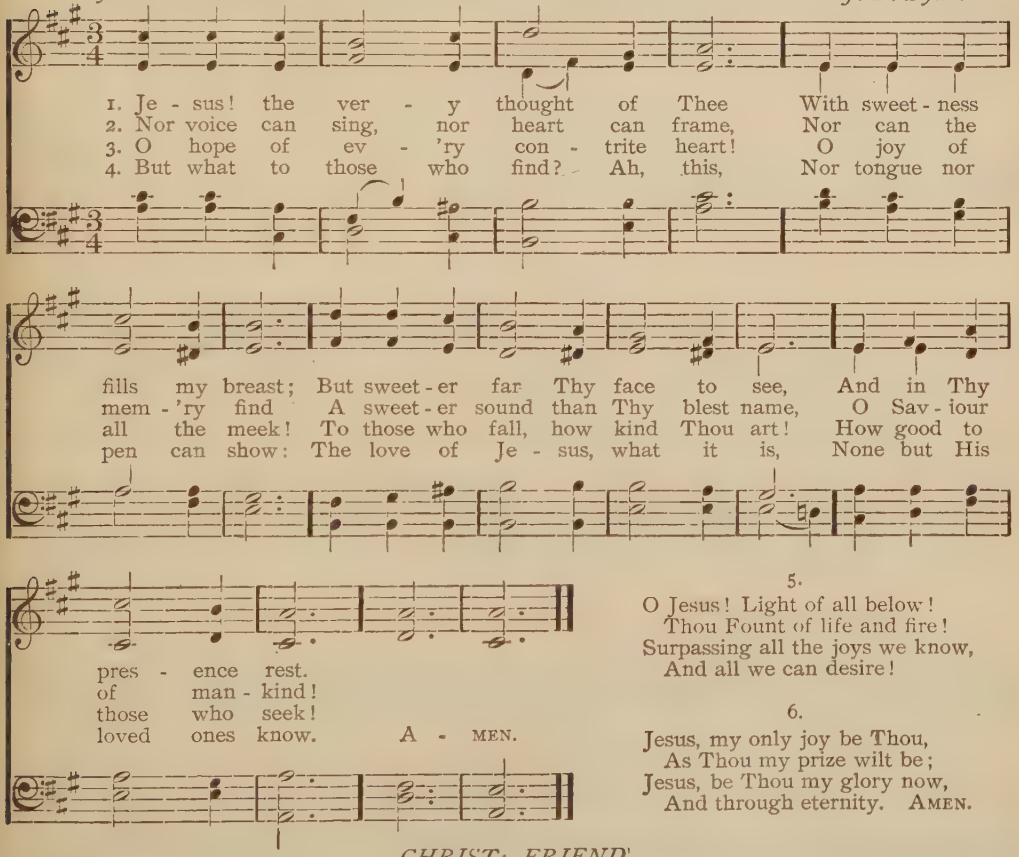

slightly slower.
Tho' weary Thou dost con - de-scend To be my rest, To be my rest.
Each step of life's un-trod - den path Thy Love will guide, Thy Love will guide.
Thy heav'nly accents com - fort speak; Be of good cheer, Be of good cheer.
I feel "the ev - er - last - ing arms," I can-not sink, I can-not sink. A - MEN.

No. 187. *Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee*

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. by Rev. E. Caswall

ST. AGNES. C.M.

J. B. Dykes


1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet - ness
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the
3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! O joy of
4. But what to those who find? Ah, this, Nor tongue nor
fills my breast; But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy
mem - 'ry find A sweet - er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - iour
all the meek! To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to
pen can show: The love of Je - sus, what it is, None but His
pres - ence rest.
of man - kind!
those who seek!
loved ones know. A - MEN.

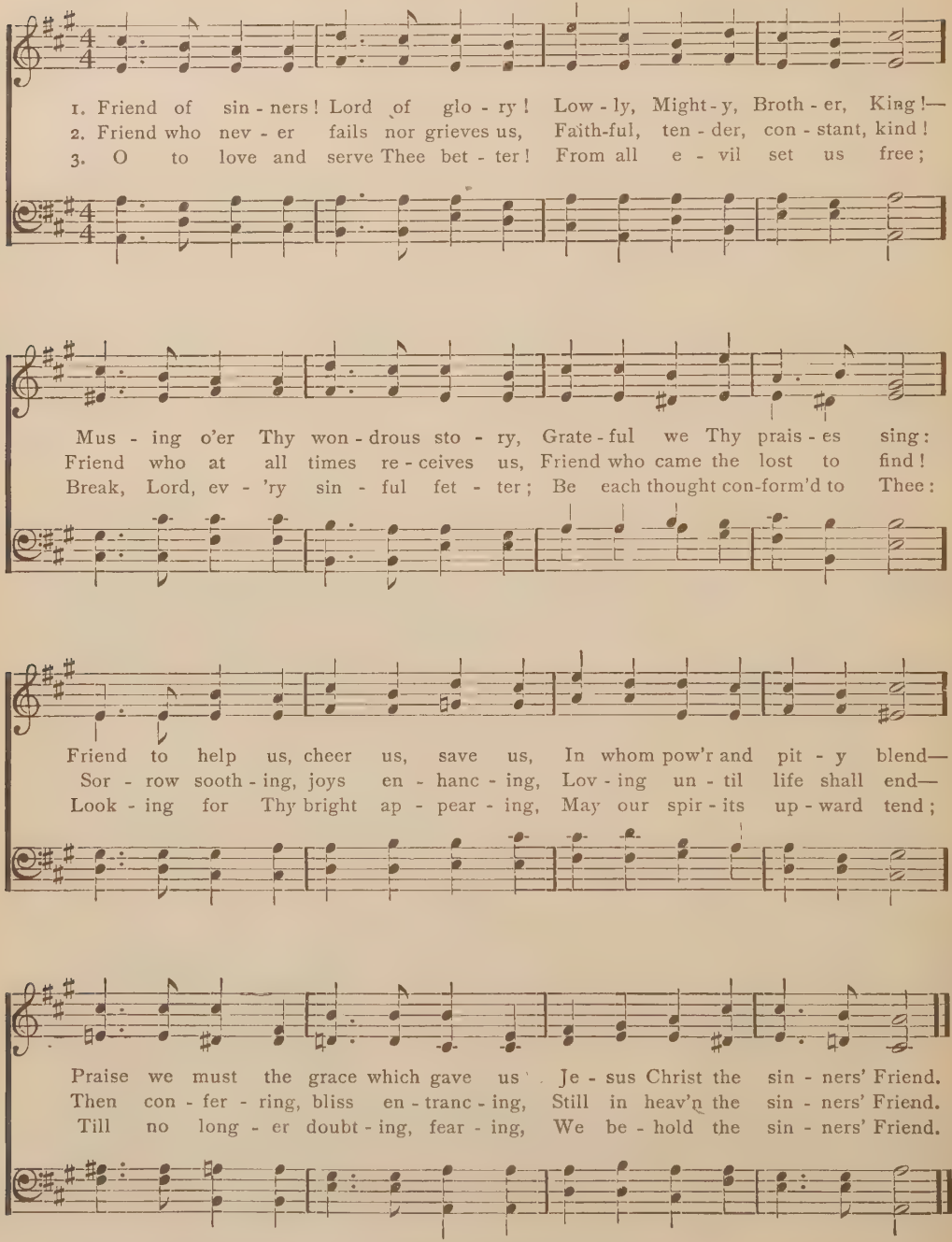
5.

O Jesus! Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!

6.

Jesus, my only joy be Thou,
As Thou my prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou my glory now,
And through eternity. AMEN.

No. 188. *Friend of Sinners! Lord of Glory*

Newman Hall NEWMAN. 8s & 7s D. *Caryl Florio*

1. Friend of sin - ners! Lord of glo - ry! Low - ly, Might - y, Broth - er, King!—
2. Friend who nev - er fails nor grieves us, Faith-ful, ten - der, con - stant, kind!
3. O to love and serve Thee bet - ter! From all e - vil set us free;
Mus - ing o'er Thy won - drous sto - ry, Grate - ful we Thy prais - es sing:
Friend who at all times re - ceives us, Friend who came the lost to find!
Break, Lord, ev - 'ry sin - ful fet - ter; Be each thought con-form'd to Thee:
Friend to help us, cheer us, save us, In whom pow'r and pit - y blend—
Sor - row sooth - ing, joys en - hanc - ing, Lov - ing un - til life shall end—
Look - ing for Thy bright ap - pear - ing, May our spir - its up - ward tend;
Praise we must the grace which gave us Je - sus Christ the sin - ners' Friend.
Then con - fer - ring, bliss en - tranc - ing, Still in heav'n the sin - ners' Friend.
Till no long - er doubt - ing, fear - ing, We be - hold the sin - ners' Friend.

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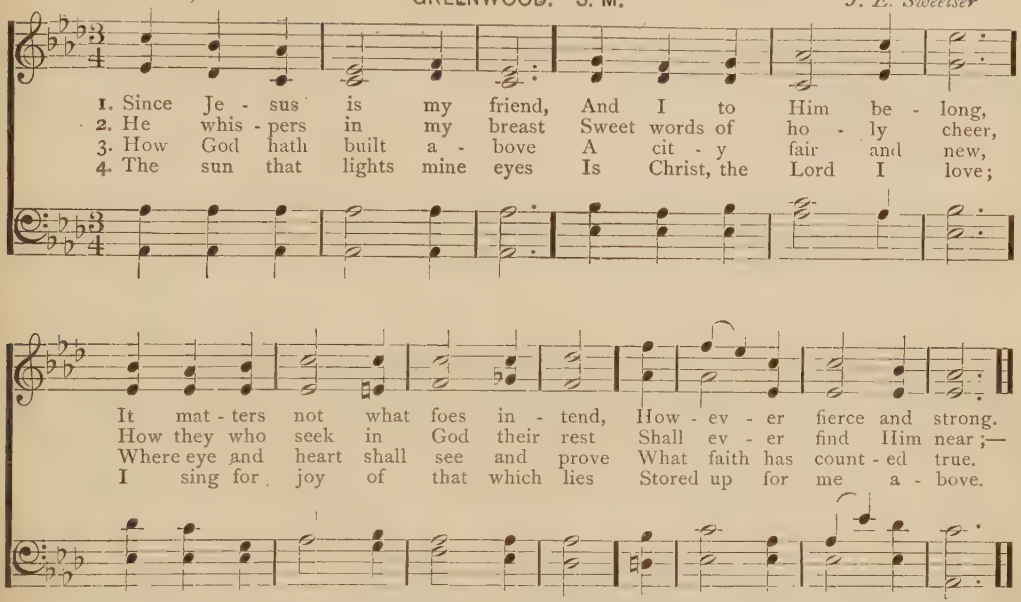
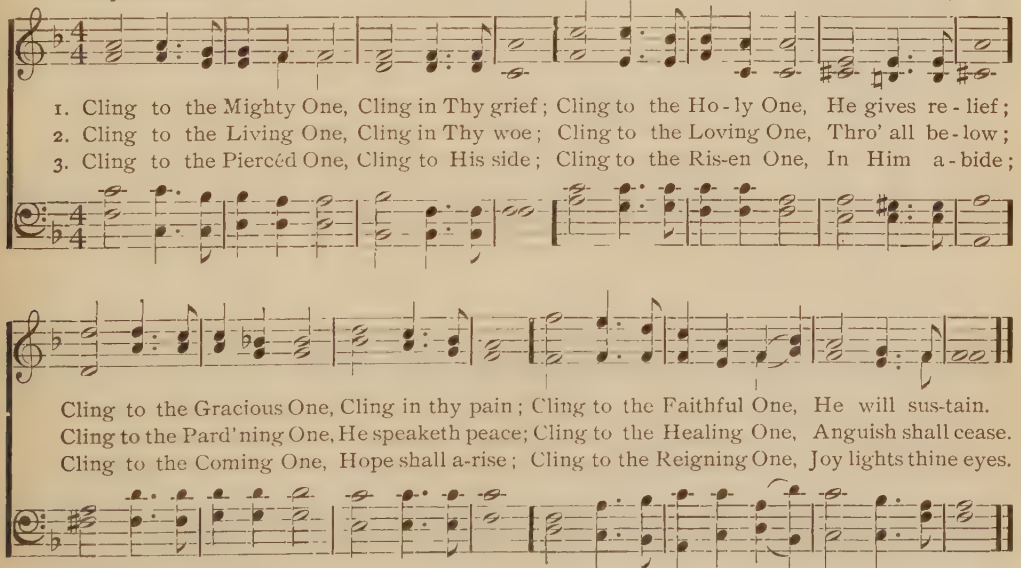
No. 189. *Since Jesus is My Friend*

C. Winkworth, tr. GREENWOOD. S. M. *J. E. Sweetser*


1. Since Je - sus is my friend, And I to Him be - long,
2. He whis - pers in my breast Sweet words of ho - ly cheer,
3. How God hath built a - bove A cit - y fair and new,
4. The sun that lights mine eyes Is Christ, the Lord I love;
It mat - ters not what foes in - tend, How - ev - er fierce and strong.
How they who seek in God their rest Shall ev - er find Him near;—
Where eye and heart shall see and prove What faith has count - ed true.
I sing for joy of that which lies Stored up for me a - bove.

No. 190. *Cling to the Mighty One*

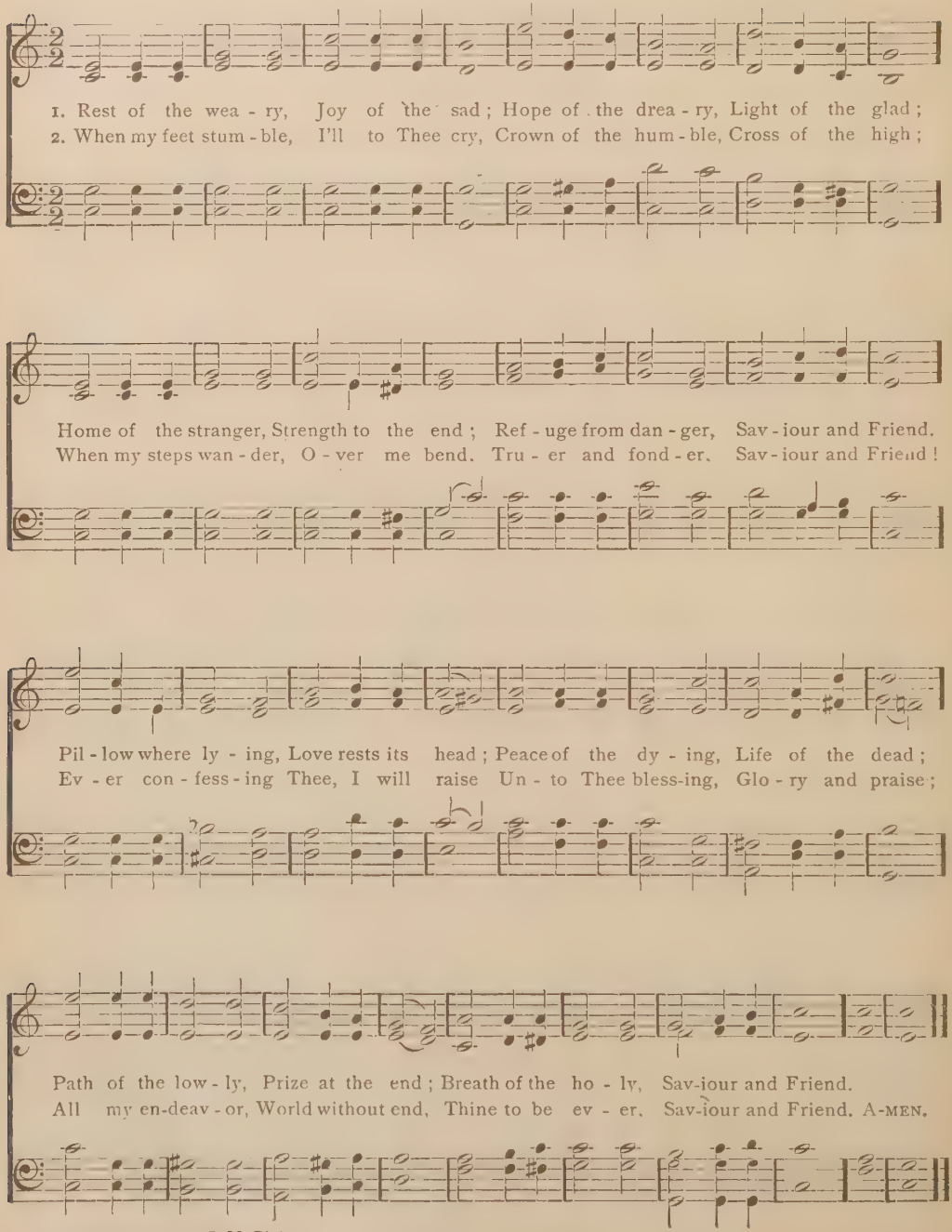
Henry Bennett, 1852 BENNETT. 6s.&4s. *From Samuel Wesley*


1. Cling to the Mighty One, Cling in Thy grief; Cling to the Ho - ly One, He gives re - lief;
2. Cling to the Living One, Cling in Thy woe; Cling to the Loving One, Thro' all be - low;
3. Cling to the Pierced One, Cling to His side; Cling to the Ris-en One, In Him a - bide;
Cling to the Gracious One, Cling in thy pain; Cling to the Faithful One, He will sus-tain.
Cling to the Pard'ning One, He speaketh peace; Cling to the Healing One, Anguish shall cease.
Cling to the Coming One, Hope shall a-rise; Cling to the Reigning One, Joy lights thine eyes.

No. 191.

Rest of the Weary

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863 CHATWOOD. 9s D. *R. Menthal.*


1. Rest of the wea - ry, Joy of the sad; Hope of the drea - ry, Light of the glad;
2. When my feet stum - ble, I'll to Thee cry, Crown of the hum - ble, Cross of the high;
Home of the stranger, Strength to the end; Ref - uge from dan - ger, Sav - iour and Friend.
When my steps wan - der, O - ver me bend. Tru - er and fond - er, Sav - iour and Friend!
Pil - low where ly - ing, Love rests its head; Peace of the dy - ing, Life of the dead;
Ev - er con - fess - ing Thee, I will raise Un - to Thee bless-ing, Glo - ry and praise;
Path of the low - ly, Prize at the end; Breath of the ho - ly, Sav-iour and Friend.
All my en-deav - or, World without end, Thine to be ev - er, Sav-iour and Friend. A-MEN.

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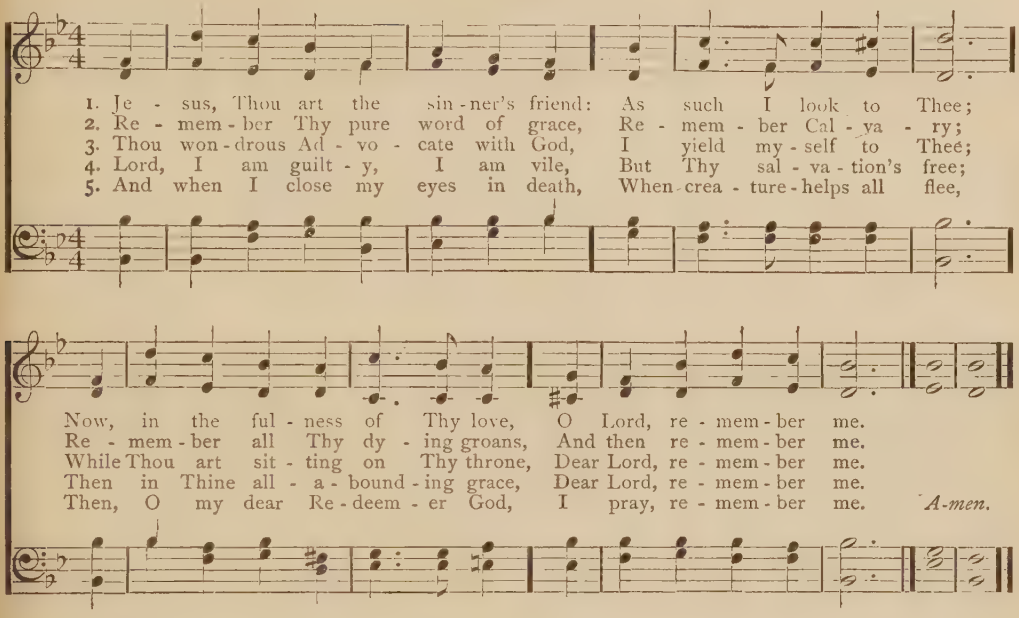
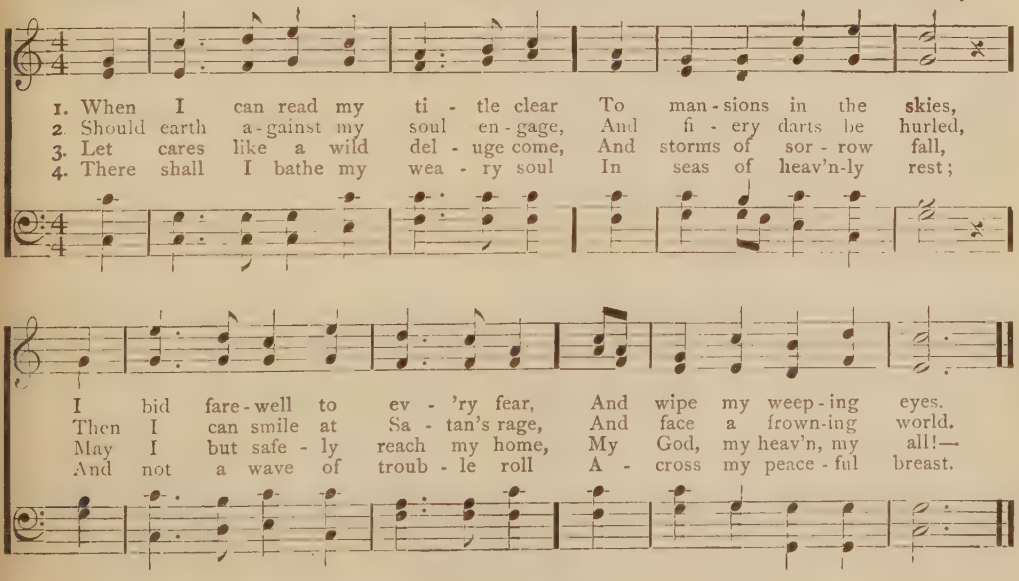
No. 192. *Jesus, Thou Art the Sinner's Friend*

R. Burnham. BURNHAM. C. M. *Anon.*


1. Je - sus, Thou art the sin - ner's friend: As such I look to Thee;
2. Re - mem - ber Thy pure word of grace, Re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry;
3. Thou won - drous Ad - vo - cate with God, I yield my - self to Thee;
4. Lord, I am guilt - y, I am vile, But Thy sal - va - tion's free;
5. And when I close my eyes in death, When crea - ture - helps all flee,
Now, in the ful - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
Re - mem - ber all Thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me.
While Thou art sit - ting on Thy throne, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.
Then in Thine all - a - bound - ing grace, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.
Then, O my dear Re - deem - er God, I pray, re - mem - ber me. A - men.

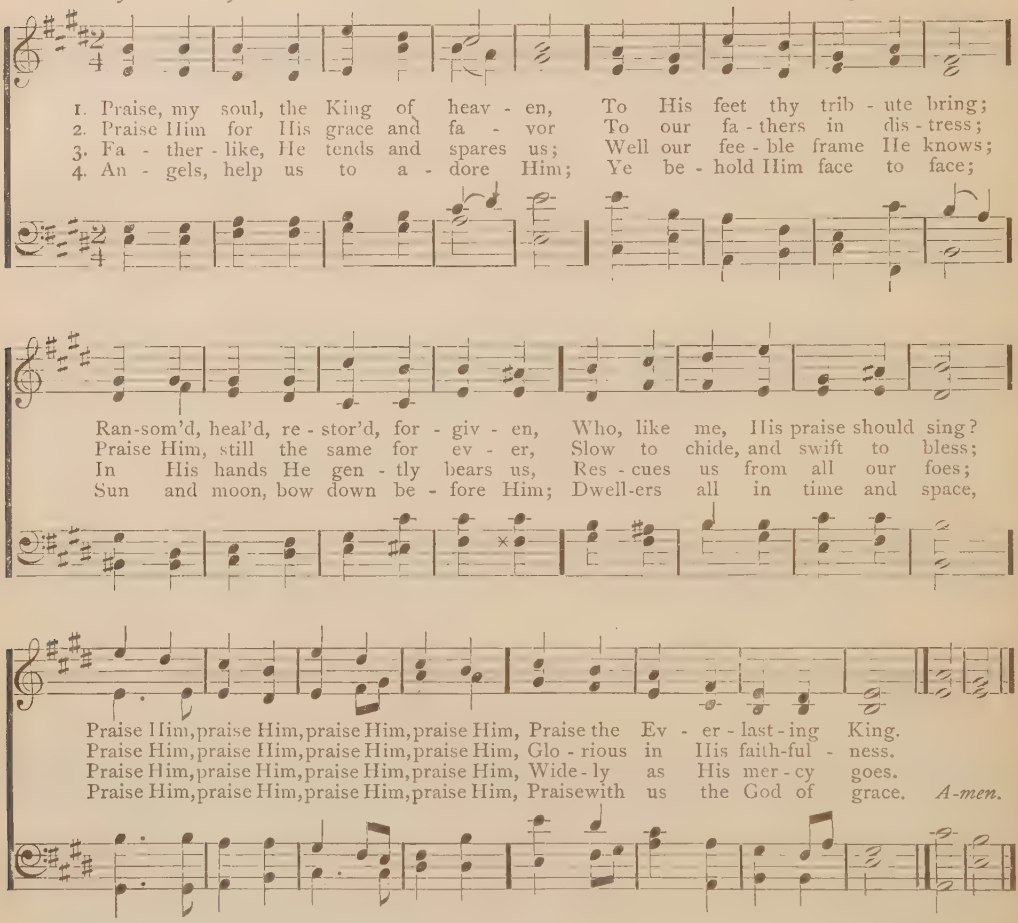
No. 193. *When I Can Read My Title Clear*

Isaac Watts. BROWN. C. M. *Wm. B. Bradbury*


1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the skies,
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fi - ery darts be hurled,
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor - row fall,
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly rest;
I bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all!—
And not a wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.

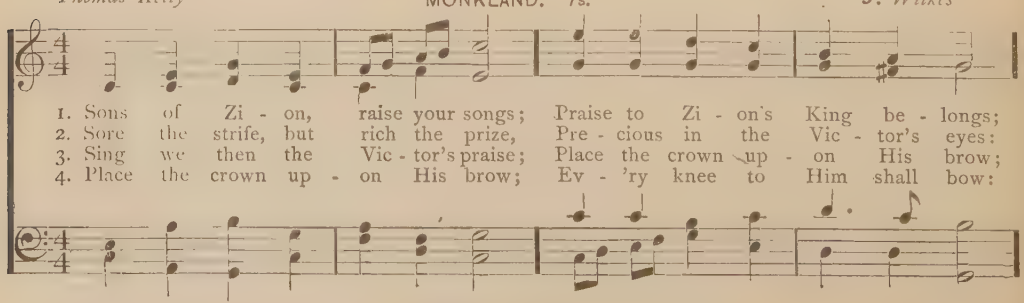
No. 194. *Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven*

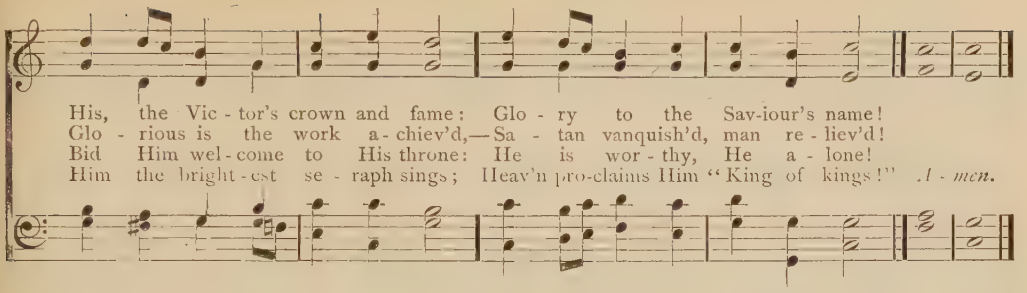
Henry Francis Lyte BENEDIC ANIMA. 8s & 7s. *Sir John Goss*


1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To His feet thy trib - ute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in dis - tress;
3. Fa - ther - like, He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame He knows;
4. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him face to face;
Ran-som'd, heal'd, re - stor'd, for - giv - en, Who, like me, His praise should sing?
Praise Him, still the same for ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
In His hands He gen - tly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes;
Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him; Dwell-ers all in time and space,
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the Ev - er - last - ing King.
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Glo - rious in His faith-ful - ness.
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Wide - ly as His mer - cy goes.
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise with us the God of grace. A-men.

No. 195. *Sons of Zion, Raise Your Songs*

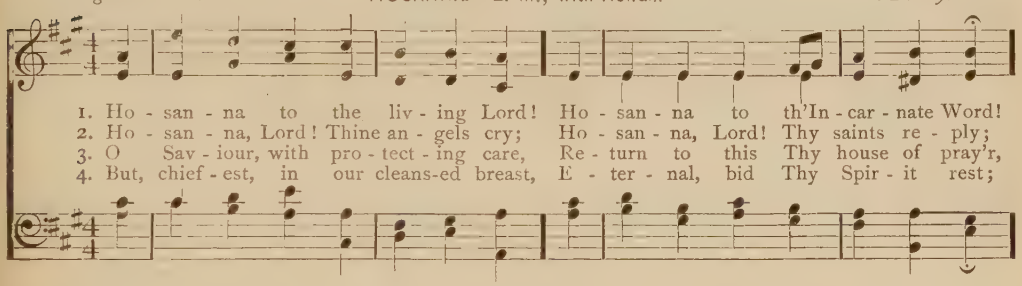
Thomas Kelly MONKLAND. 7s. *J. Wilkes*

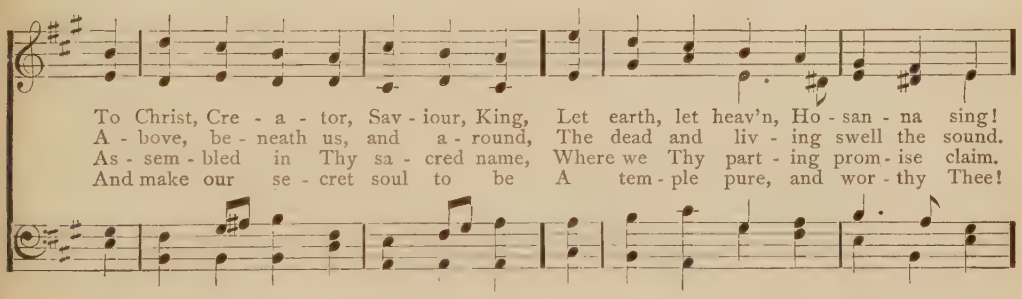

1. Sons of Zi - on, raise your songs; Praise to Zi - on's King be - longs;
2. Sore the strife, but rich the prize, Pre - cious in the Vic - tor's eyes:
3. Sing we then the Vic - tor's praise; Place the crown up - on His brow;
4. Place the crown up - on His brow; Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow:

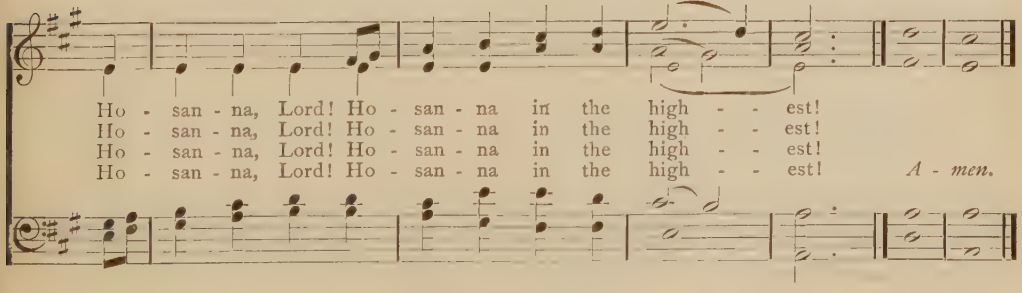

His, the Vic - tor's crown and fame: Glo - ry to the Sav-iour's name!
Glo - rious is the work a - chiev'd,— Sa - tan vanquish'd, man re - liev'd!
Bid Him wel - come to His throne: He is wor - thy, He a - lone!
Him the bright - est se - raph sings; Heav'n pro-claims Him "King of kings!" A - men.

No. 196. *Hosanna to the Living Lord!*

Reginald Heber HOSANNA. L. M., with Refrain *J. B. Dykes*

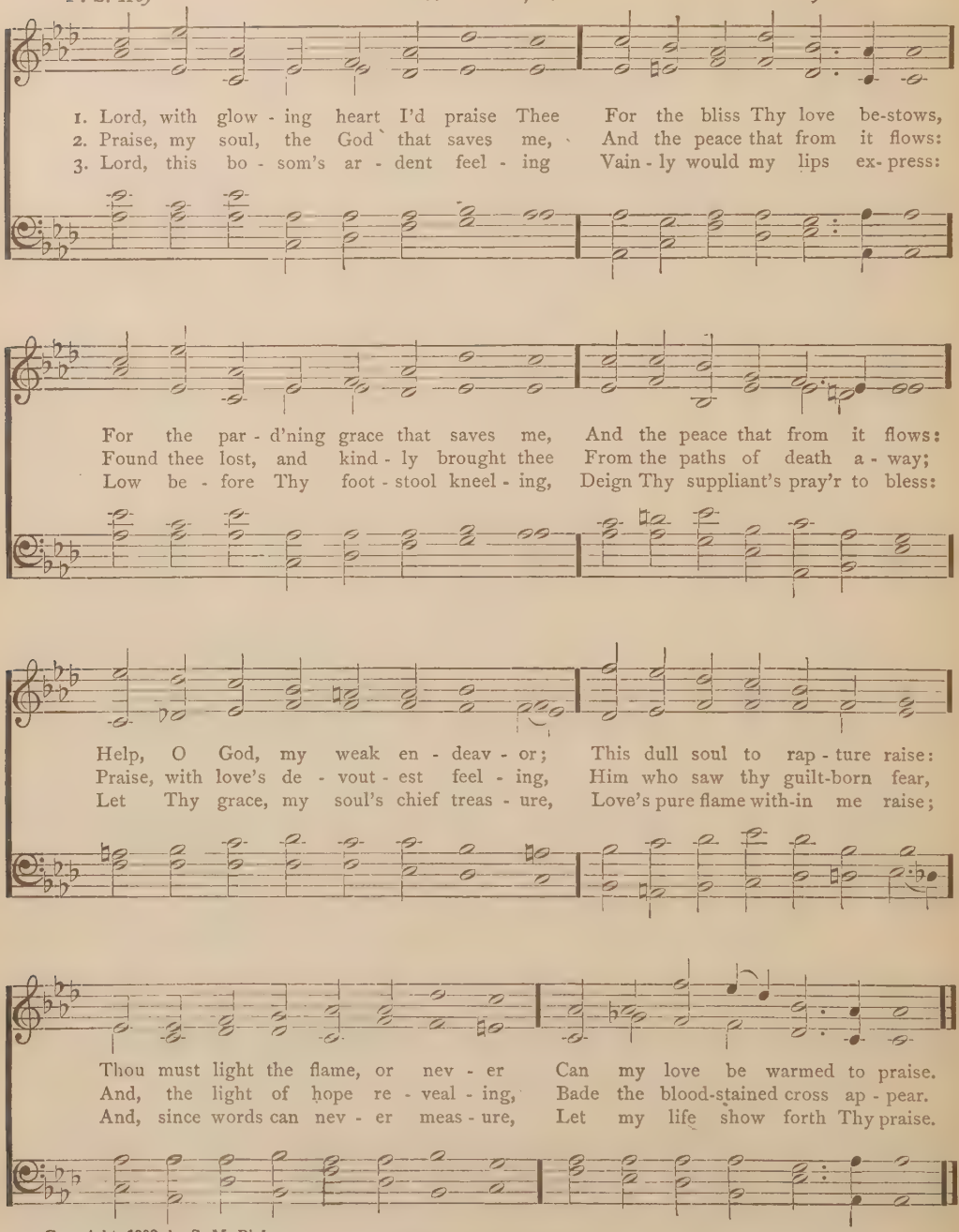

1. Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th'In - car - nate Word!
2. Ho - san - na, Lord! Thine an - gels cry; Ho - san - na, Lord! Thy saints re - ply;
3. O Sav - iour, with pro - tect - ing care, Re - turn to this Thy house of pray'r,
4. But, chief - est, in our cleans-ed breast, E - ter - nal, bid Thy Spir - it rest;


To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sav - iour, King, Let earth, let heav'n, Ho - san - na sing!
A - bove, be - neath us, and a - round, The dead and liv - ing swell the sound.
As - sem - bled in Thy sa - cred name, Where we Thy part - ing prom - ise claim.
And make our se - cret soul to be A tem - ple pure, and wor - thy Thee!


Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - - est!
Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - - est!
Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - - est!
Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - - est! A - men.

No. 197. *Lord, with Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee*

F. S. Key KEY. 8s & 7s, D. *Caryl Florio*


1. Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be-stows,
2. Praise, my soul, the God that saves me, And the peace that from it flows:
3. Lord, this bo - som's ar - dent feel - ing Vain - ly would my lips ex-press:
For the par - d'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows:
Found thee lost, and kind - ly brought thee From the paths of death a - way;
Low be - fore Thy foot - stool kneel - ing, Deign Thy suppliant's pray'r to bless:
Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise:
Praise, with love's de - vout - est feel - ing, Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treas - ure, Love's pure flame with-in me raise;
Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise.
And, the light of hope re - veal - ing, Bade the blood-stained cross ap - pear.
And, since words can nev - er meas - ure, Let my life show forth Thy praise.

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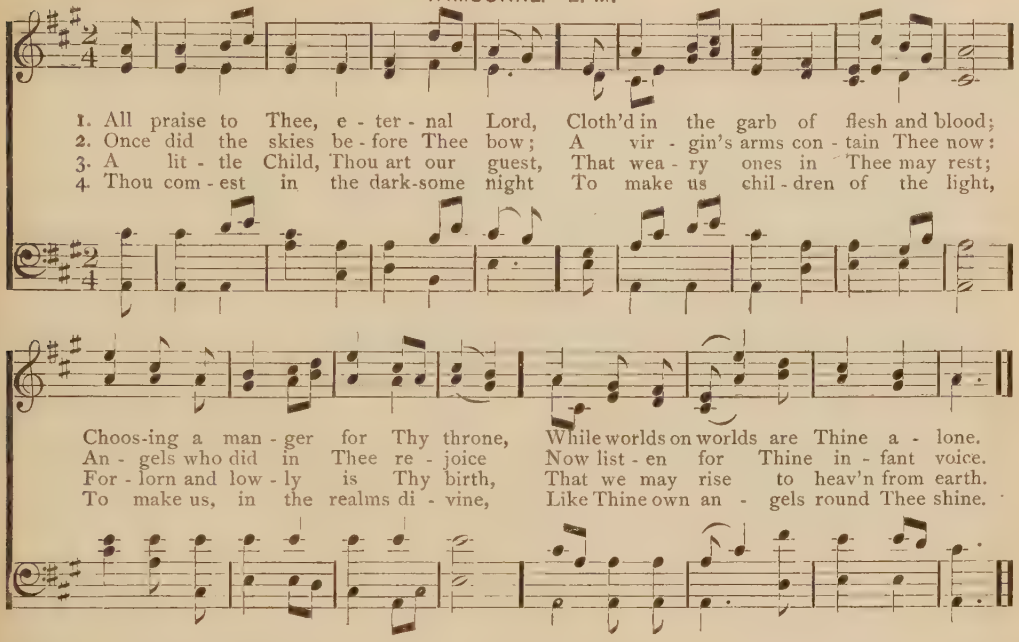
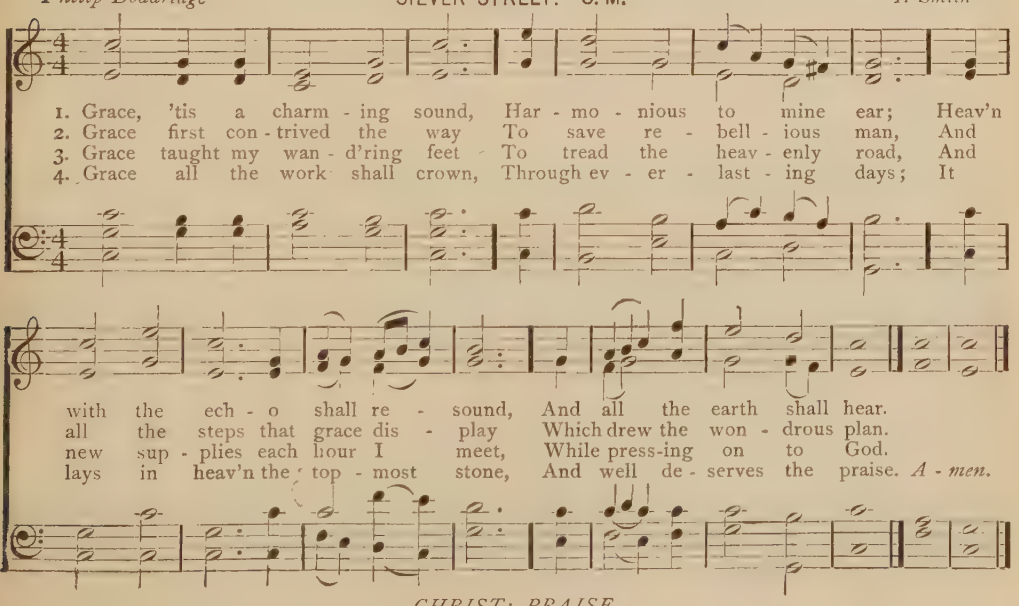
No. 198. *All Praise to Thee, Eternal Lord*

Martin Luther, tr. WIMBORNE. L. M. *J. Whitaker*


1. All praise to Thee, e - ter - nal Lord, Cloth'd in the garb of flesh and blood;
2. Once did the skies be - fore Thee bow; A vir - gin's arms con - tain Thee now:
3. A lit - tle Child, Thou art our guest, That wea - ry ones in Thee may rest;
4. Thou com - est in the dark-some night To make us chil - dren of the light,
Choos-ing a man - ger for Thy throne, While worlds on worlds are Thine a - lone.
An - gels who did in Thee re - joice Now list - en for Thine in - fant voice.
For - lorn and low - ly is Thy birth, That we may rise to heav'n from earth.
To make us, in the realms di - vine, Like Thine own an - gels round Thee shine.

No. 199. *Grace, 'tis a Charming Sound*

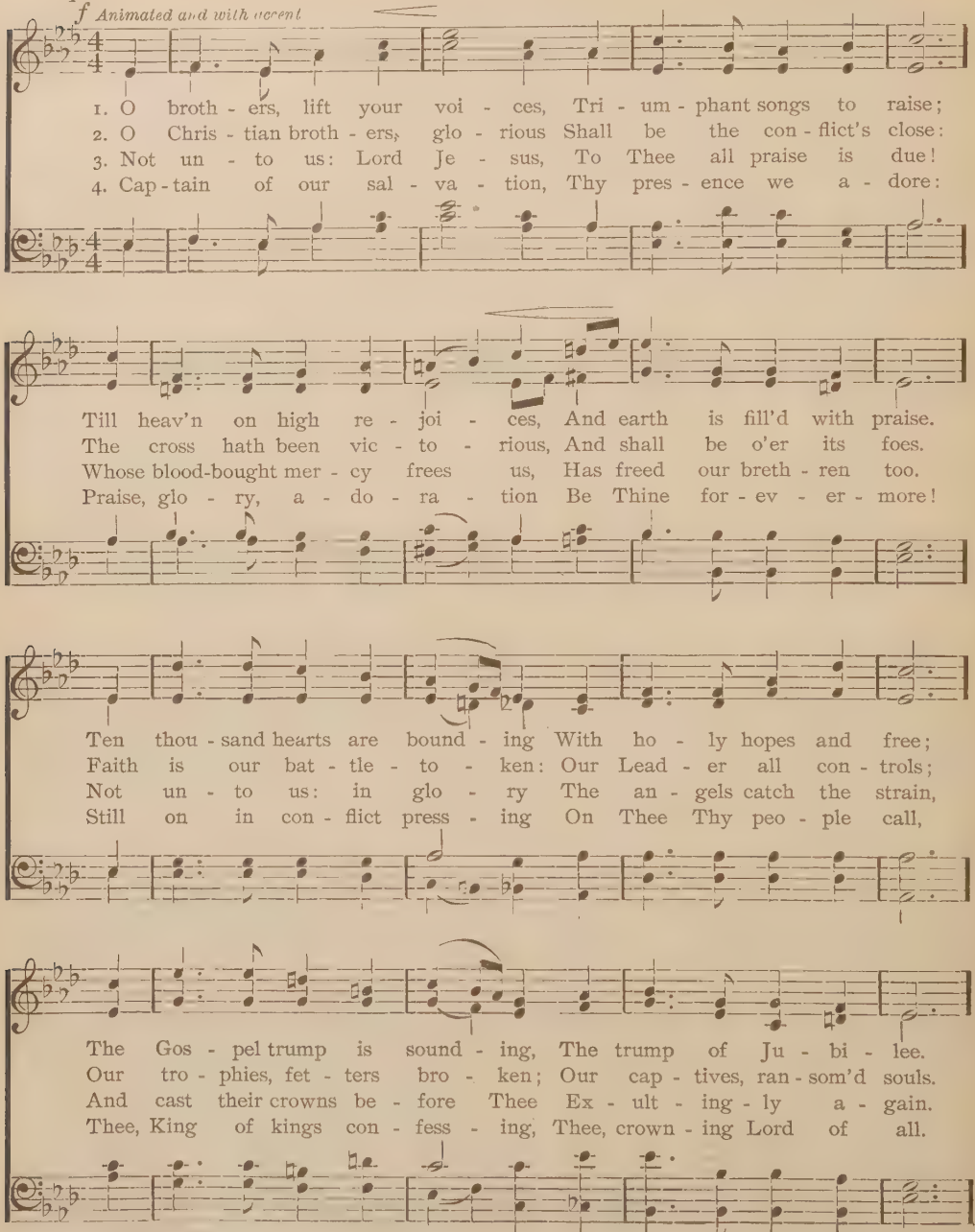
Philip Doddridge SILVER STREET. S. M. *I. Smith*


1. Grace, 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to mine ear; Heav'n
2. Grace first con - trived the way To save re - bell - ious man, And
3. Grace taught my wan - d'ring feet To tread the heav - enly road, And
4. Grace all the work shall crown, Through ev - er - last - ing days; It
with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
all the steps that grace dis - play Which drew the won - drous plan.
new sup - plies each hour I meet, While press-ing on to God.
lays in heav'n the top - most stone, And well de - serves the praise. *A - men.*

No. 200. *O Brothers, Lift Your Voices*

Bp. E. H. Bickersteth BICKERSTETH. 7s &6s. *Frank N. Shepperd, 1898*

f Animated and with accent


1. O broth - ers, lift your voi - ces, Tri - um - phant songs to raise;
2. O Chris - tian broth - ers, glo - rious Shall be the con - flict's close:
3. Not un - to us: Lord Je - sus, To Thee all praise is due!
4. Cap - tain of our sal - va - tion, Thy pres - ence we a - dore:
Till heav'n on high re - joi - ces, And earth is fill'd with praise.
The cross hath been vic - to - rious, And shall be o'er its foes.
Whose blood-bought mer - cy frees us, Has freed our breth - ren too.
Praise, glo - ry, a - do - ra - tion Be Thine for - ev - er - more!
Ten thou - sand hearts are bound - ing With ho - ly hopes and free;
Faith is our bat - tle - to - ken: Our Lead - er all con - trols;
Not un - to us: in glo - ry The an - gels catch the strain,
Still on in con - flict press - ing On Thee Thy peo - ple call,
The Gos - pel trump is sound - ing, The trump of Ju - bi - lee.
Our tro - phies, fet - ters bro - ken; Our cap - tives, ran - som'd souls.
And cast their crowns be - fore Thee Ex - ult - ing - ly a - gain.
Thee, King of kings con - fess - ing, Thee, crown - ing Lord of all.

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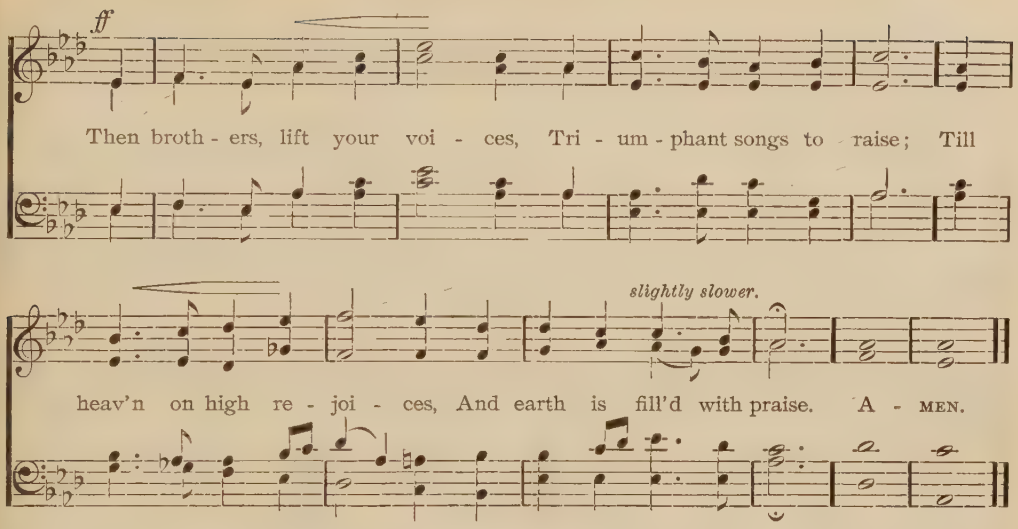
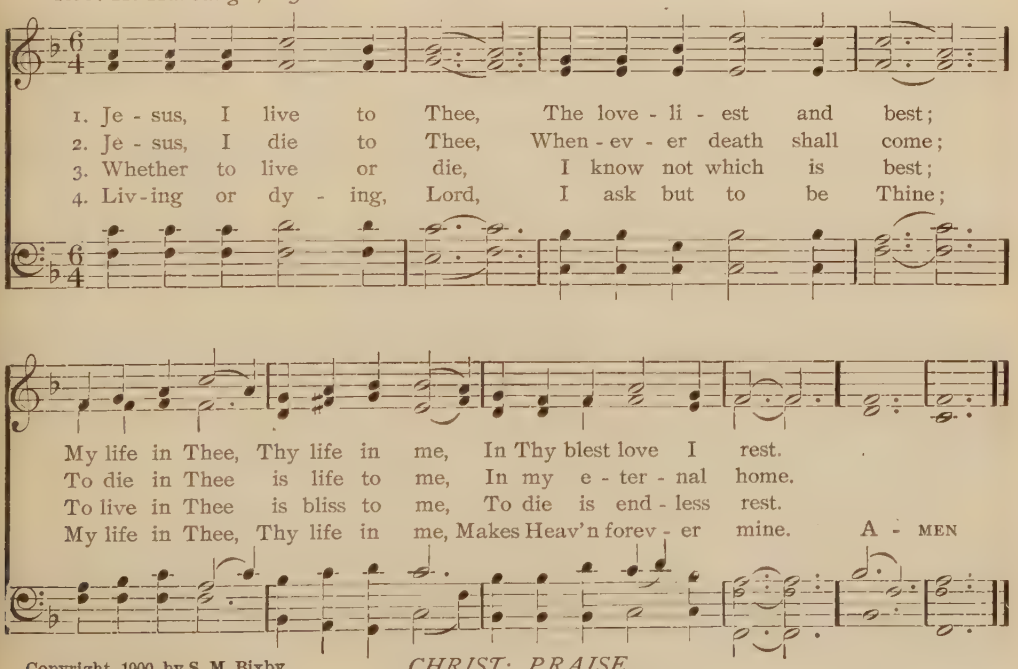
O Brothers, Lift Your Voices

ff
Then broth - ers, lift your voi - ces, Tri - um - phant songs to raise; Till
slightly slower.
heav'n on high re - joi - ces, And earth is fill'd with praise. A - MEN.

No. 201. *Jesus, I Live to Thee*

Rev. H. Harbaugh, 1850 HARBAUGH. S.M. *R. Menthal*


1. Je - sus, I live to Thee, The love - li - est and best;
2. Je - sus, I die to Thee, When - ev - er death shall come;
3. Whether to live or die, I know not which is best;
4. Liv - ing or dy - ing, Lord, I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest.
To die in Thee is life to me, In my e - ter - nal home.
To live in Thee is bliss to me, To die is end - less rest.
My life in Thee, Thy life in me, Makes Heav'n forev - er mine. A - MEN

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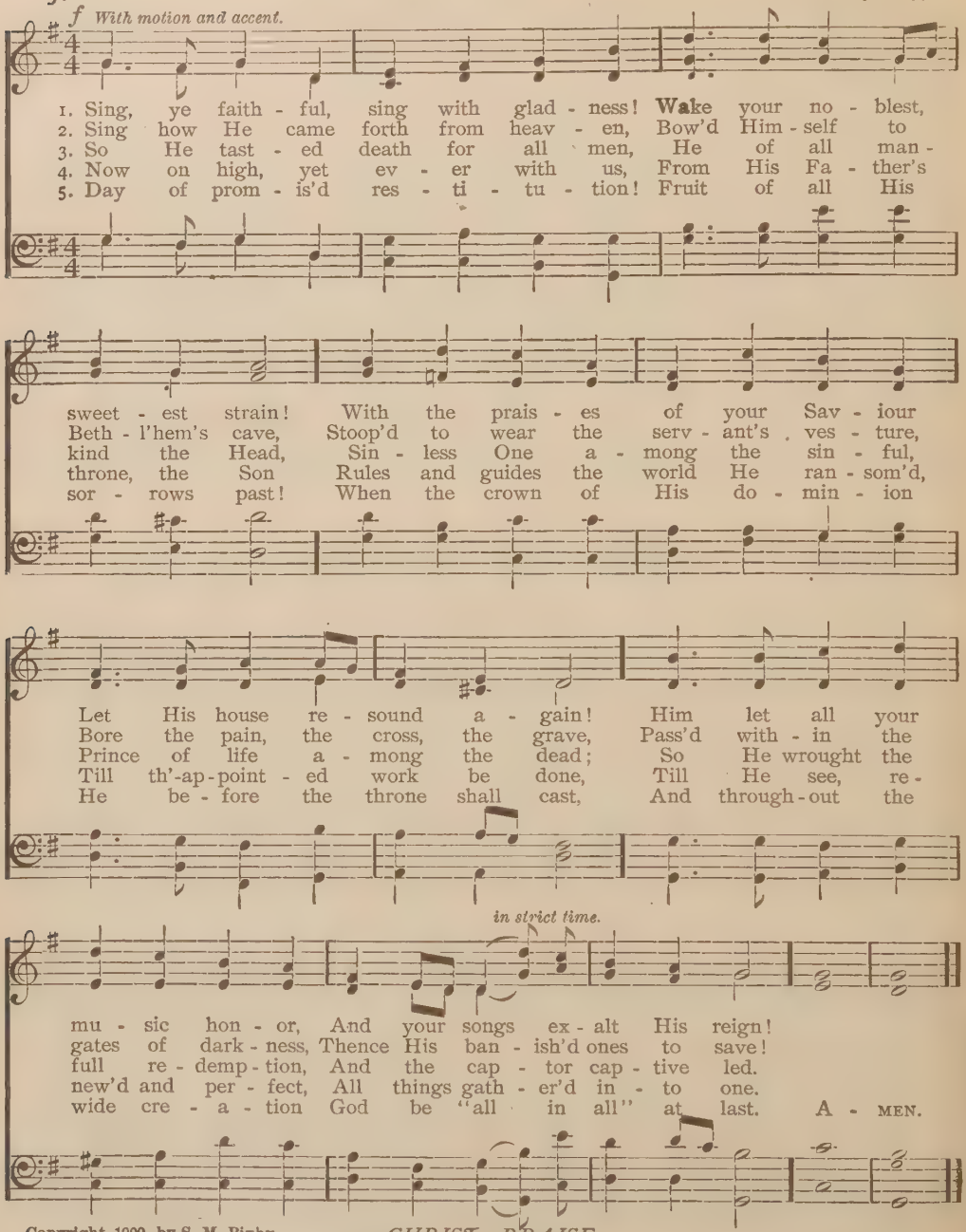
No. 202. *Sing, Ye Faithful, Sing with Gladness*

J. Ellerton WARING. 8s.&7s. 6 Lines. *S. M. Bixby*, 1899.


f With motion and accent.
1. Sing, ye faith - ful, sing with glad - ness! Wake your no - blest,
2. Sing how He came forth from heav - en, Bow'd Him - self to
3. So He tast - ed death for all men, He of all man -
4. Now on high, yet ev - er with us, From His Fa - ther's
5. Day of prom - is'd res - ti - tu - tion! Fruit of all His
sweet - est strain! With the prais - es of your Sav - iour
Beth - l'hem's cave, Stoop'd to wear the serv - ant's ves - ture,
kind the Head, Sin - less One a - mong the sin - ful,
throne, the Son Rules and guides the world He ran - som'd,
sor - rows past! When the crown of His do - min - ion
Let His house re - sound a - gain! Him let all your
Bore the pain, the cross, the grave, Pass'd with - in the
Prince of life a - mong the dead; So He wrought the
Till th'-ap-point - ed work be done, Till He see, re -
He be - fore the throne shall cast, And through - out the
in strict time.
mu - sic hon - or, And your songs ex - alt His reign!
gates of dark - ness, Thence His ban - ish'd ones to save!
full re - demp - tion, And the cap - tor cap - tive led.
new'd and per - fect, All things gath - er'd in - to one.
wide cre - a - tion God be "all in all" at last. A - men.

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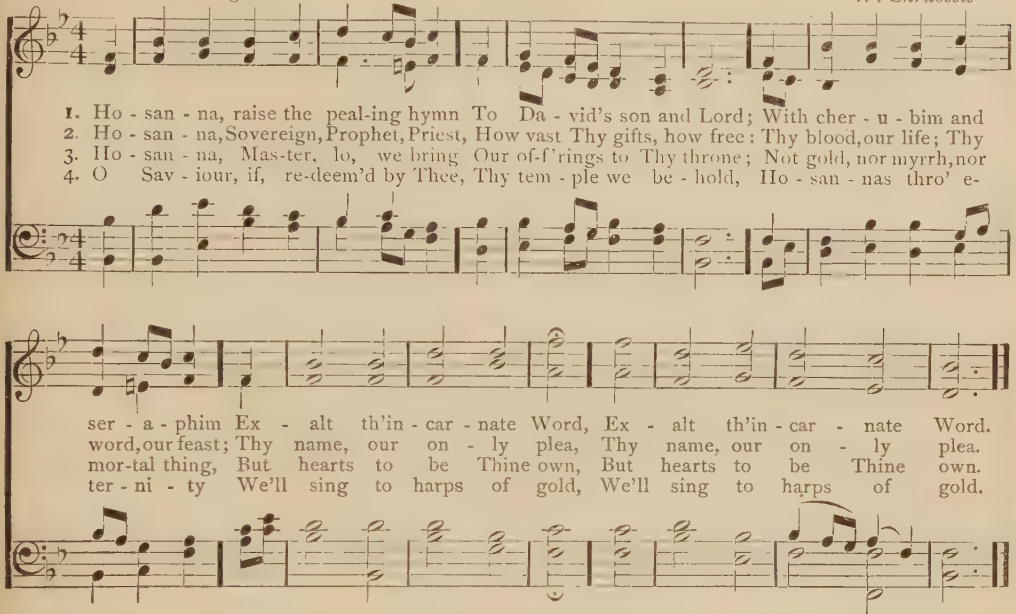
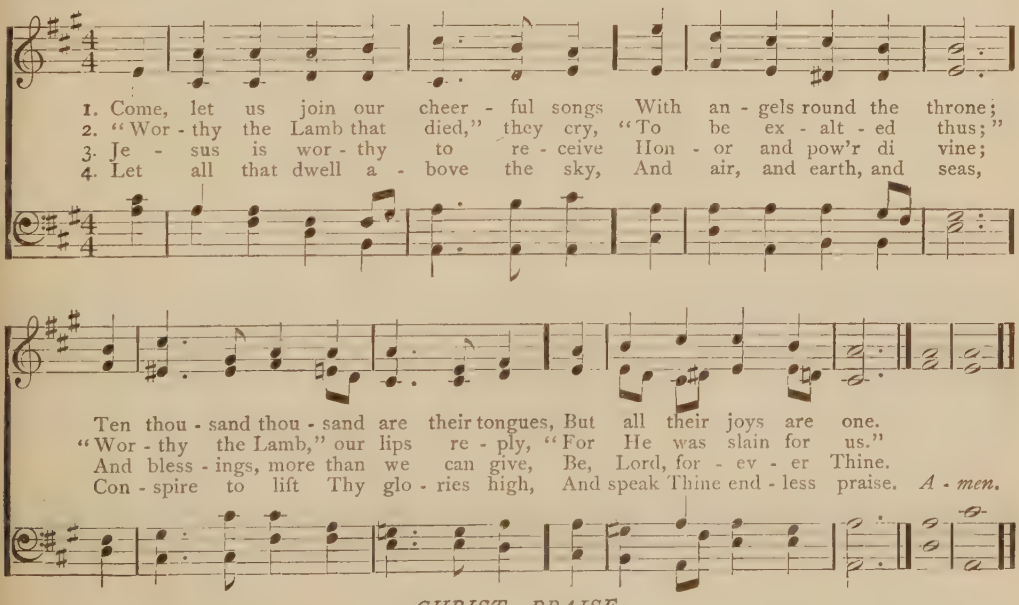
No. 203. *Hosanna, Raise the Pealing Hymn*

William H. Havergal — MILES LANE. C. M. — *W. Shrubsole*


1. Ho - san - na, raise the peal-ing hymn To Da - vid's son and Lord; With cher - u - bim and
2. Ho - san - na, Sovereign, Prophet, Priest, How vast Thy gifts, how free: Thy blood, our life; Thy
3. Ho - san - na, Mas-ter, lo, we bring Our of-f'rings to Thy throne; Not gold, nor myrrh, nor
4. O Sav - iour, if, re-deem'd by Thee, Thy tem - ple we be - hold, Ho - san - nas thro' e-
ser - a - phim Ex - alt th'in - car - nate Word, Ex - alt th'in - car - nate Word.
word, our feast; Thy name, our on - ly plea, Thy name, our on - ly plea.
mor-tal thing, But hearts to be Thine own, But hearts to be Thine own.
ter - ni - ty We'll sing to harps of gold, We'll sing to harps of gold.

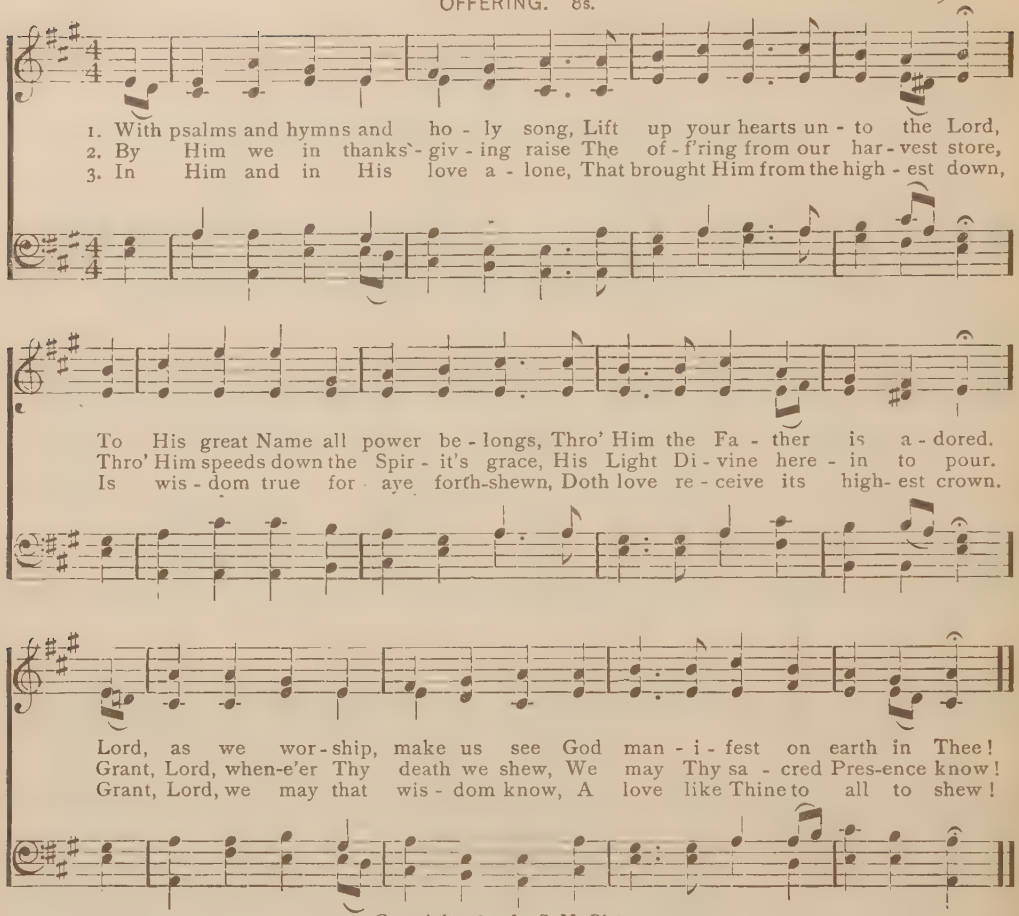
No. 204. *Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs*

Isaac Watts — LAUD. C. M. — *J. B. Dykes*


1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels round the throne;
2. "Wor - thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus;"
3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - or and pow'r di - vine;
4. Let all that dwell a - bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas,
Ten thou - sand thou - sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
"Wor - thy the Lamb," our lips re - ply, "For He was slain for us."
And bless - ings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for - ev - er Thine.
Con - spire to lift Thy glo - ries high, And speak Thine end - less praise. A - men.

No. 205. *With Psalms and Hymns*

OFFERING. 8s. *S. M. Bixby*


1. With psalms and hymns and ho - ly song, Lift up your hearts un - to the Lord,
2. By Him we in thanks`- giv - ing raise The of - f'ring from our har - vest store,
3. In Him and in His love a - lone, That brought Him from the high - est down,
To His great Name all power be - longs, Thro' Him the Fa - ther is a - dored.
Thro' Him speeds down the Spir - it's grace, His Light Di - vine here - in to pour.
Is wis - dom true for aye forth-shewn, Doth love re - ceive its high- est crown.
Lord, as we wor - ship, make us see God man - i - fest on earth in Thee!
Grant, Lord, when-e'er Thy death we shew, We may Thy sa - cred Pres-ence know!
Grant, Lord, we may that wis - dom know, A love like Thine to all to shew!

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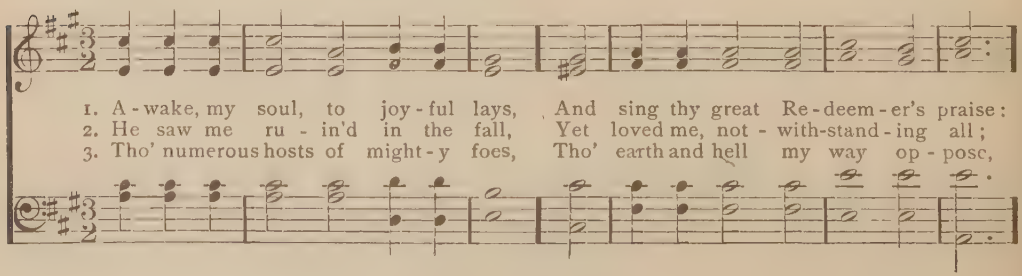
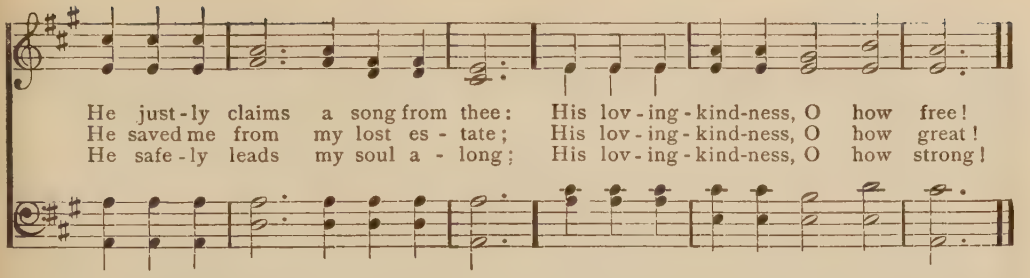
No. 206. *Awake, My Soul, to Joyful Lays*

Samuel Medley, 1780 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. *C. Zeuner*

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deem - er's praise:
2. He saw me ru - in'd in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with-stand - ing all;
3. Tho' numerous hosts of might - y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose,


He just-ly claims a song from thee: His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost es-tate; His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how great!
He safe-ly leads my soul a-long; His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how strong!

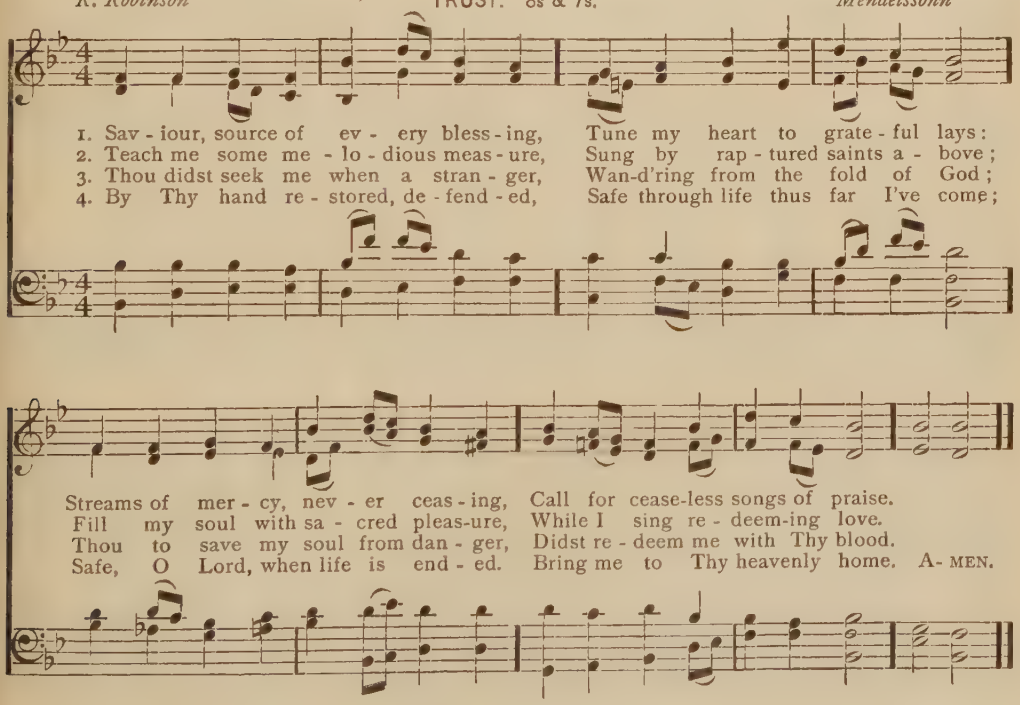
4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart,
But though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not!

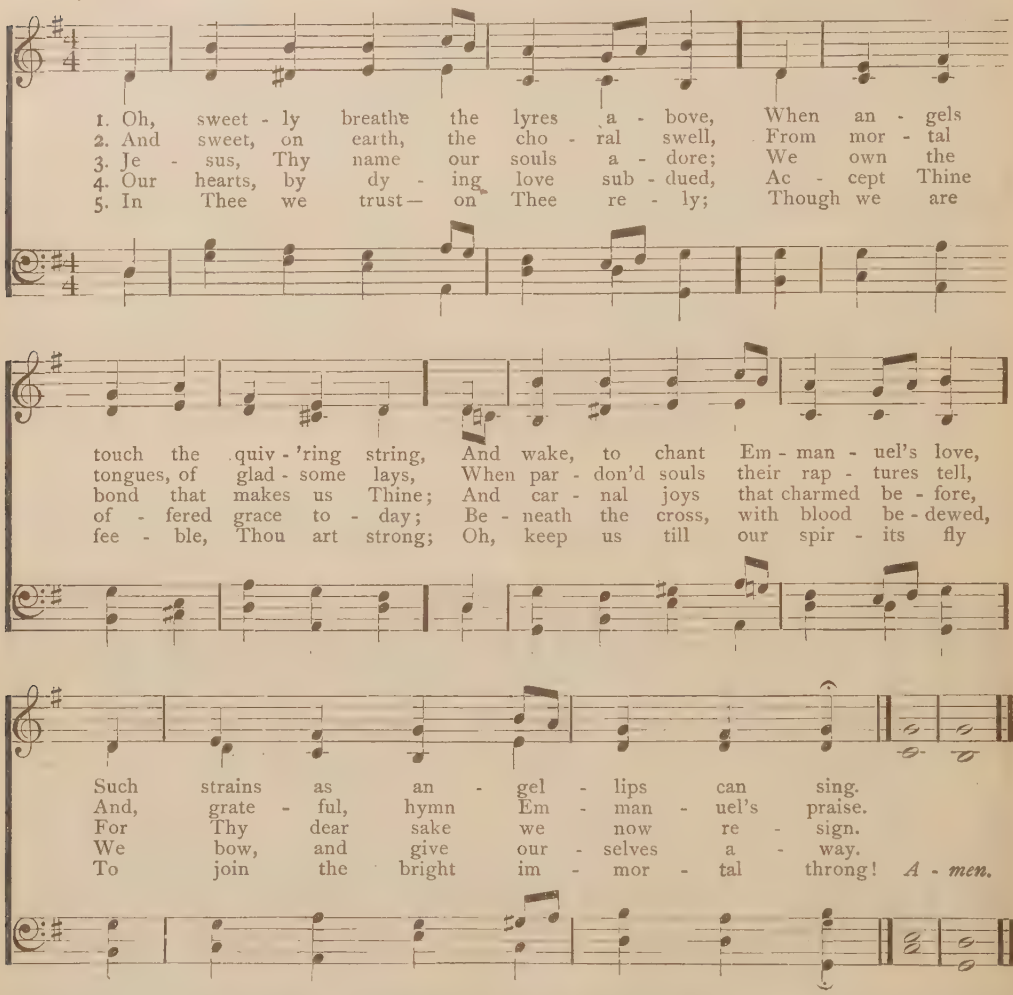
6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

No. 207. *Saviour, Source of Every Blessing*

R. Robinson TRUST. 8s & 7s. *Mendelssohn*

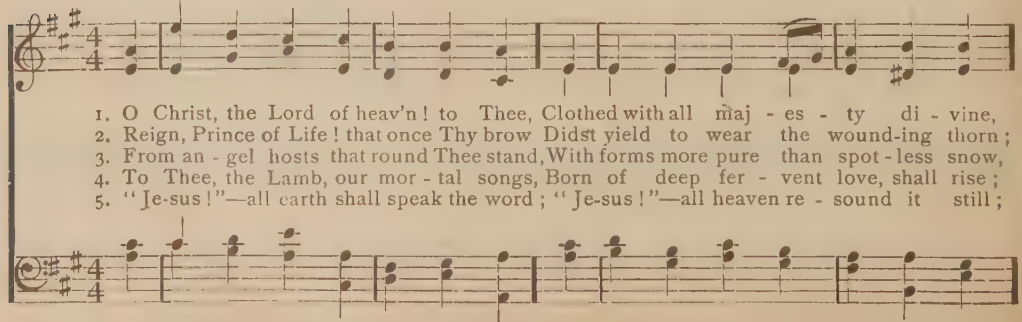

1. Sav-iour, source of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays:
2. Teach me some me-lo-dious meas-ure, Sung by rap-tured saints a-bove;
3. Thou didst seek me when a stran-ger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;
4. By Thy hand re-stored, de-fend-ed, Safe through life thus far I've come;
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for cease-less songs of praise.
Fill my soul with sa-cred pleas-ure, While I sing re-deem-ing love.
Thou to save my soul from dan-ger, Didst re-deem me with Thy blood.
Safe, O Lord, when life is end-ed. Bring me to Thy heavenly home. A-MEN.

No. 208. *Oh, Sweetly Breathe the Lyres Above*

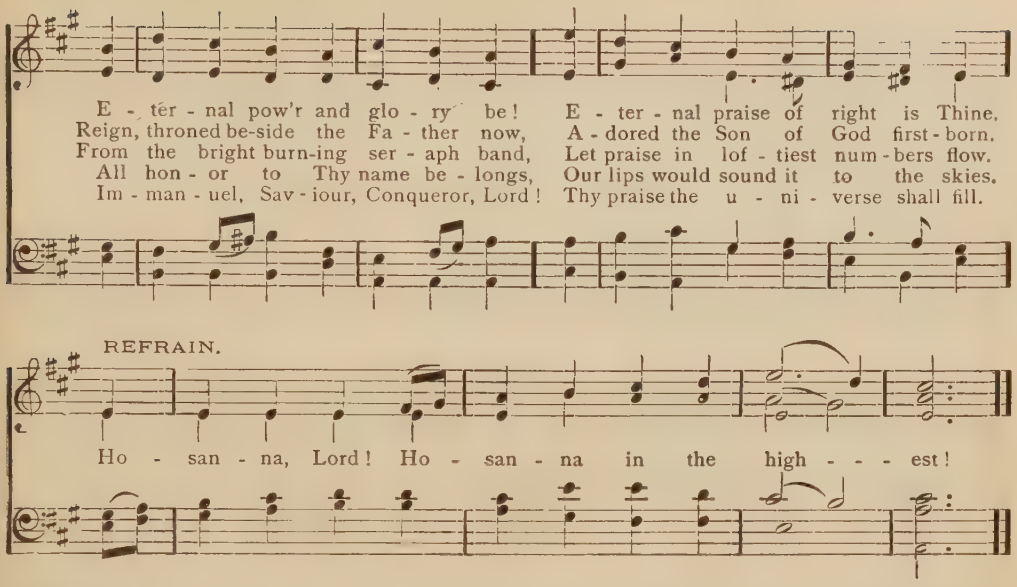
Ray Palmer — CANONBURY. L. M. — *Arr. fr. R. Schumann*

1. Oh, sweet - ly breathe the lyres a - bove, When an - gels touch the quiv - 'ring string, And wake, to chant Em - man - uel's love,
2. And sweet, on earth, the cho - ral swell, From mor - tal tongues, of glad - some lays, When par - don'd souls their rap - tures tell,
3. Je - sus, Thy name our souls a - dore; We own the bond that makes us Thine; And car - nal joys that charmed be - fore,
4. Our hearts, by dy - ing love sub - dued, Ac - cept Thine of - fered grace to - day; Be - neath the cross, with blood be - dewed,
5. In Thee we trust— on Thee re - ly; Though we are fee - ble, Thou art strong; Oh, keep us till our spir - its fly
Such strains as an - gel - lips can sing.
And, grate - ful, hymn Em - man - uel's praise.
For Thy dear sake we now re - sign.
We bow, and give our - selves a - way.
To join the bright im - mor - tal throng! A - men.

No. 209. *O Christ, the Lord of Heaven*

Ray Palmer — HOSANNA. L. M. with Chorus. — *J. B. Dykes*

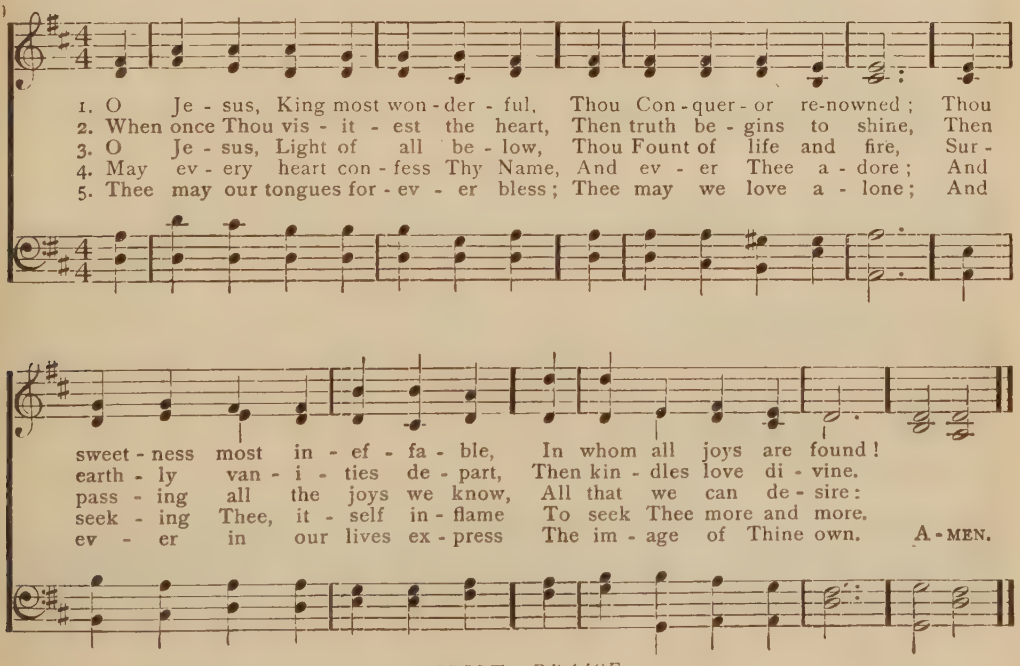

1. O Christ, the Lord of heav'n! to Thee, Clothed with all maj - es - ty di - vine,
2. Reign, Prince of Life! that once Thy brow Didst yield to wear the wound-ing thorn;
3. From an - gel hosts that round Thee stand, With forms more pure than spot - less snow,
4. To Thee, the Lamb, our mor - tal songs, Born of deep fer - vent love, shall rise;
5. "Je-sus!"—all earth shall speak the word; "Je-sus!"—all heaven re - sound it still;

O Christ, the Lord of Heaven


E - ter - nal pow'r and glo - ry be! E - ter - nal praise of right is Thine,
Reign, throned be-side the Fa - ther now, A - dored the Son of God first - born.
From the bright burn-ing ser - aph band, Let praise in lof - tiest num - bers flow.
All hon - or to Thy name be - longs, Our lips would sound it to the skies.
Im - man - uel, Sav - iour, Conqueror, Lord! Thy praise the u - ni - verse shall fill.
REFRAIN.
Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - - - est!

No. 210. *O Jesus, King Most Wonderful*

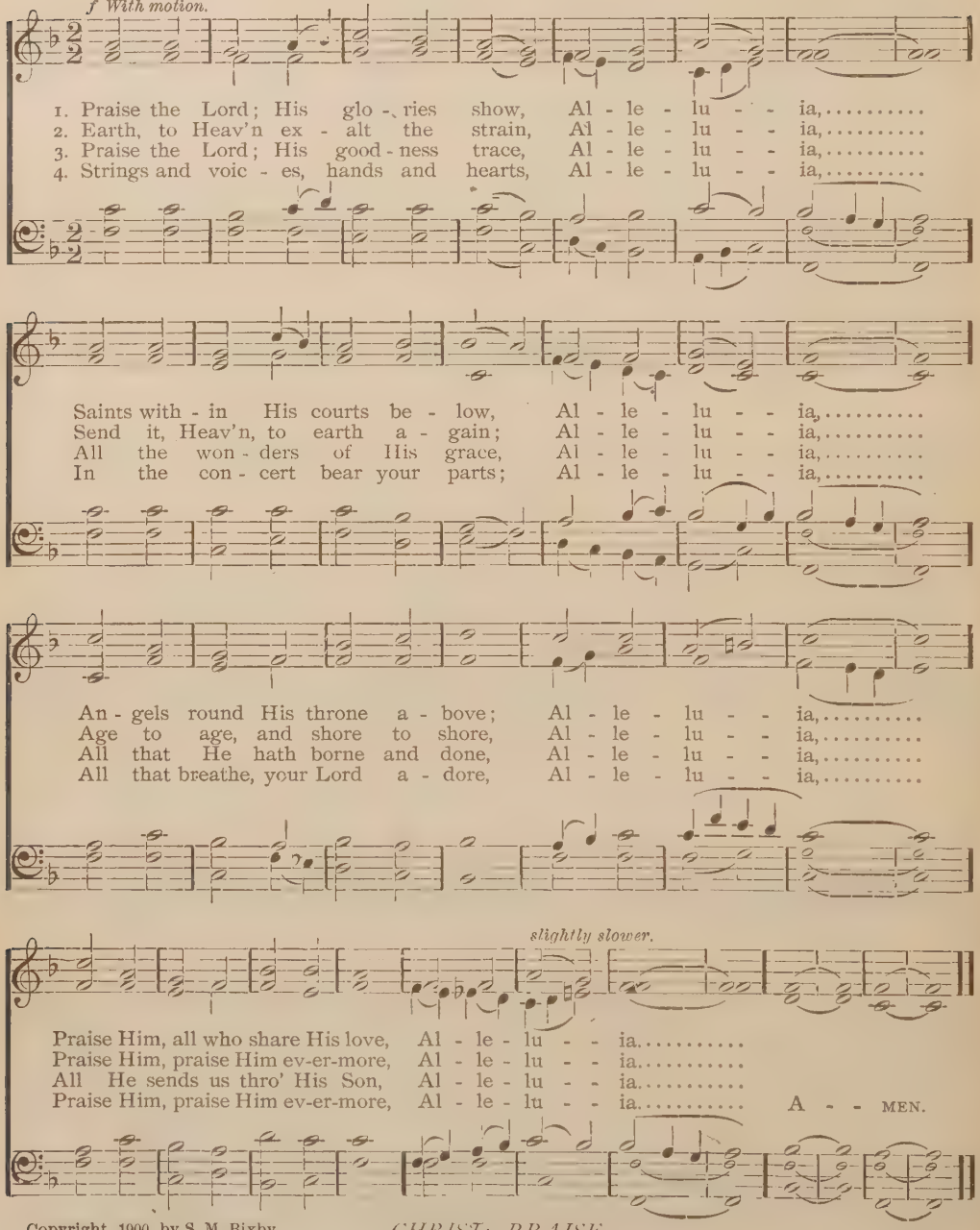
Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall. ST. MARK. C.M. *H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.*


1. O Je - sus, King most won - der - ful, Thou Con - quer - or re-nowned; Thou
2. When once Thou vis - it - est the heart, Then truth be - gins to shine, Then
3. O Je - sus, Light of all be - low, Thou Fount of life and fire, Sur -
4. May ev - ery heart con - fess Thy Name, And ev - er Thee a - dore; And
5. Thee may our tongues for - ev - er bless; Thee may we love a - lone; And
sweet - ness most in - ef - fa - ble, In whom all joys are found!
earth - ly van - i - ties de - part, Then kin - dles love di - vine.
pass - ing all the joys we know, All that we can de - sire:
seek - ing Thee, it - self in - flame To seek Thee more and more.
ev - er in our lives ex - press The im - age of Thine own. A - MEN.

No. 211. *Praise the Lord, His Glories Show*

Henry Francis Lyte EXALT. 7s, with Alleluia *Jay Deavereaux*

f With motion.


1. Praise the Lord; His glo - ries show, Al - le - lu - - ia,.....
2. Earth, to Heav'n ex - alt the strain, Al - le - lu - - ia,.....
3. Praise the Lord; His good - ness trace, Al - le - lu - - ia,.....
4. Strings and voic - es, hands and hearts, Al - le - lu - - ia,.....
Saints with - in His courts be - low, Al - le - lu - - ia,.....
Send it, Heav'n, to earth a - gain; Al - le - lu - - ia,.....
All the won - ders of His grace, Al - le - lu - - ia,.....
In the con - cert bear your parts; Al - le - lu - - ia,.....
An - gels round His throne a - bove; Al - le - lu - - ia,.....
Age to age, and shore to shore, Al - le - lu - - ia,.....
All that He hath borne and done, Al - le - lu - - ia,.....
All that breathe, your Lord a - dore, Al - le - lu - - ia,.....
slightly slower.
Praise Him, all who share His love, Al - le - lu - - ia.....
Praise Him, praise Him ev-er-more, Al - le - lu - - ia.....
All He sends us thro' His Son, Al - le - lu - - ia.....
Praise Him, praise Him ev-er-more, Al - le - lu - - ia..... A - - MEN.

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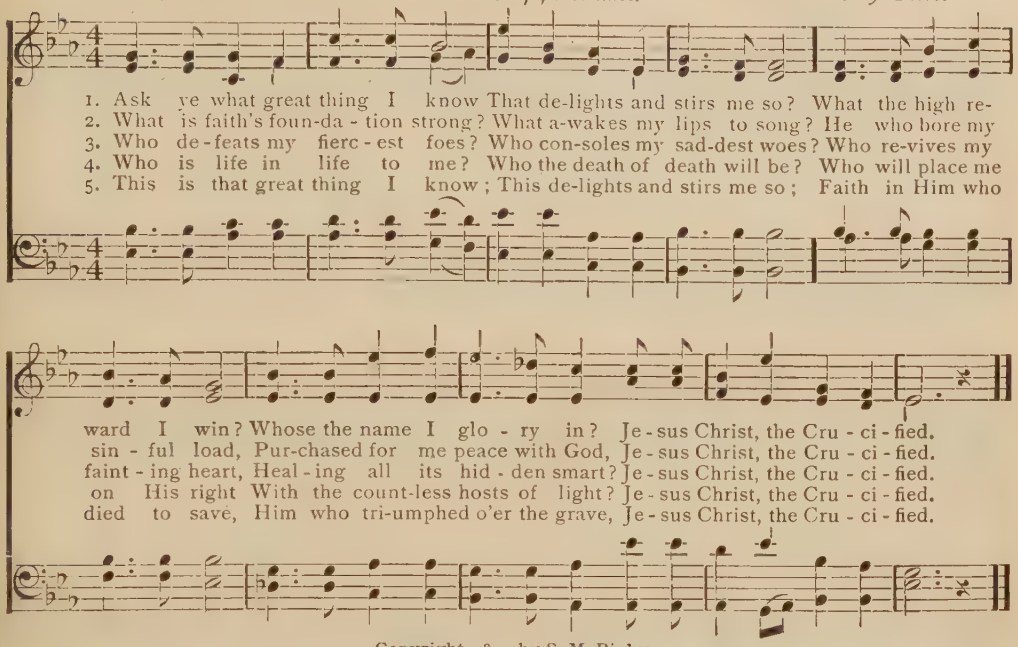
No. 212. *Ask Ye What Great Thing I Know*

Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy ATHOL. 7s, Five lines. *Caryl Florio*


1. Ask ye what great thing I know That de-lights and stirs me so? What the high re-
2. What is faith's foun-da - tion strong? What a-wakes my lips to song? He who bore my
3. Who de-feats my fierc - est foes? Who con-soles my sad-dest woes? Who re-vives my
4. Who is life in life to me? Who the death of death will be? Who will place me
5. This is that great thing I know; This de-lights and stirs me so; Faith in Him who
ward I win? Whose the name I glo - ry in? Je-sus Christ, the Cru - ci-fied.
sin - ful load, Pur-chased for me peace with God, Je-sus Christ, the Cru - ci-fied.
faint - ing heart, Heal-ing all its hid - den smart? Je-sus Christ, the Cru - ci-fied.
on His right With the count-less hosts of light? Je-sus Christ, the Cru - ci-fied.
died to save, Him who tri-umphed o'er the grave, Je-sus Christ, the Cru - ci-fied.

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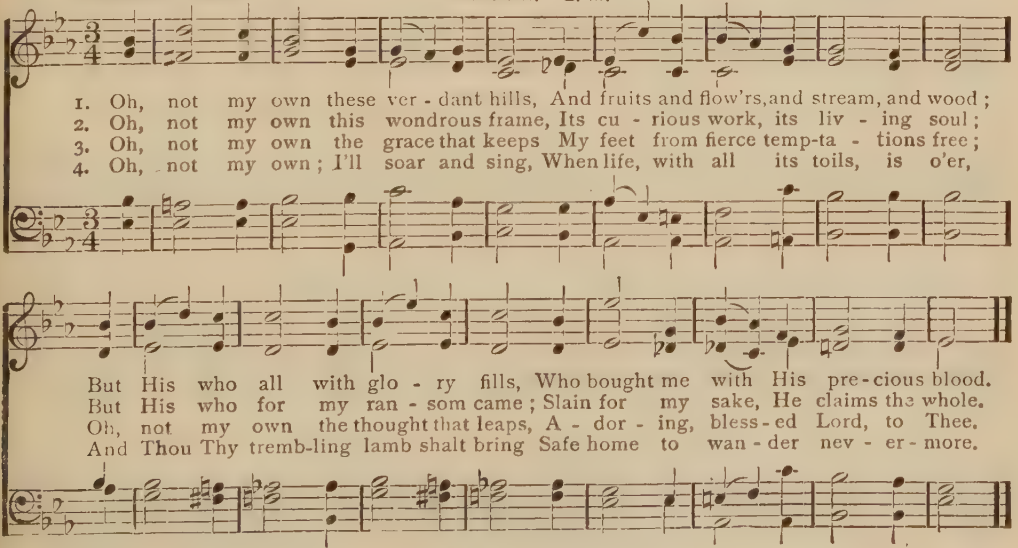
No. 213 *Oh, Not My Own These Verdant Hills*

Samuel F. Smith, D.D. KALSARI. L. M. *Caryl Florio*


1. Oh, not my own these ver - dant hills, And fruits and flow'rs, and stream, and wood;
2. Oh, not my own this wondrous frame, Its cu - rious work, its liv - ing soul;
3. Oh, not my own the grace that keeps My feet from fierce temp-ta - tions free;
4. Oh, not my own; I'll soar and sing, When life, with all its toils, is o'er,
But His who all with glo - ry fills, Who bought me with His pre-cious blood.
But His who for my ran - som came; Slain for my sake, He claims the whole.
Oh, not my own the thought that leaps, A - dor - ing, bless-ed Lord, to Thee.
And Thou Thy tremb-ling lamb shalt bring Safe home to wan - der nev - er - more.

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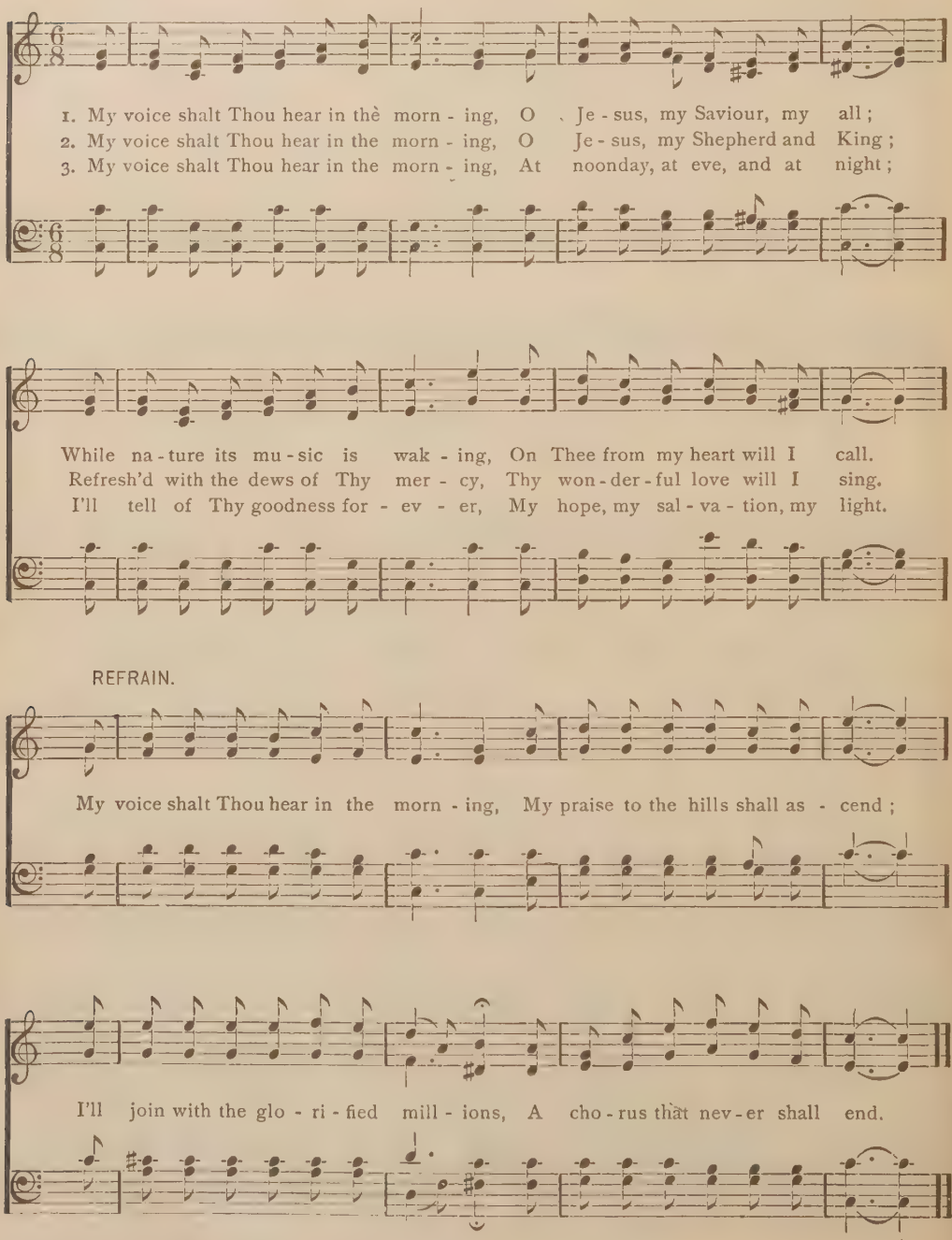
No. 214. *My Voice Shalt Thou Hear in the Morning*

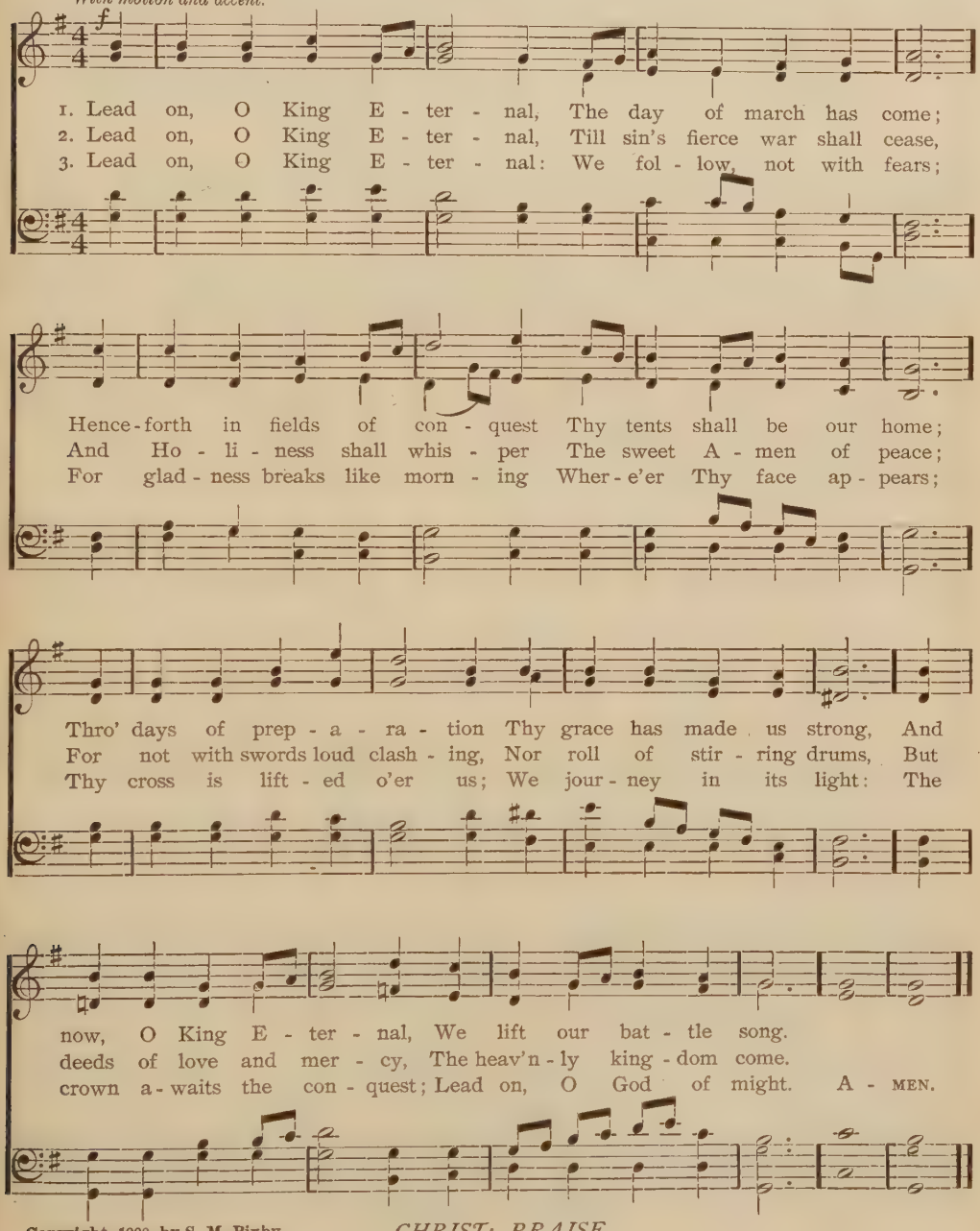
Fanny J. Crosby ALRANTE. 9s & 8s, with Chorus. *B. C. Unseld*

1. My voice shalt Thou hear in the morn - ing, O Je - sus, my Saviour, my all;
2. My voice shalt Thou hear in the morn - ing, O Je - sus, my Shepherd and King;
3. My voice shalt Thou hear in the morn - ing, At noonday, at eve, and at night;
While na - ture its mu - sic is wak - ing, On Thee from my heart will I call.
Refresh'd with the dews of Thy mer - cy, Thy won - der - ful love will I sing.
I'll tell of Thy goodness for - ev - er, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my light.
REFRAIN.
My voice shalt Thou hear in the morn - ing, My praise to the hills shall as - cend;
I'll join with the glo - ri - fied mill - ions, A cho - rus that nev - er shall end.

Copyright, 1894, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 215. # *Lead on, O King Eternal*

Rev. E. W. Shurtleff, 1888 SHURTLEFF. 7s.&6s.D. *S. M. Bixby*, 1899.

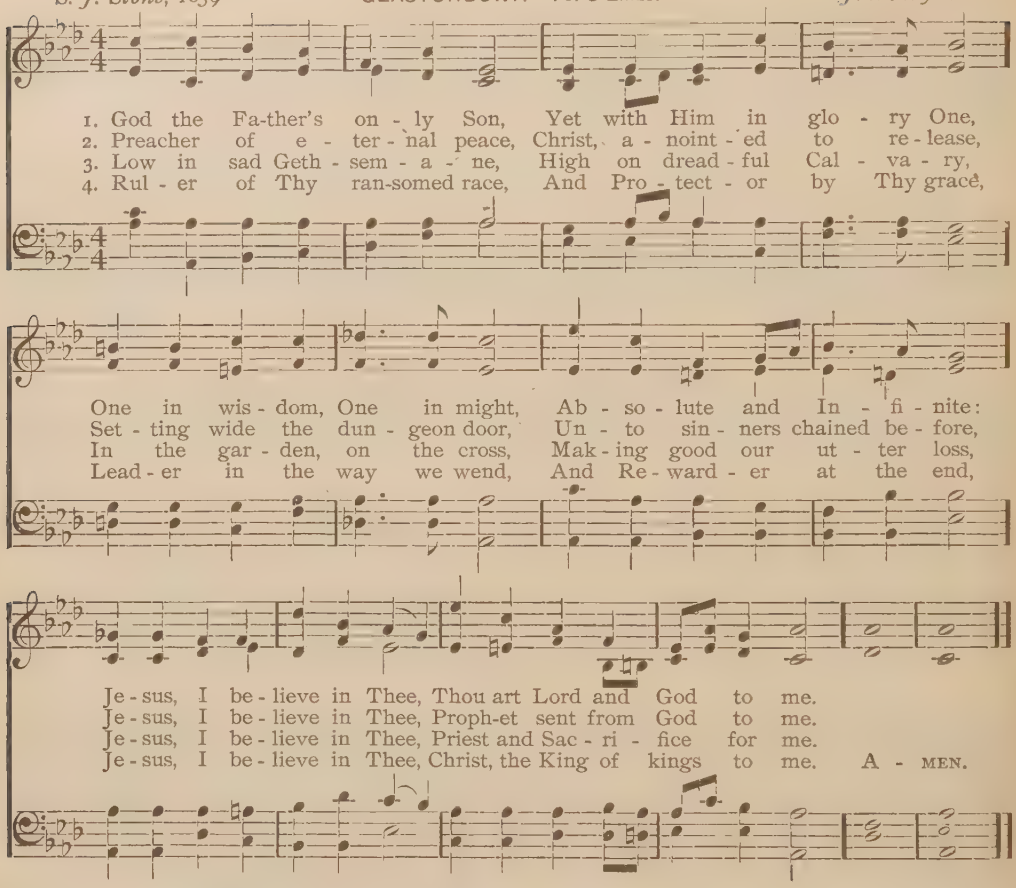
With motion and accent.


1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come;
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal: We fol - low, not with fears;
Hence-forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home;
And Ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet A - men of peace;
For glad - ness breaks like morn - ing Wher - e'er Thy face ap - pears;
Thro' days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong, And
For not with swords loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums, But
Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour - ney in its light: The
now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
deeds of love and mer - cy, The heav'n - ly king - dom come.
crown a - waits the con - quest; Lead on, O God of might. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1900, by S. M. Bixby.

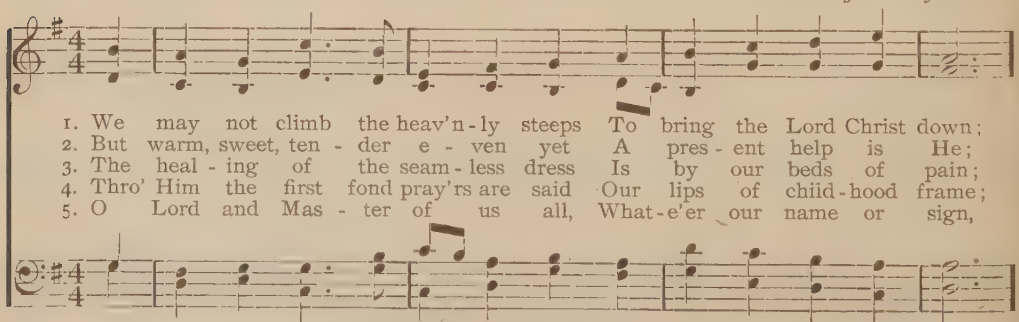
No. 216. *God the Father's Only Son*

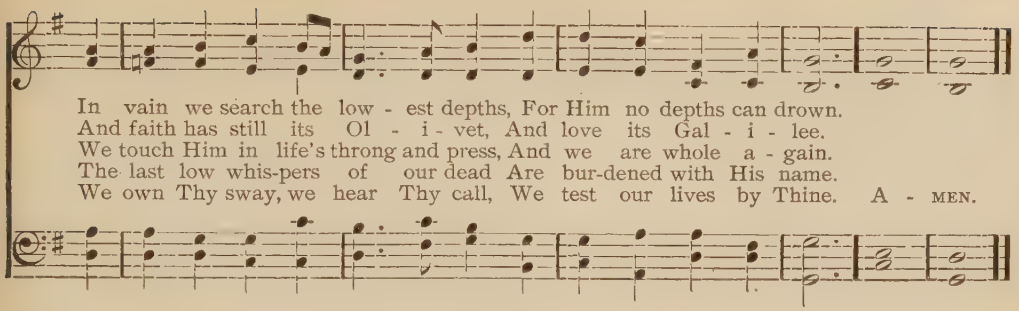
S. J. Stone, 1839 GLASTONBURY. 7s. 6 Lines. *J. B. Dykes*


1. God the Fa-ther's on - ly Son, Yet with Him in glo - ry One,
2. Preacher of e - ter - nal peace, Christ, a - noint - ed to re - lease,
3. Low in sad Geth - sem - a - ne, High on dread - ful Cal - va - ry,
4. Rul - er of Thy ran-somed race, And Pro - tect - or by Thy grace,
One in wis - dom, One in might, Ab - so - lute and In - fi - nite:
Set - ting wide the dun - geon door, Un - to sin - ners chained be - fore,
In the gar - den, on the cross, Mak - ing good our ut - ter loss,
Lead - er in the way we wend, And Re - ward - er at the end,
Je - sus, I be - lieve in Thee, Thou art Lord and God to me.
Je - sus, I be - lieve in Thee, Proph-et sent from God to me.
Je - sus, I be - lieve in Thee, Priest and Sac - ri - fice for me.
Je - sus, I be - lieve in Thee, Christ, the King of kings to me. A - MEN.

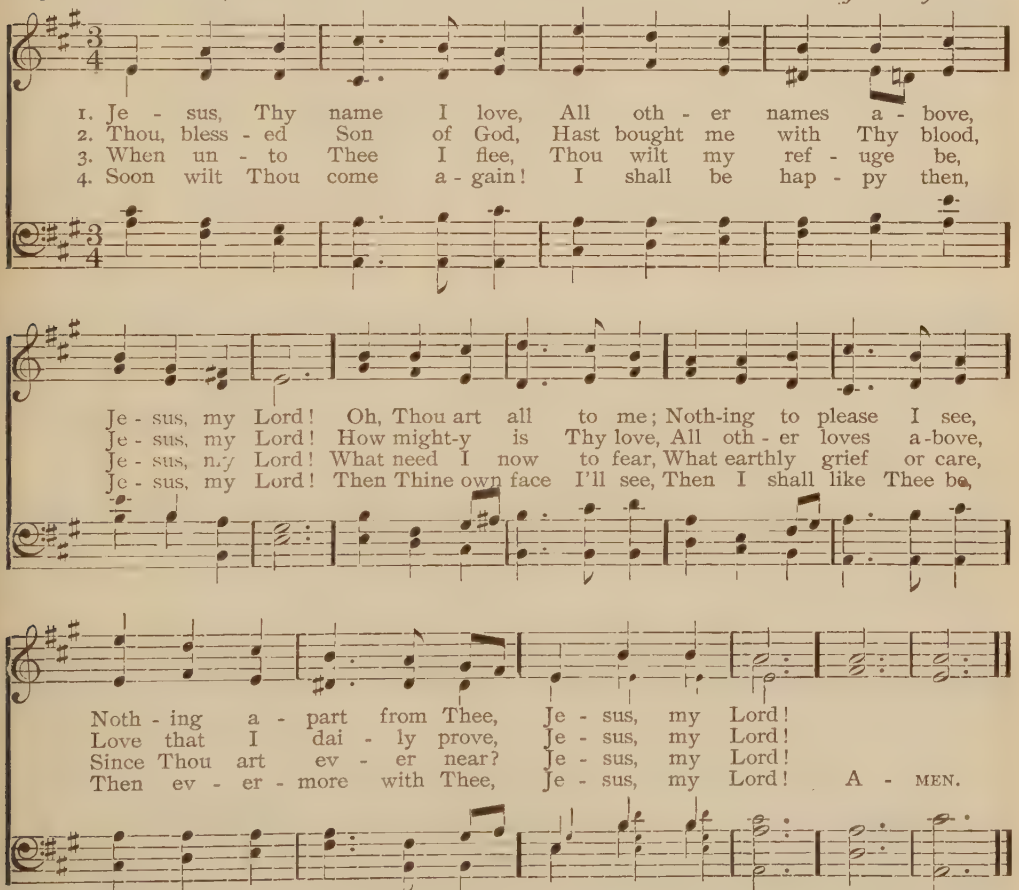
No. 217. *We May Not Climb the Heav'nly Steeps*

J. G. Whittier. By Per. BRADLEY. C.M. *J. B. Dykes*

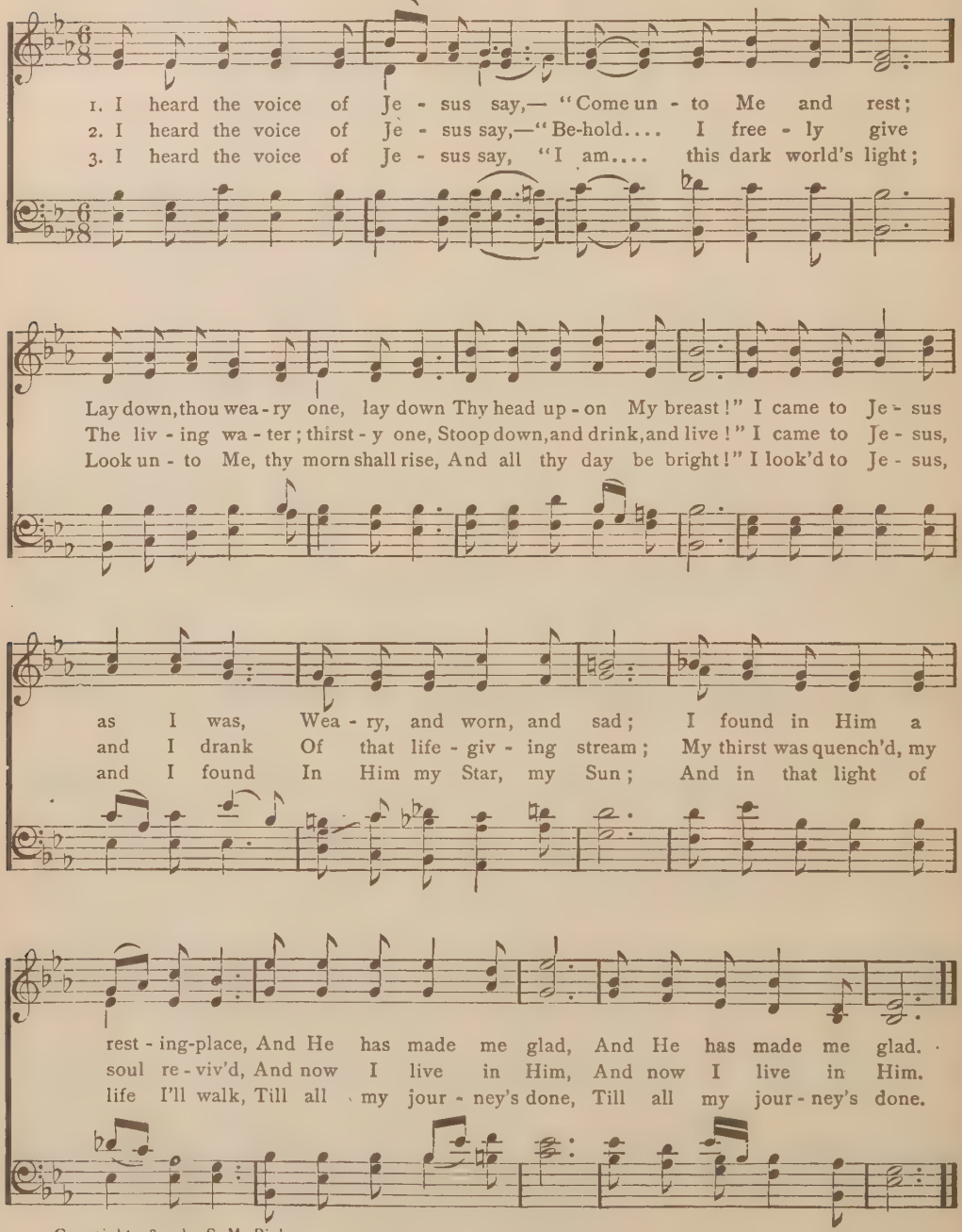

1. We may not climb the heav'n - ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. But warm, sweet, ten - der e - ven yet A pres - ent help is He;
3. The heal - ing of the seam - less dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. Thro' Him the first fond pray'rs are said Our lips of child - hood frame;
5. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, What - e'er our name or sign,


In vain we search the low - est depths, For Him no depths can drown.
And faith has still its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
The last low whis-pers of our dead Are bur-dened with His name.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine. A - MEN.

No. 218. *Jesus, Thy Name I Love*

James G. Deck, 1842 — FIAT LUX. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. — *J. B. Dykes*

1. Je - sus, Thy name I love, All oth - er names a - bove,
2. Thou, bless - ed Son of God, Hast bought me with Thy blood,
3. When un - to Thee I flee, Thou wilt my ref - uge be,
4. Soon wilt Thou come a - gain! I shall be hap - py then,
Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, Thou art all to me; Noth-ing to please I see,
Je - sus, my Lord! How might-y is Thy love, All oth - er loves a-bove,
Je - sus, my Lord! What need I now to fear, What earthly grief or care,
Je - sus, my Lord! Then Thine own face I'll see, Then I shall like Thee be,
Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!
Love that I dai - ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord!
Since Thou art ev - er near? Je - sus, my Lord!
Then ev - er - more with Thee, Je - sus, my Lord! A - MEN.

No. 219. *I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say*

Horatius Bonar WILBER. C. M. D. *S. M. Bixby*

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,— "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Be-hold.... I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am.... this dark world's light;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast!" I came to Je - sus
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!" I came to Je - sus,
Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!" I look'd to Je - sus,
as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad; I found in Him a
and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quench'd, my
and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And in that light of
rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad, And He has made me glad.
soul re - viv'd, And now I live in Him, And now I live in Him.
life I'll walk, Till all my jour - ney's done, Till all my jour - ney's done.

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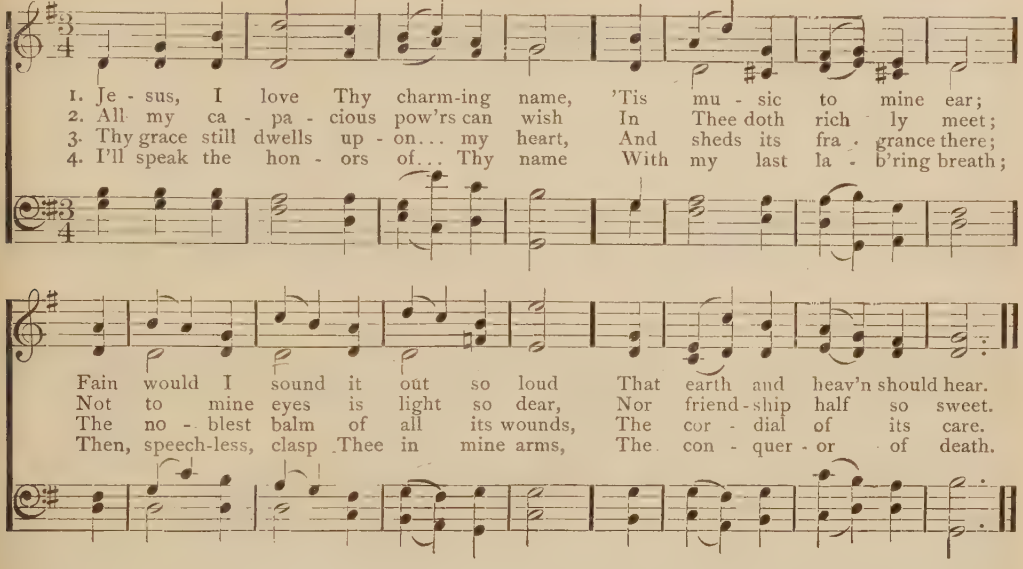
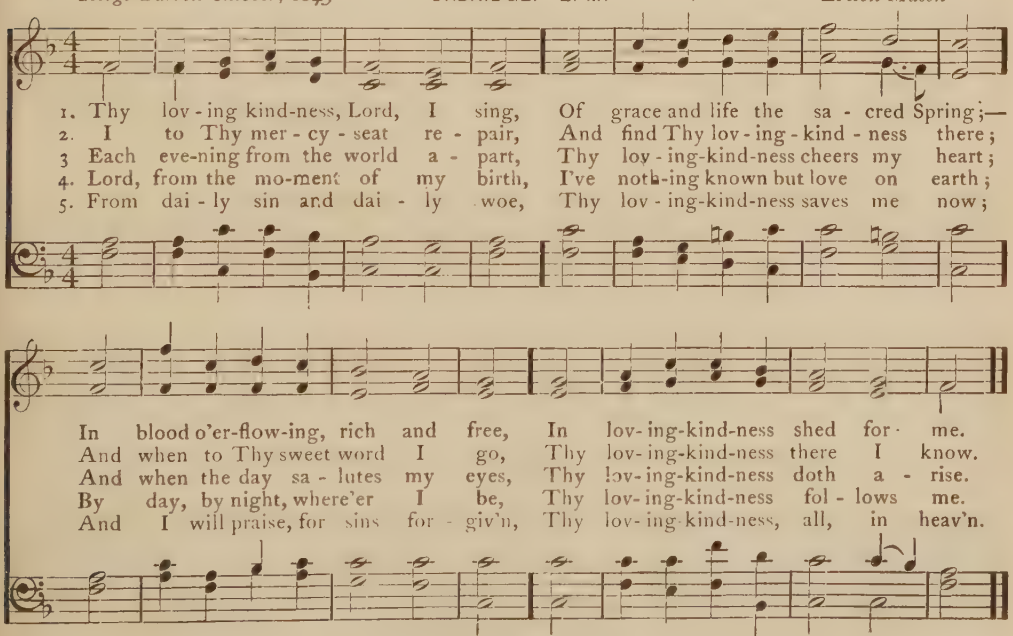
No. 220. *Jesus, I Love Thy Charming Name*

Philip Doddridge CHESTERFIELD. C. M. *T. Haweis*

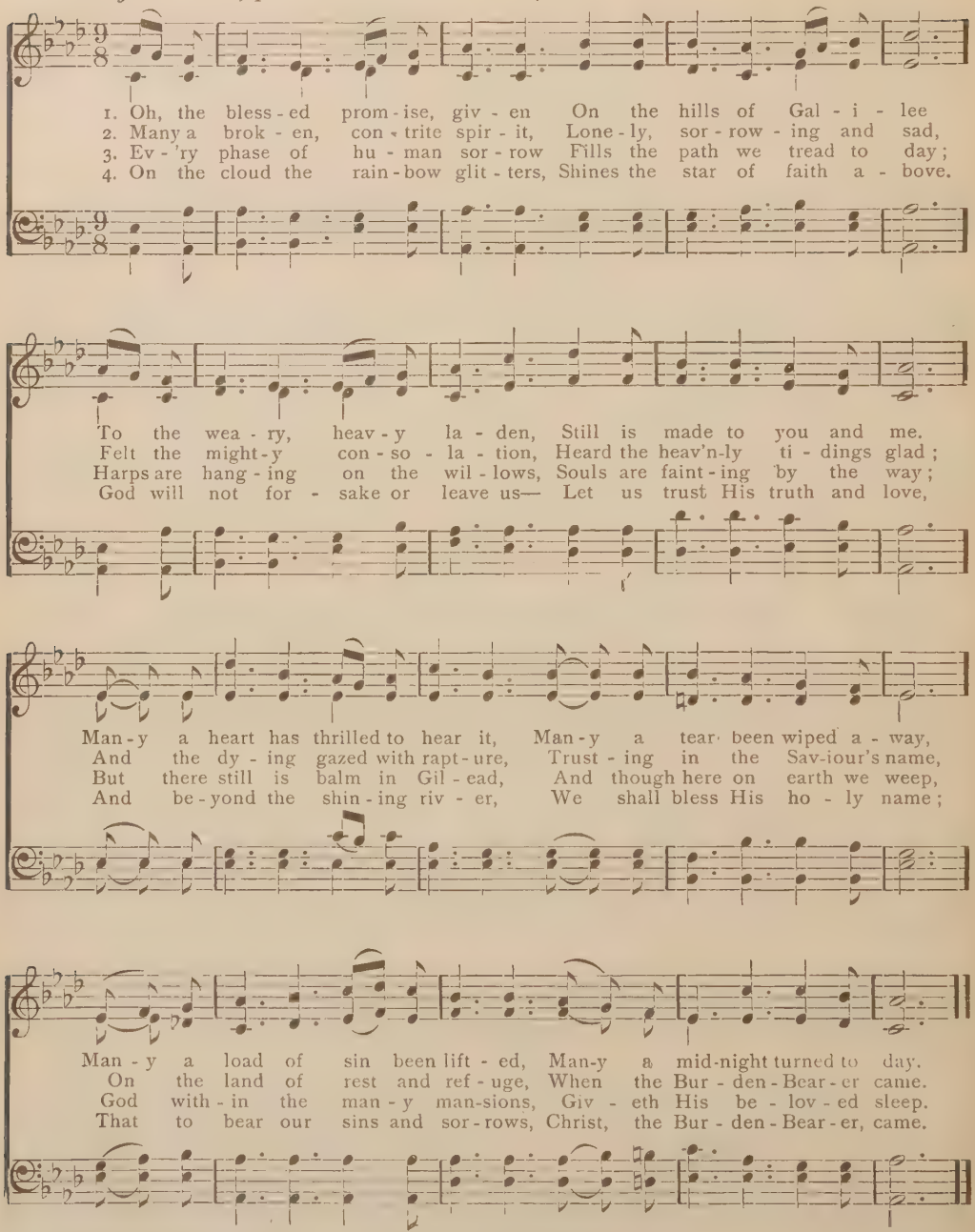

1. Je - sus, I love Thy charm-ing name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear;
2. All my ca - pa - cious pow'rs can wish In Thee doth rich ly meet;
3. Thy grace still dwells up - on... my heart, And sheds its fra - grance there;
4. I'll speak the hon - ors of... Thy name With my last la - b'ring breath;
Fain would I sound it out so loud That earth and heav'n should hear.
Not to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friend-ship half so sweet.
The no - blest balm of all its wounds, The cor - dial of its care.
Then, speech-less, clasp Thee in mine arms, The con - quer - or of death.

No. 221. *Thy Loving-kindness, Lord, I Sing*

George Barrell Cheever, 1845 UXBRIDGE. L. M. *Lowell Mason*


1. Thy lov - ing kind-ness, Lord, I sing, Of grace and life the sa - cred Spring;—
2. I to Thy mer - cy - seat re - pair, And find Thy lov - ing - kind - ness there;
3 Each eve-ning from the world a - part, Thy lov - ing-kind-ness cheers my heart;
4. Lord, from the mo-ment of my birth, I've noth-ing known but love on earth;
5. From dai - ly sin and dai - ly woe, Thy lov - ing-kind-ness saves me now;
In blood o'er-flow-ing, rich and free, In lov - ing-kind-ness shed for me.
And when to Thy sweet word I go, Thy lov - ing-kind-ness there I know.
And when the day sa - lutes my eyes, Thy lov - ing-kind-ness doth a - rise.
By day, by night, where'er I be, Thy lov - ing-kind-ness fol - lows me.
And I will praise, for sins for - giv'n, Thy lov - ing-kind-ness, all, in heav'n.

No. 222. *Oh, the Blessed Promise Given*

Rev. J. C. Starr, by per. KNOX. 8s & 7s D. *S. M. Bixby*

1. Oh, the bless-ed prom-ise, giv-en On the hills of Gal-i-lee
2. Many a brok-en, con-trite spir-it, Lone-ly, sor-row-ing and sad,
3. Ev-'ry phase of hu-man sor-row Fills the path we tread to day;
4. On the cloud the rain-bow glit-ters, Shines the star of faith a-bove.
To the wea-ry, heav-y la-den, Still is made to you and me.
Felt the might-y con-so-la-tion, Heard the heav'n-ly ti-dings glad;
Harps are hang-ing on the wil-lows, Souls are faint-ing by the way;
God will not for-sake or leave us— Let us trust His truth and love,
Man-y a heart has thrilled to hear it, Man-y a tear been wiped a-way,
And the dy-ing gazed with rapt-ure, Trust-ing in the Sav-iour's name,
But there still is balm in Gil-ead, And though here on earth we weep,
And be-yond the shin-ing riv-er, We shall bless His ho-ly name;
Man-y a load of sin been lift-ed, Man-y a mid-night turned to day.
On the land of rest and ref-uge, When the Bur-den-Bear-er came.
God with-in the man-y man-sions, Giv-eth His be-lov-ed sleep.
That to bear our sins and sor-rows, Christ, the Bur-den-Bear-er, came.

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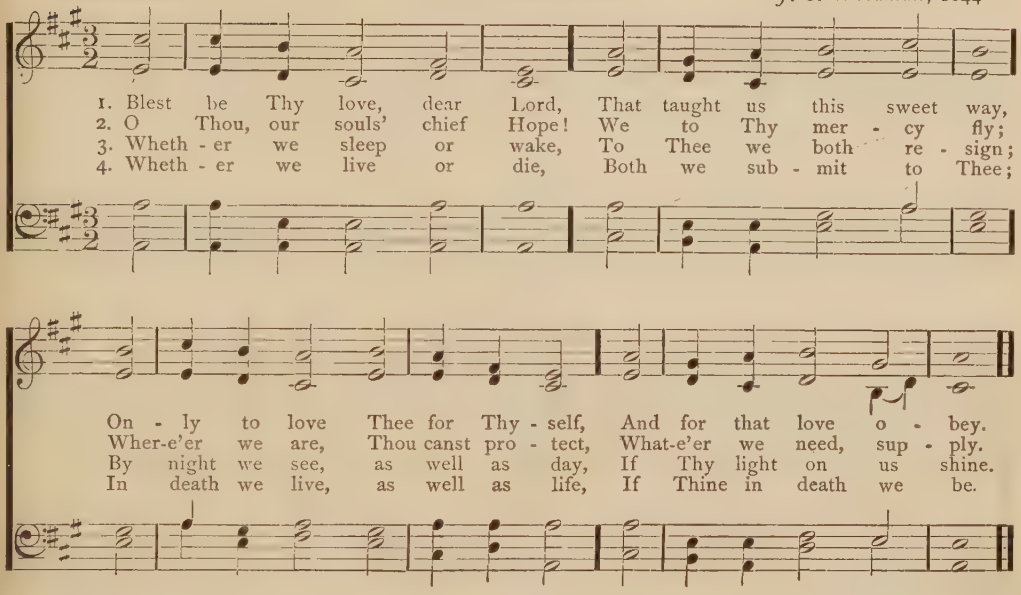
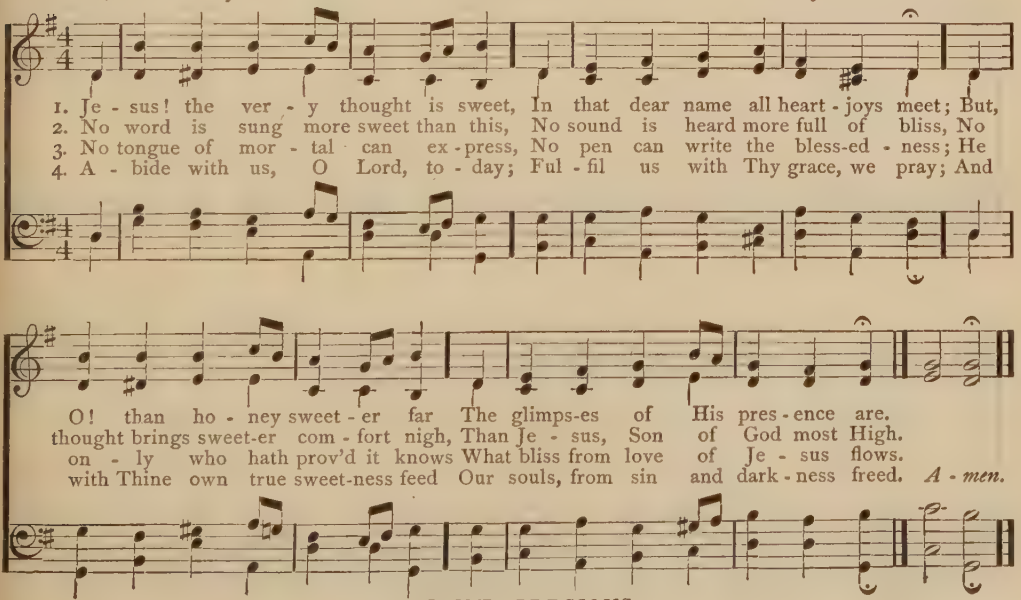
No. 223. *Blest Be Thy Love, Dear Lord*

John Austin — STATE STREET. S. M. — *J. C. Woodman*, 1844


1. Blest be Thy love, dear Lord, That taught us this sweet way,
2. O Thou, our souls' chief Hope! We to Thy mer - cy fly;
3. Wheth - er we sleep or wake, To Thee we both re - sign;
4. Wheth - er we live or die, Both we sub - mit to Thee;
On - ly to love Thee for Thy - self, And for that love o - bey.
Wher-e'er we are, Thou canst pro - tect, What-e'er we need, sup - ply.
By night we see, as well as day, If Thy light on us shine.
In death we live, as well as life, If Thine in death we be.

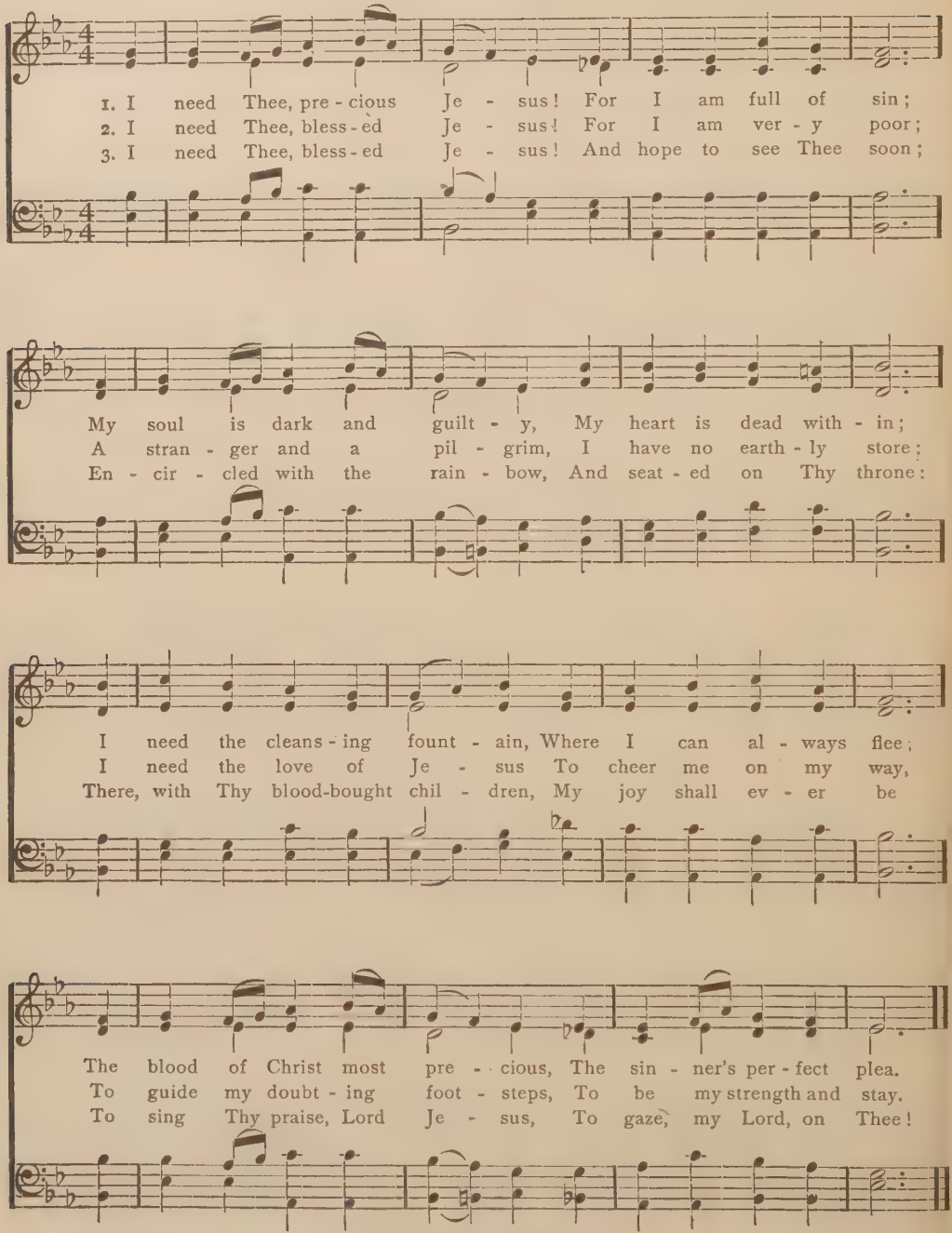
No. 224. *Jesus! the Very Thought is Sweet*

Latin, 12th Century — CANONBURY. L. M. — *Arr. fr. R. Schumann*


1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought is sweet, In that dear name all heart - joys meet; But,
2. No word is sung more sweet than this, No sound is heard more full of bliss, No
3. No tongue of mor - tal can ex - press, No pen can write the bless-ed - ness; He
4. A - bide with us, O Lord, to - day; Ful - fil us with Thy grace, we pray; And
O! than ho - ney sweet - er far The glimps-es of His pres - ence are.
thought brings sweet-er com - fort nigh, Than Je - sus, Son of God most High.
on - ly who hath prov'd it knows What bliss from love of Je - sus flows.
with Thine own true sweet-ness feed Our souls, from sin and dark - ness freed. *A - men.*

No. 225. *I Need Thee, Precious Jesus*

Frederick Whitfield WHITFIELD. 7s & 6s, D. *Joseph Martine.*


1. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus! For I am full of sin;
2. I need Thee, bless - ed Je - sus! For I am ver - y poor;
3. I need Thee, bless - ed Je - sus! And hope to see Thee soon;
My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in;
A stran - ger and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store;
En - cir - cled with the rain - bow, And seat - ed on Thy throne:
I need the cleans - ing fount - ain, Where I can al - ways flee;
I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,
There, with Thy blood-bought chil - dren, My joy shall ev - er be
The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
To guide my doubt - ing foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.
To sing Thy praise, Lord Je - sus, To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!

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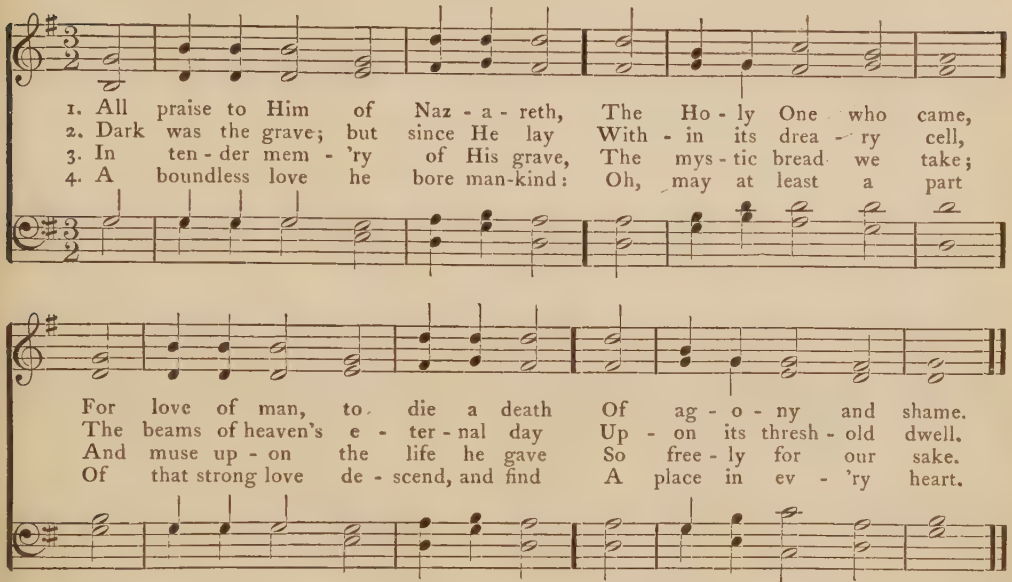
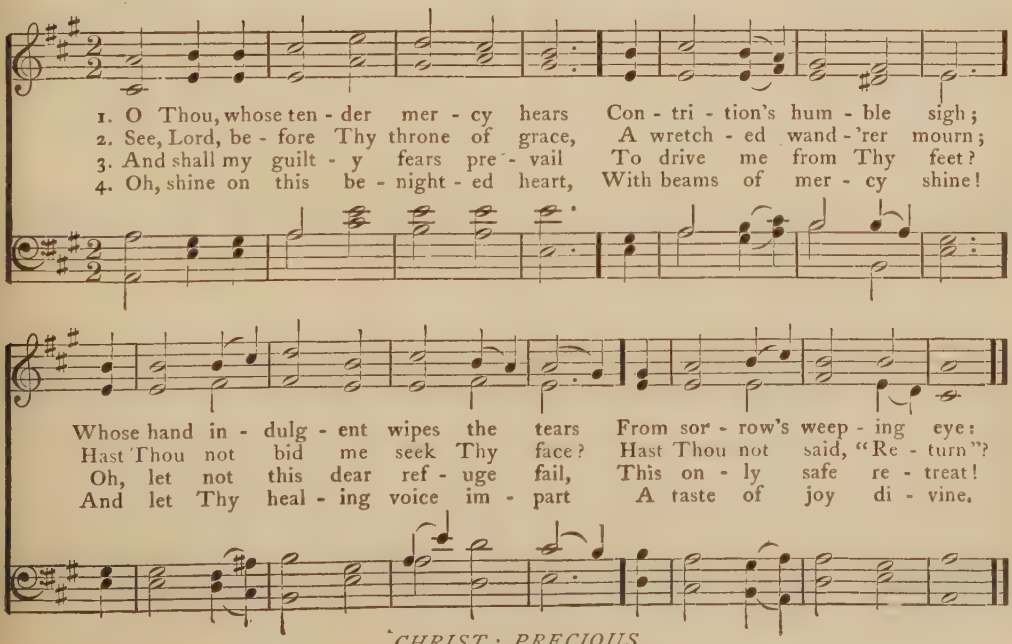
No. 226. *All Praise to Him of Nazareth*

William Cullen Bryant MARLOW. C. M. *J. Chetham, 1718*


1. All praise to Him of Naz - a - reth, The Ho - ly One who came,
2. Dark was the grave; but since He lay With - in its drea - ry cell,
3. In ten - der mem - 'ry of His grave, The mys - tic bread we take;
4. A boundless love he bore man-kind: Oh, may at least a part
For love of man, to die a death Of ag - o - ny and shame.
The beams of heaven's e - ter - nal day Up - on its thresh - old dwell.
And muse up - on the life he gave So free - ly for our sake.
Of that strong love de - scend, and find A place in ev - 'ry heart.

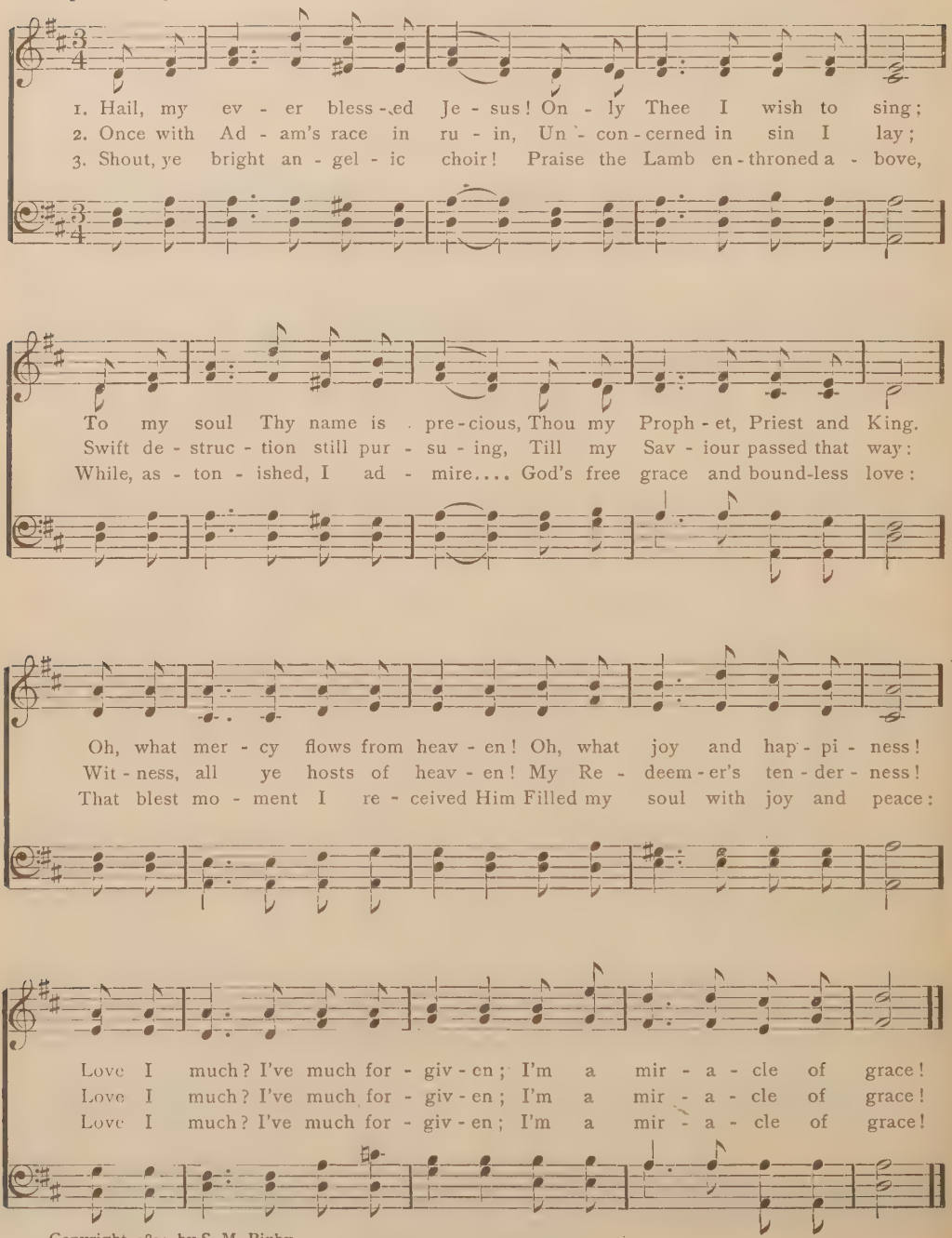
No. 227. *O Thou, Whose Tender Mercy Hears*

Anna Steele DEDHAM C. M. *Wm. Gardner*


1. O Thou, whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh;
2. See, Lord, be - fore Thy throne of grace, A wretch - ed wand - 'rer mourn;
3. And shall my guilt - y fears pre - vail To drive me from Thy feet?
4. Oh, shine on this be - night - ed heart, With beams of mer - cy shine!
Whose hand in - dulg - ent wipes the tears From sor - row's weep - ing eye:
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face? Hast Thou not said, "Re - turn"?
Oh, let not this dear ref - uge fail, This on - ly safe re - treat!
And let Thy heal - ing voice im - part A taste of joy di - vine.

No. 228. *Hail, My Ever Blessed Jesus*

John Wingrove WINGROVE. C. M. D. *R. Menthal.*


1. Hail, my ev - er bless - ed Je - sus! On - ly Thee I wish to sing;
2. Once with Ad - am's race in ru - in, Un - con - cerned in sin I lay;
3. Shout, ye bright an - gel - ic choir! Praise the Lamb en - throned a - bove,
To my soul Thy name is pre - cious, Thou my Proph - et, Priest and King.
Swift de - struc - tion still pur - su - ing, Till my Sav - iour passed that way:
While, as - ton - ished, I ad - mire.... God's free grace and bound-less love:
Oh, what mer - cy flows from heav - en! Oh, what joy and hap - pi - ness!
Wit - ness, all ye hosts of heav - en! My Re - deem - er's ten - der - ness!
That blest mo - ment I re - ceived Him Filled my soul with joy and peace:
Love I much? I've much for - giv - en; I'm a mir - a - cle of grace!
Love I much? I've much for - giv - en; I'm a mir - a - cle of grace!
Love I much? I've much for - giv - en; I'm a mir - a - cle of grace!

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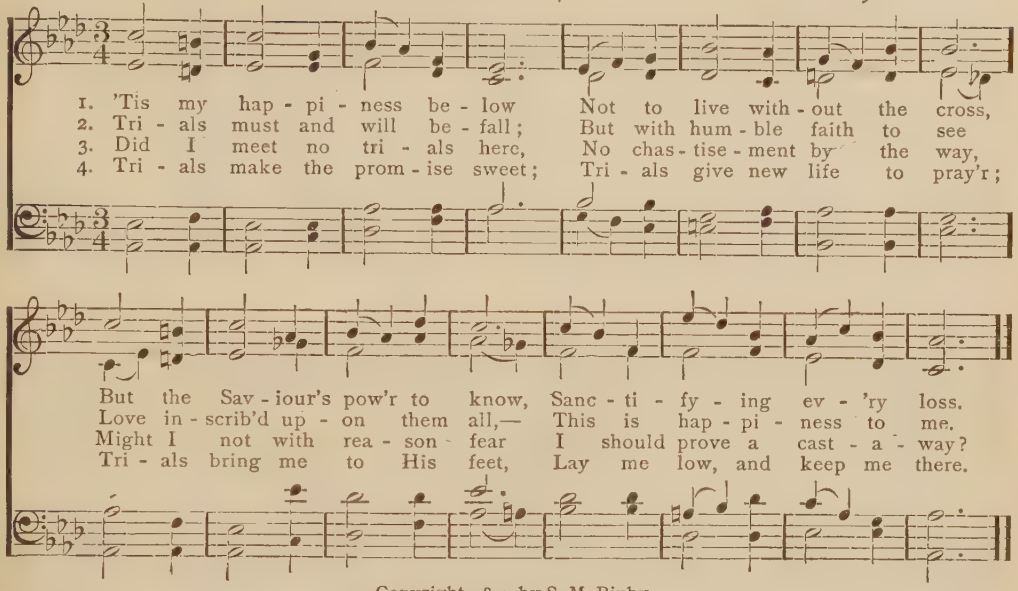
No. 229. *'Tis My Happiness Below*

William Cowper FLORIO. 7s. *Caryl Florio*


1. 'Tis my hap - pi - ness be - low Not to live with - out the cross,
2. Tri - als must and will be - fall; But with hum - ble faith to see
3. Did I meet no tri - als here, No chas - tise - ment by the way,
4. Tri - als make the prom - ise sweet; Tri - als give new life to pray'r;
But the Sav - iour's pow'r to know, Sanc - ti - fy - ing ev - 'ry loss.
Love in - scrib'd up - on them all,— This is hap - pi - ness to me.
Might I not with rea - son fear I should prove a cast - a - way?
Tri - als bring me to His feet, Lay me low, and keep me there.

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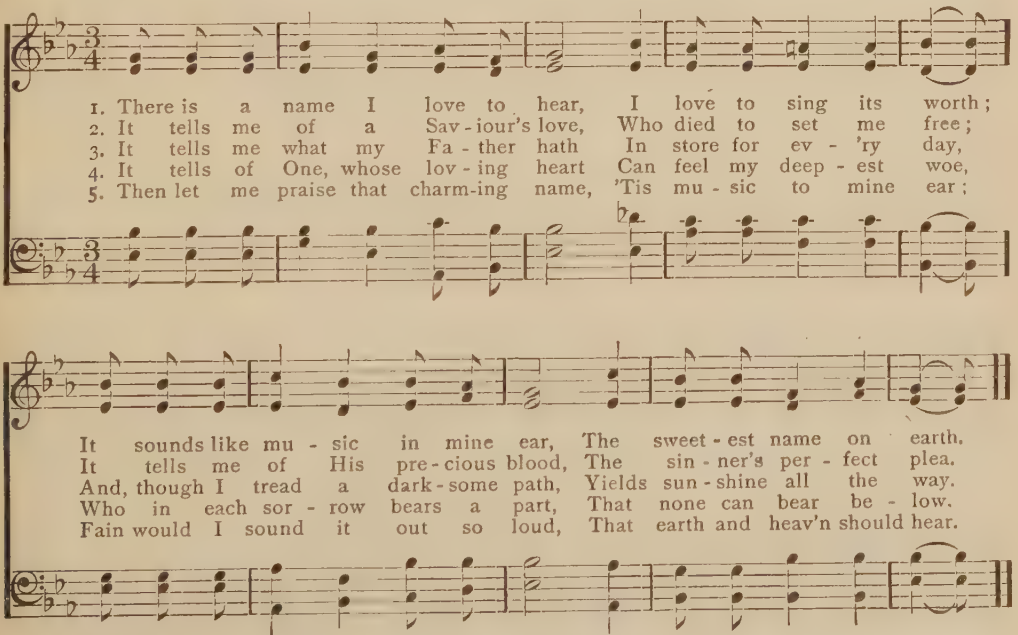
No. 230. *There is a Name I Love to Hear*

Frederick Whitfield WRIGHT. C. M. *Jay Deavereaux*


1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav - iour's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells me what my Fa - ther hath In store for ev - 'ry day,
4. It tells of One, whose lov - ing heart Can feel my deep - est woe,
5. Then let me praise that charm-ing name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear;
It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet - est name on earth.
It tells me of His pre - cious blood, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
And, though I tread a dark - some path, Yields sun - shine all the way.
Who in each sor - row bears a part, That none can bear be - low.
Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heav'n should hear.

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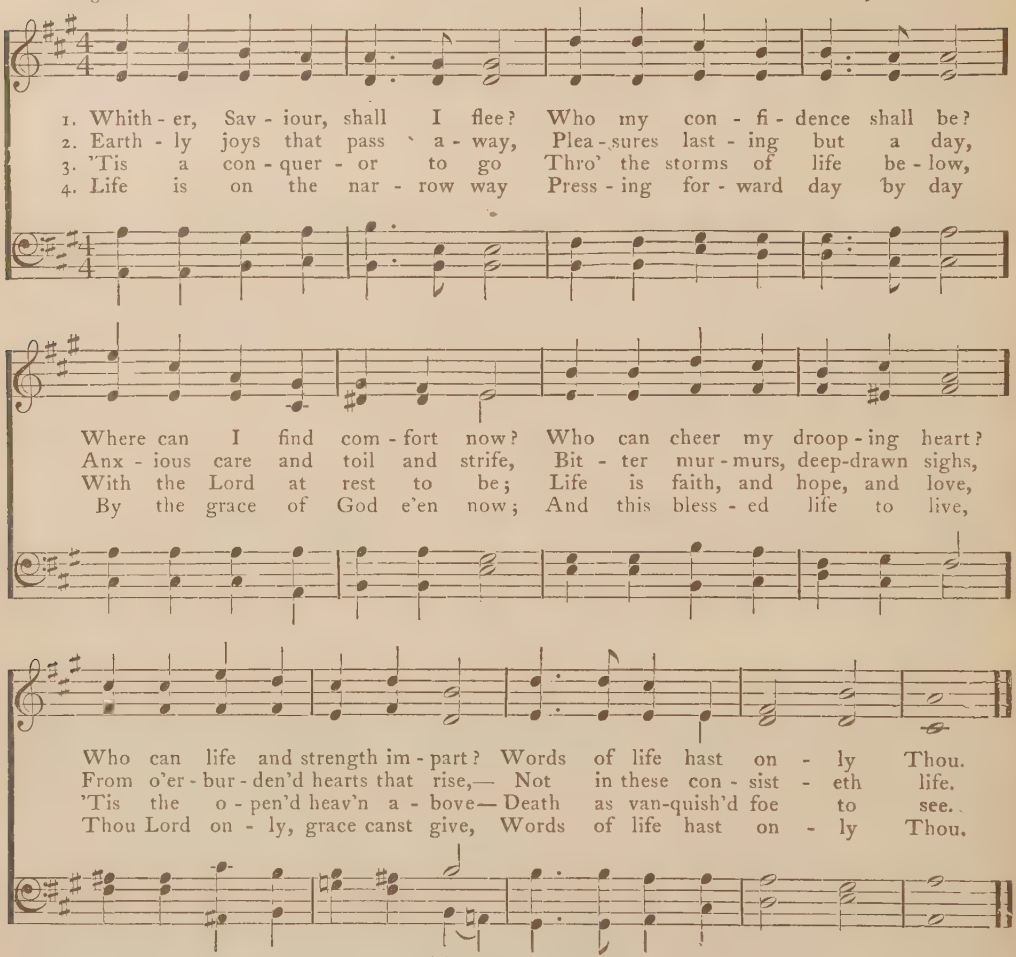
No. 231. *Whither, Saviour, Shall I Flee*

August Hermann Walter WALTER. 8s & 7s. *Caryl Florio*


1. Whith - er, Sav - iour, shall I flee? Who my con - fi - dence shall be?
2. Earth - ly joys that pass a - way, Plea - sures last - ing but a day,
3. 'Tis a con - quer - or to go Thro' the storms of life be - low,
4. Life is on the nar - row way Press - ing for - ward day by day
Where can I find com - fort now? Who can cheer my droop - ing heart?
Anx - ious care and toil and strife, Bit - ter mur - murs, deep-drawn sighs,
With the Lord at rest to be; Life is faith, and hope, and love,
By the grace of God e'en now; And this bless - ed life to live,
Who can life and strength im - part? Words of life hast on - ly Thou.
From o'er - bur - den'd hearts that rise,— Not in these con - sist - eth life.
'Tis the o - pen'd heav'n a - bove— Death as van-quish'd foe to see.
Thou Lord on - ly, grace canst give, Words of life hast on - ly Thou.

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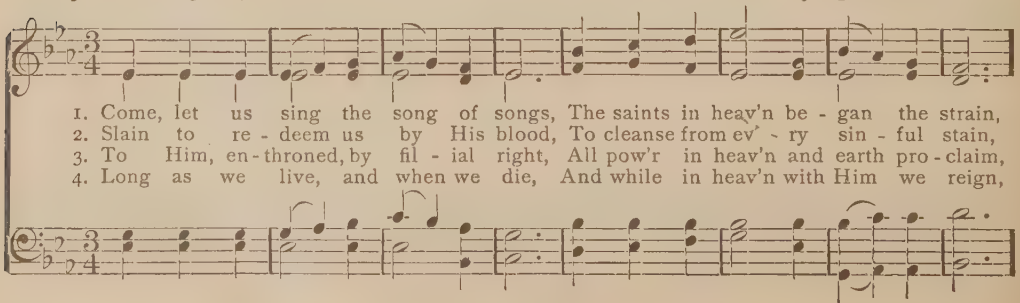
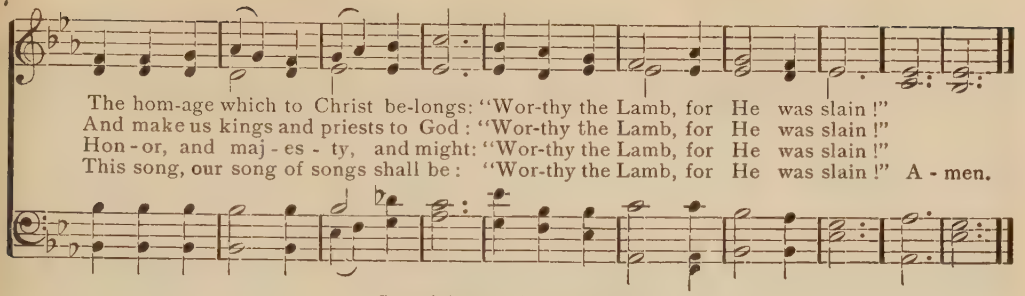
No. 232. *Come, Let Us Sing the Song of Songs*

James Montgomery, 1853 MARTINE. L. M. *Joseph Martine.*


1. Come, let us sing the song of songs, The saints in heav'n be - gan the strain,
2. Slain to re - deem us by His blood, To cleanse from ev' - ry sin - ful stain,
3. To Him, en - throned, by fil - ial right, All pow'r in heav'n and earth pro - claim,
4. Long as we live, and when we die, And while in heav'n with Him we reign,


The hom-age which to Christ be-longs: "Wor-thy the Lamb, for He was slain!"
And make us kings and priests to God: "Wor-thy the Lamb, for He was slain!"
Hon-or, and maj-es-ty, and might: "Wor-thy the Lamb, for He was slain!"
This song, our song of songs shall be: "Wor-thy the Lamb, for He was slain!" A-men.

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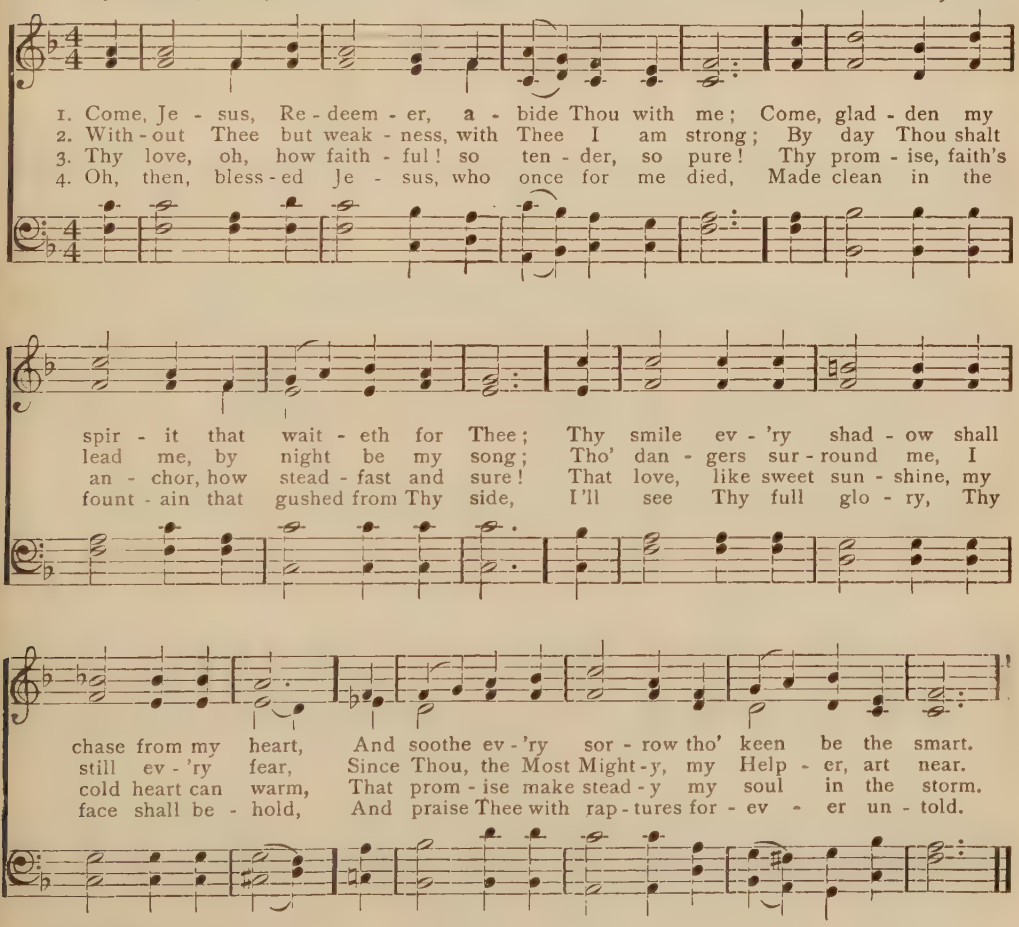
No. 233. *Come, Jesus, Redeemer*

Ray Palmer, D.D., abr. PALMER. 11s. *S. M. Bixby*

1. Come, Je-sus, Re-deem-er, a-bide Thou with me; Come, glad-den my
2. With-out Thee but weak-ness, with Thee I am strong; By day Thou shalt
3. Thy love, oh, how faith-ful! so ten-der, so pure! Thy prom-ise, faith's
4. Oh, then, bless-ed Je-sus, who once for me died, Made clean in the
spir-it that wait-eth for Thee; Thy smile ev-'ry shad-ow shall
lead me, by night be my song; Tho' dan-gers sur-round me, I
an-chor, how stead-fast and sure! That love, like sweet sun-shine, my
fount-ain that gushed from Thy side, I'll see Thy full glo-ry, Thy
chase from my heart, And soothe ev-'ry sor-row tho' keen be the smart.
still ev-'ry fear, Since Thou, the Most Might-y, my Help-er, art near.
cold heart can warm, That prom-ise make stead-y my soul in the storm.
face shall be-hold, And praise Thee with rap-tures for-ev-er un-told.

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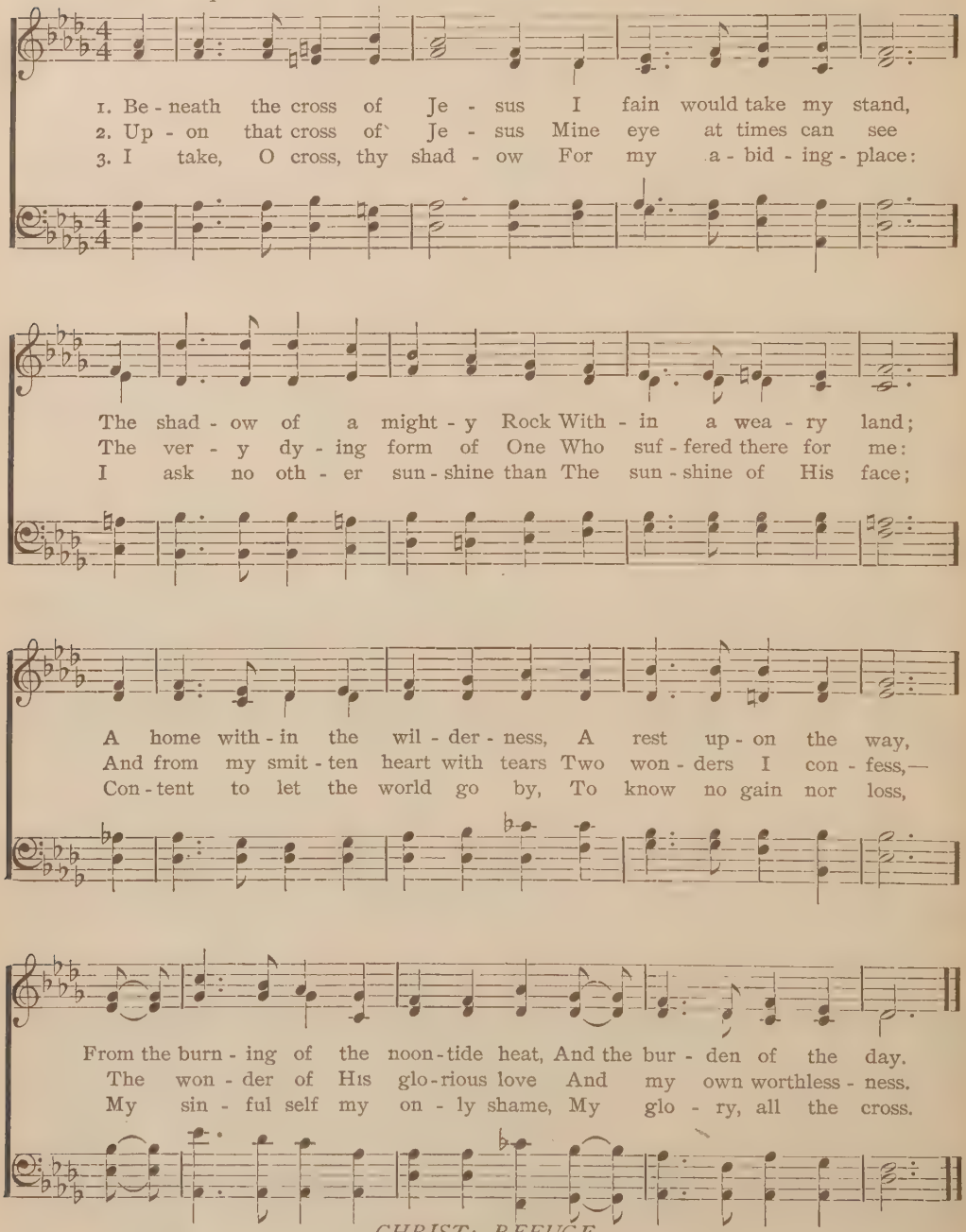
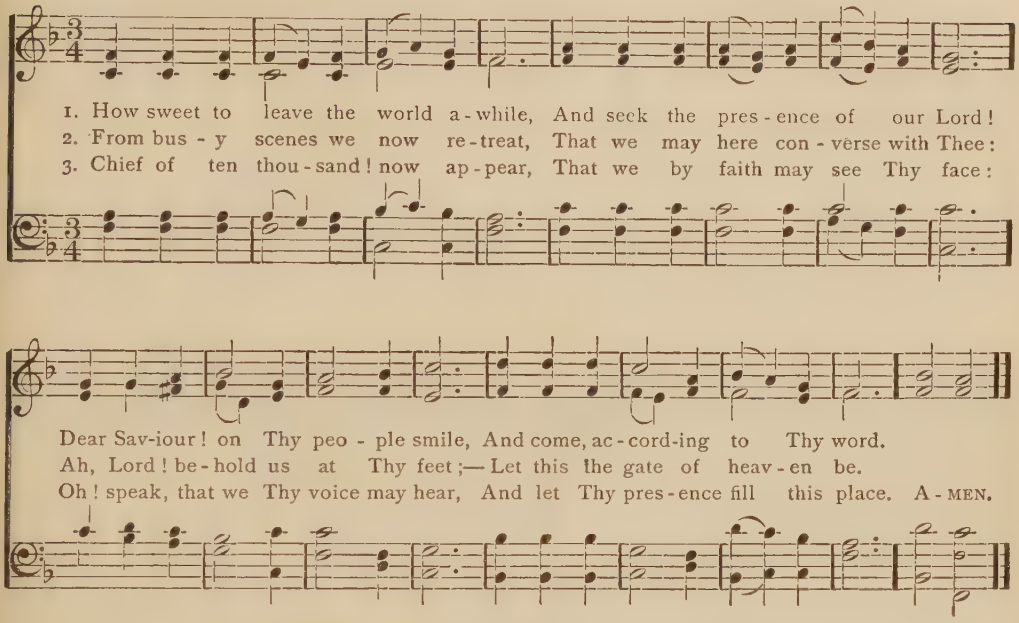
No. 234. *Beneath the Cross of Jesus*

Elizabeth C. Clephane ST. CHRISTOPHER. P. M. *F. C. Maker*

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place:
The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me:
I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face;
A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess,—
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,
From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
The won - der of His glo - rious love And my own worthless - ness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry, all the cross.

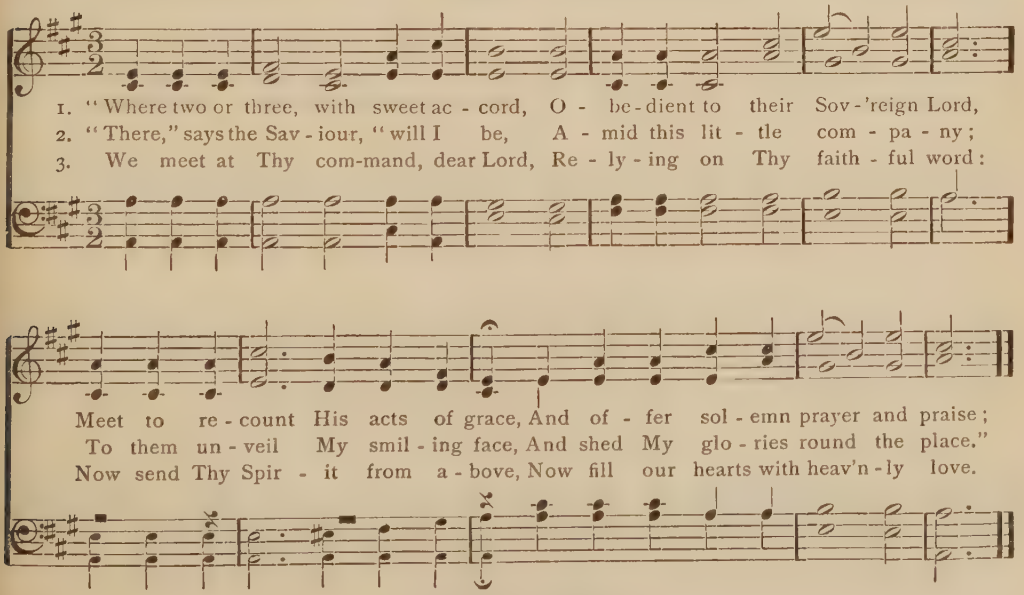
No. 235. *How Sweet to Leave the World Awhile*

Thomas Kelly, 1809 HURSLEY. L. M. *Peter Ritter*


1. How sweet to leave the world a-while, And seek the pres-ence of our Lord!
2. From bus-y scenes we now re-treat, That we may here con-verse with Thee:
3. Chief of ten thou-sand! now ap-pear, That we by faith may see Thy face:
Dear Sav-iour! on Thy peo-ple smile, And come, ac-cord-ing to Thy word.
Ah, Lord! be-hold us at Thy feet;—Let this the gate of heav-en be.
Oh! speak, that we Thy voice may hear, And let Thy pres-ence fill this place. A-MEN.

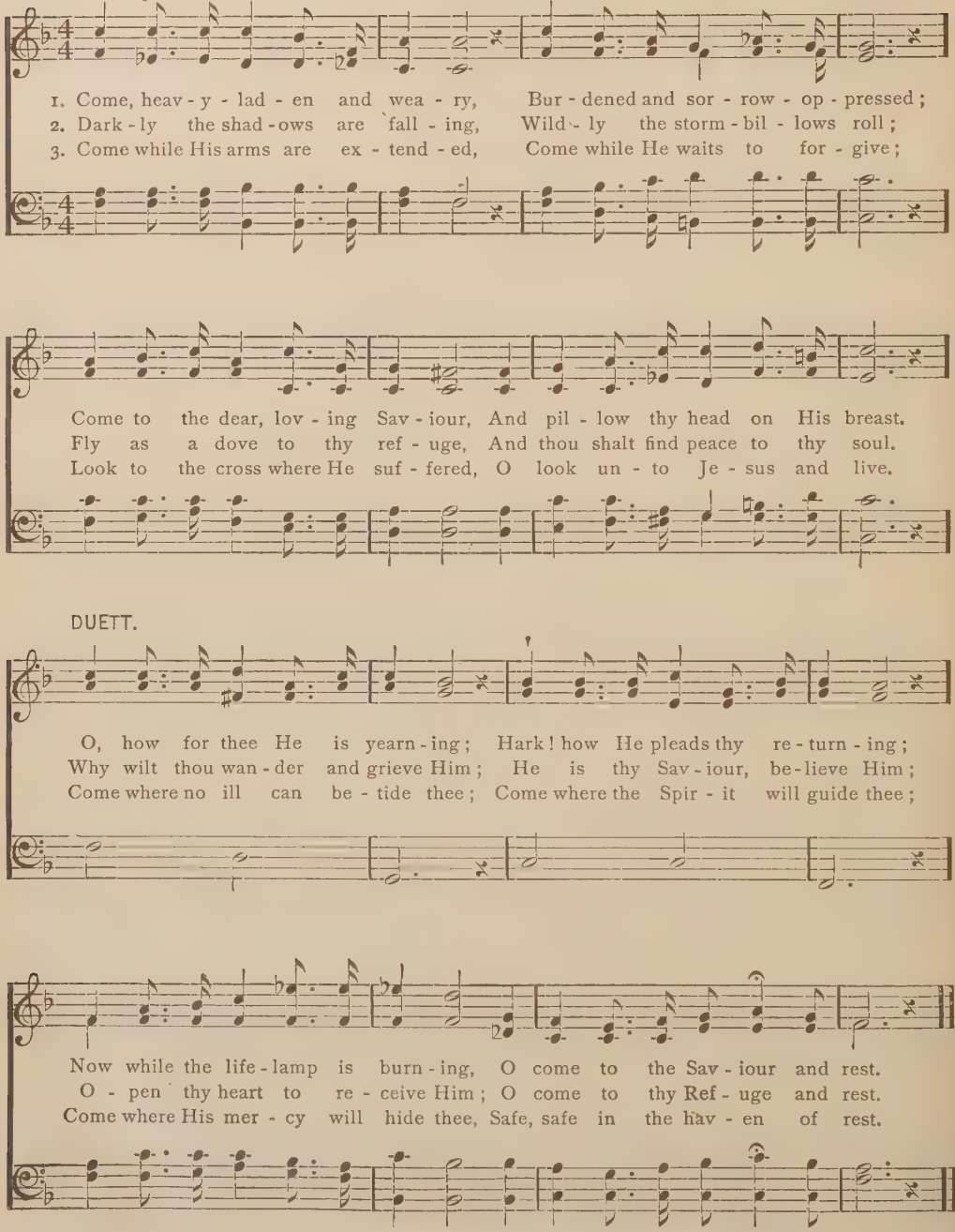
No. 236. *Where Two or Three, with Sweet Accord*

Samuel Stennett, 1787 WARE. L. M. *Geo. Kingsley*


1. "Where two or three, with sweet ac-cord, O-be-dient to their Sov-'reign Lord,
2. "There," says the Sav-iour, "will I be, A-mid this lit-tle com-pa-ny;
3. We meet at Thy com-mand, dear Lord, Re-ly-ing on Thy faith-ful word:
Meet to re-count His acts of grace, And of-fer sol-emn prayer and praise;
To them un-veil My smil-ing face, And shed My glo-ries round the place."
Now send Thy Spir-it from a-bove, Now fill our hearts with heav'n-ly love.

No. 237. *Come, Heavy-laden and Weary*

Fanny J. Crosby. HAVEN. 8s & 7s, with Refrain. *Hubert P. Main.*

Gently.

1. Come, heav - y - lad - en and wea - ry, Bur - dened and sor - row - op - pressed;
2. Dark - ly the shad - ows are fall - ing, Wild - ly the storm - bil - lows roll;
3. Come while His arms are ex - tend - ed, Come while He waits to for - give;
Come to the dear, lov - ing Sav - iour, And pil - low thy head on His breast.
Fly as a dove to thy ref - uge, And thou shalt find peace to thy soul.
Look to the cross where He suf - fered, O look un - to Je - sus and live.
DUETT.
O, how for thee He is yearn - ing; Hark! how He pleads thy re - turn - ing;
Why wilt thou wan - der and grieve Him; He is thy Sav - iour, be - lieve Him;
Come where no ill can be - tide thee; Come where the Spir - it will guide thee;
Now while the life - lamp is burn - ing, O come to the Sav - iour and rest.
O - pen thy heart to re - ceive Him; O come to thy Ref - uge and rest.
Come where His mer - cy will hide thee, Safe, safe in the hav - en of rest.

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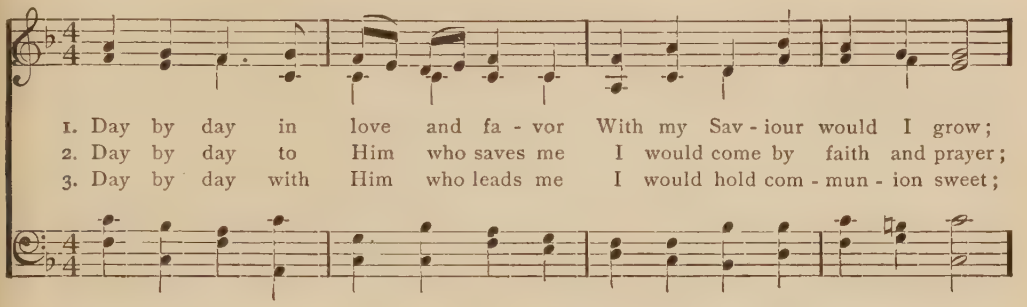
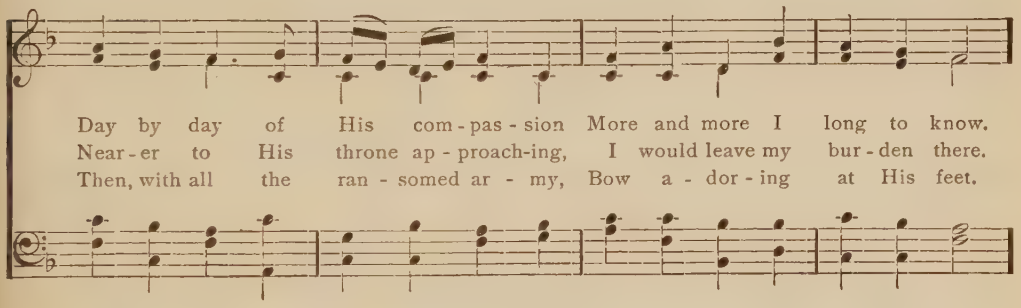
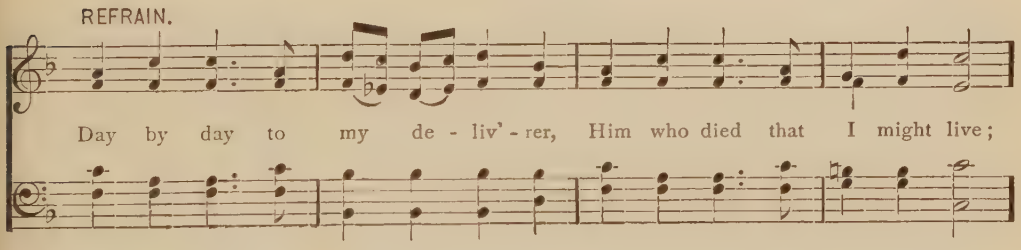
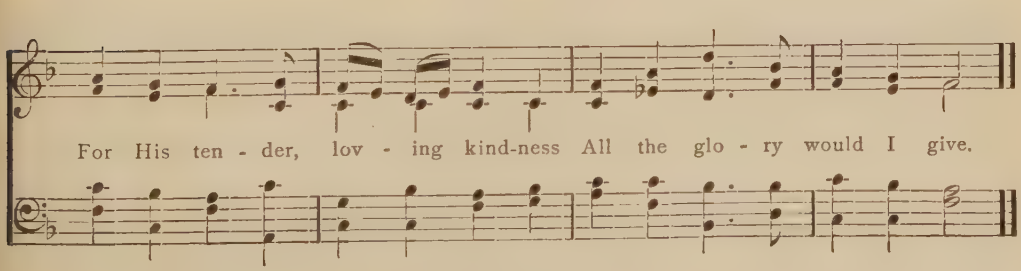
No. 238. *Day by Day in Love and Favor*

Fanny J. Crosby BRANTFORD. 8s & 7s, with Chorus. *B. C. Unseld*

1. Day by day in love and fa - vor With my Sav - iour would I grow;
2. Day by day to Him who saves me I would come by faith and prayer;
3. Day by day with Him who leads me I would hold com - mun - ion sweet;


Day by day of His com - pas - sion More and more I long to know.
Near - er to His throne ap - proach-ing, I would leave my bur - den there.
Then, with all the ran - somed ar - my, Bow a - dor - ing at His feet.

REFRAIN.





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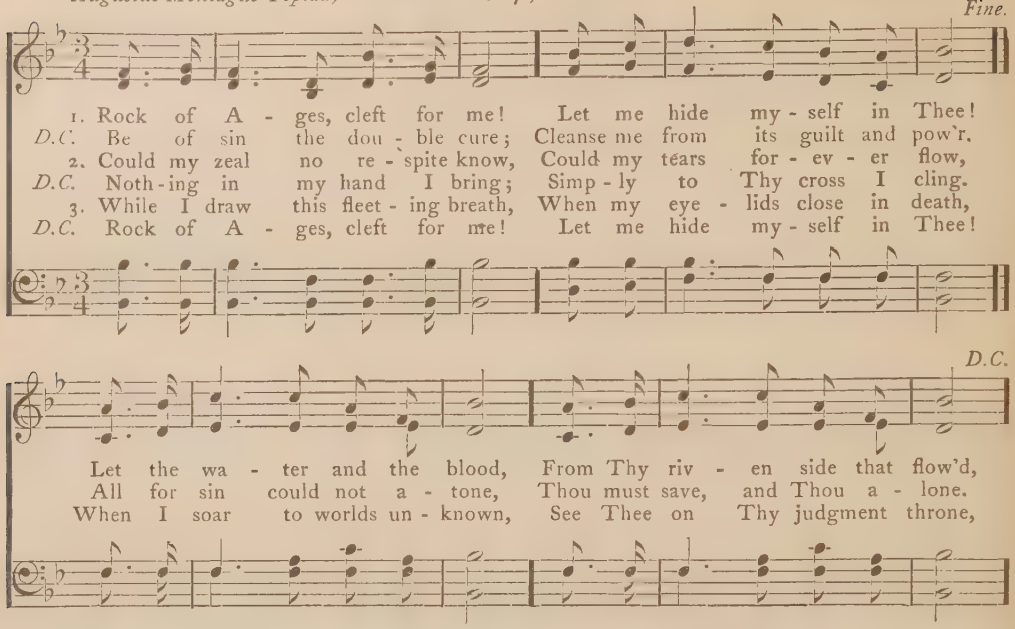
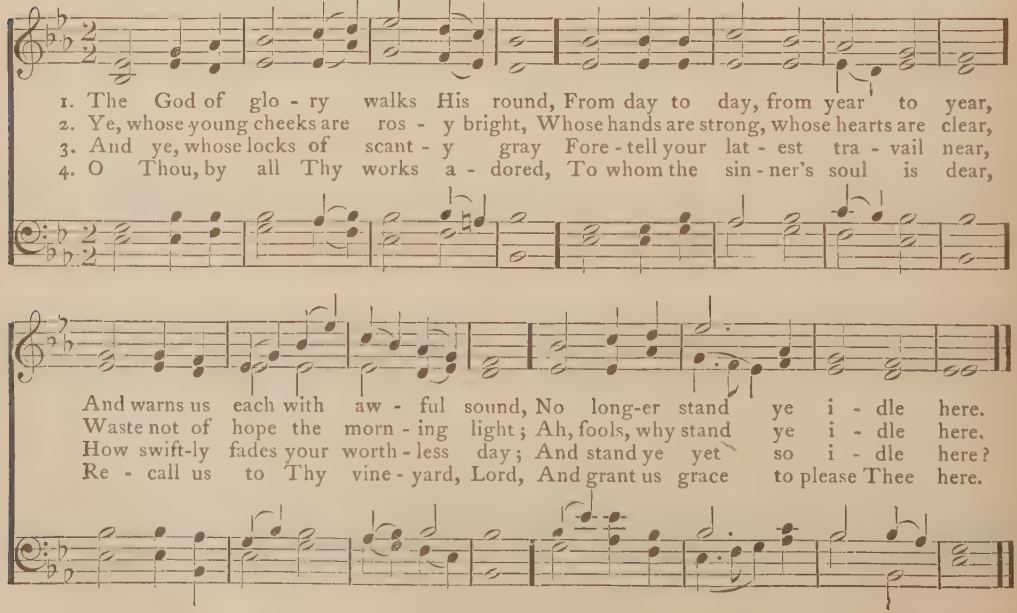
No. 239. *Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me*

Augustus Montague Toplady TOPLADY. 7s, Six lines. *Thomas Hastings*


Fine.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in Thee!
D.C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
2. Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
D.C. Noth - ing in my hand I bring; Simp - ly to Thy cross I cling.
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,
D.C. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in Thee!
D.C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side that flow'd,
All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

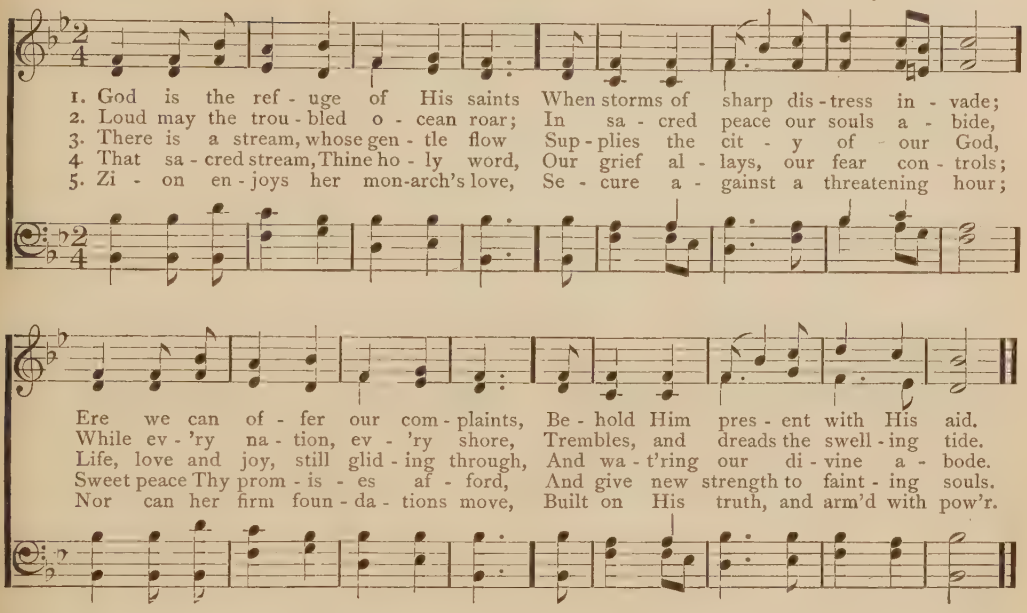
No. 240. *The God of Glory Walks His Round*

Reginald Heber DUKE STREET L. M. *John Hatton*


1. The God of glo - ry walks His round, From day to day, from year to year,
2. Ye, whose young cheeks are ros - y bright, Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,
3. And ye, whose locks of scant - y gray Fore - tell your lat - est tra - vail near,
4. O Thou, by all Thy works a - dored, To whom the sin - ner's soul is dear,
And warns us each with aw - ful sound, No long-er stand ye i - dle here.
Waste not of hope the morn - ing light; Ah, fools, why stand ye i - dle here.
How swift-ly fades your worth - less day; And stand ye yet so i - dle here?
Re - call us to Thy vine - yard, Lord, And grant us grace to please Thee here.

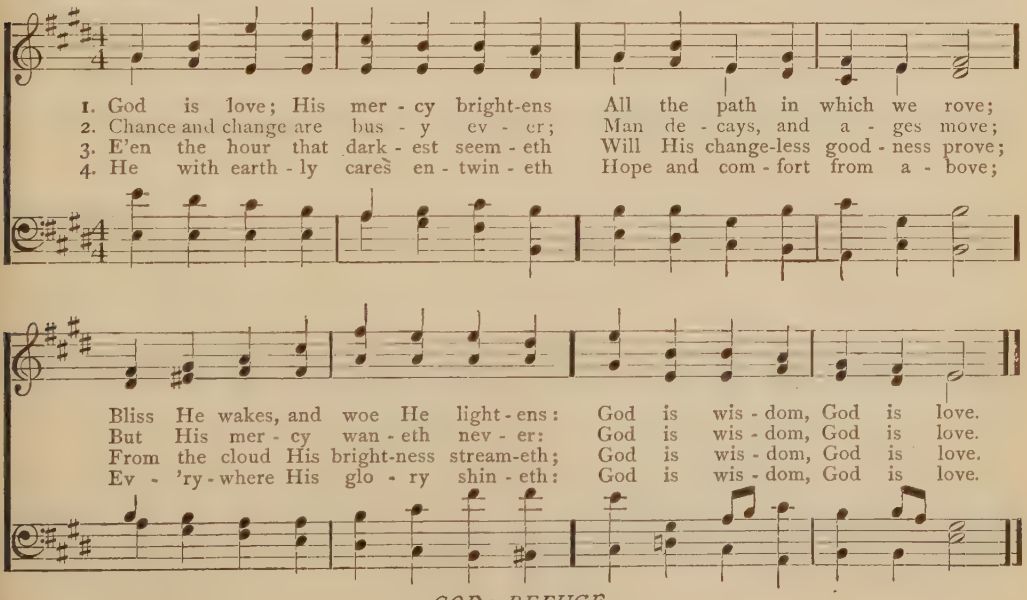
No. 241. *God is the Refuge of His Saints*

Isaac Watts — WARD. L. M. — *Arr. by L. Mason*


1. God is the ref - uge of His saints When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade;
2. Loud may the trou - bled o - cean roar; In sa - cred peace our souls a - bide,
3. There is a stream, whose gen - tle flow Sup - plies the cit - y of our God,
4. That sa - cred stream, Thine ho - ly word, Our grief al - lays, our fear con - trols;
5. Zi - on en - joys her mon-arch's love, Se - cure a - gainst a threatening hour;
Ere we can of - fer our com - plaints, Be - hold Him pres - ent with His aid.
While ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry shore, Trembles, and dreads the swell - ing tide.
Life, love and joy, still glid - ing through, And wa - t'ring our di - vine a - bode.
Sweet peace Thy prom - is - es af - ford, And give new strength to faint - ing souls.
Nor can her firm foun - da - tions move, Built on His truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

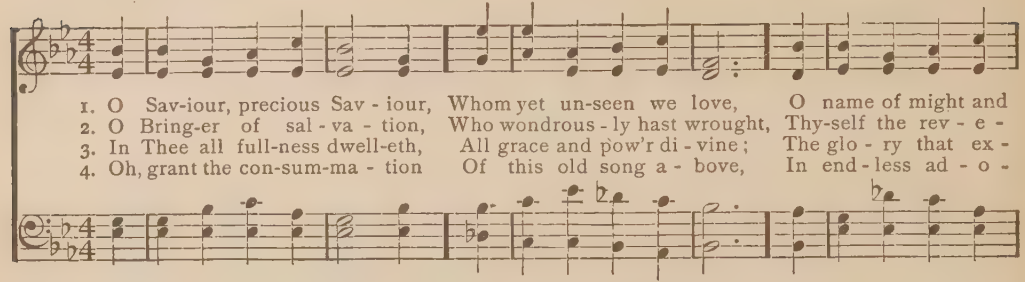
No. 242. *God is Love; His Mercy Brightens*

John Bowring — LYTHE. 8s & 7s. — *J. Stainer*

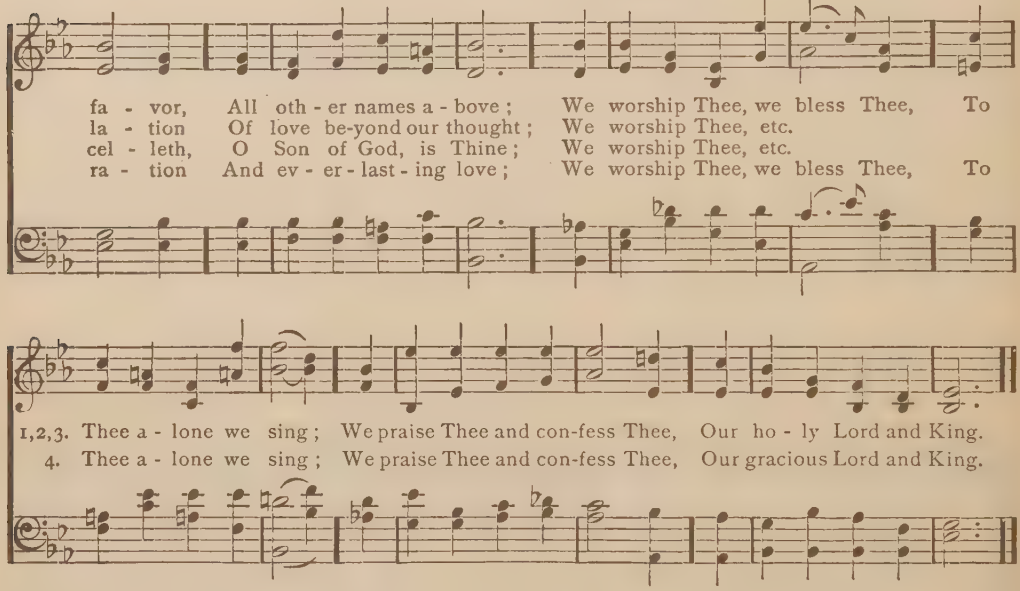

1. God is love; His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth Will His change-less good - ness prove;
4. He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens: God is wis - dom, God is love.
But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er: God is wis - dom, God is love.
From the cloud His bright-ness stream-eth; God is wis - dom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry - where His glo - ry shin - eth: God is wis - dom, God is love.

No. 243. *O Saviour, Precious Saviour*

Frances R. Havergal LANCASHIRE. 7s & 6s D. *H. Smart*

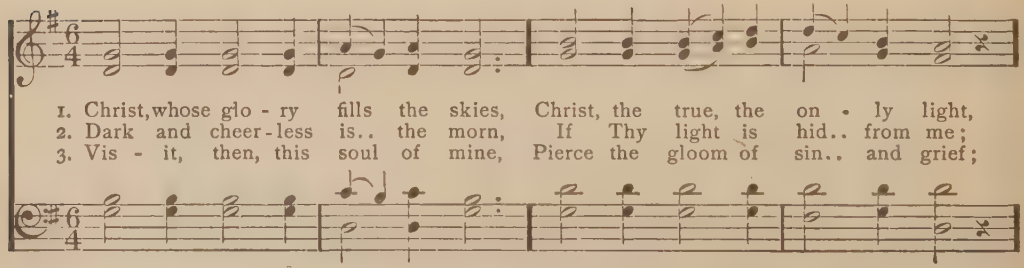

1. O Sav-iour, precious Sav - iour, Whom yet un-seen we love, O name of might and
2. O Bring-er of sal - va - tion, Who wondrous - ly hast wrought, Thy-self the rev - e -
3. In Thee all full-ness dwell-eth, All grace and pow'r di - vine; The glo - ry that ex -
4. Oh, grant the con-sum-ma - tion Of this old song a - bove, In end - less ad - o -

CHORUS.

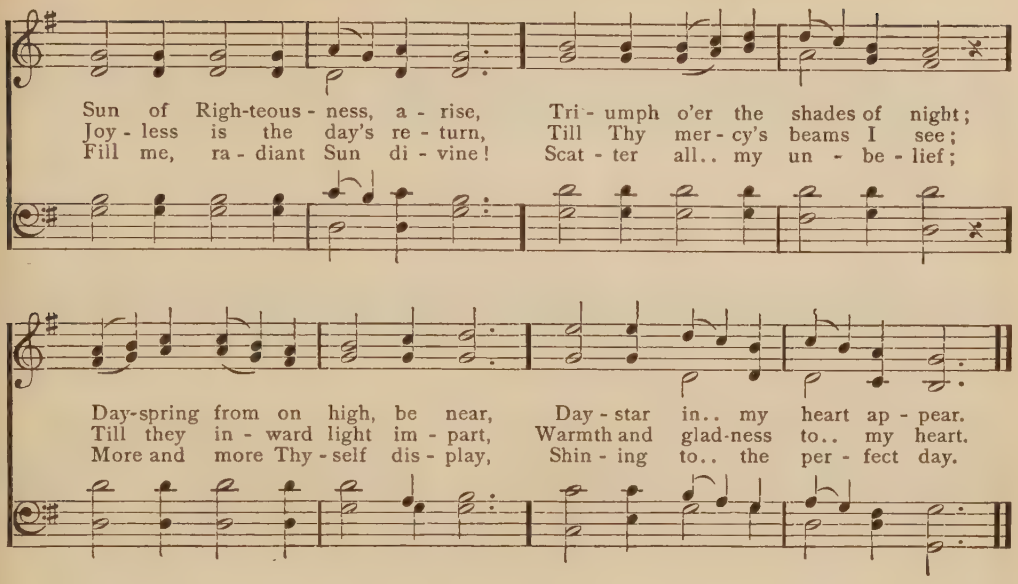

fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove; We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To
la - tion Of love be-yond our thought; We worship Thee, etc.
cel - leth, O Son of God, is Thine; We worship Thee, etc.
ra - tion And ev - er - last - ing love; We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To
1,2,3. Thee a - lone we sing; We praise Thee and con-fess Thee, Our ho - ly Lord and King.
4. Thee a - lone we sing; We praise Thee and con-fess Thee, Our gracious Lord and King.

No. 244. *Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies*

Charles Wesley HALLE. 7s, Six lines. *Peter Ritter, Arr. by Thomas Hastings*


1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light,
2. Dark and cheer - less is.. the morn, If Thy light is hid.. from me;
3. Vis - it, then, this soul of mine, Pierce the gloom of sin.. and grief;

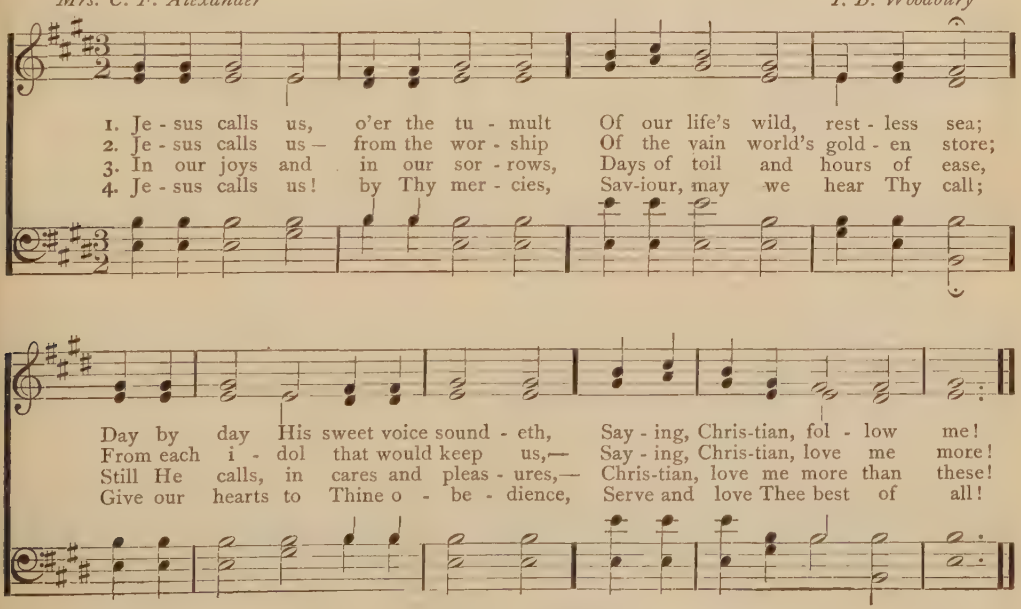
Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies


Sun of Righ-teous - ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night;
Joy - less is the day's re - turn, Till Thy mer - cy's beams I see;
Fill me, ra - diant Sun di - vine! Scat - ter all.. my un - be - lief;
Day-spring from on high, be near, Day - star in.. my heart ap - pear.
Till they in - ward light im - part, Warmth and glad-ness to.. my heart.
More and more Thy - self dis - play, Shin - ing to.. the per - fect day.

No. 245. *Jesus Calls Us, o'er the Tumult*

TALMAR. 8s & 7s

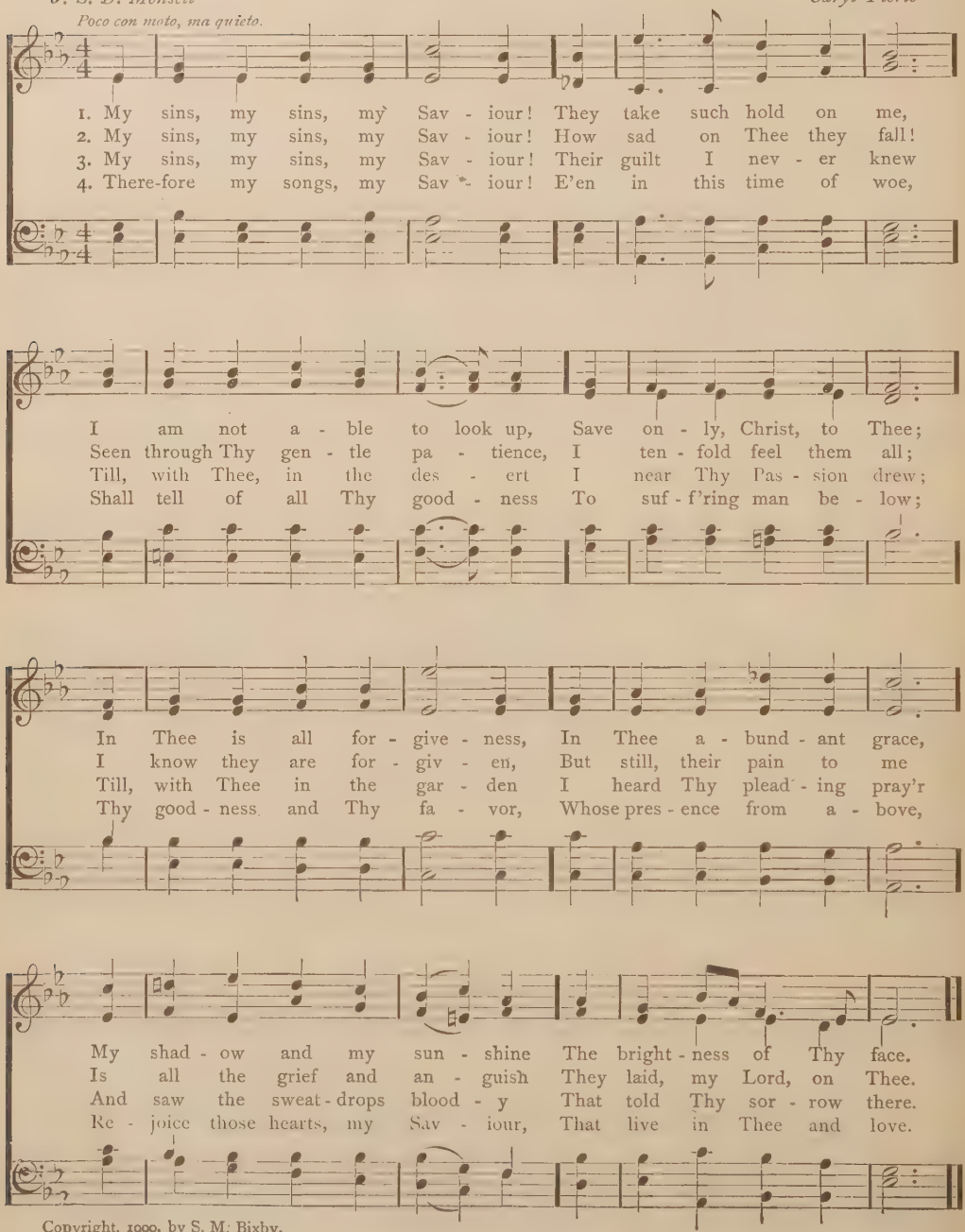
Mrs. C. F. Alexander — *I. B. Woodbury*


1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea;
2. Je - sus calls us— from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store;
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us! by Thy mer - cies, Sav-iour, may we hear Thy call;
Day by day His sweet voice sound - eth, Say - ing, Chris-tian, fol - low me!
From each i - dol that would keep us,— Say - ing, Chris-tian, love me more!
Still He calls, in cares and pleas - ures,— Chris-tian, love me more than these!
Give our hearts to Thine o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all!

No. 246. *My Sins, My Sins, My Saviour*

DAKEN. 7s & 6s, D.

J. S. B. Monsell — *Caryl Florio*

Poco con moto, ma quieto.

1. My sins, my sins, my Sav - iour! They take such hold on me,
2. My sins, my sins, my Sav - iour! How sad on Thee they fall!
3. My sins, my sins, my Sav - iour! Their guilt I nev - er knew
4. There-fore my songs, my Sav - iour! E'en in this time of woe,
I am not a - ble to look up, Save on - ly, Christ, to Thee;
Seen through Thy gen - tle pa - tience, I ten - fold feel them all;
Till, with Thee, in the des - ert I near Thy Pas - sion drew;
Shall tell of all Thy good - ness To suf - f'ring man be - low;
In Thee is all for - give - ness, In Thee a - bund - ant grace,
I know they are for - giv - en, But still, their pain to me
Till, with Thee in the gar - den I heard Thy plead - ing pray'r
Thy good - ness and Thy fa - vor, Whose pres - ence from a - bove,
My shad - ow and my sun - shine The bright - ness of Thy face.
Is all the grief and an - guish They laid, my Lord, on Thee.
And saw the sweat - drops blood - y That told Thy sor - row there.
Re - joice those hearts, my Sav - iour, That live in Thee and love.

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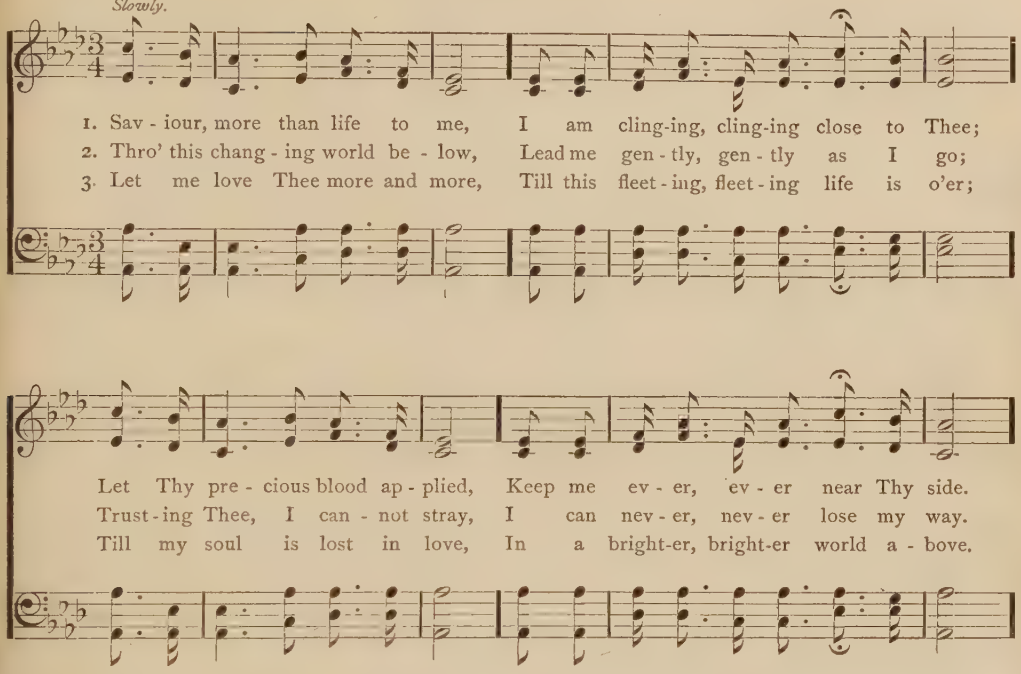
No. 247. *Saviour, More than Life to Me*

Fanny J. Crosby WILMAR. 7s, with Refrain *W. H. Doane*

Slowly.


1. Sav - iour, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, cling-ing close to Thee;
2. Thro' this chang - ing world be - low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet - ing, fleet - ing life is o'er;
Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trust - ing Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, bright-er world a - bove.
REFRAIN.
Ev - ery day, ev - ery day, Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
Ev - ery day and hour, ev - ery day and hour,
May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

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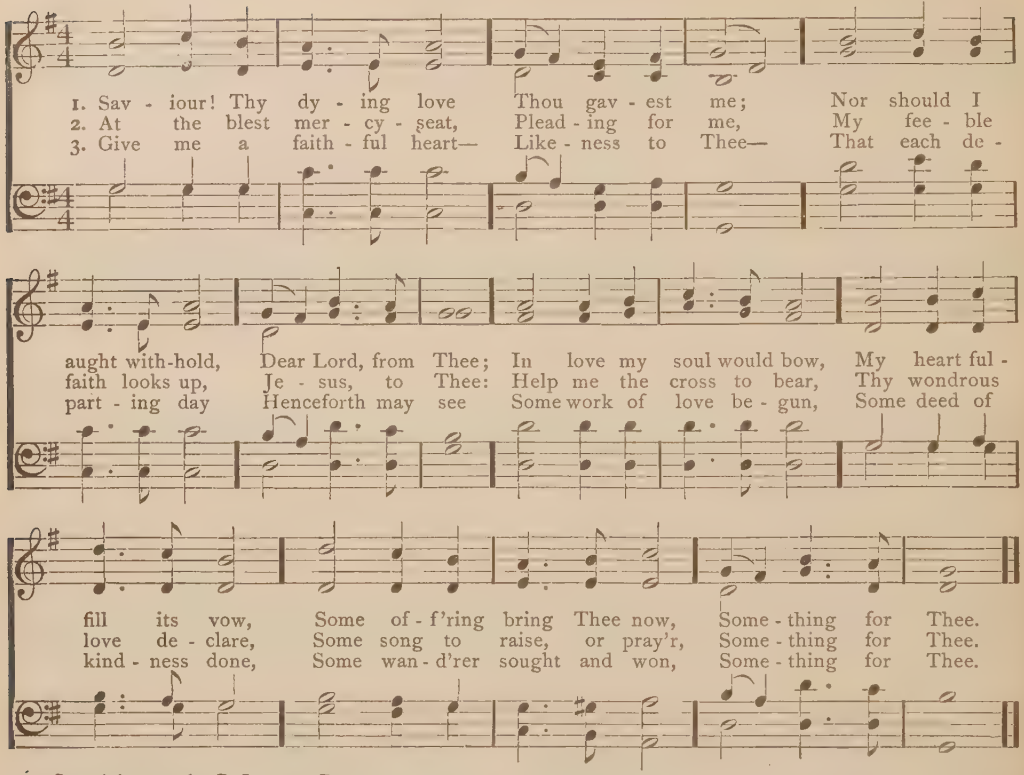
No. 248. *Saviour! Thy Dying Love*

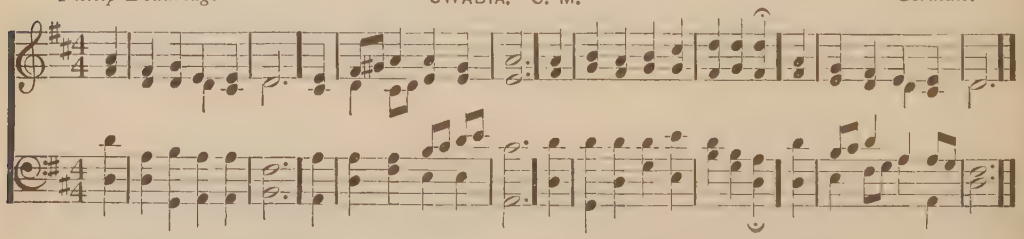
S. D. Phelps PHELPS. 6s & 4s. *Rev. Robert Lowry*


1. Sav - iour! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me; Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart— Like - ness to Thee— That each de -
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow, My heart ful -
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous
part - ing day Henceforth may see Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of
fill its vow, Some of - f'ring bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee.
love de - clare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some - thing for Thee.
kind - ness done, Some wan - d'rer sought and won, Some - thing for Thee.

Copyright, 1899, by R. Lowry. By per.

No. 249. *To God the Only Wise*

Philip Doddridge SWABIA. S. M. *German.*



1 To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

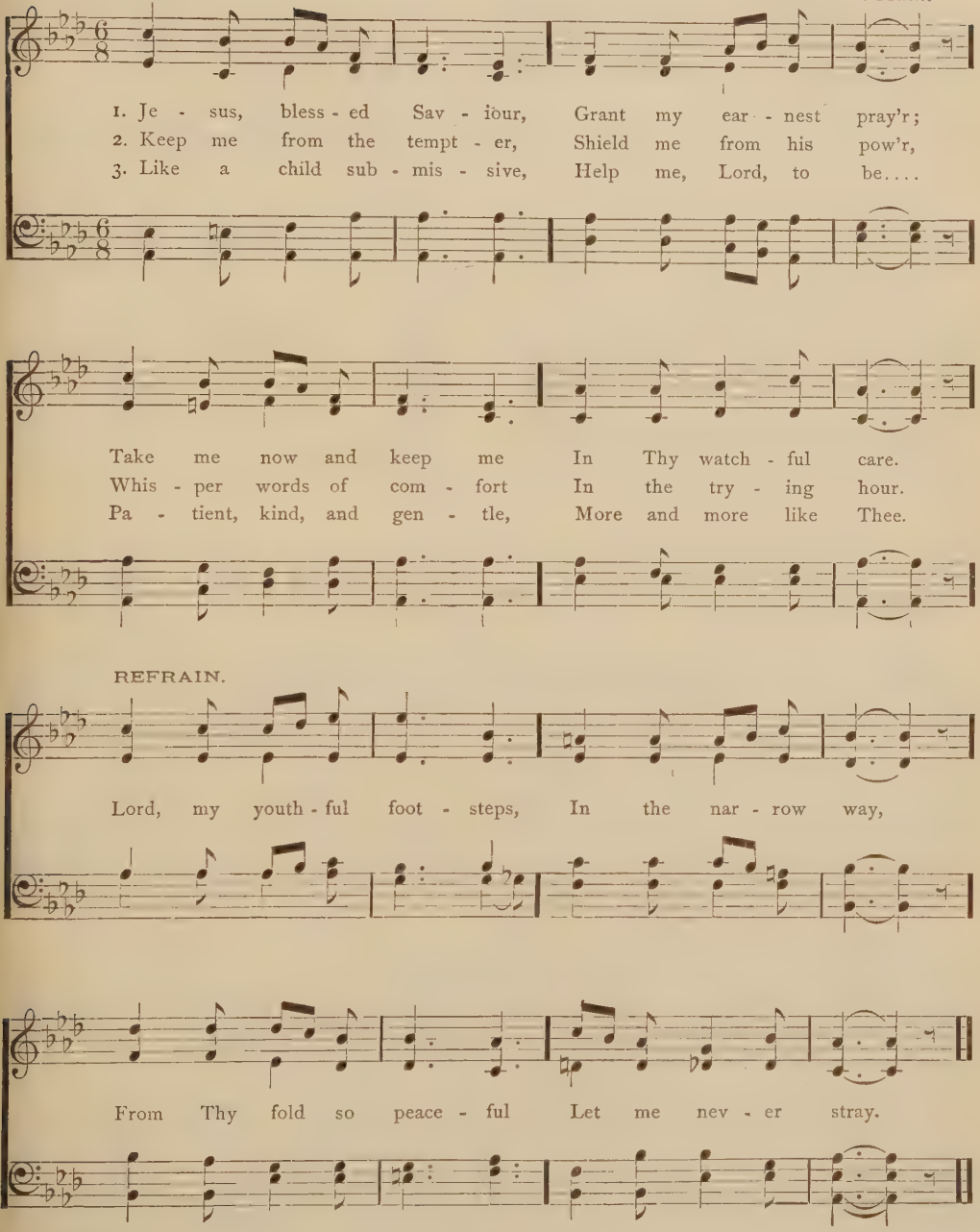
3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

4 To our Redeemer-God
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

No. 250.

Jesus, Blessed Saviour

Fanny J. Crosby. HARWOOD. 6s & 5s. *Hubert P. Main.*


1. Je - sus, bless - ed Sav - iour, Grant my ear - nest pray'r;
2. Keep me from the tempt - er, Shield me from his pow'r,
3. Like a child sub - mis - sive, Help me, Lord, to be....
Take me now and keep me In Thy watch - ful care.
Whis - per words of com - fort In the try - ing hour.
Pa - tient, kind, and gen - tle, More and more like Thee.
REFRAIN.
Lord, my youth - ful foot - steps, In the nar - row way,
From Thy fold so peace - ful Let me nev - er stray.

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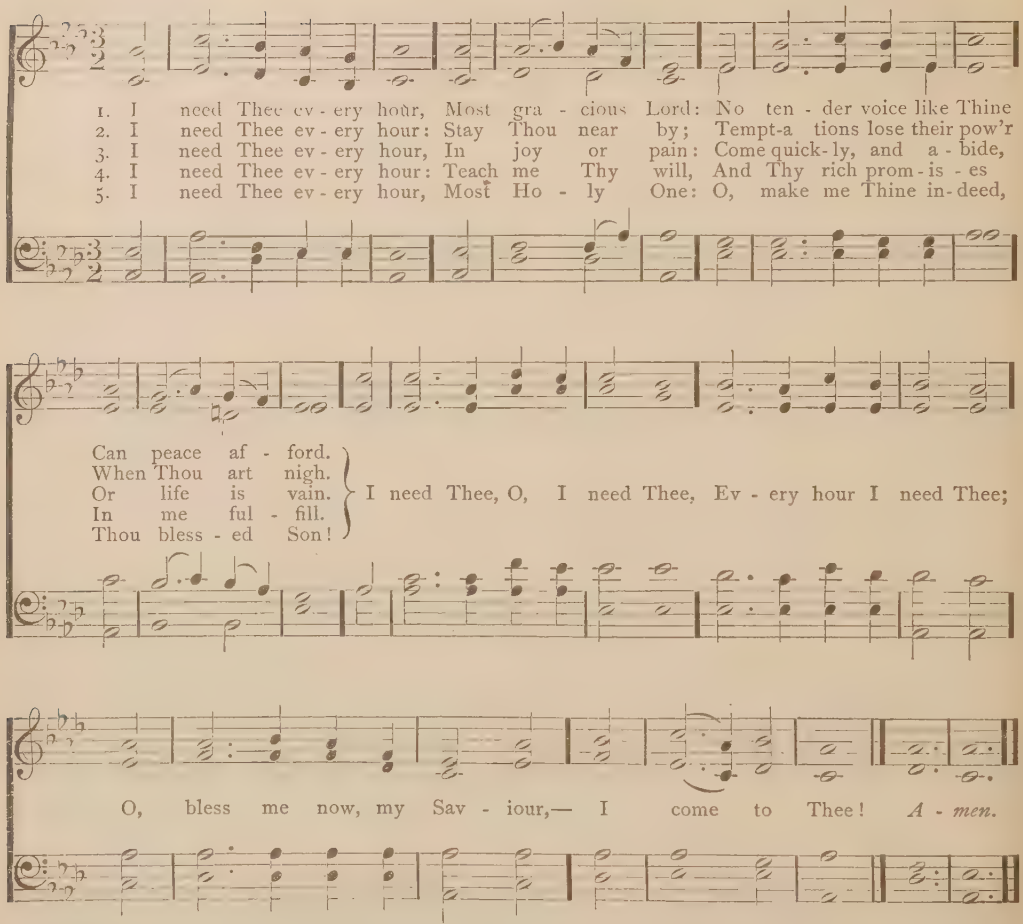
No. 251. *I Need Thee Every Hour*

MOUNT VERNON. P. M.

Annie S. Hawks — *Robert Lowry*


1. I need Thee ev - ery hour, Most gra - cious Lord: No ten - der voice like Thine
2. I need Thee ev - ery hour: Stay Thou near by; Tempt-a tions lose their pow'r
3. I need Thee ev - ery hour, In joy or pain: Come quick-ly, and a - bide,
4. I need Thee ev - ery hour: Teach me Thy will, And Thy rich prom - is - es
5. I need Thee ev - ery hour, Most Ho - ly One: O, make me Thine in-deed,
Can peace af - ford.
When Thou art nigh.
Or life is vain.
In me ful - fill.
Thou bless - ed Son!
I need Thee, O, I need Thee, Ev - ery hour I need Thee;
O, bless me now, my Sav - iour,— I come to Thee! A - men.

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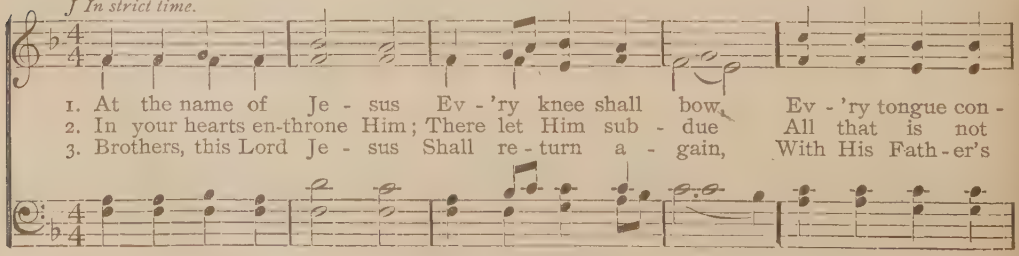
No. 252. *At the Name of Jesus*

Caroline M. Noel, 1887 — OAKLEY. 6s.&5s.D. — *S. M. Bixby, 1899*

f In strict time.


1. At the name of Je - sus Ev - 'ry knee shall bow, Ev - 'ry tongue con -
2. In your hearts en-throne Him; There let Him sub - due All that is not
3. Brothers, this Lord Je - sus Shall re - turn a - gain, With His Fath - er's

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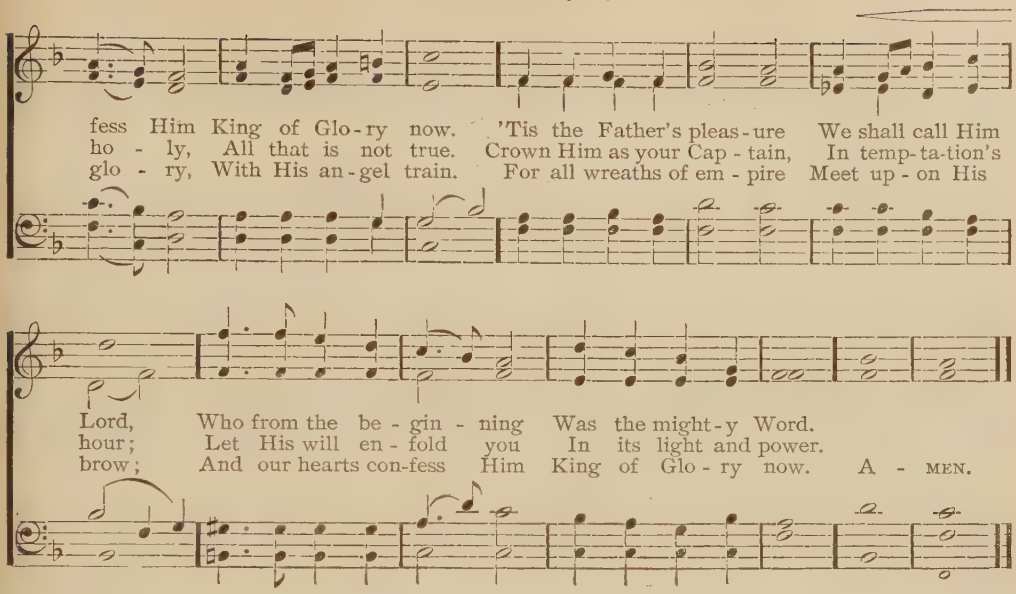
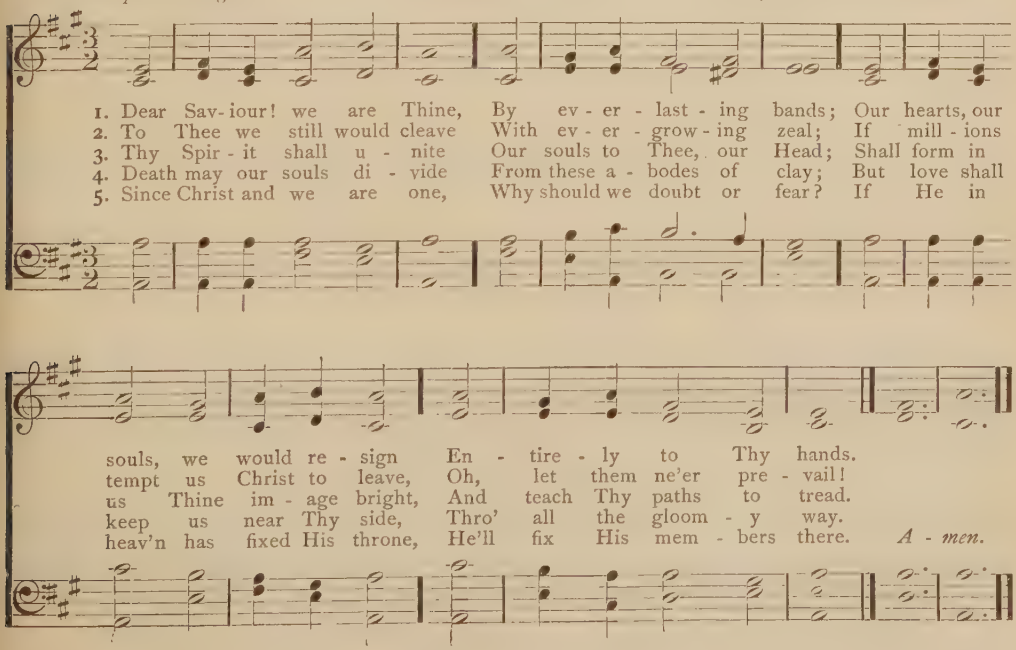
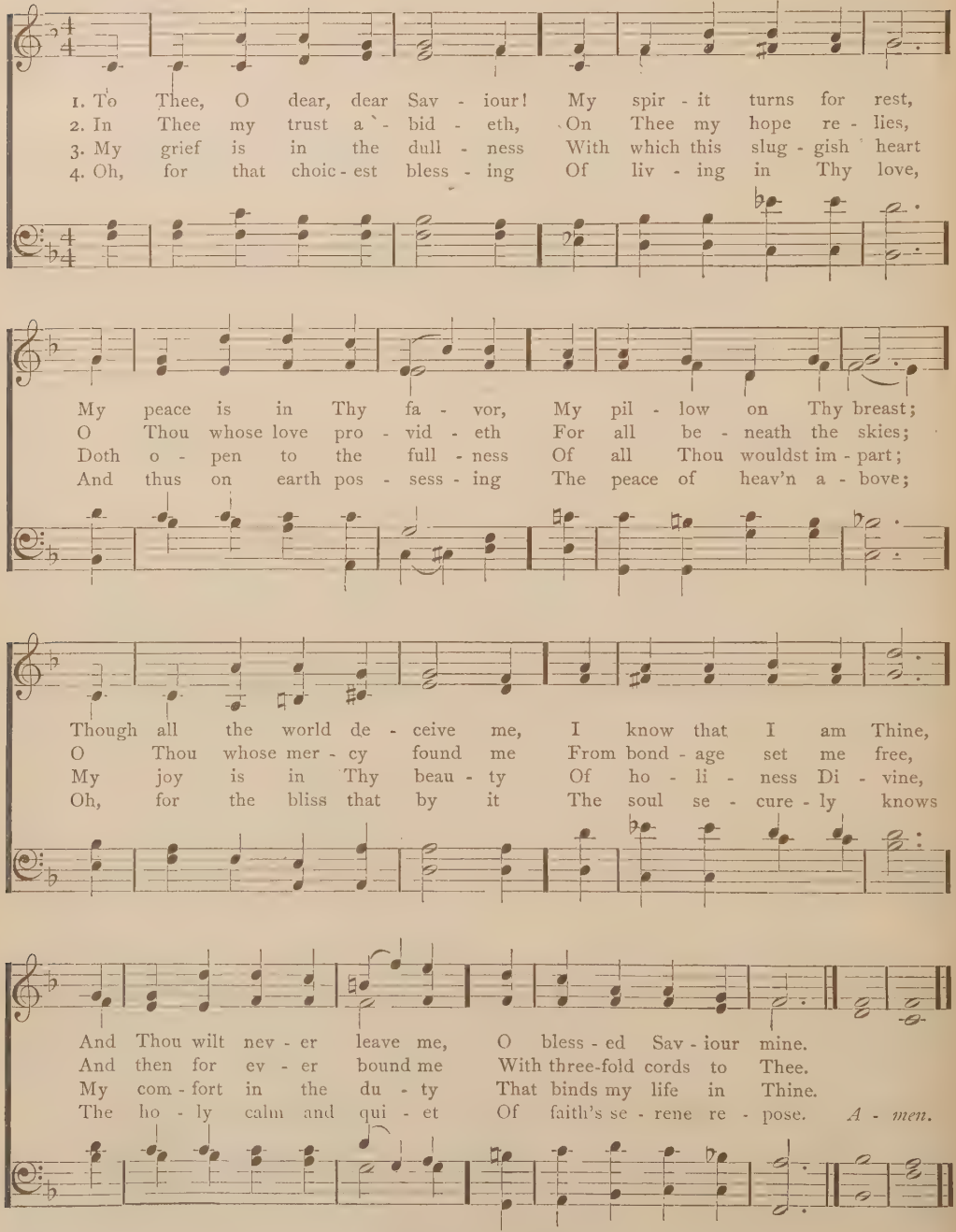

fess Him King of Glo-ry now. 'Tis the Father's pleas-ure We shall call Him
ho - ly, All that is not true. Crown Him as your Cap - tain, In temp-ta-tion's
glo - ry, With His an-gel train. For all wreaths of em - pire Meet up - on His
Lord, Who from the be - gin - ning Was the might-y Word.
hour; Let His will en - fold you In its light and power.
brow; And our hearts con-fess Him King of Glo - ry now. A - MEN.

No. 253. *Dear Saviour! We are Thine*

Philip Doddridge OLMUTZ. S. M. *Arr. by Dr. Lowell Mason*

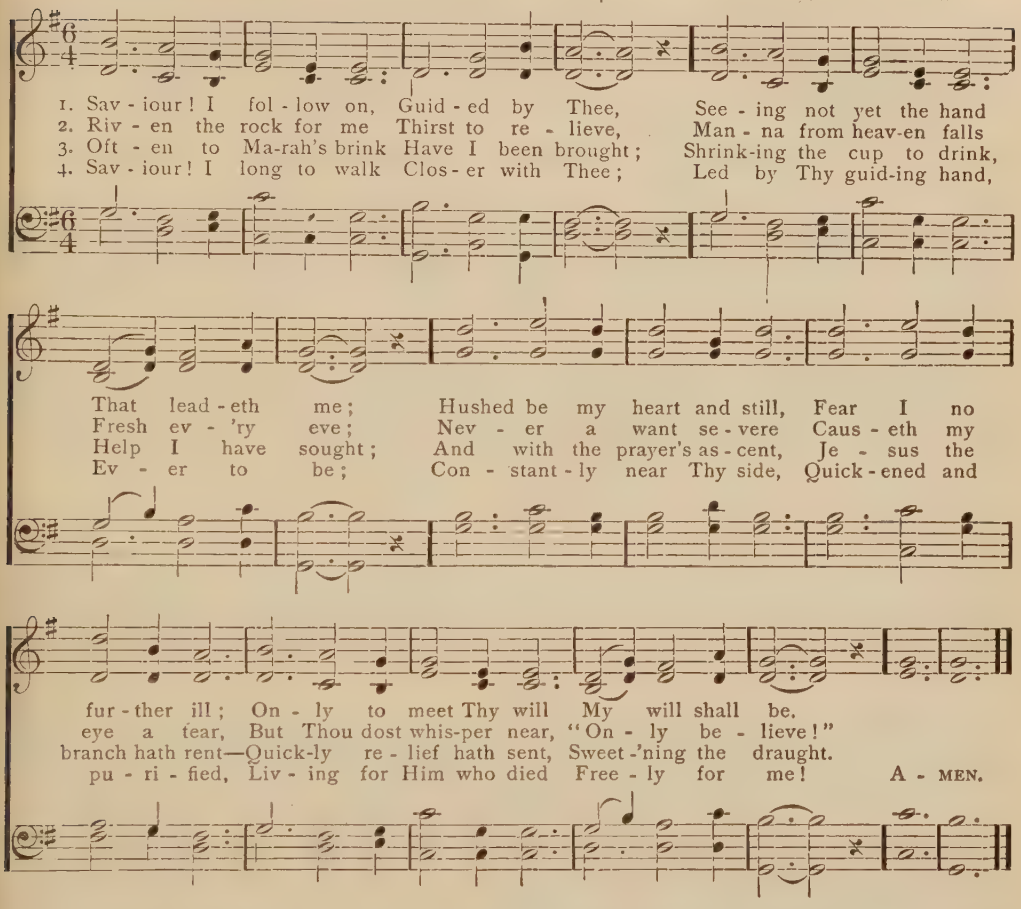

1. Dear Sav-iour! we are Thine, By ev - er - last - ing bands; Our hearts, our
2. To Thee we still would cleave With ev - er - grow - ing zeal; If mill - ions
3. Thy Spir - it shall u - nite Our souls to Thee, our Head; Shall form in
4. Death may our souls di - vide From these a - bodes of clay; But love shall
5. Since Christ and we are one, Why should we doubt or fear? If He in
souls, we would re - sign En - tire - ly to Thy hands.
tempt us Christ to leave, Oh, let them ne'er pre - vail!
us Thine im - age bright, And teach Thy paths to tread.
keep us near Thy side, Thro' all the gloom - y way.
heav'n has fixed His throne, He'll fix His mem - bers there. *A - men.*

No. 254. *To Thee, O Dear, Dear Saviour*

J. S. B. Monsell SAVOY CHAPEL 7s & 6s. *J. B. Calkin*

1. To Thee, O dear, dear Sav - iour! My spir - it turns for rest,
2. In Thee my trust a`- bid - eth, On Thee my hope re - lies,
3. My grief is in the dull - ness With which this slug - gish heart
4. Oh, for that choic - est bless - ing Of liv - ing in Thy love,
My peace is in Thy fa - vor, My pil - low on Thy breast;
O Thou whose love pro - vid - eth For all be - neath the skies;
Doth o - pen to the full - ness Of all Thou wouldst im - part;
And thus on earth pos - sess - ing The peace of heav'n a - bove;
Though all the world de - ceive me, I know that I am Thine,
O Thou whose mer - cy found me From bond - age set me free,
My joy is in Thy beau - ty Of ho - li - ness Di - vine,
Oh, for the bliss that by it The soul se - cure - ly knows
And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless - ed Sav - iour mine.
And then for ev - er bound me With three-fold cords to Thee.
My com - fort in the du - ty That binds my life in Thine.
The ho - ly calm and qui - et Of faith's se - rene re - pose. A - men.

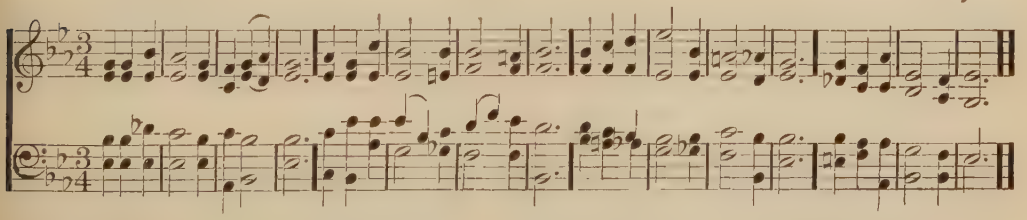
No. 255. *Saviour! I Follow On*

C. S. Robinson, D.D. BETHANY. 6s & 4s. *Dr. Lowell Mason*


1. Sav - iour! I fol - low on, Guid - ed by Thee, See - ing not yet the hand
2. Riv - en the rock for me Thirst to re - lieve, Man - na from heav-en falls
3. Oft - en to Ma-rah's brink Have I been brought; Shrink-ing the cup to drink,
4. Sav - iour! I long to walk Clos - er with Thee; Led by Thy guid-ing hand,
That lead - eth me; Hushed be my heart and still, Fear I no
Fresh ev - 'ry eve; Nev - er a want se - vere Caus - eth my
Help I have sought; And with the prayer's as - cent, Je - sus the
Ev - er to be; Con - stant - ly near Thy side, Quick - ened and
fur - ther ill; On - ly to meet Thy will My will shall be.
eye a tear, But Thou dost whis-per near, "On - ly be - lieve!"
branch hath rent—Quick-ly re - lief hath sent, Sweet-'ning the draught.
pu - ri - fied, Liv - ing for Him who died Free - ly for me! A - MEN.

No. 256. *O Saviour, I Have Naught to Plead*

Jane Fox Crewdson ESTHWAITE. 8.8.8.6. *H. Barry*

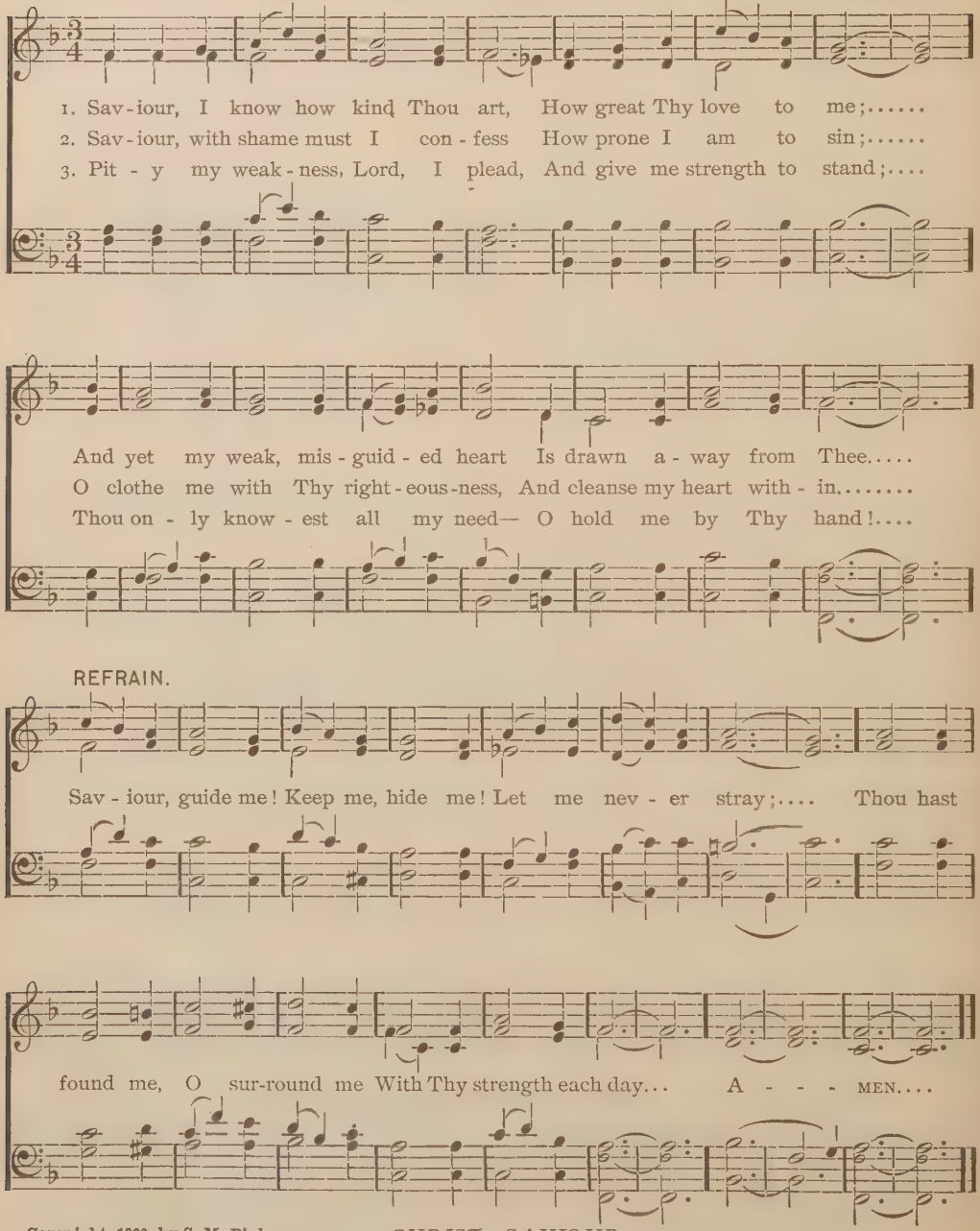


1 O Saviour, I have naught to plead,
In earth beneath, or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need
And Thy exceeding love.

2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great but quickly o'er:
The love unbought is all Thine own
And lasts for evermore.

No. 257. *Saviour, I Know how Kind Thou Art*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 PHILMORE. 8.6.8.6.8.5.8.5. *R. Menthal*


1. Sav-iour, I know how kind Thou art, How great Thy love to me;.....
2. Sav-iour, with shame must I con-fess How prone I am to sin;.....
3. Pit-y my weak-ness, Lord, I plead, And give me strength to stand;....
And yet my weak, mis-guid-ed heart Is drawn a-way from Thee.....
O clothe me with Thy right-eous-ness, And cleanse my heart with-in.....
Thou on-ly know-est all my need— O hold me by Thy hand!....
REFRAIN.
Sav-iour, guide me! Keep me, hide me! Let me nev-er stray;.... Thou hast
found me, O sur-round me With Thy strength each day... A - - - MEN....

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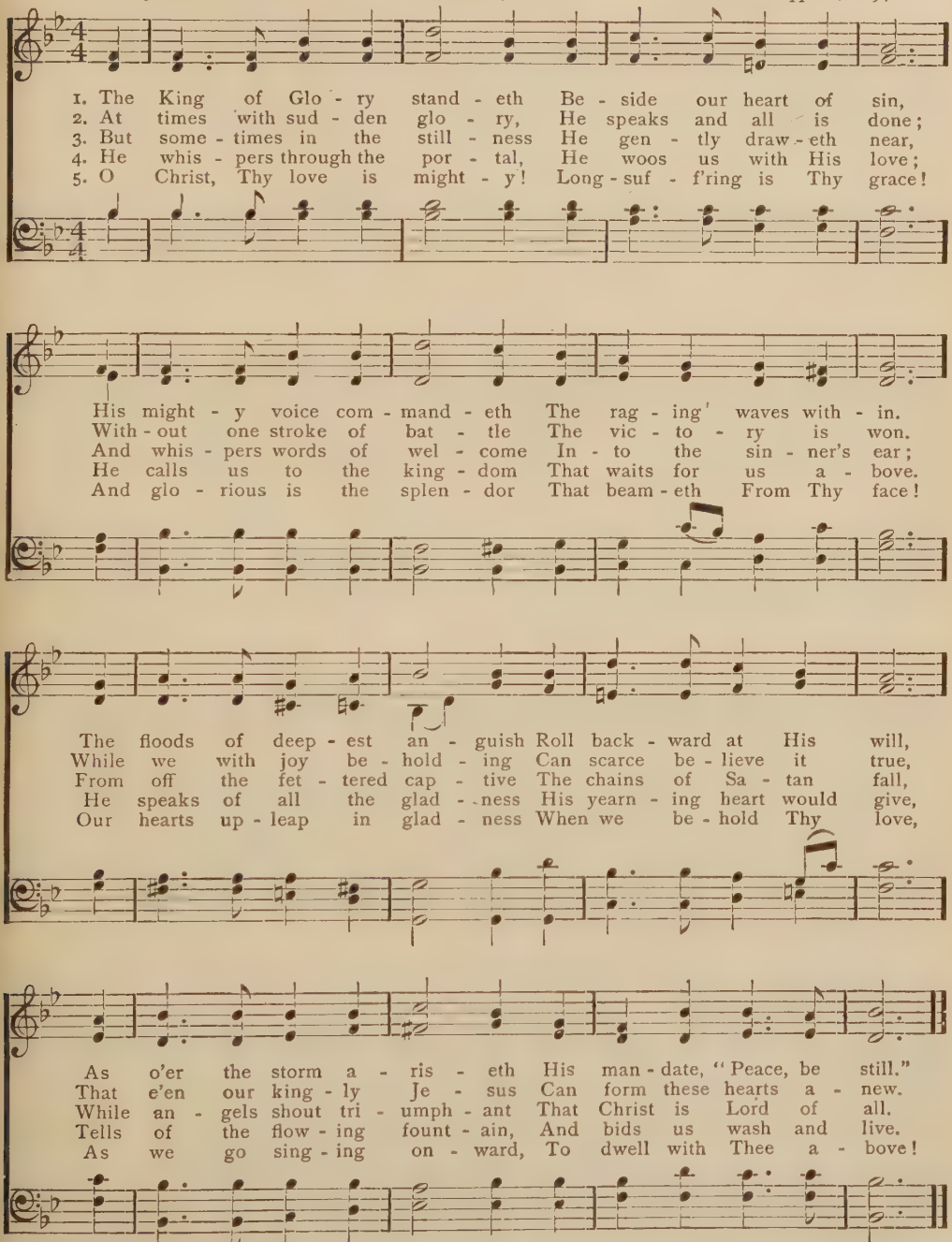
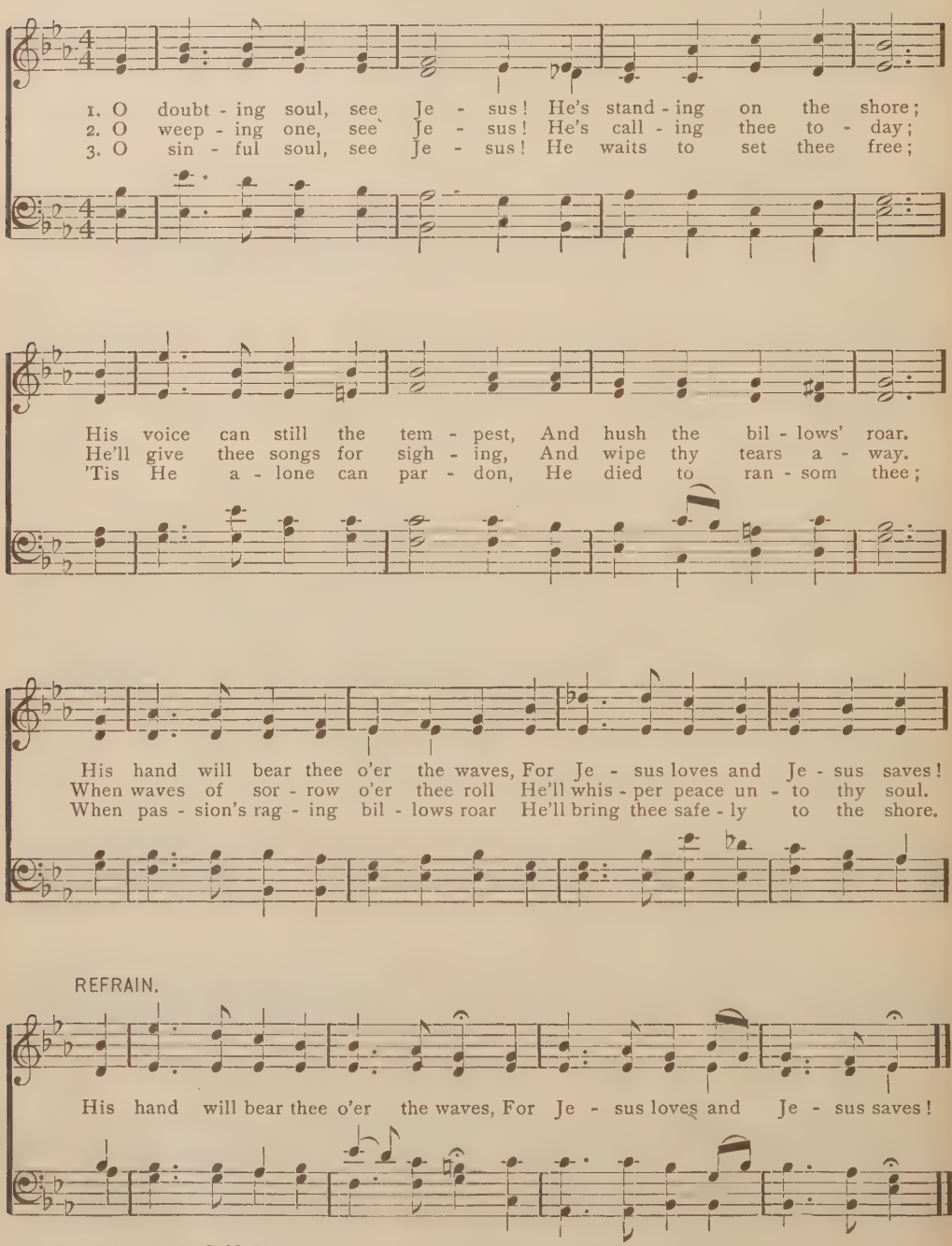
No. 258. *The King of Glory Standeth*

Arr. by J. M. Hodson HODSON. 7s & 6s D. *Frank N. Shepperd*, 1894

1. The King of Glo - ry stand - eth Be - side our heart of sin,
2. At times with sud - den glo - ry, He speaks and all is done;
3. But some - times in the still - ness He gen - tly draw - eth near,
4. He whis - pers through the por - tal, He woos us with His love;
5. O Christ, Thy love is might - y! Long - suf - f'ring is Thy grace!
His might - y voice com - mand - eth The rag - ing waves with - in.
With - out one stroke of bat - tle The vic - to - ry is won.
And whis - pers words of wel - come In - to the sin - ner's ear;
He calls us to the king - dom That waits for us a - bove.
And glo - rious is the splen - dor That beam - eth From Thy face!
The floods of deep - est an - guish Roll back - ward at His will,
While we with joy be - hold - ing Can scarce be - lieve it true,
From off the fet - tered cap - tive The chains of Sa - tan fall,
He speaks of all the glad - ness His yearn - ing heart would give,
Our hearts up - leap in glad - ness When we be - hold Thy love,
As o'er the storm a - ris - eth His man - date, "Peace, be still."
That e'en our king - ly Je - sus Can form these hearts a - new.
While an - gels shout tri - umph - ant That Christ is Lord of all.
Tells of the flow - ing fount - ain, And bids us wash and live.
As we go sing - ing on - ward, To dwell with Thee a - bove!

Copyright, 1894, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 259. *O Doubting Soul, See Jesus*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1894 BEDFORD. 7s & 6s D. *Frank N. Shepperd*, 1894


1. O doubt - ing soul, see Je - sus! He's stand - ing on the shore;
2. O weep - ing one, see Je - sus! He's call - ing thee to - day;
3. O sin - ful soul, see Je - sus! He waits to set thee free;
His voice can still the tem - pest, And hush the bil - lows' roar.
He'll give thee songs for sigh - ing, And wipe thy tears a - way.
'Tis He a - lone can par - don, He died to ran - som thee;
His hand will bear thee o'er the waves, For Je - sus loves and Je - sus saves!
When waves of sor - row o'er thee roll He'll whis - per peace un - to thy soul.
When pas - sion's rag - ing bil - lows roar He'll bring thee safe - ly to the shore.
REFRAIN.
His hand will bear thee o'er the waves, For Je - sus loves and Je - sus saves!

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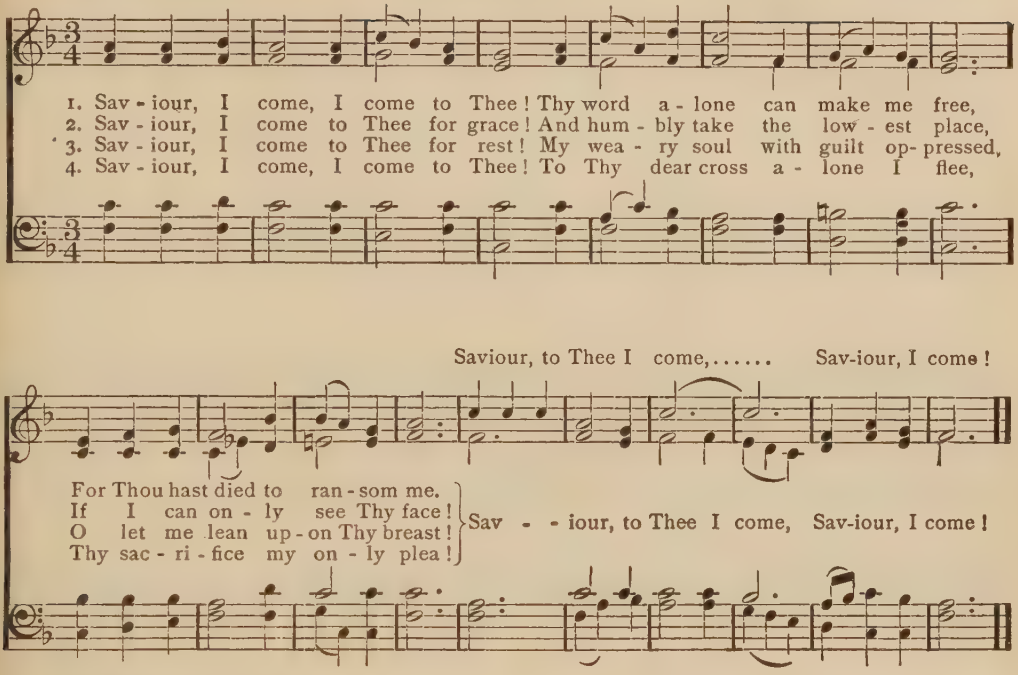
No. 260. *Saviour, I Come*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891 — CLARK. 8.8.8.10. — *S. M. Bixby*

1. Sav - iour, I come, I come to Thee! Thy word a - lone can make me free,
2. Sav - iour, I come to Thee for grace! And hum - bly take the low - est place,
3. Sav - iour, I come to Thee for rest! My wea - ry soul with guilt op- pressed,
4. Sav - iour, I come, I come to Thee! To Thy dear cross a - lone I flee,
Saviour, to Thee I come,..... Sav-iour, I come!
For Thou hast died to ran - som me.
If I can on - ly see Thy face!
O let me lean up - on Thy breast!
Thy sac - ri - fice my on - ly plea!
Sav - - iour, to Thee I come, Sav-iour, I come!

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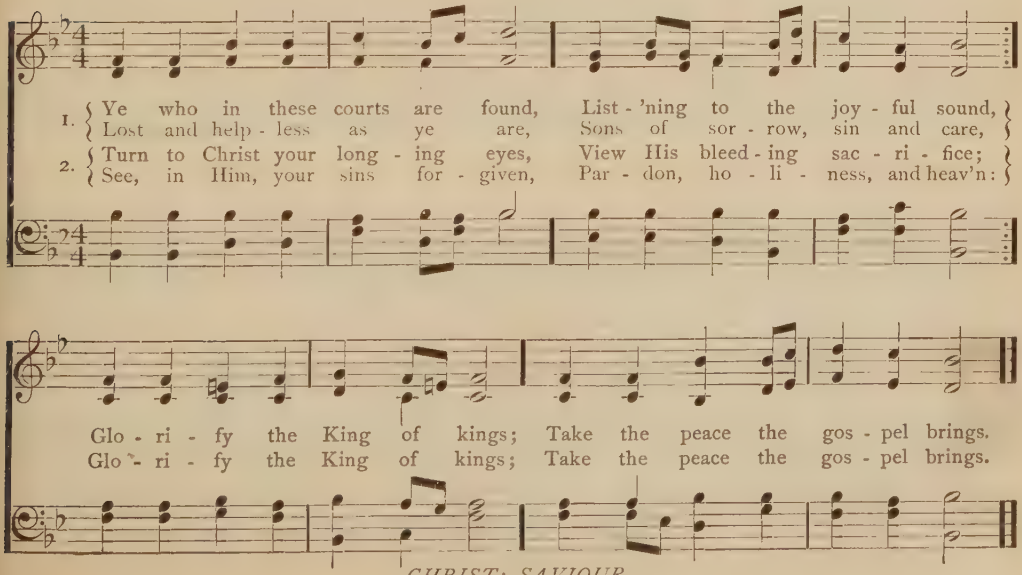
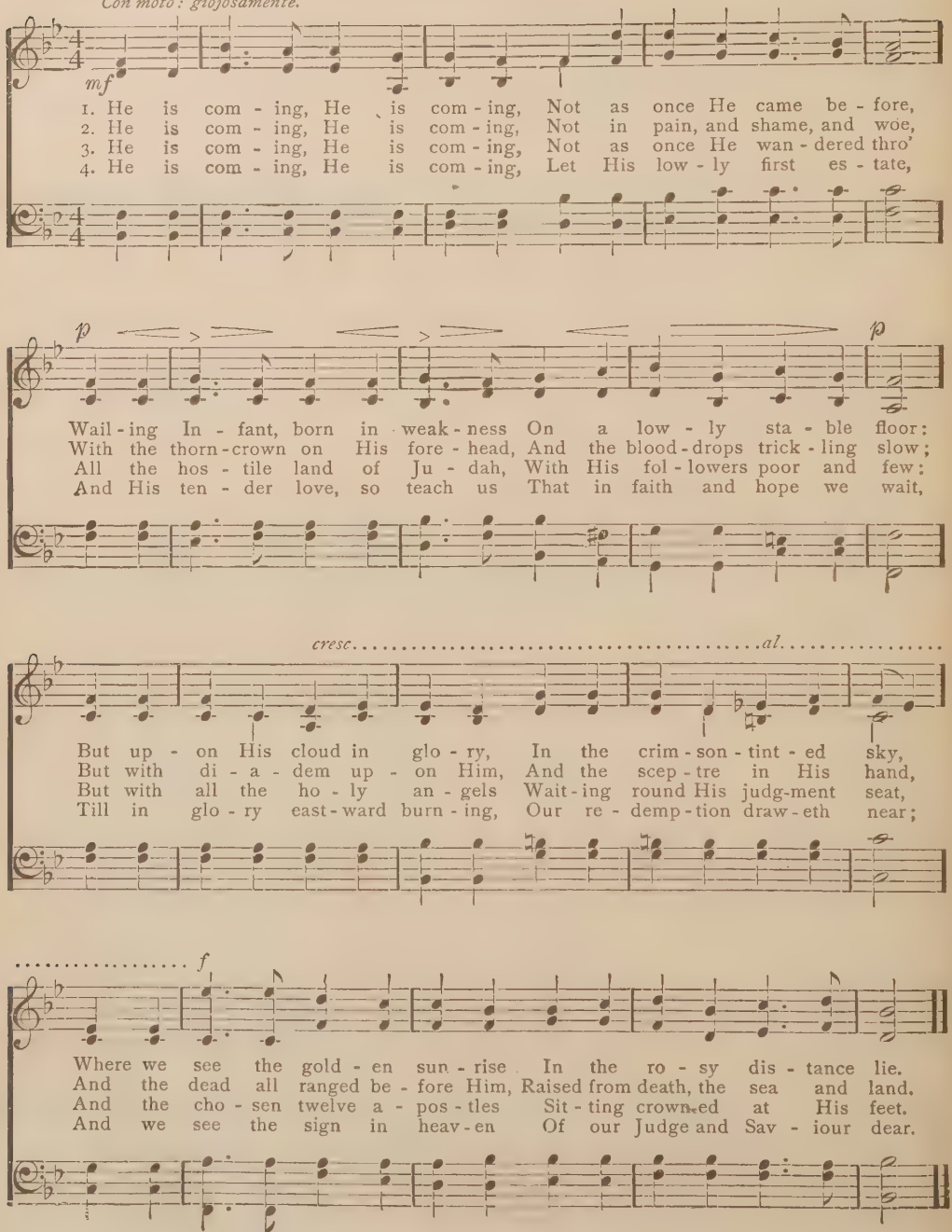
No. 261. *Ye Who in These Courts are Found*

R. Hill — ROSEFIELD. 7s, Six lines. — *C. H. A. Malan*


1. Ye who in these courts are found, List - 'ning to the joy - ful sound,
Lost and help - less as ye are, Sons of sor - row, sin and care,
2. Turn to Christ your long - ing eyes, View His bleed - ing sac - ri - fice;
See, in Him, your sins for - given, Par - don, ho - li - ness, and heav'n:
Glo - ri - fy the King of kings; Take the peace the gos - pel brings.
Glo - ri - fy the King of kings; Take the peace the gos - pel brings.

No. 262. *He is Coming, He is Coming*

Mrs. C. F. Alexander HALSTEAD. 8s & 7s D. *Caryl Florio*

Con moto: giojosamente.

mf
1. He is com - ing, He is com - ing, Not as once He came be - fore,
2. He is com - ing, He is com - ing, Not in pain, and shame, and woe,
3. He is com - ing, He is com - ing, Not as once He wan - dered thro'
4. He is com - ing, He is com - ing, Let His low - ly first es - tate,
p
Wail - ing In - fant, born in weak - ness On a low - ly sta - ble floor:
With the thorn - crown on His fore - head, And the blood - drops trick - ling slow;
All the hos - tile land of Ju - dah, With His fol - lowers poor and few:
And His ten - der love, so teach us That in faith and hope we wait,
cresc. ..... al. .....
But up - on His cloud in glo - ry, In the crim - son - tint - ed sky,
But with di - a - dem up - on Him, And the scep - tre in His hand,
But with all the ho - ly an - gels Wait - ing round His judg-ment seat,
Till in glo - ry east - ward burn - ing, Our re - demp - tion draw - eth near;
..... f
Where we see the gold - en sun - rise In the ro - sy dis - tance lie.
And the dead all ranged be - fore Him, Raised from death, the sea and land.
And the cho - sen twelve a - pos - tles Sit - ting crowned at His feet.
And we see the sign in heav - en Of our Judge and Sav - iour dear.

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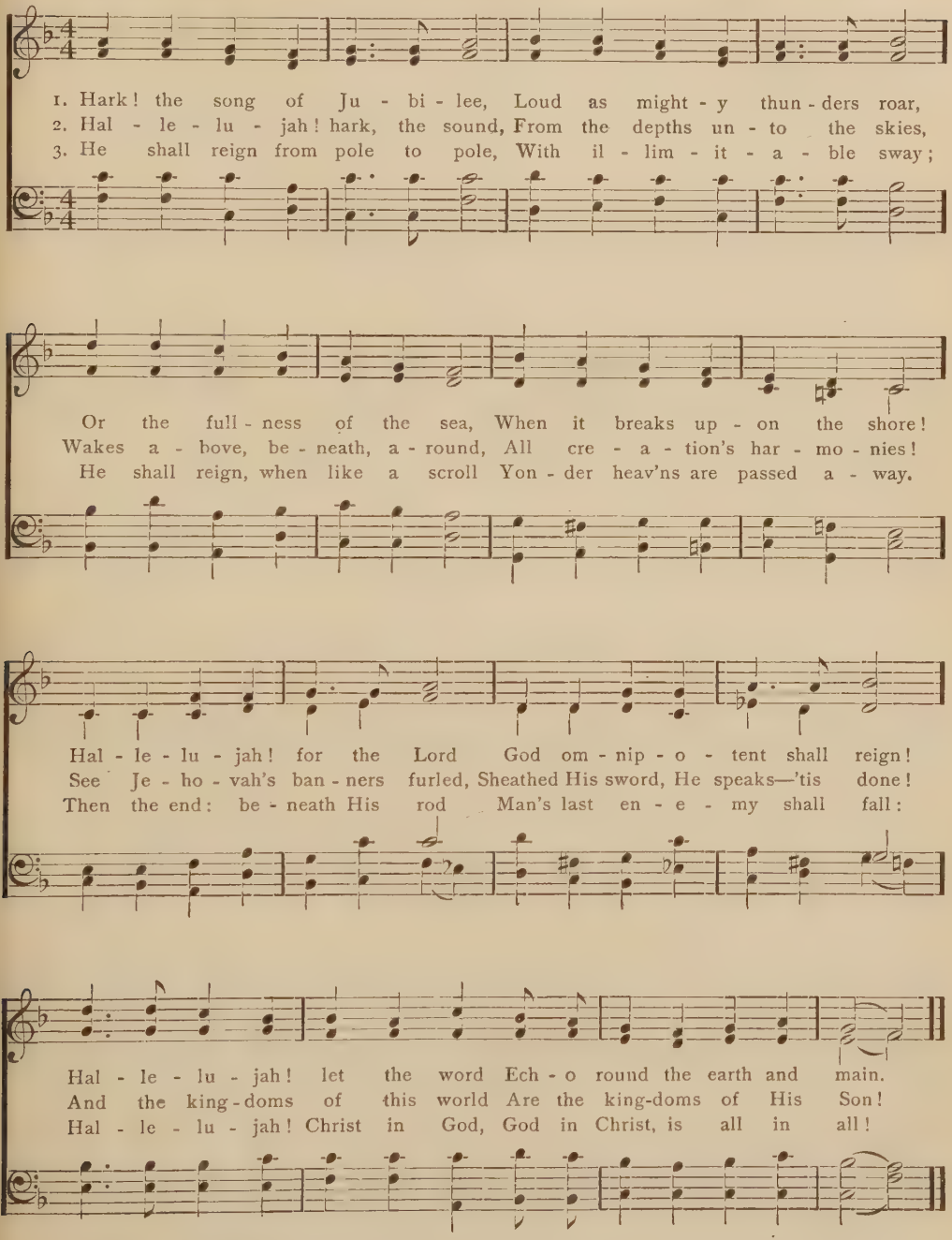
No. 263. *Hark! the Song of Jubilee*

James Montgomery MONTGOMERY. 7s D. *Caryl Florio*


1. Hark! the song of Ju - bi - lee, Loud as might - y thun - ders roar,
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! hark, the sound, From the depths un - to the skies,
3. He shall reign from pole to pole, With il - lim - it - a - ble sway;
Or the full - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore!
Wakes a - bove, be - neath, a - round, All cre - a - tion's har - mo - nies!
He shall reign, when like a scroll Yon - der heav'ns are passed a - way.
Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord God om - nip - o - tent shall reign!
See Je - ho - vah's ban - ners furled, Sheathed His sword, He speaks—'tis done!
Then the end: be - neath His rod Man's last en - e - my shall fall:
Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main.
And the king-doms of this world Are the king-doms of His Son!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all!

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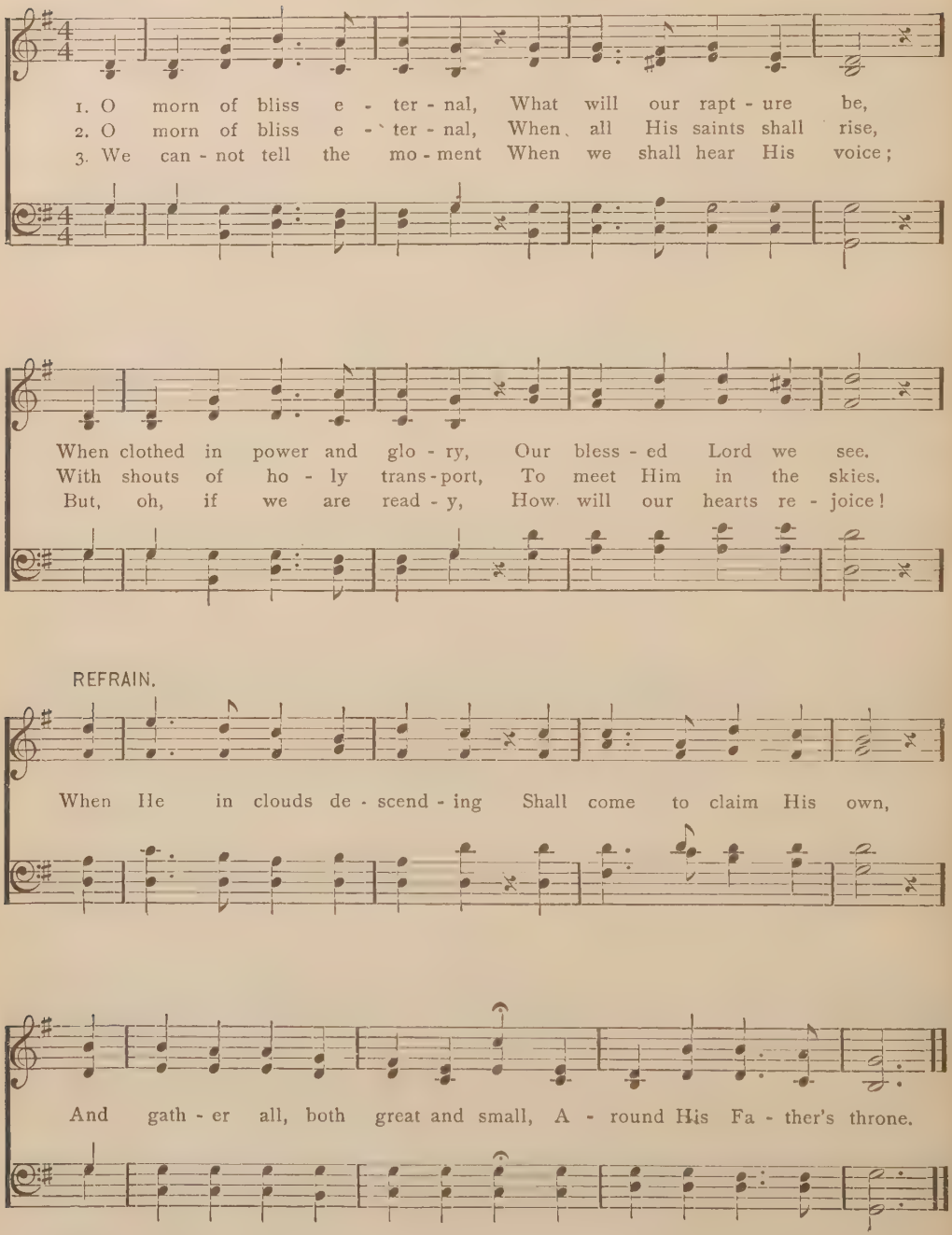
No. 264.

O Morn of Bliss Eternal

Fanny J. Crosby BITTLE. 7s & 6s, with Chorus. *B. C. Unseld*


1. O morn of bliss e - ter - nal, What will our rapt - ure be,
2. O morn of bliss e - ter - nal, When all His saints shall rise,
3. We can - not tell the mo - ment When we shall hear His voice;
When clothed in power and glo - ry, Our bless - ed Lord we see.
With shouts of ho - ly trans - port, To meet Him in the skies.
But, oh, if we are read - y, How will our hearts re - joice!
REFRAIN.
When He in clouds de - scend - ing Shall come to claim His own,
And gath - er all, both great and small, A - round His Fa - ther's throne.

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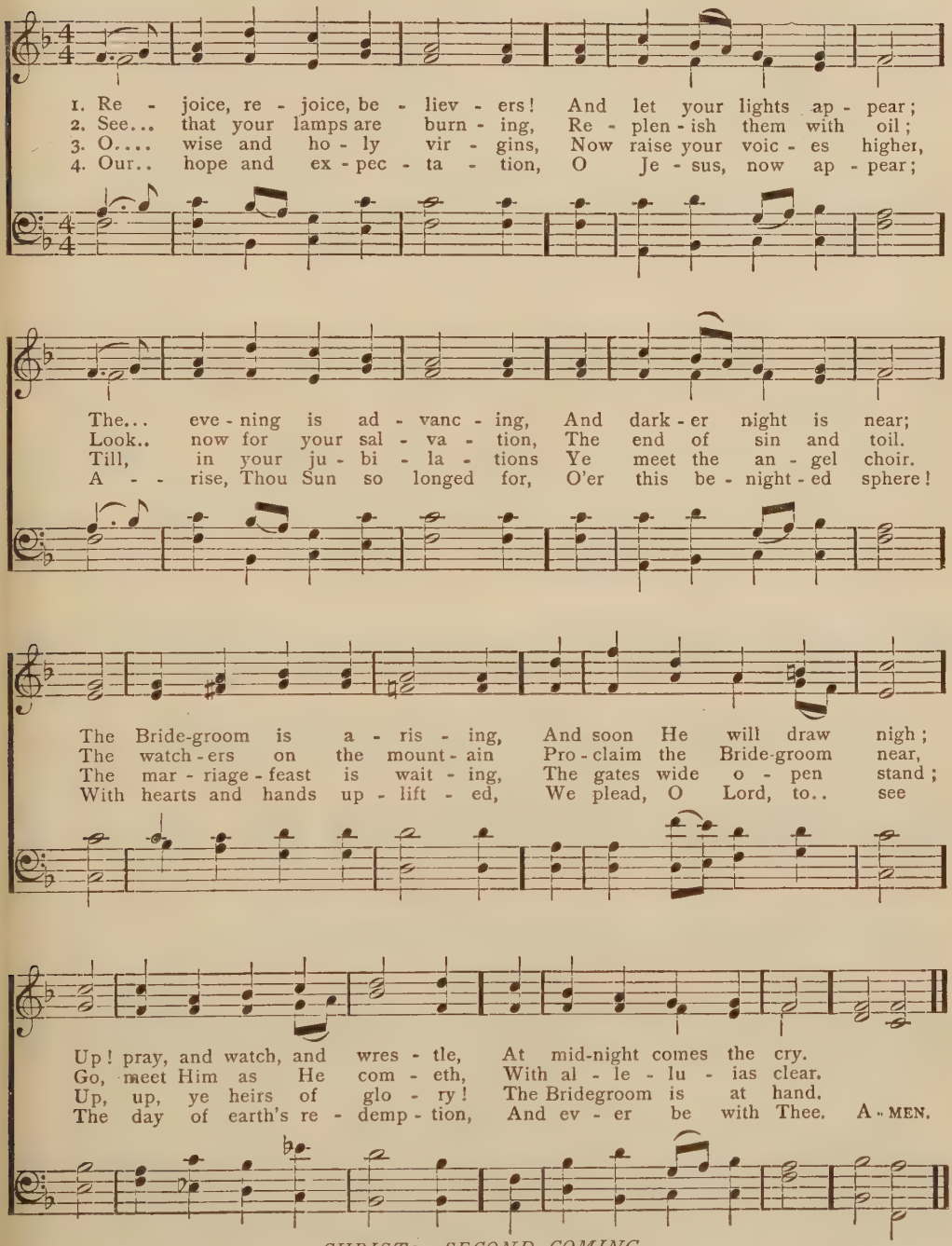
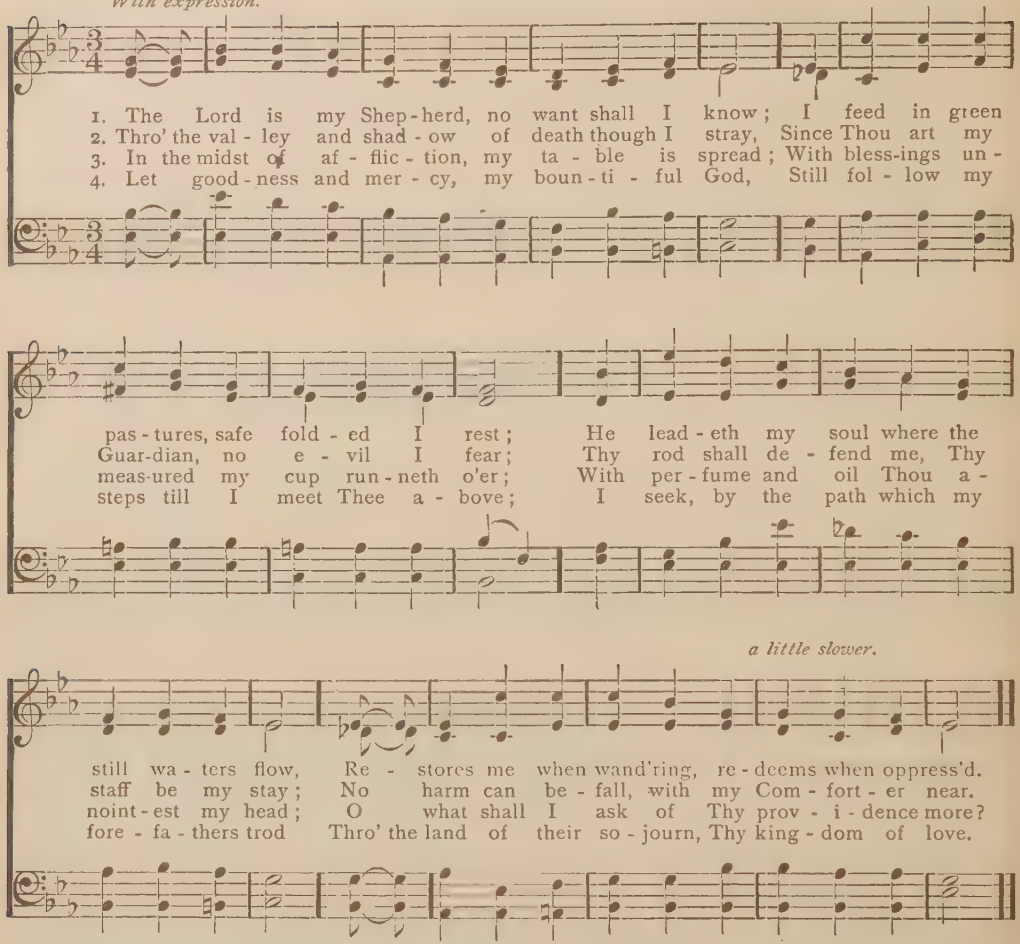
No. 265.

Rejoice, Rejoice, Believers

Laurenti, Tr. Borthwick — MUNICH. 7s & 6s D. — *German Melody*, 1648

1. Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear;
2. See... that your lamps are burn - ing, Re - plen - ish them with oil;
3. O.... wise and ho - ly vir - gins, Now raise your voic - es higher,
4. Our.. hope and ex - pec - ta - tion, O Je - sus, now ap - pear;
The... eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near;
Look.. now for your sal - va - tion, The end of sin and toil.
Till, in your ju - bi - la - tions Ye meet the an - gel choir.
A - - rise, Thou Sun so longed for, O'er this be - night - ed sphere!
The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh;
The watch - ers on the mount - ain Pro - claim the Bride-groom near,
The mar - riage - feast is wait - ing, The gates wide o - pen stand;
With hearts and hands up - lift - ed, We plead, O Lord, to.. see
Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle, At mid-night comes the cry.
Go, meet Him as He com - eth, With al - le - lu - ias clear.
Up, up, ye heirs of glo - ry! The Bridegroom is at hand.
The day of earth's re - demp - tion, And ev - er be with Thee. A - MEN.

No. 266. *The Lord is My Shepherd*

James Montgomery CLAREMONT. 11s. *Frank N. Shepperd*, 1894

With expression.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death though I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of af-flic-tion, my ta-ble is spread; With bless-ings un-
4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my
pas-tures, safe fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the
Guar-dian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy
meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and oil Thou a-
steps till I meet Thee a-bove; I seek, by the path which my
a little slower.
still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when oppress'd.
staff be my stay; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
noint-est my head; O what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
fore-fa-thers trod Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of love.

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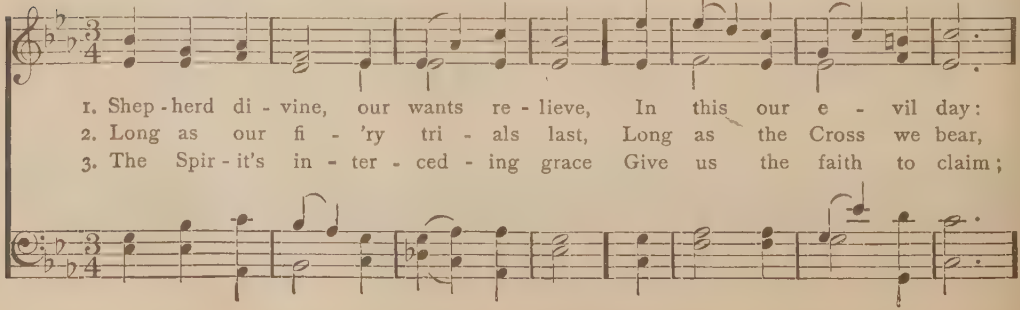
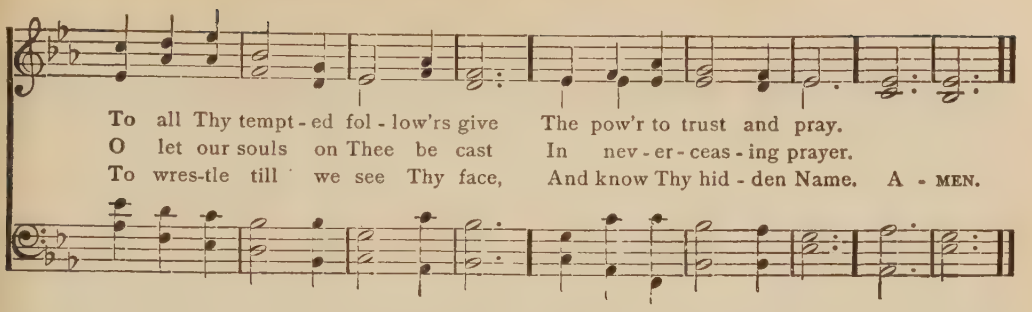
No. 267. *Shepherd Divine, Our Wants Relieve*

Charles Wesley ARMAH. C. M. *Jas. Turle*

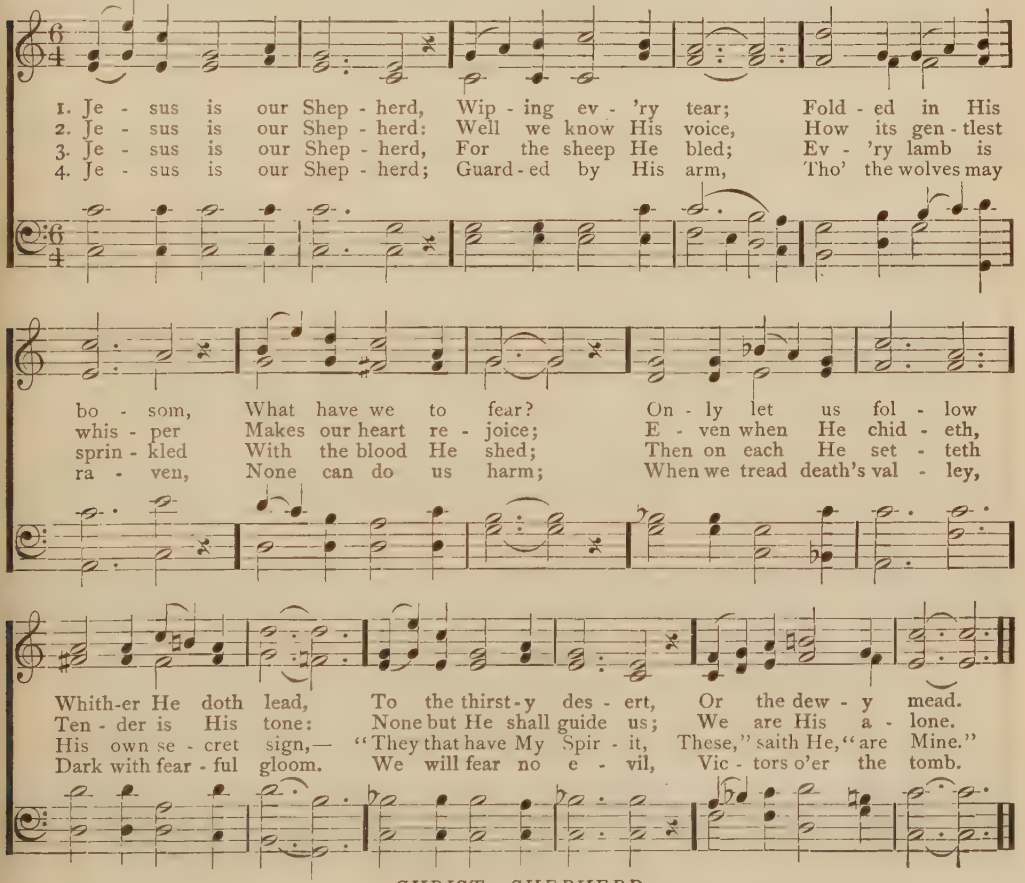

1. Shep-herd di-vine, our wants re-lieve, In this our e-vil day:
2. Long as our fi-'ry tri-als last, Long as the Cross we bear,
3. The Spir-it's in-ter-ced-ing grace Give us the faith to claim;

Shepherd Divine, Our Wants Relieve


To all Thy tempt - ed fol - low'rs give The pow'r to trust and pray.
O let our souls on Thee be cast In nev - er - ceas - ing prayer.
To wres-tle till we see Thy face, And know Thy hid - den Name. A - MEN.

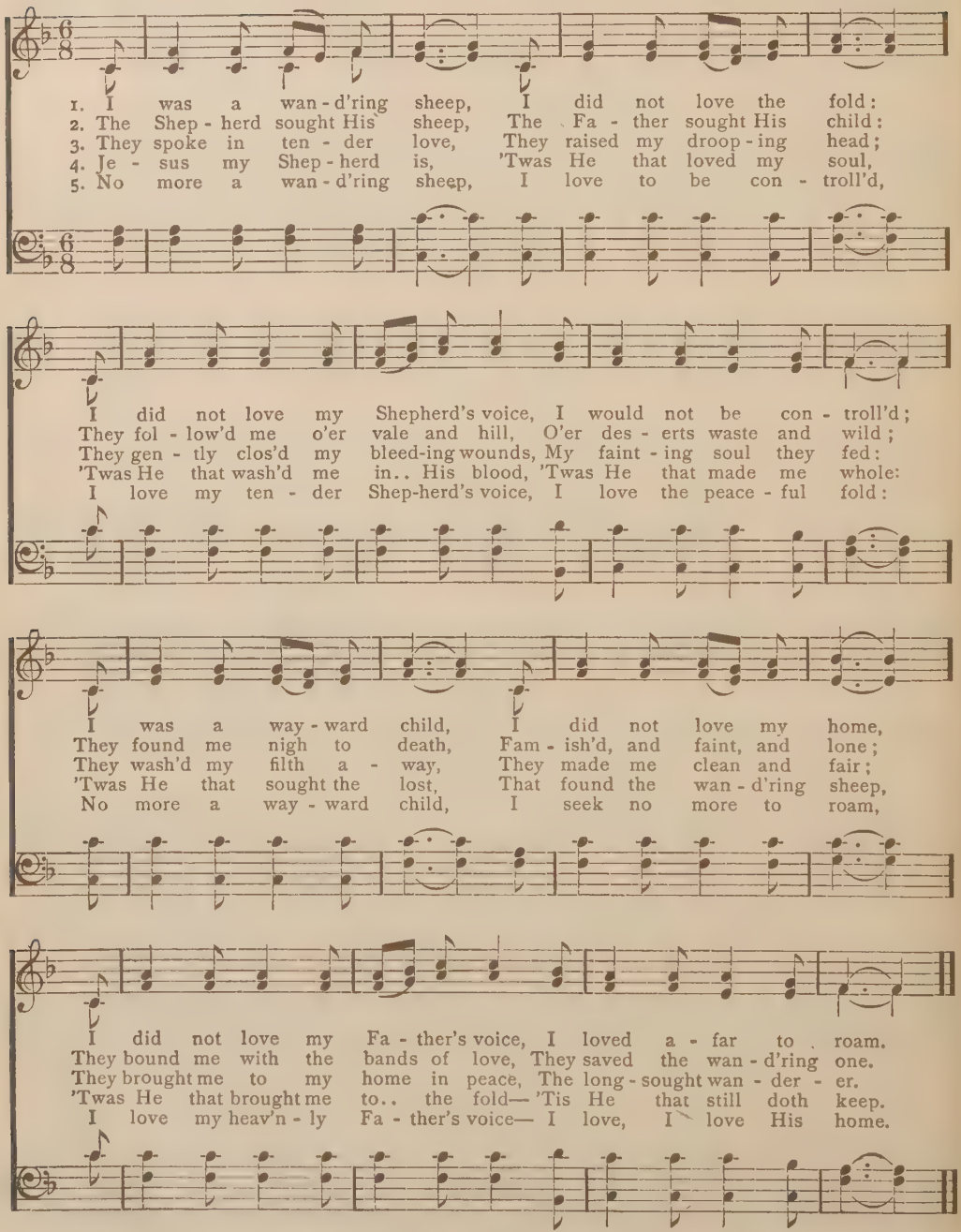
No. 268.

Jesus is Our Shepherd

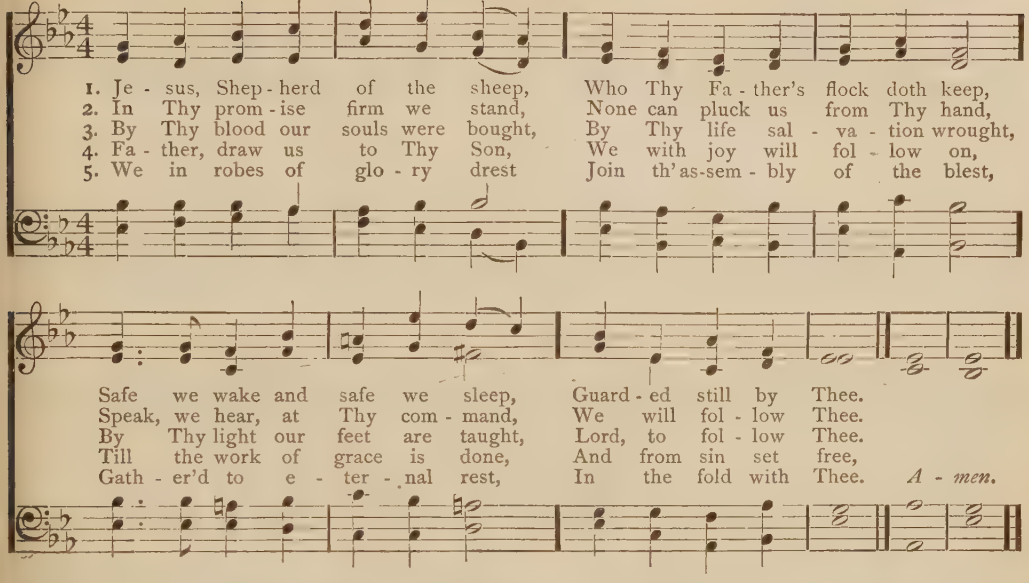
Hugh Stowell ELLWOOD. 6s & 5s, D. *G. A. Macfarren*

1. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, Wip - ing ev - 'ry tear; Fold - ed in His
2. Je - sus is our Shep - herd: Well we know His voice, How its gen - tlest
3. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, For the sheep He bled; Ev - 'ry lamb is
4. Je - sus is our Shep - herd; Guard - ed by His arm, Tho' the wolves may
bo - som, What have we to fear? On - ly let us fol - low
whis - per Makes our heart re - joice; E - ven when He chid - eth,
sprin - kled With the blood He shed; Then on each He set - teth
ra - ven, None can do us harm; When we tread death's val - ley,
Whith-er He doth lead, To the thirst - y des - ert, Or the dew - y mead.
Ten - der is His tone: None but He shall guide us; We are His a - lone.
His own se - cret sign,— "They that have My Spir - it, These," saith He, "are Mine."
Dark with fear - ful gloom. We will fear no e - vil, Vic - tors o'er the tomb.

No. 269. *I Was a Wandering Sheep*

Horatius Bonar LEBANON. 6.6.8.6.6.6.8.6. *J. Zundel*

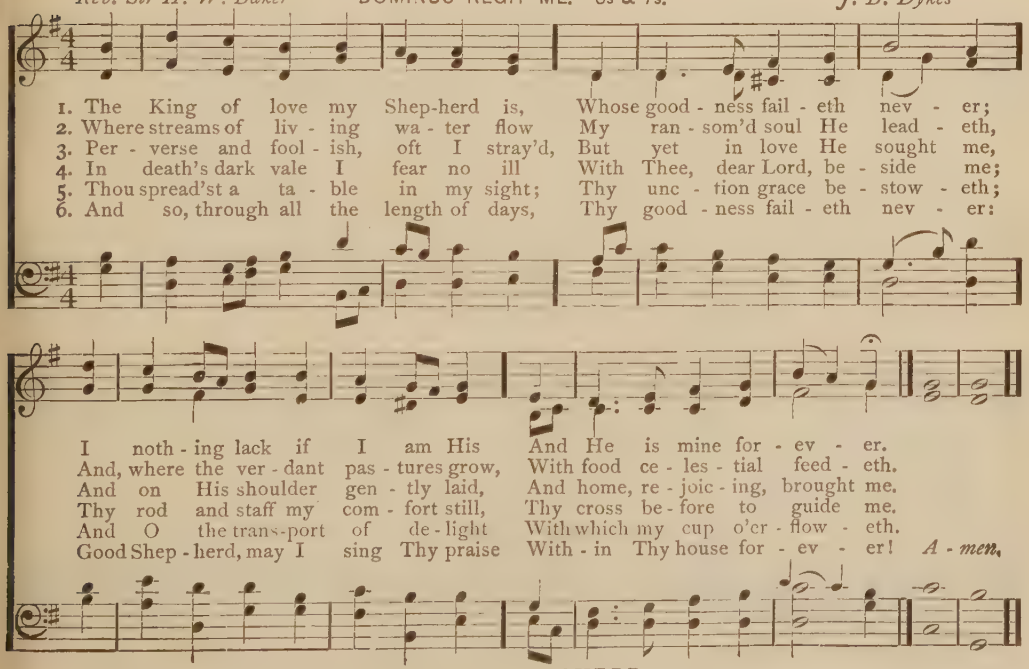

1. I was a wan - d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold:
2. The Shep - herd sought His sheep, The Fa - ther sought His child:
3. They spoke in ten - der love, They raised my droop - ing head;
4. Je - sus my Shep - herd is, 'Twas He that loved my soul,
5. No more a wan - d'ring sheep, I love to be con - troll'd,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - troll'd;
They fol - low'd me o'er vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild;
They gen - tly clos'd my bleed-ing wounds, My faint - ing soul they fed:
'Twas He that wash'd me in.. His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole:
I love my ten - der Shep-herd's voice, I love the peace - ful fold:
I was a way - ward child, I did not love my home,
They found me nigh to death, Fam - ish'd, and faint, and lone;
They wash'd my filth a - way, They made me clean and fair;
'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wan - d'ring sheep,
No more a way - ward child, I seek no more to roam,
I did not love my Fa - ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wan - d'ring one.
They brought me to my home in peace, The long - sought wan - der - er.
'Twas He that brought me to.. the fold— 'Tis He that still doth keep.
I love my heav'n - ly Fa - ther's voice— I love, I love His home.

No. 270. *Jesus, Shepherd of the Sheep*

H. Cook VESPER. 7.7.7.5. *J. Stainer*

1. Je - sus, Shep - herd of the sheep, Who Thy Fa - ther's flock doth keep,
2. In Thy prom - ise firm we stand, None can pluck us from Thy hand,
3. By Thy blood our souls were bought, By Thy life sal - va - tion wrought,
4. Fa - ther, draw us to Thy Son, We with joy will fol - low on,
5. We in robes of glo - ry drest Join th' as-sem - bly of the blest,
Safe we wake and safe we sleep, Guard - ed still by Thee.
Speak, we hear, at Thy com - mand, We will fol - low Thee.
By Thy light our feet are taught, Lord, to fol - low Thee.
Till the work of grace is done, And from sin set free,
Gath - er'd to e - ter - nal rest, In the fold with Thee. A - men.

No. 271. *The King of Love My Shepherd Is*

Rev. Sir H. W. Baker DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8s & 7s. *J. B. Dykes*

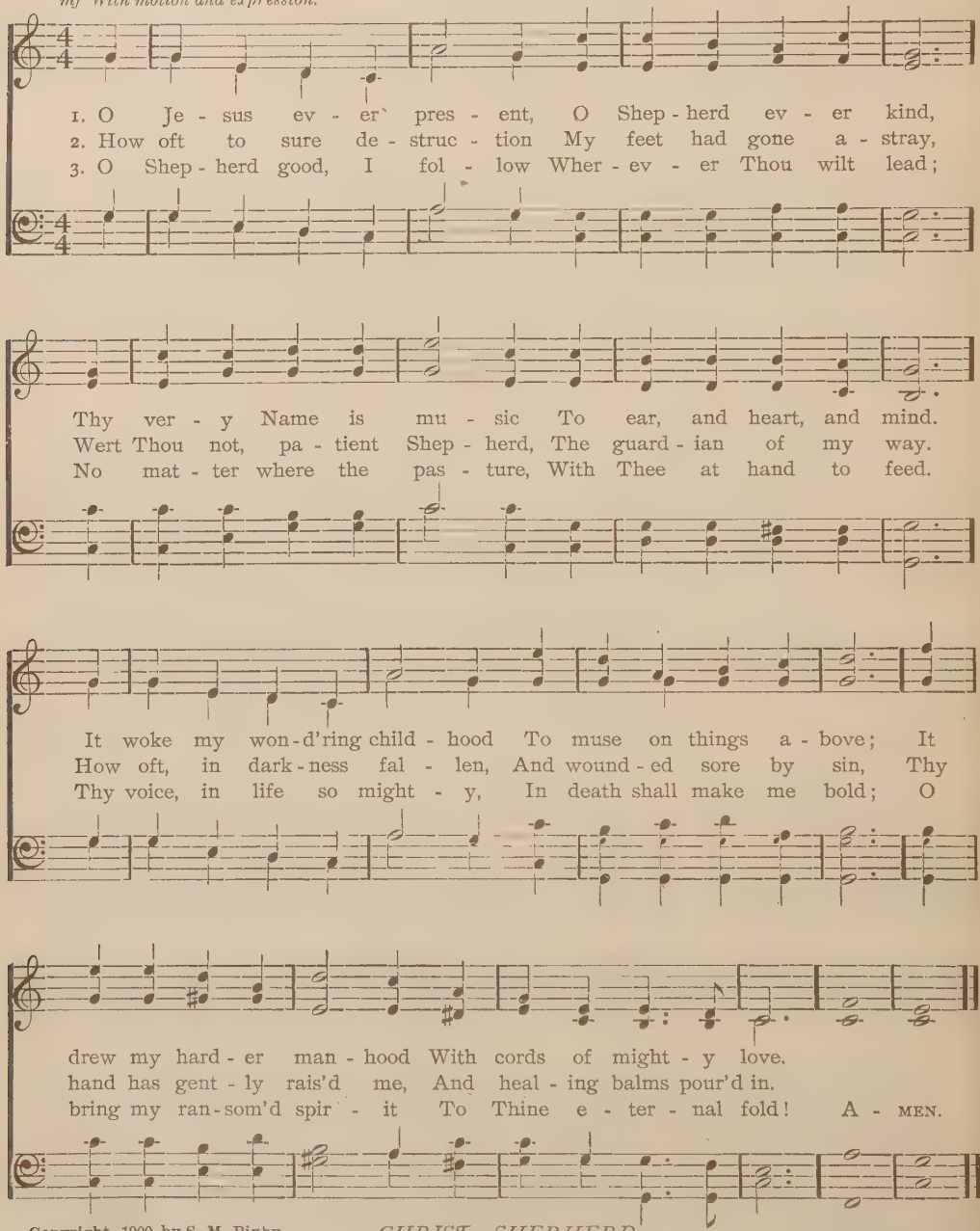

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My ran - som'd soul He lead - eth,
3. Per - verse and fool - ish, oft I stray'd, But yet in love He sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be - side me;
5. Thou spread'st a ta - ble in my sight; Thy unc - tion grace be - stow - eth;
6. And so, through all the length of days, Thy good - ness fail - eth nev - er:
I noth - ing lack if I am His And He is mine for - ev - er.
And, where the ver - dant pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
And on His shoulder gen - tly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
Thy rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.
And O the trans-port of de - light With which my cup o'er - flow - eth.
Good Shep - herd, may I sing Thy praise With - in Thy house for - ev - er! A - men.

No. 272.

O Jesus Ever Present

Rev. L. Tuttiett, 1854 HIS NAME. 7s.&6s.D. *Joseph Martine*

mf With motion and expression.


1. O Je - sus ev - er pres - ent, O Shep - herd ev - er kind,
2. How oft to sure de - struc - tion My feet had gone a - stray,
3. O Shep - herd good, I fol - low Wher - ev - er Thou wilt lead;
Thy ver - y Name is mu - sic To ear, and heart, and mind.
Wert Thou not, pa - tient Shep - herd, The guard - ian of my way.
No mat - ter where the pas - ture, With Thee at hand to feed.
It woke my won - d'ring child - hood To muse on things a - bove; It
How oft, in dark - ness fal - len, And wound - ed sore by sin, Thy
Thy voice, in life so might - y, In death shall make me bold; O
drew my hard - er man - hood With cords of might - y love.
hand has gent - ly rais'd me, And heal - ing balms pour'd in.
bring my ran - som'd spir - it To Thine e - ter - nal fold! A - MEN.

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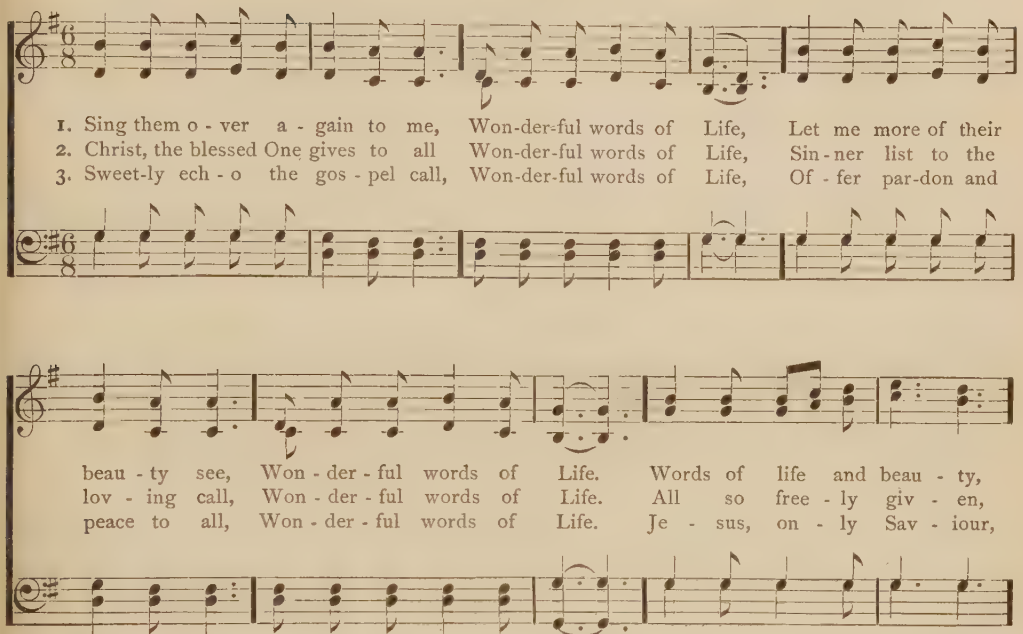
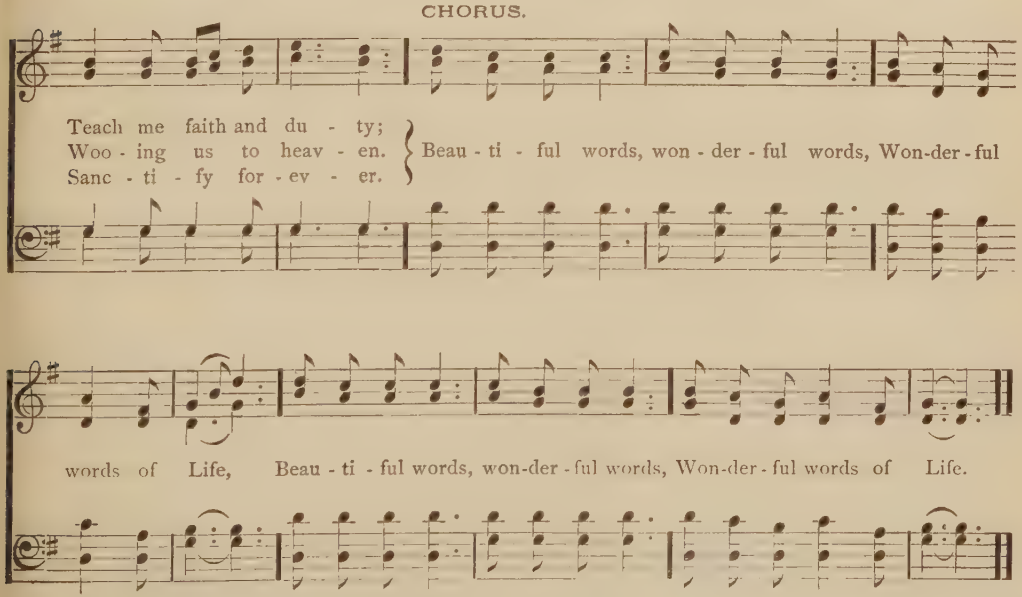
No. 273. *Sing Them Over Again to Me*

P. P. Bliss LEMUEL. 8.6.8.6.6.6, with Chorus. *P. P. Bliss*

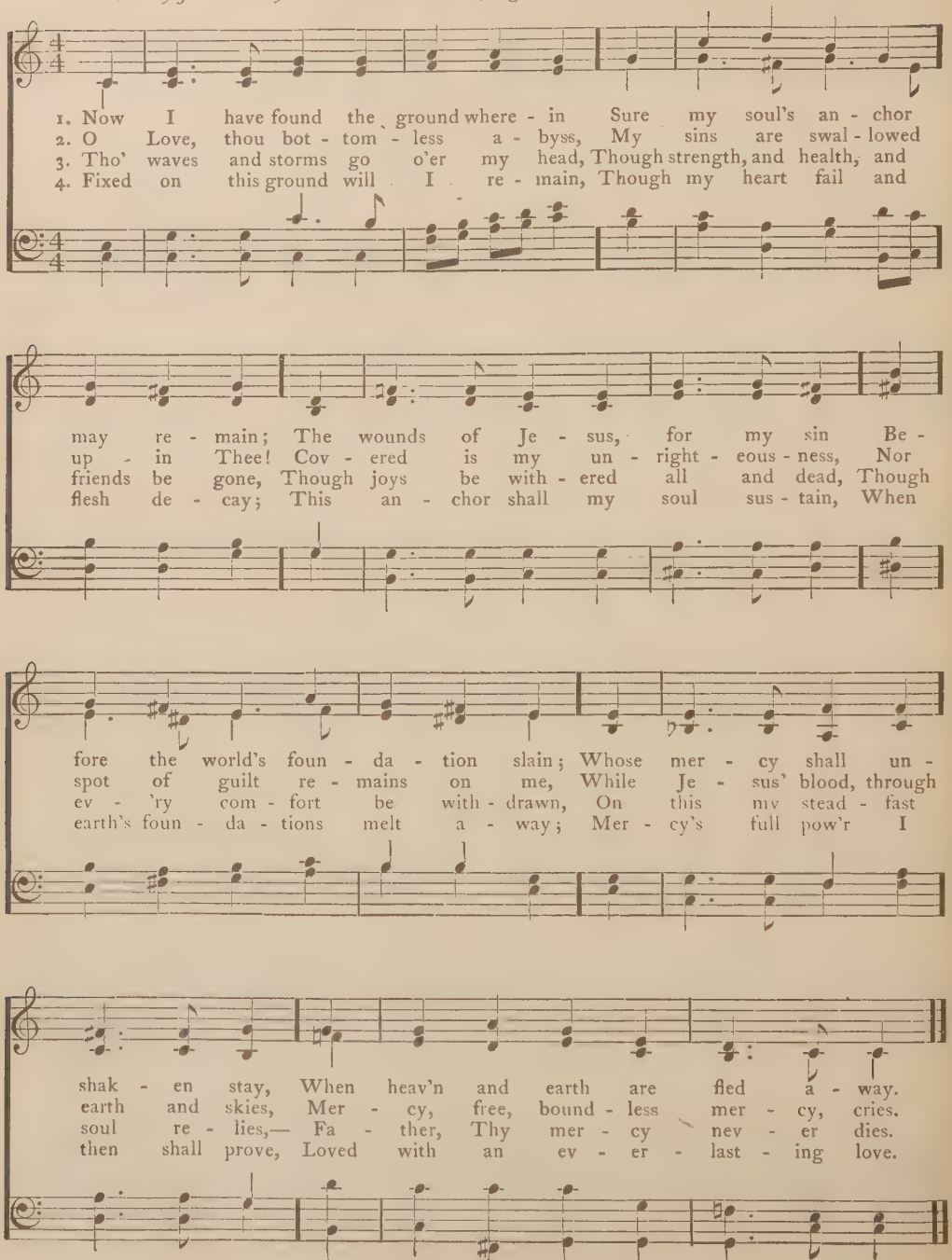

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life, Let me more of their
2. Christ, the blessed One gives to all Won-der-ful words of Life, Sin - ner list to the
3. Sweet-ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life, Of - fer par-don and
beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life. Words of life and beau - ty,
lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life. All so free - ly giv - en,
peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life. Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour,

CHORUS.


Teach me faith and du - ty;
Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.
Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won-der - ful
words of Life, Beau - ti - ful words, won-der - ful words, Won-der - ful words of Life.

No. 274. *Now I Have Found the Ground*

Rothe, tr. by John Wesley ROTHE. 8s, Eight lines. *J. B. Dykes*


1. Now I have found the ground where - in Sure my soul's an - chor
may re - main; The wounds of Je - sus, for my sin Be -
fore the world's foun - da - tion slain; Whose mer - cy shall un -
shak - en stay, When heav'n and earth are fled a - way.
2. O Love, thou bot - tom - less a - byss, My sins are swal - lowed
up - in Thee! Cov - ered is my un - right - eous - ness, Nor
spot of guilt re - mains on me, While Je - sus' blood, through
earth and skies, Mer - cy, free, bound - less mer - cy, cries.
3. Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head, Though strength, and health, and
friends be gone, Though joys be with - ered all and dead, Though
ev - 'ry com - fort be with - drawn, On this my stead - fast
soul re - lies,— Fa - ther, Thy mer - cy nev - er dies.
4. Fixed on this ground will I re - main, Though my heart fail and
flesh de - cay; This an - chor shall my soul sus - tain, When
earth's foun - da - tions melt a - way; Mer - cy's full pow'r I
then shall prove, Loved with an ev - er - last - ing love.

No. 275.

Jesus, Let Thy Pitying Eye

Charles Wesley

BIRCHALL. P. M.

Caryl Florio

Moderato.

mp

1. Je - sus, let Thy pity - ing eye Call back a wand-'ring sheep;
2. Sav - iour, Prince, en - thron'd a - bove, Re - pent - ance to im - part,
3. See me, Sav - iour, from a - bove, Nor suf - fer me to die;

mp

mp

Prone, like Pet - er, to de - ny, Like Pet - er I would weep.
Give me, through Thy dy - ing love, The hum - ble, con - trite heart:
Life and hap - pi - ness, and love Drop from Thy grac - ious eye;

poco . . a . . poco . . cresc. . . al . . f

Let me be by grace re-stor'd; On me be all long - suff - 'ring shown;
Give, what I have long im-plor'd, A por - tion of Thy grief un - known:—
Speak the re - con - cil - ing word, And let Thy mer - cy melt me down:—

poco . . a . . poco . . cresc. . . al . . f

dim. . . al . . fine.

Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

dim . . al . . fine.

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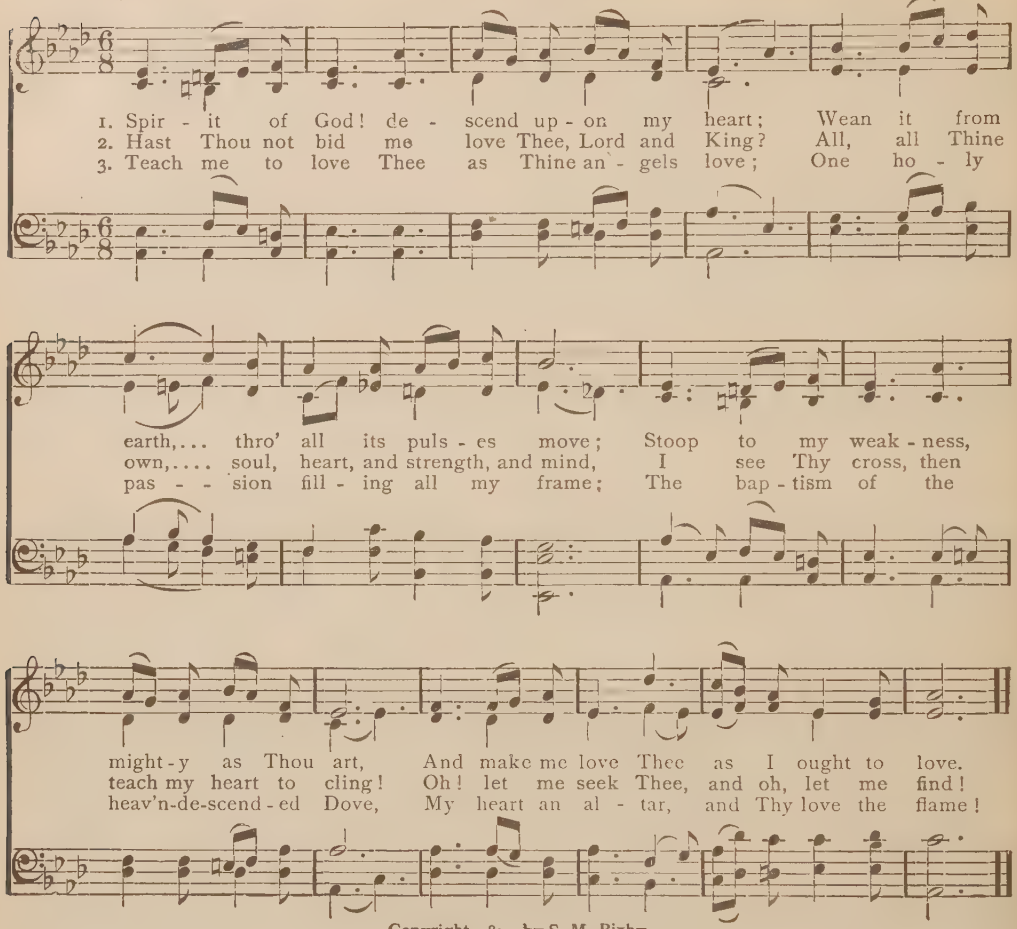
No. 276. *Spirit of God! Descend upon My Heart*

George Croly, 1830 — ARTHUR. 10s. — *S. M. Bixby*


1. Spir - it of God! de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from
2. Hast Thou not bid me love Thee, Lord and King? All, all Thine
3. Teach me to love Thee as Thine an - gels love; One ho - ly
earth,... thro' all its puls - es move; Stoop to my weak - ness,
own,.... soul, heart, and strength, and mind, I see Thy cross, then
pas - - sion fill - ing all my frame; The bap - tism of the
might - y as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
teach my heart to cling! Oh! let me seek Thee, and oh, let me find!
heav'n-de-scend - ed Dove, My heart an al - tar, and Thy love the flame!

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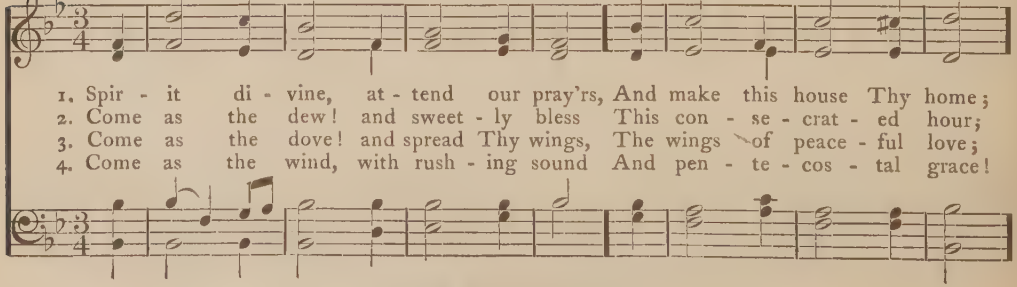
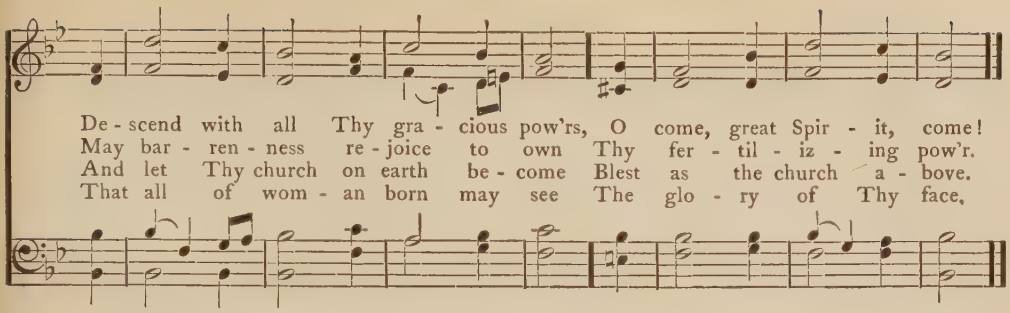
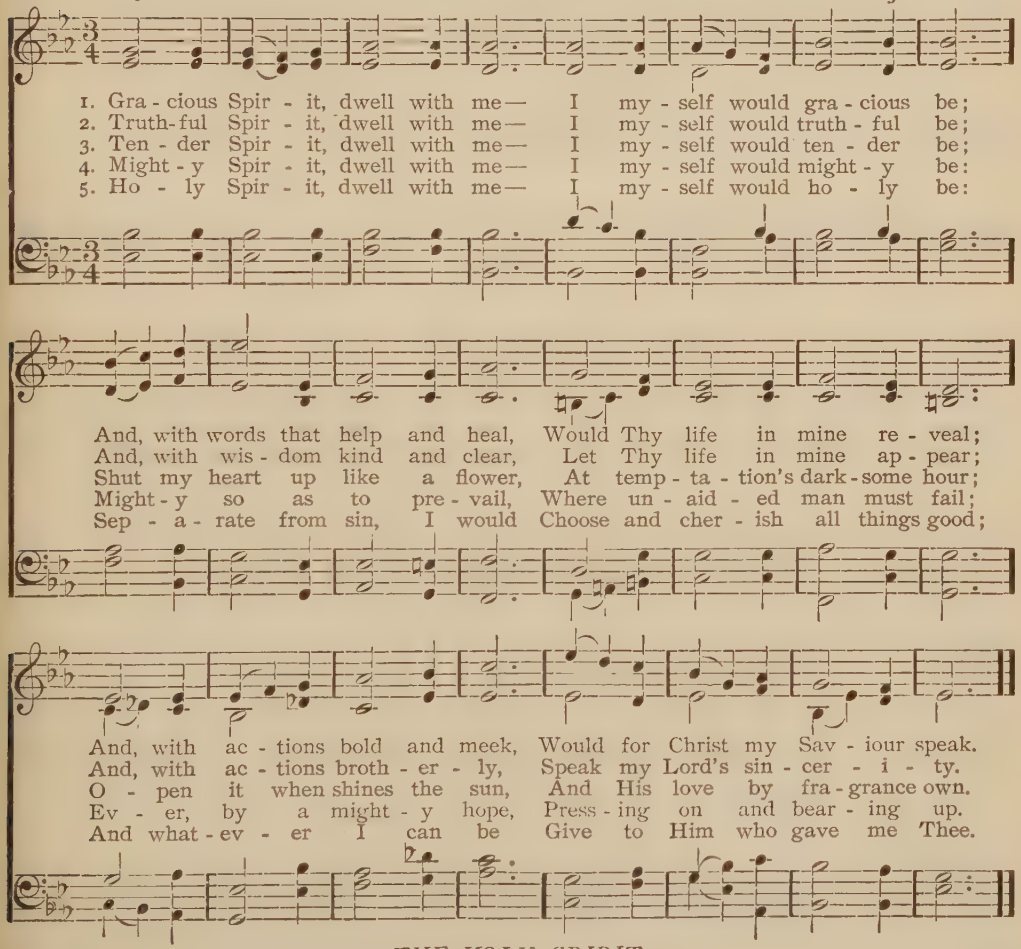
No. 277. *Spirit Divine, Attend Our Prayers*

Dr. A. Reed — HOLY CROSS. C. M. — *F. Mendelssohn*


1. Spir - it di - vine, at - tend our pray'rs, And make this house Thy home;
2. Come as the dew! and sweet - ly bless This con - se - crat - ed hour;
3. Come as the dove! and spread Thy wings, The wings of peace - ful love;
4. Come as the wind, with rush - ing sound And pen - te - cos - tal grace!

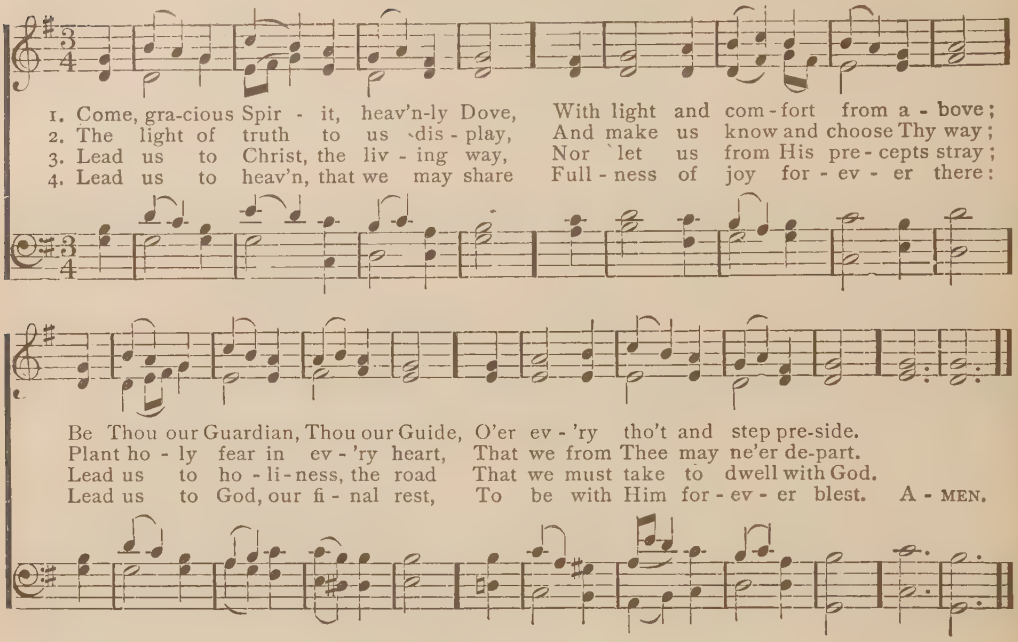

De - scend with all Thy gra - cious pow'rs, O come, great Spir - it, come!
May bar - ren - ness re - joice to own Thy fer - til - iz - ing pow'r.
And let Thy church on earth be - come Blest as the church a - bove.
That all of wom - an born may see The glo - ry of Thy face.

No. 278. *Gracious Spirit, Dwell with Me*

T. T. Lynch — ASHBURTON. 7s. 6 Lines. — *R. Jackson*

1. Gra - cious Spir - it, dwell with me— I my - self would gra - cious be;
2. Truth-ful Spir - it, dwell with me— I my - self would truth - ful be;
3. Ten - der Spir - it, dwell with me— I my - self would ten - der be;
4. Might - y Spir - it, dwell with me— I my - self would might - y be:
5. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell with me— I my - self would ho - ly be:
And, with words that help and heal, Would Thy life in mine re - veal;
And, with wis - dom kind and clear, Let Thy life in mine ap - pear;
Shut my heart up like a flower, At temp - ta - tion's dark - some hour;
Might - y so as to pre - vail, Where un - aid - ed man must fail;
Sep - a - rate from sin, I would Choose and cher - ish all things good;
And, with ac - tions bold and meek, Would for Christ my Sav - iour speak.
And, with ac - tions broth - er - ly, Speak my Lord's sin - cer - i - ty.
O - pen it when shines the sun, And His love by fra - grance own.
Ev - er, by a might - y hope, Press - ing on and bear - ing up.
And what - ev - er I can be Give to Him who gave me Thee.

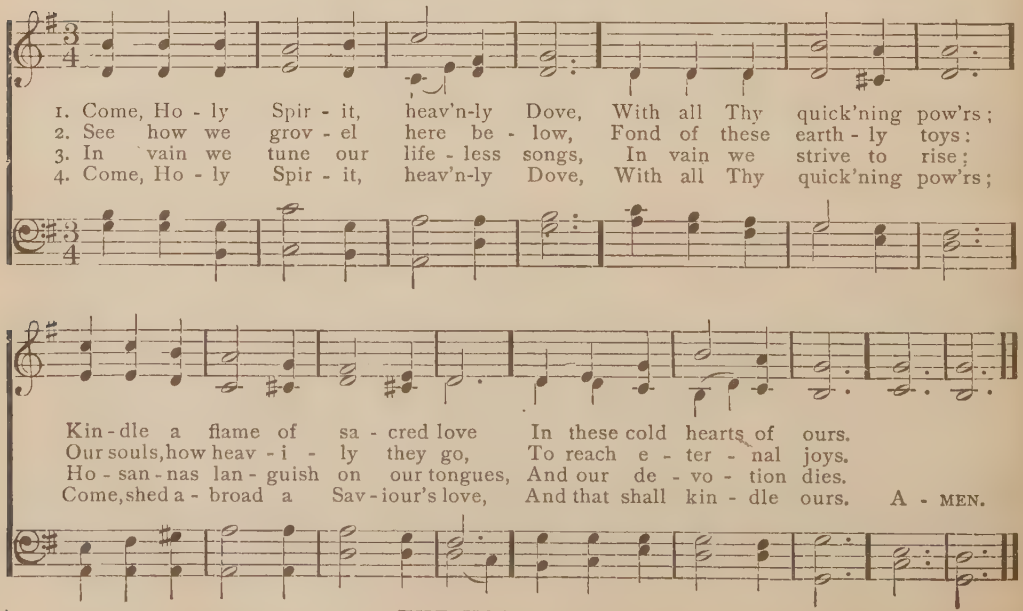
No. 279. *Come, Gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove*

Simon Browne, 1720 INTERCESSION. L. M. *Arr. by J. B. Dykes*


1. Come, gra-cious Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With light and com-fort from a - bove;
2. The light of truth to us dis - play, And make us know and choose Thy way;
3. Lead us to Christ, the liv - ing way, Nor let us from His pre-cepts stray;
4. Lead us to heav'n, that we may share Full - ness of joy for - ev - er there:
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide, O'er ev - 'ry tho't and step pre-side.
Plant ho - ly fear in ev - 'ry heart, That we from Thee may ne'er de-part.
Lead us to ho - li-ness, the road That we must take to dwell with God.
Lead us to God, our fi - nal rest, To be with Him for - ev - er blest. A - MEN.

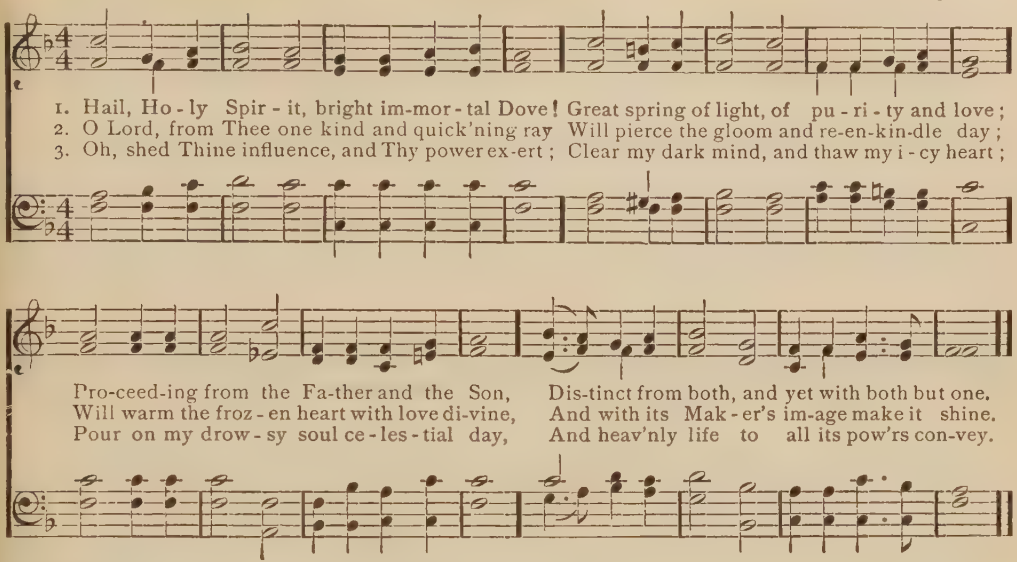
No. 280. *Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove*

Isaac Watts ST. AGNES. C. M. *J. B. Dykes*


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
2. See how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys:
3. In vain we tune our life - less songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kin-dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
Come, shed a - broad a Sav - iour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours. A - MEN.

No. 281. *Hail, Holy Spirit, Bright Immortal Dove*

T. Hewlett — SABINA. 10s. — *S. M. Bixby*


1. Hail, Ho - ly Spir - it, bright im-mor - tal Dove! Great spring of light, of pu - ri - ty and love;
2. O Lord, from Thee one kind and quick'ning ray Will pierce the gloom and re-en-kin-dle day;
3. Oh, shed Thine influence, and Thy power ex-ert; Clear my dark mind, and thaw my i - cy heart;
Pro-ceed-ing from the Fa-ther and the Son, Dis-tinct from both, and yet with both but one.
Will warm the froz - en heart with love di-vine, And with its Mak - er's im-age make it shine.
Pour on my drow - sy soul ce - les - tial day, And heav'nly life to all its pow'rs con-vey.

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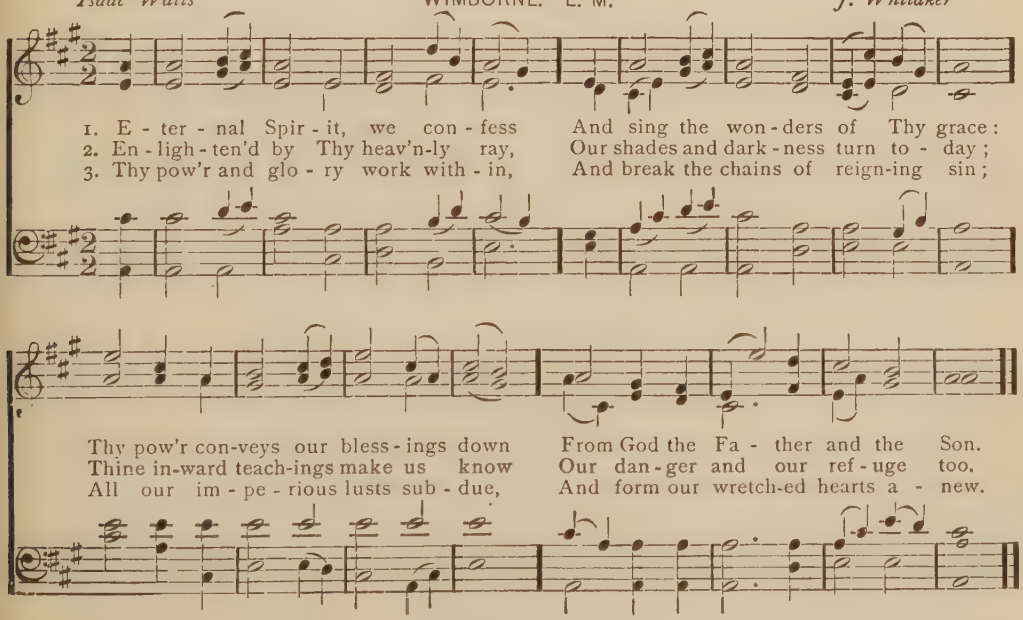
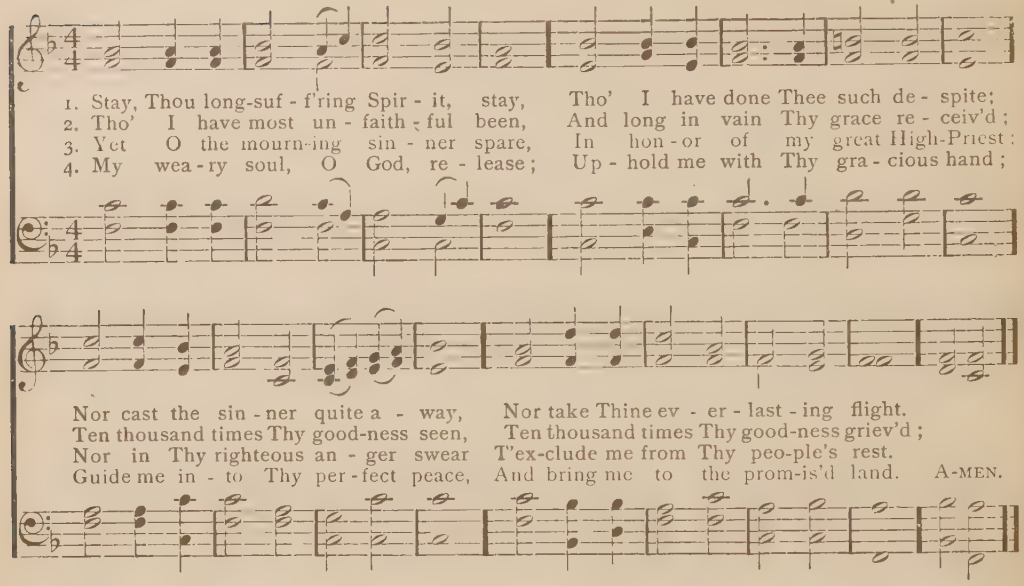
No. 282. *Eternal Spirit, We Confess*

Isaac Watts — WIMBORNE. L. M. — *J. Whitaker*


1. E - ter - nal Spir - it, we con - fess And sing the won - ders of Thy grace:
2. En - ligh - ten'd by Thy heav'n-ly ray, Our shades and dark - ness turn to - day;
3. Thy pow'r and glo - ry work with - in, And break the chains of reign-ing sin;
Thy pow'r con-veys our bless - ings down From God the Fa - ther and the Son.
Thine in-ward teach-ings make us know Our dan - ger and our ref - uge too.
All our im - pe - rious lusts sub - due, And form our wretch-ed hearts a - new.

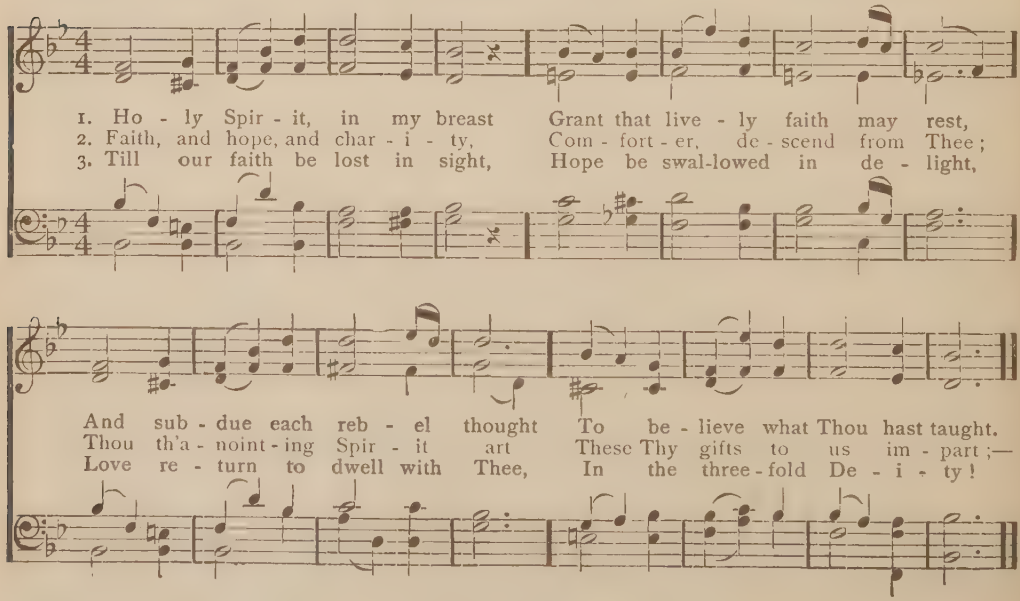
No. 283. *Stay, Thou Long-suffering Spirit, Stay*

Charles Wesley FEDERAL STREET. L. M. *Gen. H. K. Oliver*


1. Stay, Thou long-suf - f'ring Spir - it, stay, Tho' I have done Thee such de - spite;
2. Tho' I have most un - faith - ful been, And long in vain Thy grace re - ceiv'd;
3. Yet O the mourn-ing sin - ner spare, In hon - or of my great High-Priest:
4. My wea - ry soul, O God, re - lease; Up - hold me with Thy gra - cious hand;
Nor cast the sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take Thine ev - er - last - ing flight.
Ten thousand times Thy good-ness seen, Ten thousand times Thy good-ness griev'd;
Nor in Thy righteous an - ger swear T'ex-clude me from Thy peo-ple's rest.
Guide me in - to Thy per - fect peace, And bring me to the prom-is'd land. A-MEN.

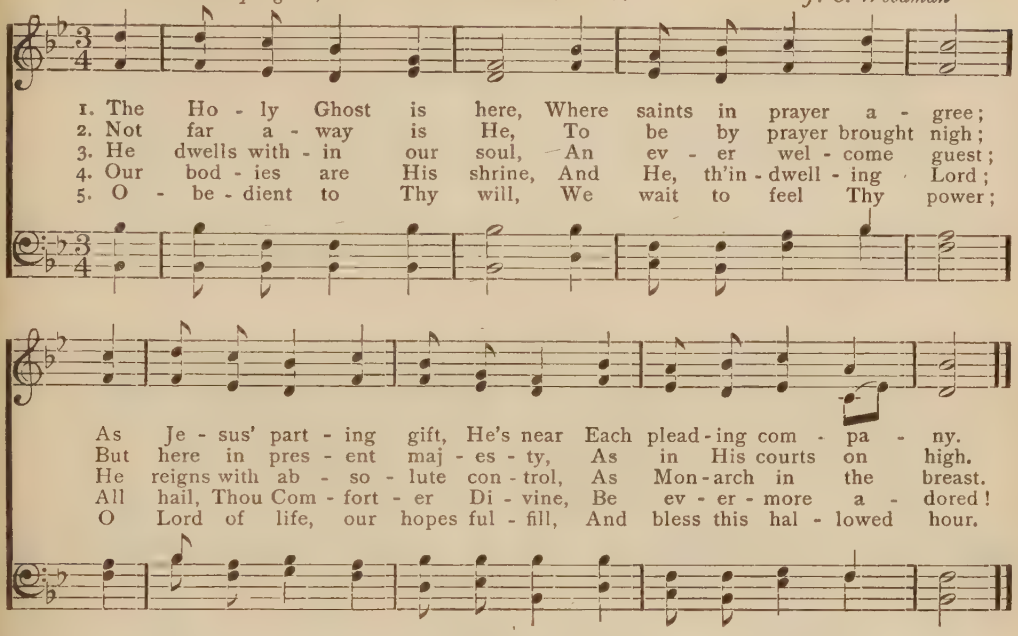
No. 284. *Holy Spirit in My Breast*

Richard Mant LAST HOPE. 7s. *Arr. by H. P. Main from Gottschalk*


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, in my breast Grant that live - ly faith may rest,
2. Faith, and hope, and char - i - ty, Com - fort - er, de - scend from Thee;
3. Till our faith be lost in sight, Hope be swal-lowed in de - light,
And sub - due each reb - el thought To be - lieve what Thou hast taught.
Thou th'a - noint - ing Spir - it art These Thy gifts to us im - part;—
Love re - turn to dwell with Thee, In the three - fold De - i - ty!

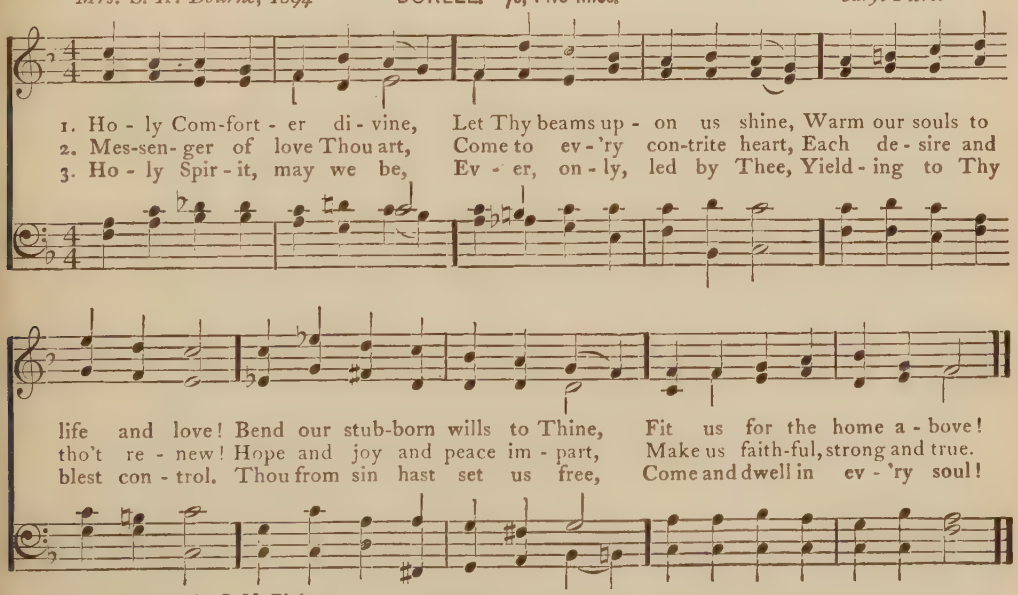
No. 285. *The Holy Ghost is Here*

Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866 STATE STREET. S. M. *J. C. Woodman*


1. The Ho - ly Ghost is here, Where saints in prayer a - gree;
2. Not far a - way is He, To be by prayer brought nigh;
3. He dwells with - in our soul, An ev - er wel - come guest;
4. Our bod - ies are His shrine, And He, th'in - dwell - ing Lord;
5. O - be - dient to Thy will, We wait to feel Thy power;
As Je - sus' part - ing gift, He's near Each plead - ing com - pa - ny.
But here in pres - ent maj - es - ty, As in His courts on high.
He reigns with ab - so - lute con - trol, As Mon - arch in the breast.
All hail, Thou Com - fort - er Di - vine, Be ev - er - more a - dored!
O Lord of life, our hopes ful - fill, And bless this hal - lowed hour.

No. 286. *Holy Comforter, Divine*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1894 DORELL. 7s, Five lines. *Caryl Florio*


1. Ho - ly Com-fort - er di - vine, Let Thy beams up - on us shine, Warm our souls to
2. Mes-sen - ger of love Thou art, Come to ev - 'ry con-trite heart, Each de - sire and
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, may we be, Ev - er, on - ly, led by Thee, Yield - ing to Thy
life and love! Bend our stub-born wills to Thine, Fit us for the home a - bove!
tho't re - new! Hope and joy and peace im - part, Make us faith-ful, strong and true.
blest con - trol. Thou from sin hast set us free, Come and dwell in ev - 'ry soul!

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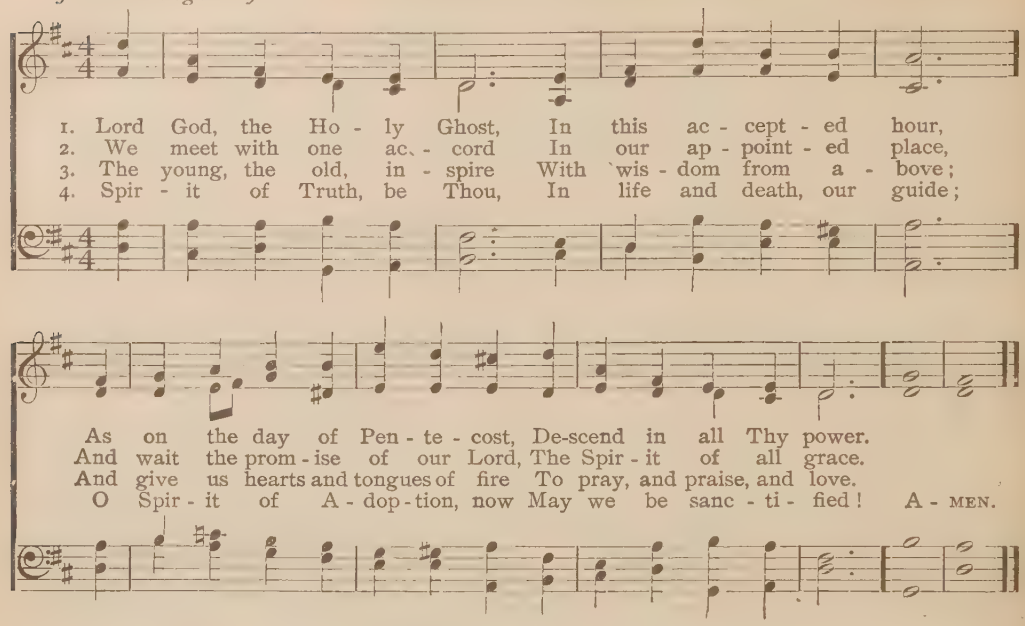
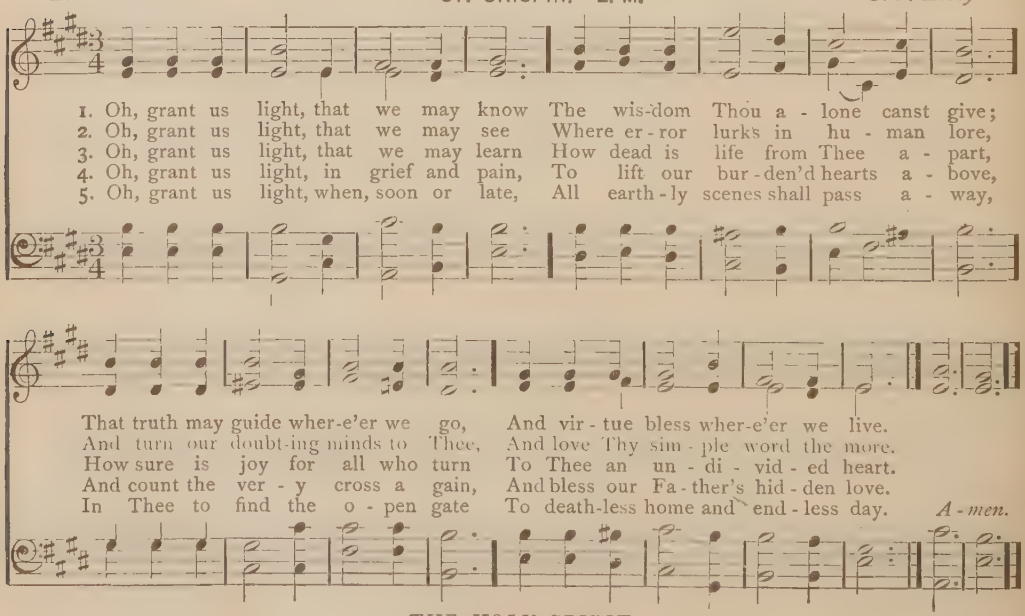
No. 287. *Lord God, the Holy Ghost*

James Montgomery — BUDDINGTON. S. M. — *H. G. Trembath*


1. Lord God, the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour,
2. We meet with one ac - cord In our ap - point - ed place,
3. The young, the old, in - spire With wis - dom from a - bove;
4. Spir - it of Truth, be Thou, In life and death, our guide;
As on the day of Pen - te - cost, De-scend in all Thy power.
And wait the prom - ise of our Lord, The Spir - it of all grace.
And give us hearts and tongues of fire To pray, and praise, and love.
O Spir - it of A - dop - tion, now May we be sanc - ti - fied! A - MEN.

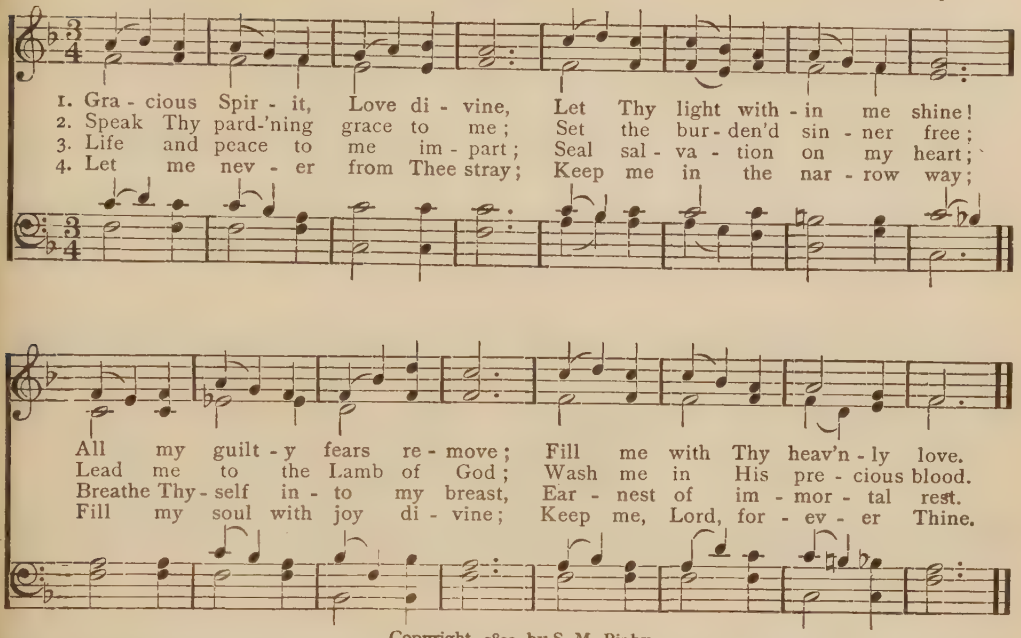
No. 288. *Oh, Grant Us Light, that We May Know*

L. Tuttiett — ST. CRISPIN. L. M. — *G. J. Elvey*


1. Oh, grant us light, that we may know The wis-dom Thou a - lone canst give;
2. Oh, grant us light, that we may see Where er - ror lurks in hu - man lore,
3. Oh, grant us light, that we may learn How dead is life from Thee a - part,
4. Oh, grant us light, in grief and pain, To lift our bur - den'd hearts a - bove,
5. Oh, grant us light, when, soon or late, All earth - ly scenes shall pass a - way,
That truth may guide wher-e'er we go, And vir - tue bless wher-e'er we live.
And turn our doubt-ing minds to Thee, And love Thy sim - ple word the more.
How sure is joy for all who turn To Thee an un - di - vid - ed heart.
And count the ver - y cross a gain, And bless our Fa - ther's hid - den love.
In Thee to find the o - pen gate To death-less home and end - less day. A - men.

No. 289. *Gracious Spirit, Love Divine*

John Stocker — WELBROOK, 7s. — *S. M. Bixby*


1. Gra - cious Spir - it, Love di - vine, Let Thy light with - in me shine!
2. Speak Thy pard-'ning grace to me; Set the bur - den'd sin - ner free;
3. Life and peace to me im - part; Seal sal - va - tion on my heart;
4. Let me nev - er from Thee stray; Keep me in the nar - row way;
All my guilt - y fears re - move; Fill me with Thy heav'n - ly love.
Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in His pre - cious blood.
Breathe Thy - self in - to my breast, Ear - nest of im - mor - tal rest.
Fill my soul with joy di - vine; Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er Thine.

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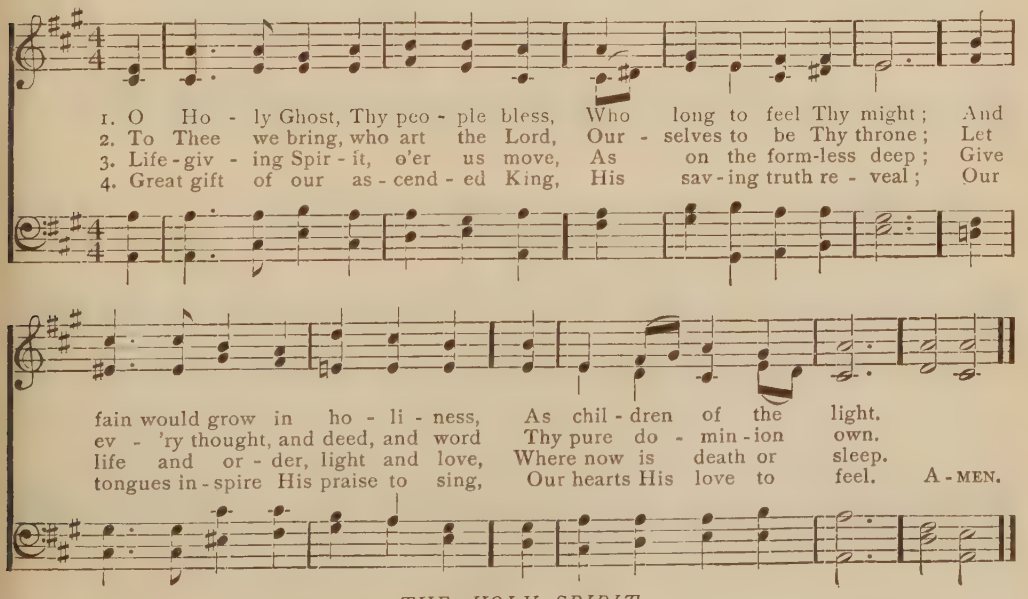
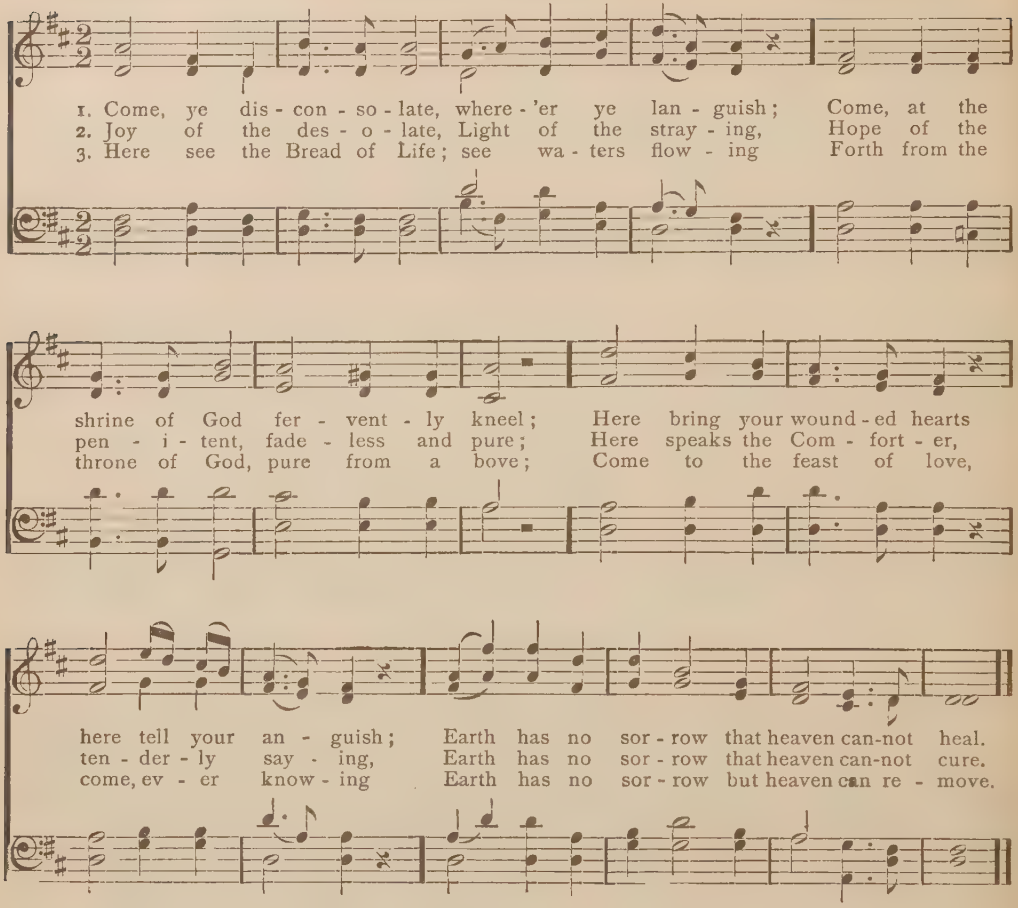
No. 290. *O Holy Ghost, Thy People Bless*

Rev. Sir H. W. Baker — ST. TIMOTHY. C. M. — *Rev. Sir H. W. Baker. Harm. by W. H. Monk*


1. O Ho - ly Ghost, Thy peo - ple bless, Who long to feel Thy might; And
2. To Thee we bring, who art the Lord, Our - selves to be Thy throne; Let
3. Life - giv - ing Spir - it, o'er us move, As on the form-less deep; Give
4. Great gift of our as - cend - ed King, His sav - ing truth re - veal; Our
fain would grow in ho - li - ness, As chil - dren of the light.
ev - 'ry thought, and deed, and word Thy pure do - min - ion own.
life and or - der, light and love, Where now is death or sleep.
tongues in - spire His praise to sing, Our hearts His love to feel. A - MEN.

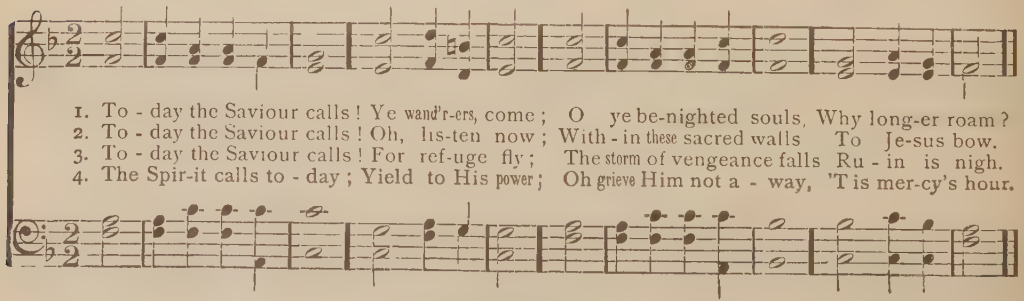
No. 291. *Come, Ye Disconsolate*

Thos. Moore, v.v. 1, 2, Thos. Hastings, v. 3 10s & 11s. *Samuel Webbe*


1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where - 'er ye lan - guish; Come, at the
2. Joy of the des - o - late, Light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the
shrine of God fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound - ed hearts
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure; Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
throne of God, pure from a bove; Come to the feast of love,
here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heaven can-not heal.
ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that heaven can-not cure.
come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heaven can re - move.

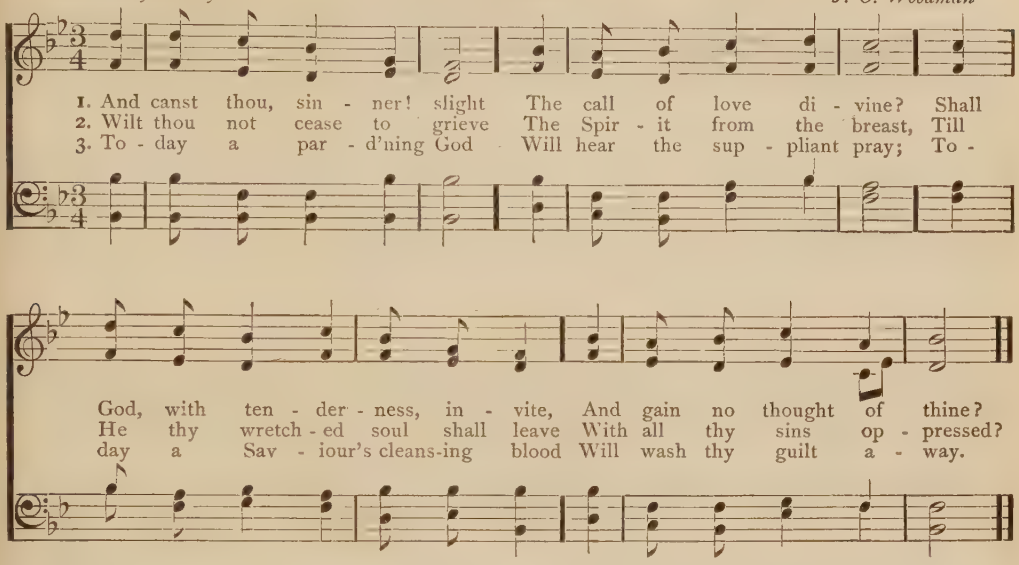
No. 292. *To-day the Saviour Calls*

Samuel F. Smith TO-DAY. 6s & 4s. *Lowell Mason*


1. To - day the Saviour calls! Ye wand'r-ers, come; O ye be-nighted souls, Why long-er roam?
2. To - day the Saviour calls! Oh, lis-ten now; With - in these sacred walls To Je-sus bow.
3. To - day the Saviour calls! For ref-uge fly; The storm of vengeance falls Ru - in is nigh.
4. The Spir-it calls to - day; Yield to His power; Oh grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mer-cy's hour.

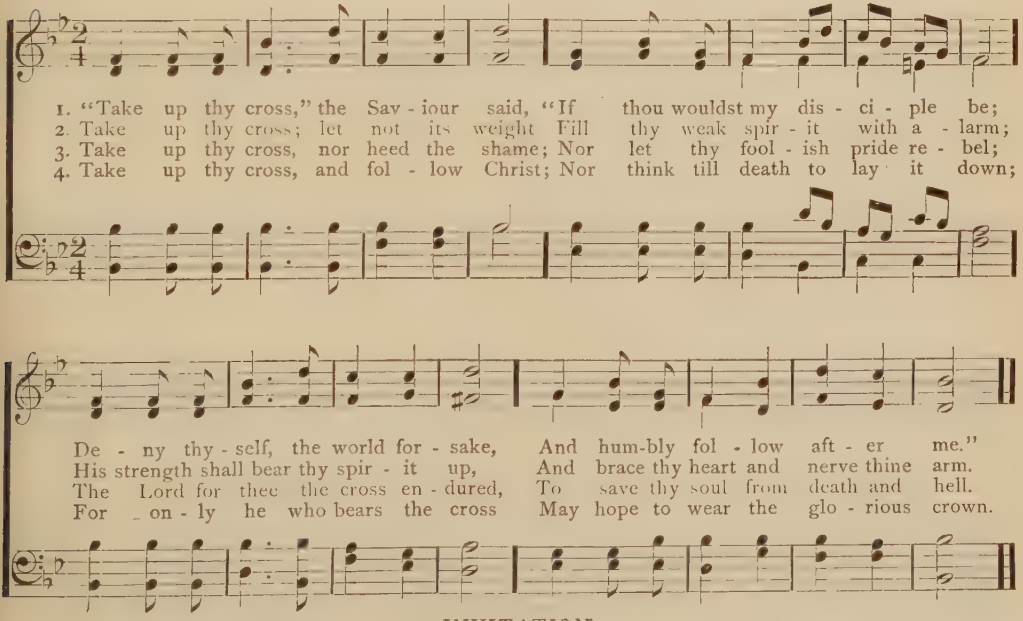
INVITATION

No. 293. *And Canst Thou, Sinner! Slight*

Mrs. Abby B. Hyde — STATE STREET. S. M. — *J. C. Woodman*

1. And canst thou, sin - ner! slight The call of love di - vine? Shall
2. Wilt thou not cease to grieve The Spir - it from the breast, Till
3. To - day a par - d'ning God Will hear the sup - pliant pray; To -
God, with ten - der - ness, in - vite, And gain no thought of thine?
He thy wretch - ed soul shall leave With all thy sins op - pressed?
day a Sav - iour's cleans-ing blood Will wash thy guilt a - way.

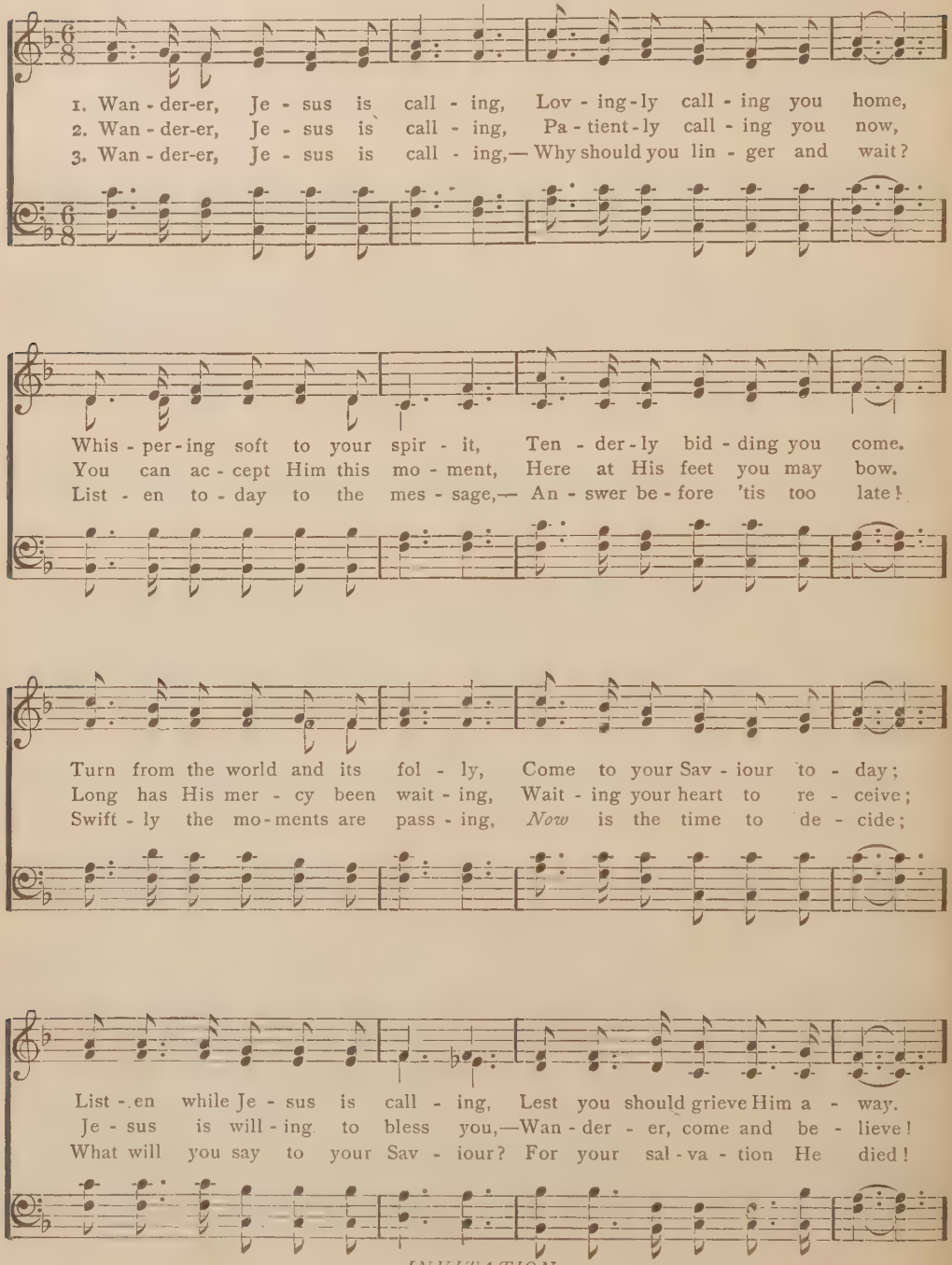
No. 294. "*Take Up Thy Cross,*" *the Saviour Said*

C. W. Everest — WELTON. L. M. — *C. H. A. Malan*


1. "Take up thy cross," the Sav - iour said, "If thou wouldst my dis - ci - ple be;
2. Take up thy cross; let not its weight Fill thy weak spir - it with a - larm;
3. Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame; Nor let thy fool - ish pride re - bel;
4. Take up thy cross, and fol - low Christ; Nor think till death to lay it down;
De - ny thy - self, the world for - sake, And hum-bly fol - low aft - er me."
His strength shall bear thy spir - it up, And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.
The Lord for thee the cross en - dured, To save thy soul from death and hell.
For on - ly he who bears the cross May hope to wear the glo - rious crown.

No. 295. *Wanderer, Jesus is Calling*

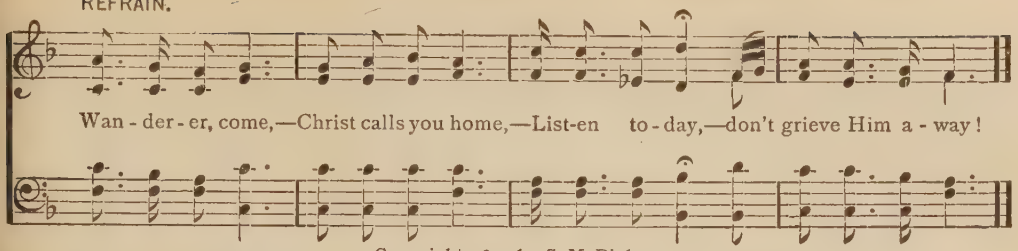
Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1894 WANDERER. 8s & 7s, with Refrain. *S. M. Bixby*


1. Wan - der-er, Je - sus is call - ing, Lov - ing-ly call - ing you home,
2. Wan - der-er, Je - sus is call - ing, Pa - tient-ly call - ing you now,
3. Wan - der-er, Je - sus is call - ing,— Why should you lin - ger and wait?
Whis - per-ing soft to your spir - it, Ten - der-ly bid - ding you come.
You can ac - cept Him this mo - ment, Here at His feet you may bow.
List - en to - day to the mes - sage,— An - swer be - fore 'tis too late!
Turn from the world and its fol - ly, Come to your Sav - iour to - day;
Long has His mer - cy been wait - ing, Wait - ing your heart to re - ceive;
Swift - ly the mo - ments are pass - ing, *Now* is the time to de - cide;
List - en while Je - sus is call - ing, Lest you should grieve Him a - way.
Je - sus is will - ing to bless you,—Wan - der - er, come and be - lieve!
What will you say to your Sav - iour? For your sal - va - tion He died!

INVITATION

Wanderer, Jesus is Calling

REFRAIN.



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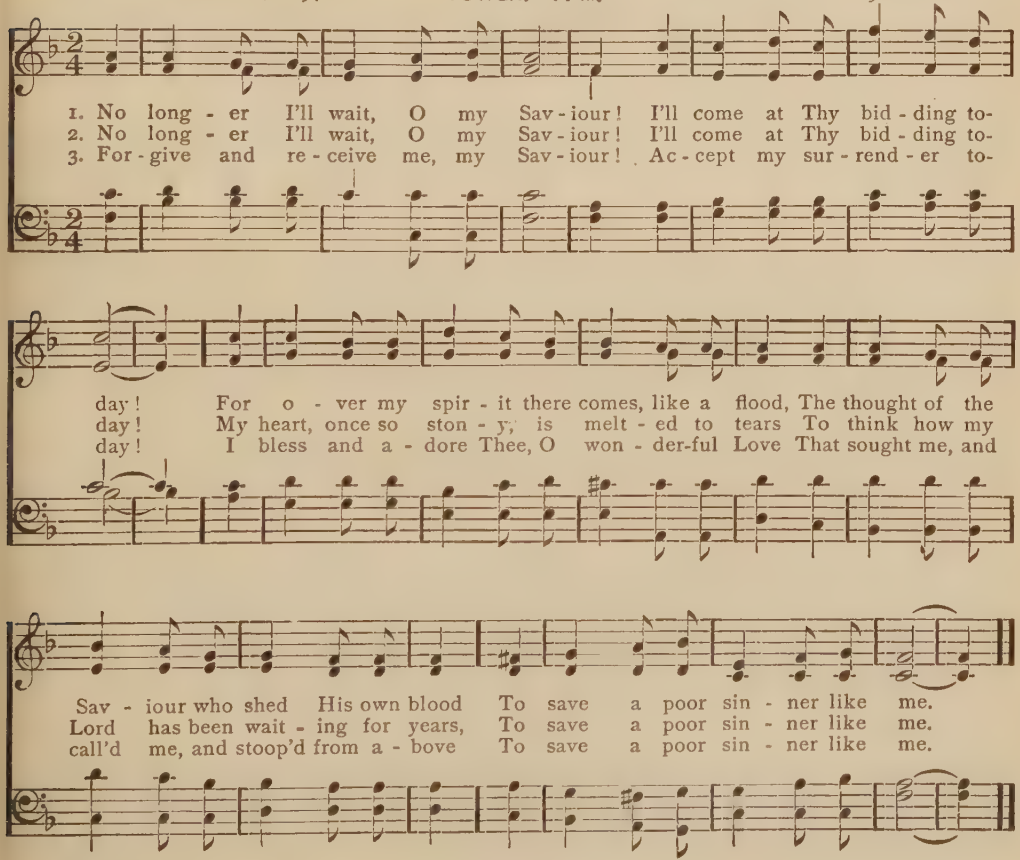
No. 296. *No Longer I'll Wait, O My Saviour*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1894 TOWER. P. M. *Caryl Florio*

1. No long - er I'll wait, O my Sav - iour! I'll come at Thy bid - ding to-
2. No long - er I'll wait, O my Sav - iour! I'll come at Thy bid - ding to-
3. For - give and re - ceive me, my Sav - iour! Ac - cept my sur - rend - er to-
day! For o - ver my spir - it there comes, like a flood, The thought of the
day! My heart, once so ston - y, is melt - ed to tears To think how my
day! I bless and a - dore Thee, O won - der-ful Love That sought me, and
Sav - iour who shed His own blood To save a poor sin - ner like me.
Lord has been wait - ing for years, To save a poor sin - ner like me.
call'd me, and stoop'd from a - bove To save a poor sin - ner like me.

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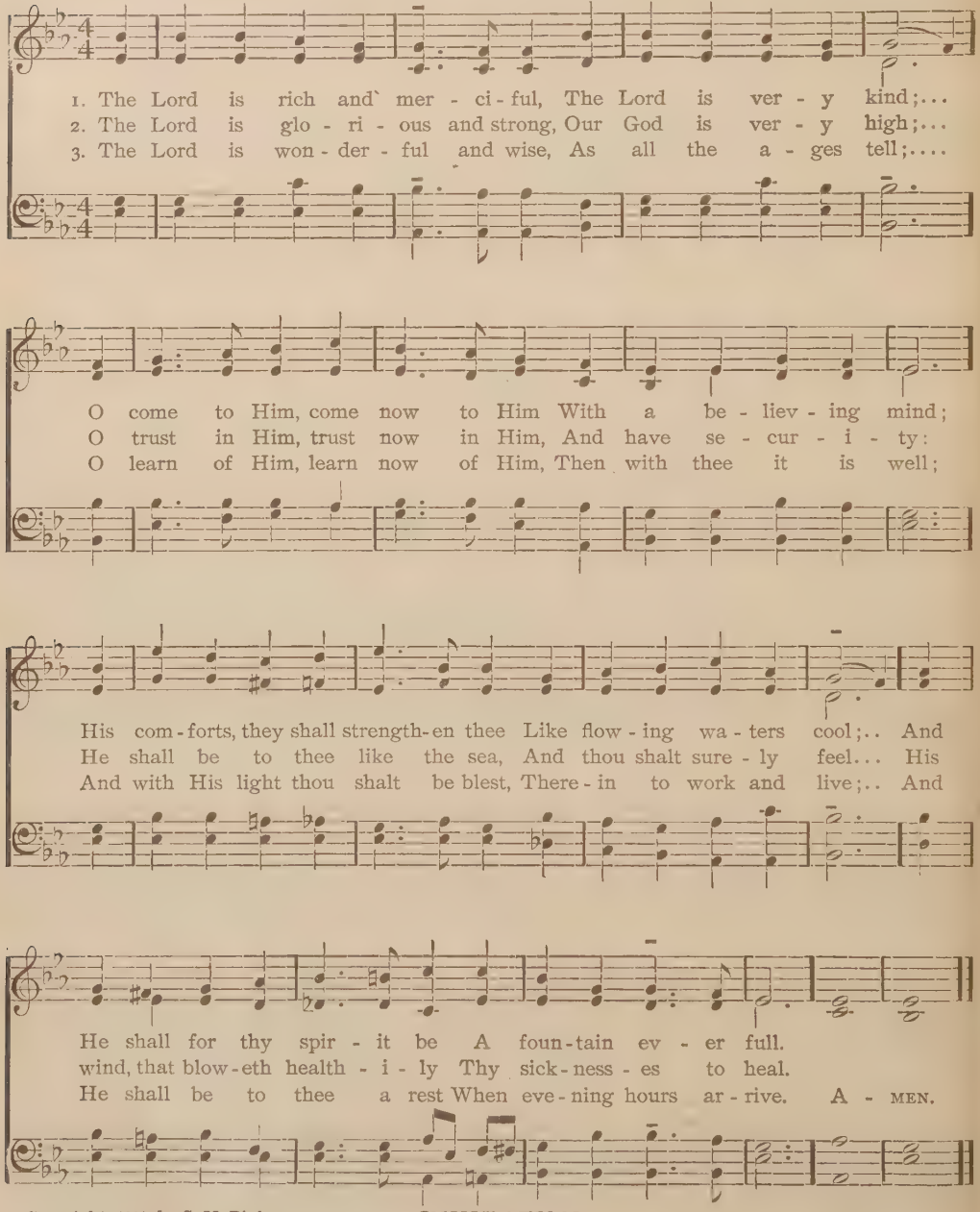
No. 297. *The Lord is Rich and Merciful*

Rev. T. T. Lynch, 1868 LYNCH. C.M.D. *Joseph Martine*

In moderate time and with expression.

1. The Lord is rich and mer - ci - ful, The Lord is ver - y kind;...
2. The Lord is glo - ri - ous and strong, Our God is ver - y high;...
3. The Lord is won - der - ful and wise, As all the a - ges tell;....
O come to Him, come now to Him With a be - liev - ing mind;
O trust in Him, trust now in Him, And have se - cur - i - ty:
O learn of Him, learn now of Him, Then with thee it is well;
His com - forts, they shall strength - en thee Like flow - ing wa - ters cool;.. And
He shall be to thee like the sea, And thou shalt sure - ly feel... His
And with His light thou shalt be blest, There - in to work and live;.. And
He shall for thy spir - it be A foun - tain ev - er full.
wind, that blow - eth health - i - ly Thy sick - ness - es to heal.
He shall be to thee a rest When eve - ning hours ar - rive. A - MEN.

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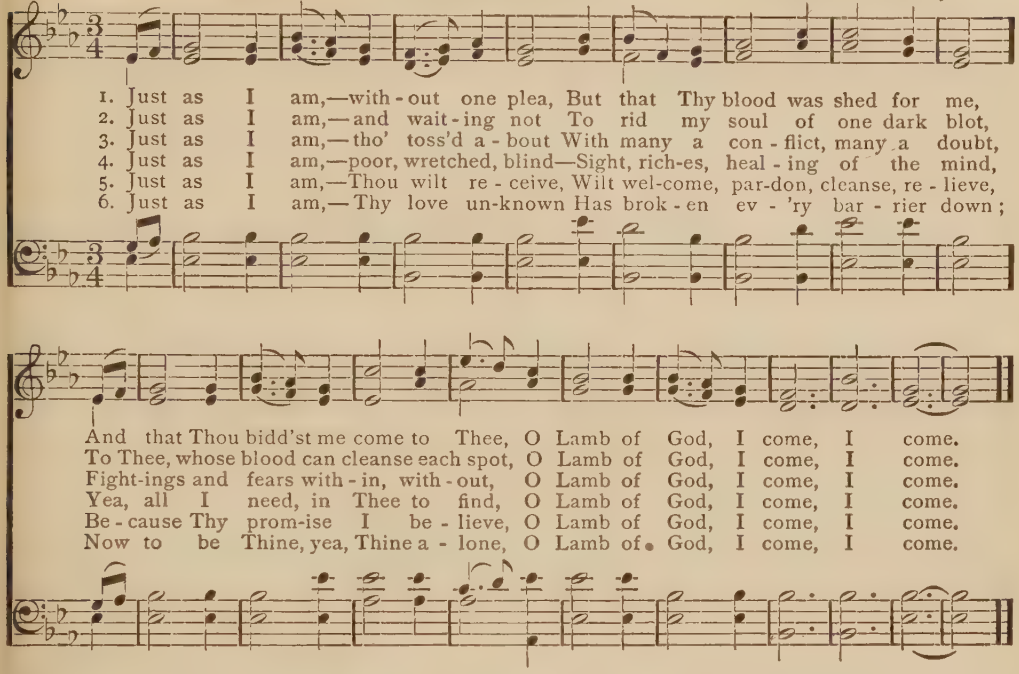
INVITATION

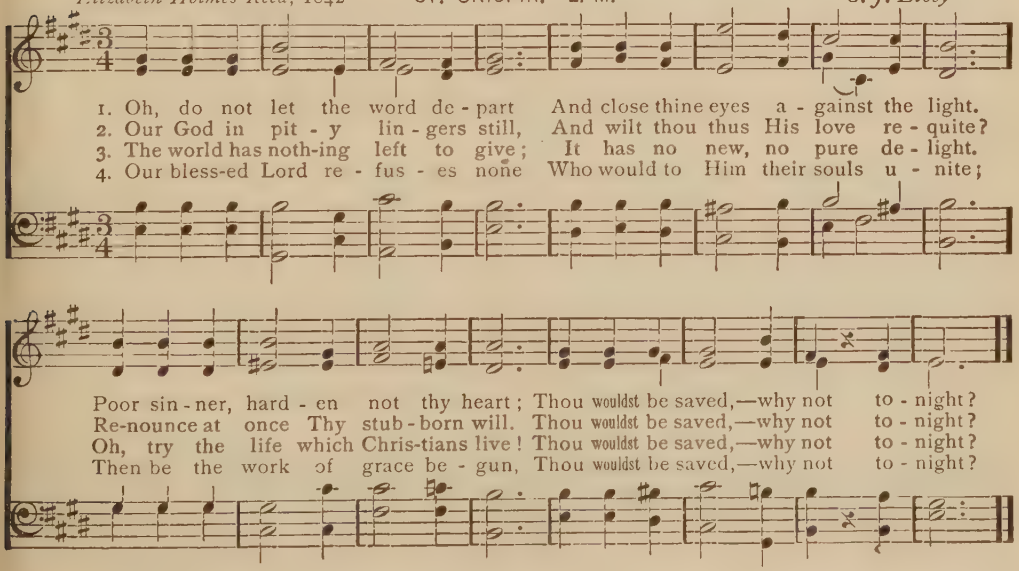
No. 298. *Just as I Am,—Without One Plea*

Charlotte Elliott, 1834 WOODWORTH. L. M. *Wm. B. Bradbury*

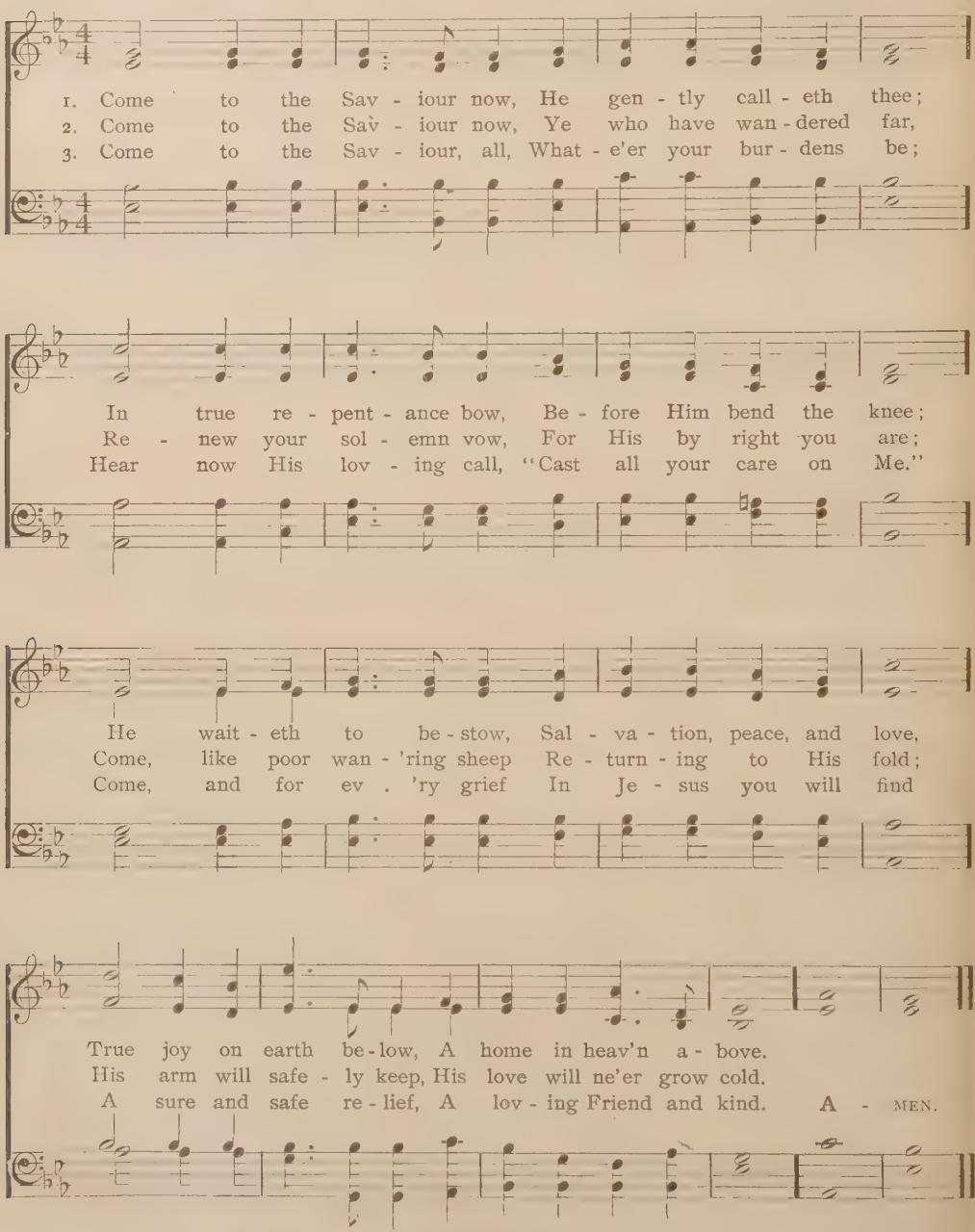

1. Just as I am,—with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am,—and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am,—tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind—Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am,—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve,
6. Just as I am,—Thy love un-known Has brok-en ev-'ry bar-rier down;
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

No. 299. *Oh, Do Not Let the Word Depart*

Elizabeth Holmes Reed, 1842 ST. CRISPIN. L. M. *G. J. Elvey*


1. Oh, do not let the word de-part And close thine eyes a-gainst the light.
2. Our God in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
3. The world has noth-ing left to give; It has no new, no pure de-light.
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;
Poor sin-ner, hard-en not thy heart; Thou wouldst be saved,—why not to-night?
Re-nounce at once Thy stub-born will. Thou wouldst be saved,—why not to-night?
Oh, try the life which Chris-tians live! Thou wouldst be saved,—why not to-night?
Then be the work of grace be-gun, Thou wouldst be saved,—why not to-night?

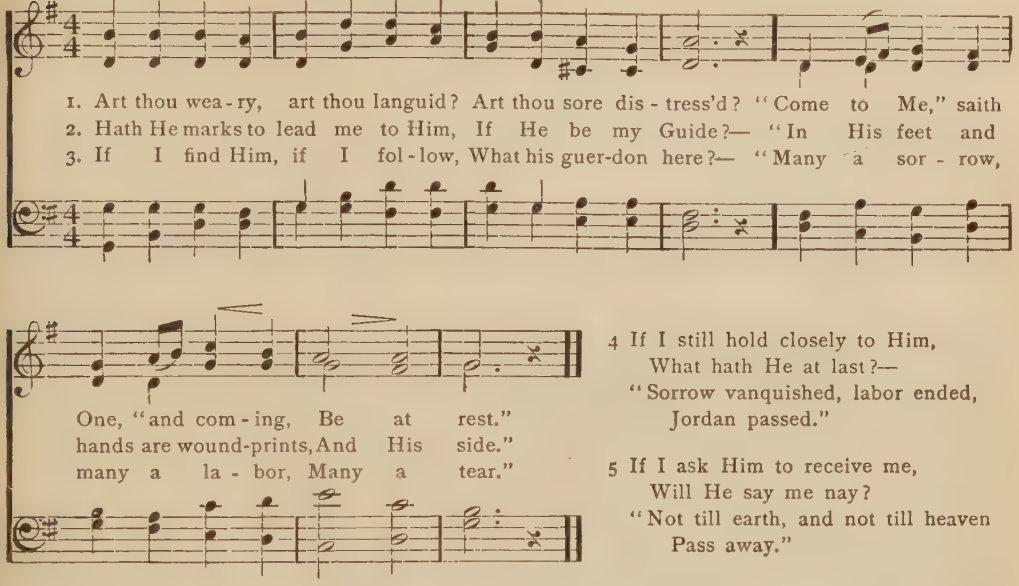
No. 300. # *Come to the Saviour Now*

John M. Wigner INVITATION. 6.6.6.6.D. *Frederick C. Maker*

1. Come to the Sav - iour now, He gen - tly call - eth thee;
2. Come to the Sav - iour now, Ye who have wan - dered far,
3. Come to the Sav - iour, all, What - e'er your bur - dens be;
In true re - pent - ance bow, Be - fore Him bend the knee;
Re - new your sol - emn vow, For His by right you are;
Hear now His lov - ing call, "Cast all your care on Me."
He wait - eth to be - stow, Sal - va - tion, peace, and love,
Come, like poor wan - 'ring sheep Re - turn - ing to His fold;
Come, and for ev . 'ry grief In Je - sus you will find
True joy on earth be - low, A home in heav'n a - bove.
His arm will safe - ly keep, His love will ne'er grow cold.
A sure and safe re - lief, A lov - ing Friend and kind. A - MEN.

INVITATION

No. 301. *Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?*

Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851 STEPHANOS. 8s, 5s & 3. *Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, arr. Hubert P. Main*

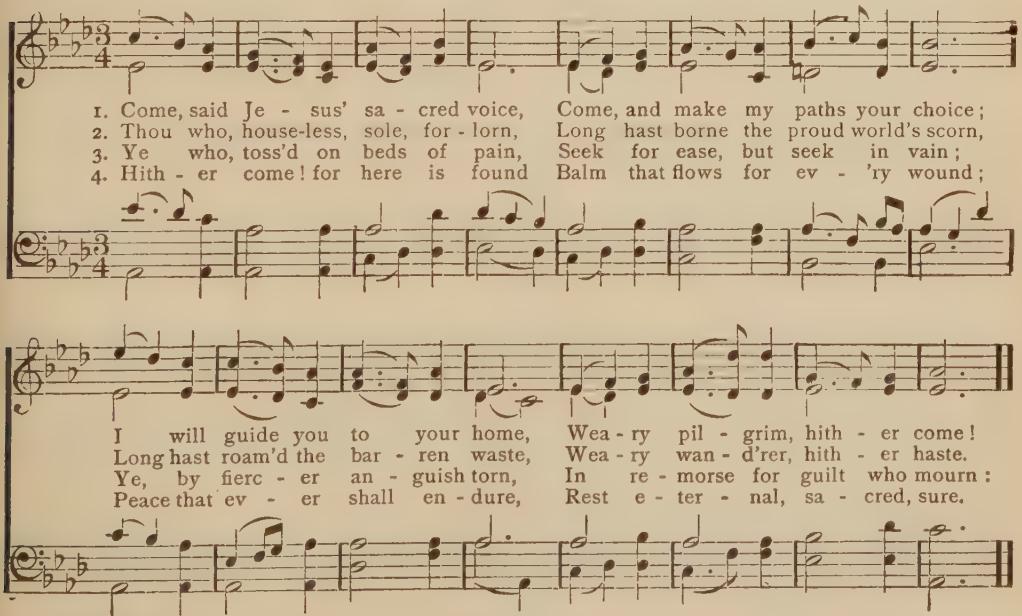

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou languid? Art thou sore dis - tress'd? "Come to Me," saith
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?— "In His feet and
3. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What his guer-don here?— "Many a sor - row,
One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
hands are wound-prints, And His side."
many a la - bor, Many a tear."

4 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?—
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

5 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

No. 302. *Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice*

A. L. Barbauld, abr., 1825 BARBAULD. 7s. *Jay Deavereaux*


1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;
2. Thou who, house-less, sole, for - lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
3. Ye who, toss'd on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
4. Hith - er come! for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound;
I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come!
Long hast roam'd the bar - ren waste, Wea - ry wan - d'rer, hith - er haste.
Ye, by fierc - er an - guish torn, In re - morse for guilt who mourn:
Peace that ev - er shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure.

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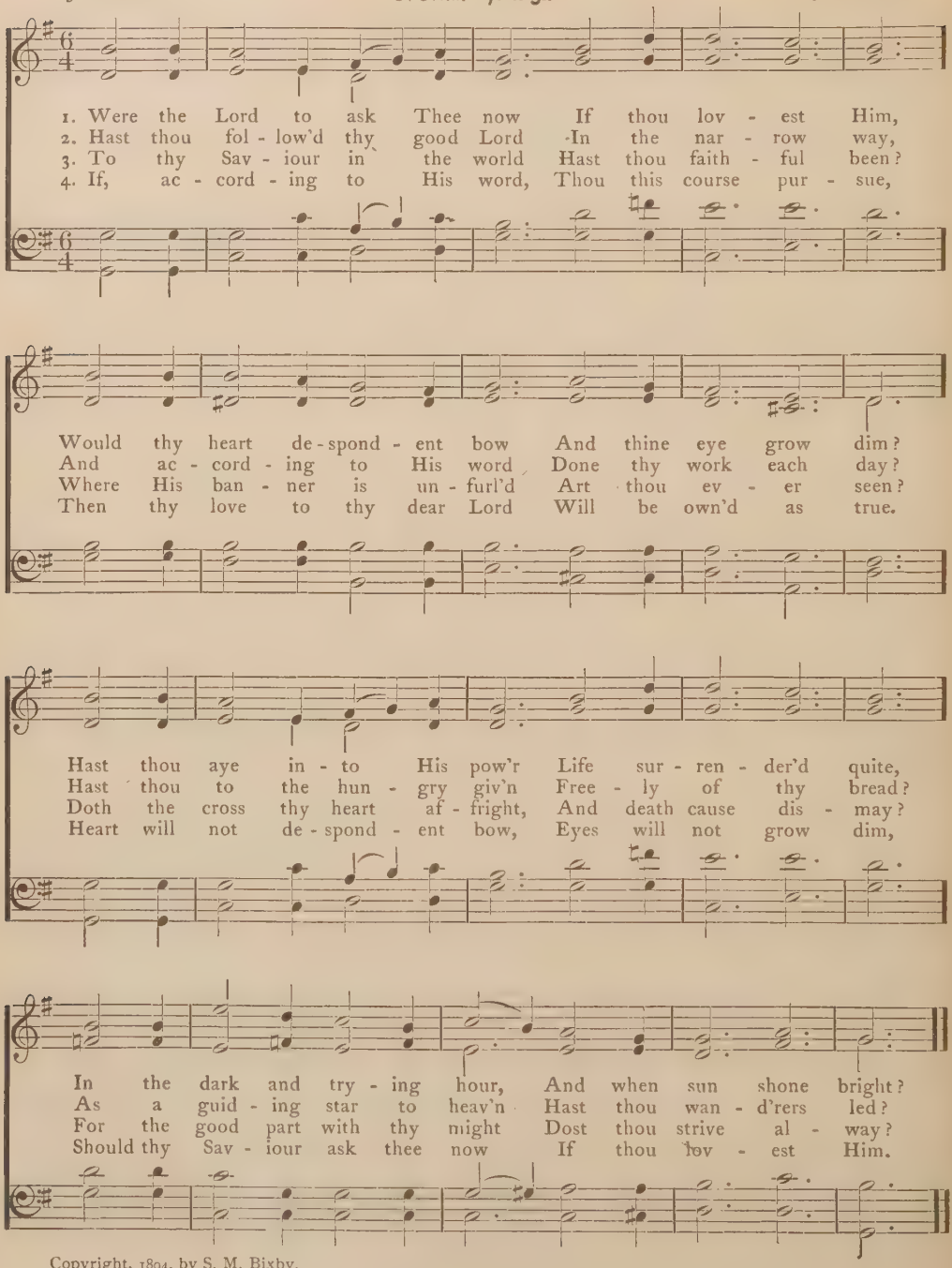
No. 303. *Were the Lord to Ask Thee Now*

Julius Sturm STURM. 7s & 5s. *Caryl Florio*

1. Were the Lord to ask Thee now If thou lov - est Him,
2. Hast thou fol - low'd thy good Lord In the nar - row way,
3. To thy Sav - iour in the world Hast thou faith - ful been?
4. If, ac - cord - ing to His word, Thou this course pur - sue,
Would thy heart de-spond - ent bow And thine eye grow dim?
And ac - cord - ing to His word Done thy work each day?
Where His ban - ner is un - furl'd Art thou ev - er seen?
Then thy love to thy dear Lord Will be own'd as true.
Hast thou aye in - to His pow'r Life sur - ren - der'd quite,
Hast thou to the hun - gry giv'n Free - ly of thy bread?
Doth the cross thy heart af - fright, And death cause dis - may?
Heart will not de - spond - ent bow, Eyes will not grow dim,
In the dark and try - ing hour, And when sun shone bright?
As a guid - ing star to heav'n Hast thou wan - d'rers led?
For the good part with thy might Dost thou strive al - way?
Should thy Sav - iour ask thee now If thou lov - est Him.

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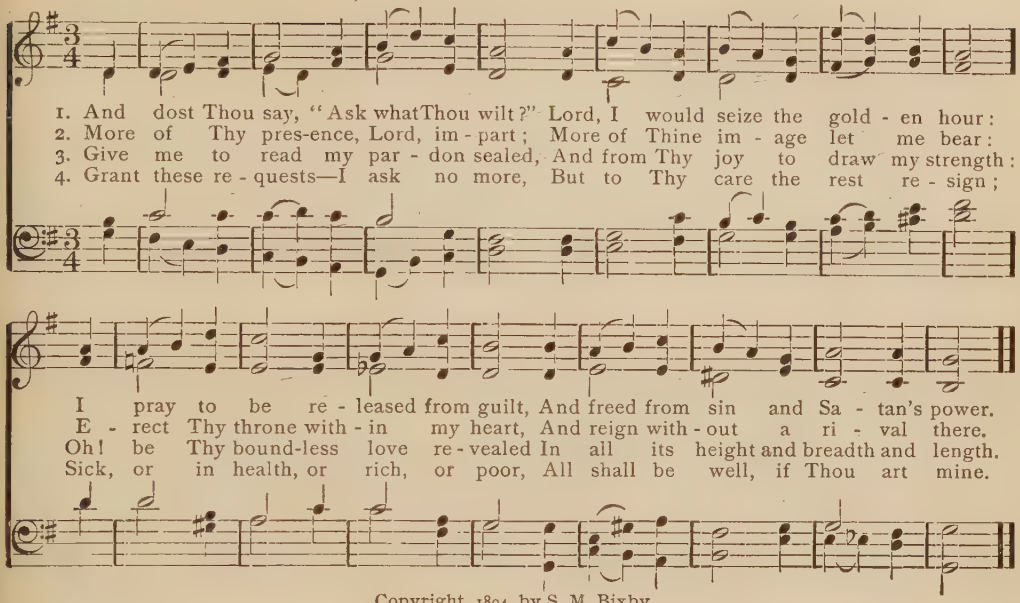
No. 304. "Ask What Thou Wilt"

John Newton — NEWTON. L. M. — *Caryl Florio*


1. And dost Thou say, "Ask what Thou wilt?" Lord, I would seize the gold - en hour:
2. More of Thy pres-ence, Lord, im - part; More of Thine im - age let me bear:
3. Give me to read my par - don sealed, And from Thy joy to draw my strength:
4. Grant these re - quests—I ask no more, But to Thy care the rest re - sign;
I pray to be re - leased from guilt, And freed from sin and Sa - tan's power.
E - rect Thy throne with - in my heart, And reign with - out a ri - val there.
Oh! be Thy bound-less love re - vealed In all its height and breadth and length.
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor, All shall be well, if Thou art mine.

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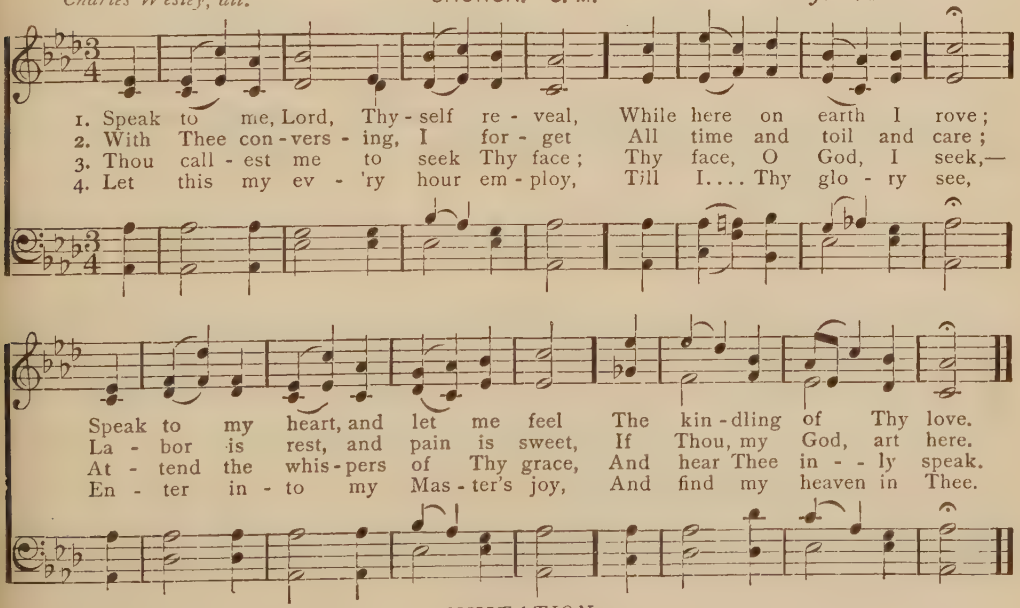
No. 305. *Speak to Me, Lord, Thyself Reveal*

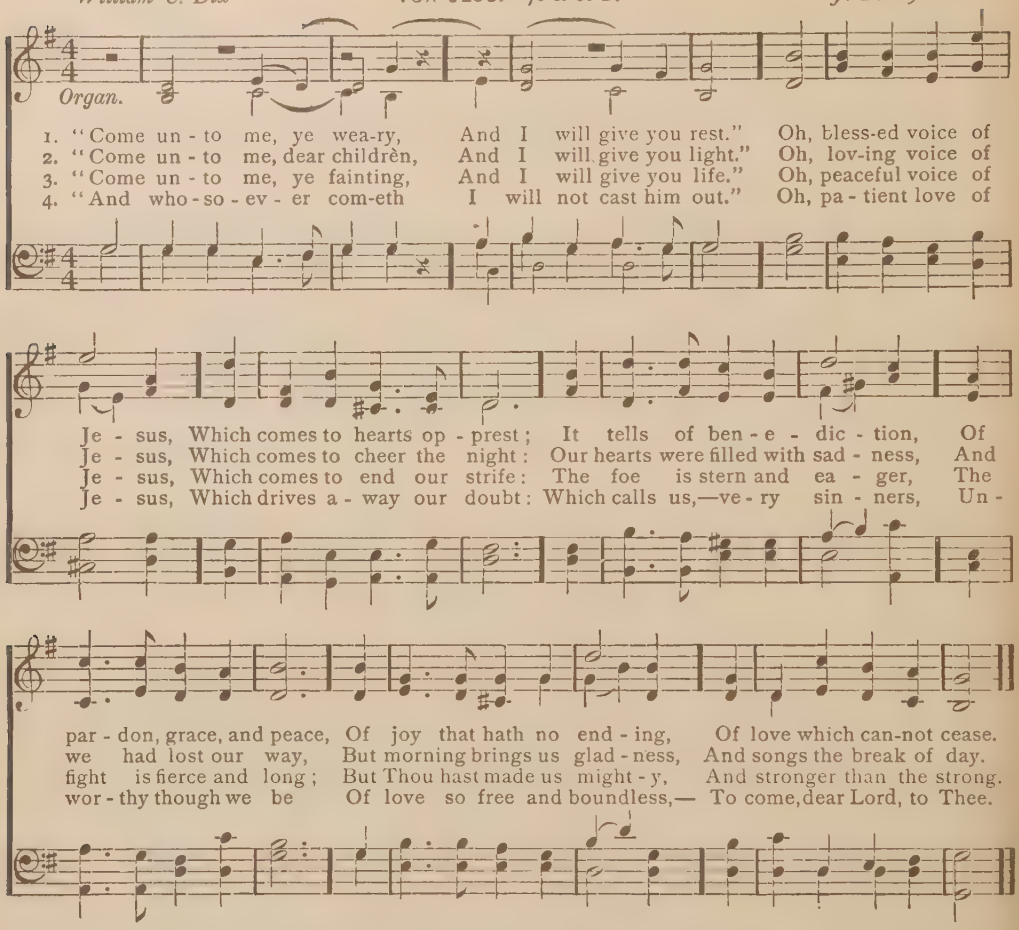
Charles Wesley, alt. — CHURCH. C. M. — *J. P. Holbrook*


1. Speak to me, Lord, Thy - self re - veal, While here on earth I rove;
2. With Thee con - vers - ing, I for - get All time and toil and care;
3. Thou call - est me to seek Thy face; Thy face, O God, I seek,—
4. Let this my ev - 'ry hour em - ploy, Till I.... Thy glo - ry see,
Speak to my heart, and let me feel The kin - dling of Thy love.
La - bor is rest, and pain is sweet, If Thou, my God, art here.
At - tend the whis - pers of Thy grace, And hear Thee in - - ly speak.
En - ter in - to my Mas - ter's joy, And find my heaven in Thee.

INVITATION

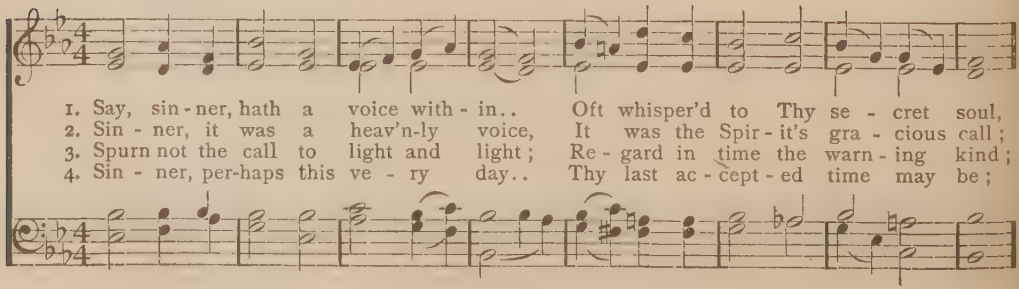
No. 306. *Come Unto Me, Ye Weary*

William C. Dix VOX JESU. 7s & 6s D. *J. B. Dykes*

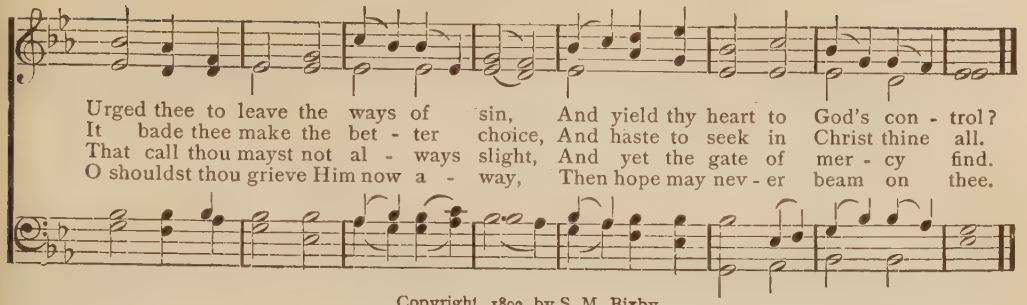

Organ.
1. "Come un - to me, ye wea-ry, And I will give you rest." Oh, bless-ed voice of
2. "Come un - to me, dear children, And I will give you light." Oh, lov-ing voice of
3. "Come un - to me, ye fainting, And I will give you life." Oh, peaceful voice of
4. "And who - so - ev - er com-eth I will not cast him out." Oh, pa - tient love of
Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest; It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of
Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night: Our hearts were filled with sad - ness, And
Je - sus, Which comes to end our strife: The foe is stern and ea - ger, The
Je - sus, Which drives a - way our doubt: Which calls us,—ve - ry sin - ners, Un -
par - don, grace, and peace, Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can-not cease.
we had lost our way, But morning brings us glad - ness, And songs the break of day.
fight is fierce and long; But Thou hast made us might - y, And stronger than the strong.
wor - thy though we be Of love so free and boundless,— To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

No. 307. *Say, Sinner, Hath a Voice Within*

Mrs. Abbe Bradley Hyde. Abr. HYDE. C. M. *S. M. Bixby*


1. Say, sin - ner, hath a voice with - in.. Oft whisper'd to Thy se - cret soul,
2. Sin - ner, it was a heav'n-ly voice, It was the Spir - it's gra - cious call;
3. Spurn not the call to light and light; Re - gard in time the warn - ing kind;
4. Sin - ner, per-haps this ve - ry day.. Thy last ac - cept - ed time may be;

Say, Sinner, Hath a Voice Within


Urged thee to leave the ways of sin, And yield thy heart to God's con - trol?
It bade thee make the bet - ter choice, And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
That call thou mayst not al - ways slight, And yet the gate of mer - cy find.
O shouldst thou grieve Him now a - way, Then hope may nev - er beam on thee.

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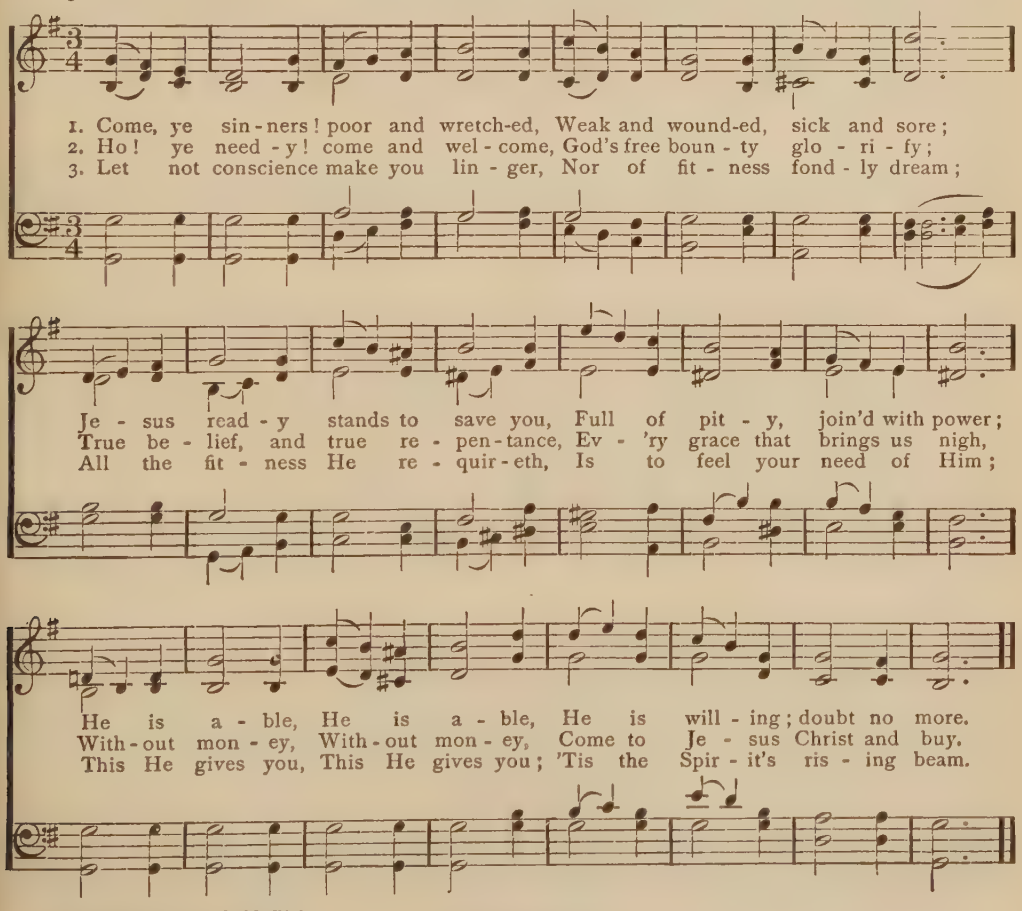
No. 308. *Come, Ye Sinners! Poor and Wretched*

Joseph Hart, 1759 HART. 8s, 7s & 4s. *Jay Deavereaux*


1. Come, ye sin - ners! poor and wretch-ed, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Ho! ye need - y! come and wel - come, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, join'd with power;
True be - lief, and true re - pen - tance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings us nigh,
All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth, Is to feel your need of Him;
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing; doubt no more.
With - out mon - ey, With - out mon - ey, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.
This He gives you, This He gives you; 'Tis the Spir - it's ris - ing beam.

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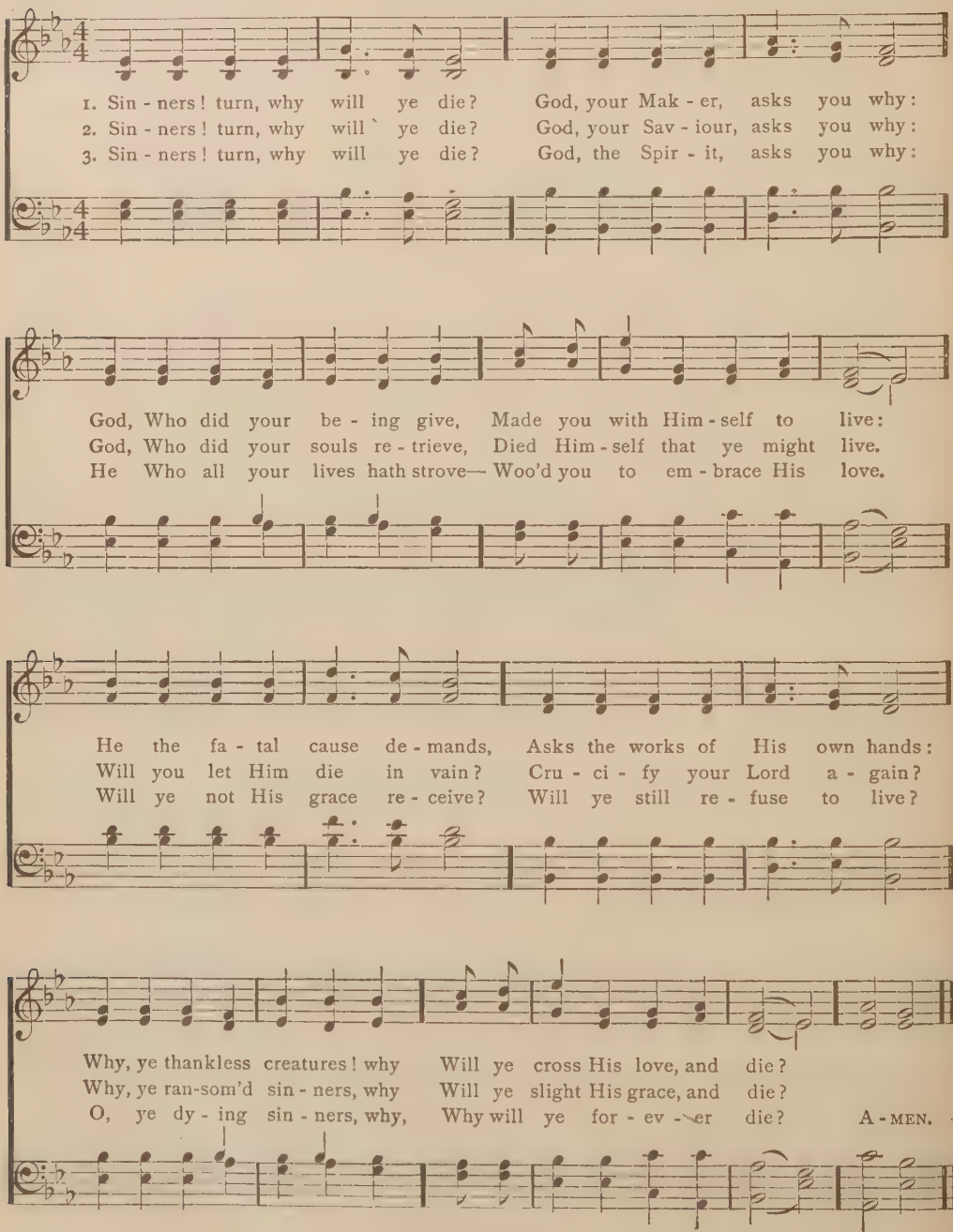
No. 309. *Sinners! Turn, Why Will Ye Die?*

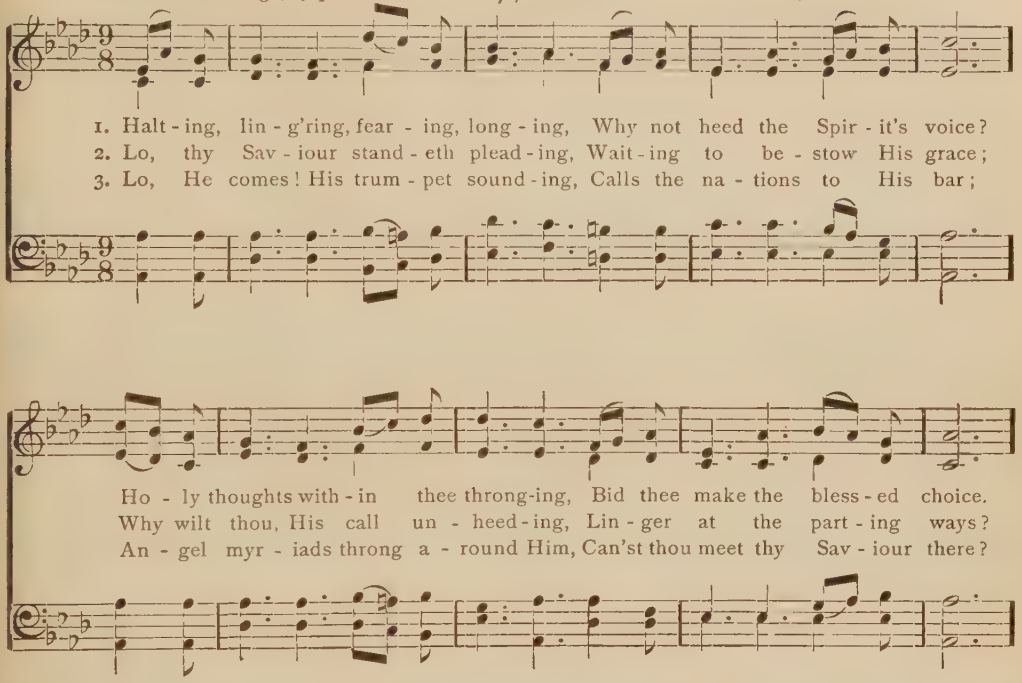
Charles Wesley, 1756 BENEVENTO. 7s. D. *S. Webbe*

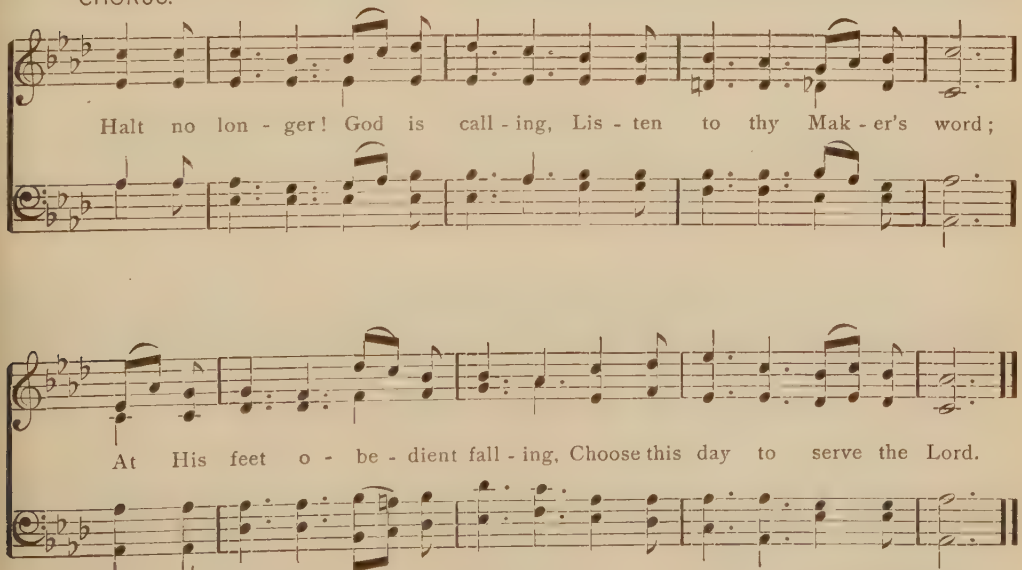

1. Sin - ners! turn, why will ye die? God, your Mak - er, asks you why:
2. Sin - ners! turn, why will ye die? God, your Sav - iour, asks you why:
3. Sin - ners! turn, why will ye die? God, the Spir - it, asks you why:
God, Who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him - self to live:
God, Who did your souls re - trieve, Died Him - self that ye might live.
He Who all your lives hath strove— Woo'd you to em - brace His love.
He the fa - tal cause de - mands, Asks the works of His own hands:
Will you let Him die in vain? Cru - ci - fy your Lord a - gain?
Will ye not His grace re - ceive? Will ye still re - fuse to live?
Why, ye thankless creatures! why Will ye cross His love, and die?
Why, ye ran-som'd sin - ners, why Will ye slight His grace, and die?
O, ye dy - ing sin - ners, why, Why will ye for - ev - er die? A - MEN.

INVITATION

No. 310. *Halting, Lingering, Fearing, Longing*

Rev. H. L. Hastings, by per. 8s & 7s, with Chorus. *R. Menthal.*


1. Halt - ing, lin - g'ring, fear - ing, long - ing, Why not heed the Spir - it's voice?
2. Lo, thy Sav - iour stand - eth plead - ing, Wait - ing to be - stow His grace;
3. Lo, He comes! His trum - pet sound - ing, Calls the na - tions to His bar;
Ho - ly thoughts with - in thee throng-ing, Bid thee make the bless - ed choice.
Why wilt thou, His call un - heed - ing, Lin - ger at the part - ing ways?
An - gel myr - iads throng a - round Him, Can'st thou meet thy Sav - iour there?

CHORUS.

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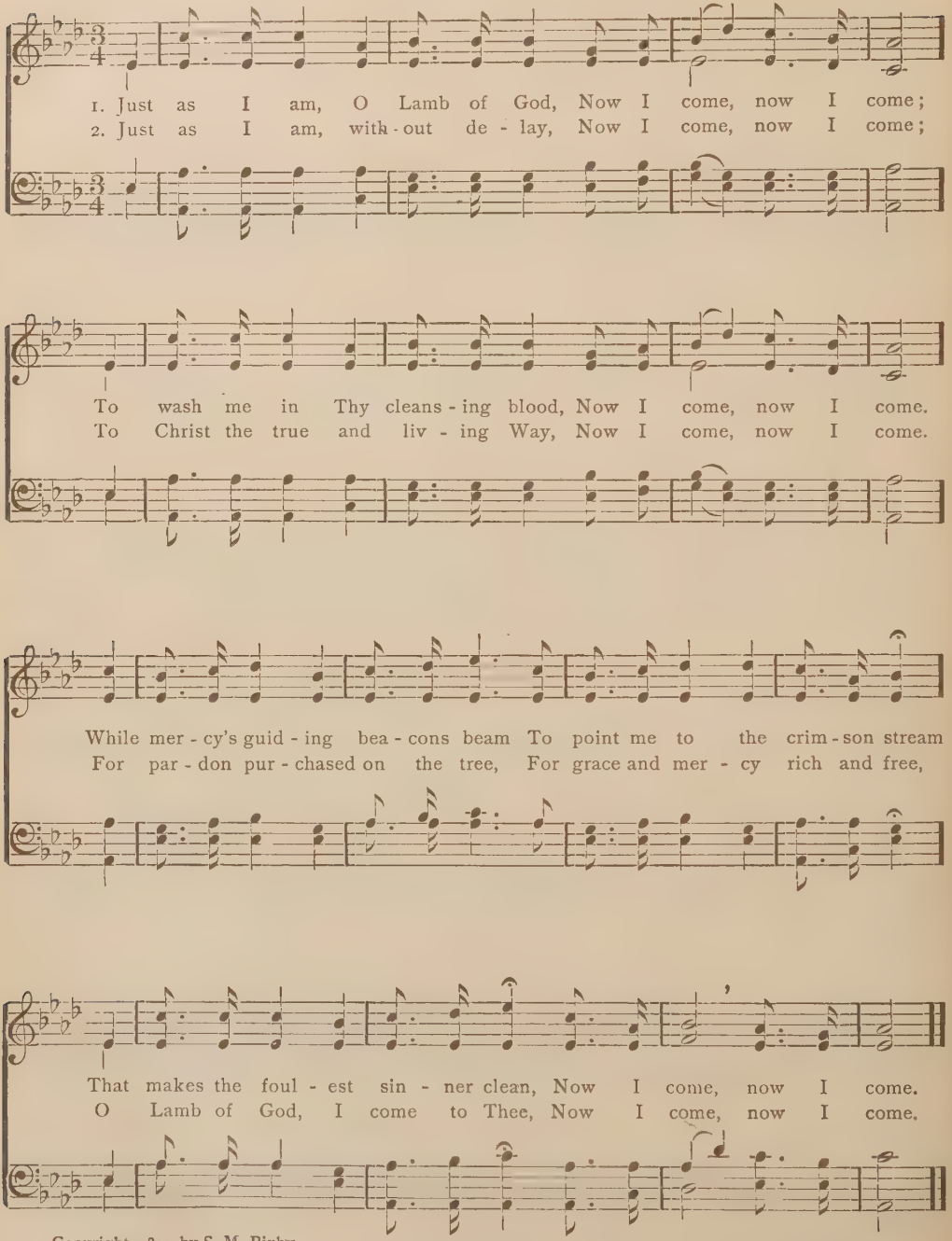
No. 311. *Just as I Am, O Lamb of God*

Rev. H. L. Hastings, 1886, HASTINGS. 8s & 7s. D. *S. M. Bixby*


1. Just as I am, O Lamb of God, Now I come, now I come;
2. Just as I am, with-out de-lay, Now I come, now I come;
To wash me in Thy cleans-ing blood, Now I come, now I come.
To Christ the true and liv-ing Way, Now I come, now I come.
While mer-cy's guid-ing bea-cons beam To point me to the crim-son stream
For par-don pur-chased on the tree, For grace and mer-cy rich and free,
That makes the foul-est sin-ner clean, Now I come, now I come.
O Lamb of God, I come to Thee, Now I come, now I come.

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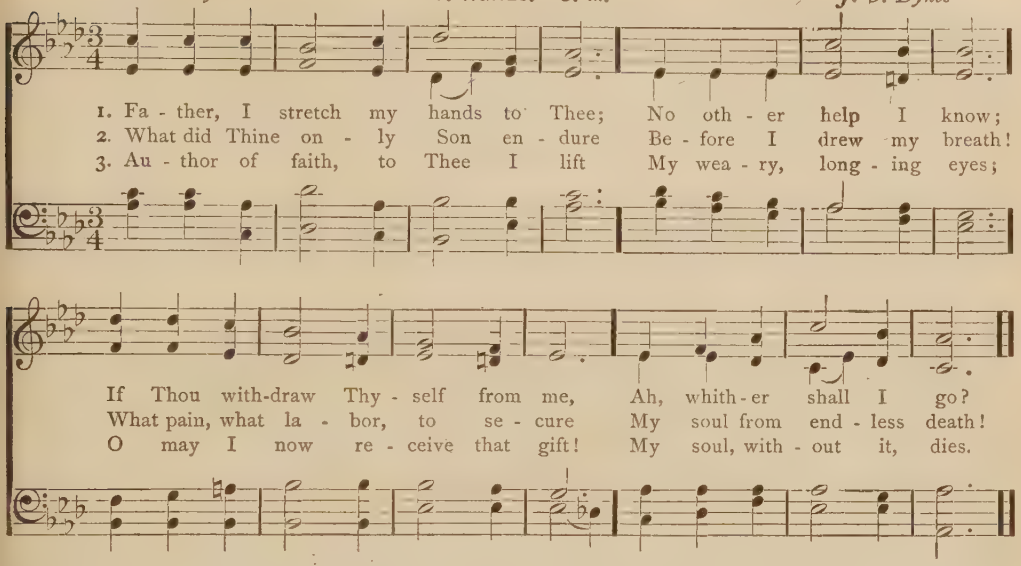
DECISION

From Songs of Pilgrimage.

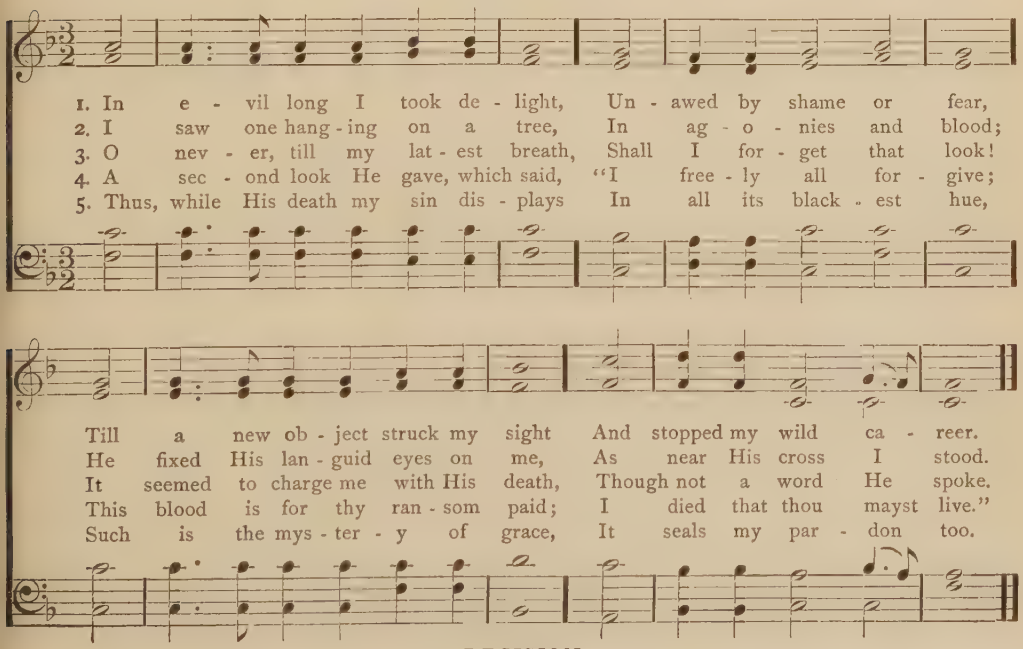
No. 312. *Father, I Stretch My Hands to Thee*

Charles Wesley — ST. AGNES. C. M. — *J. B. Dykes*


1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure Be - fore I drew my breath!
3. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;
If Thou with-draw Thy - self from me, Ah, whith - er shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor, to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
O may I now re - ceive that gift! My soul, with - out it, dies.

No. 313. *In Evil Long I Took Delight*

John Newton — BYEFIELD. C. M. — *Thomas Hastings*

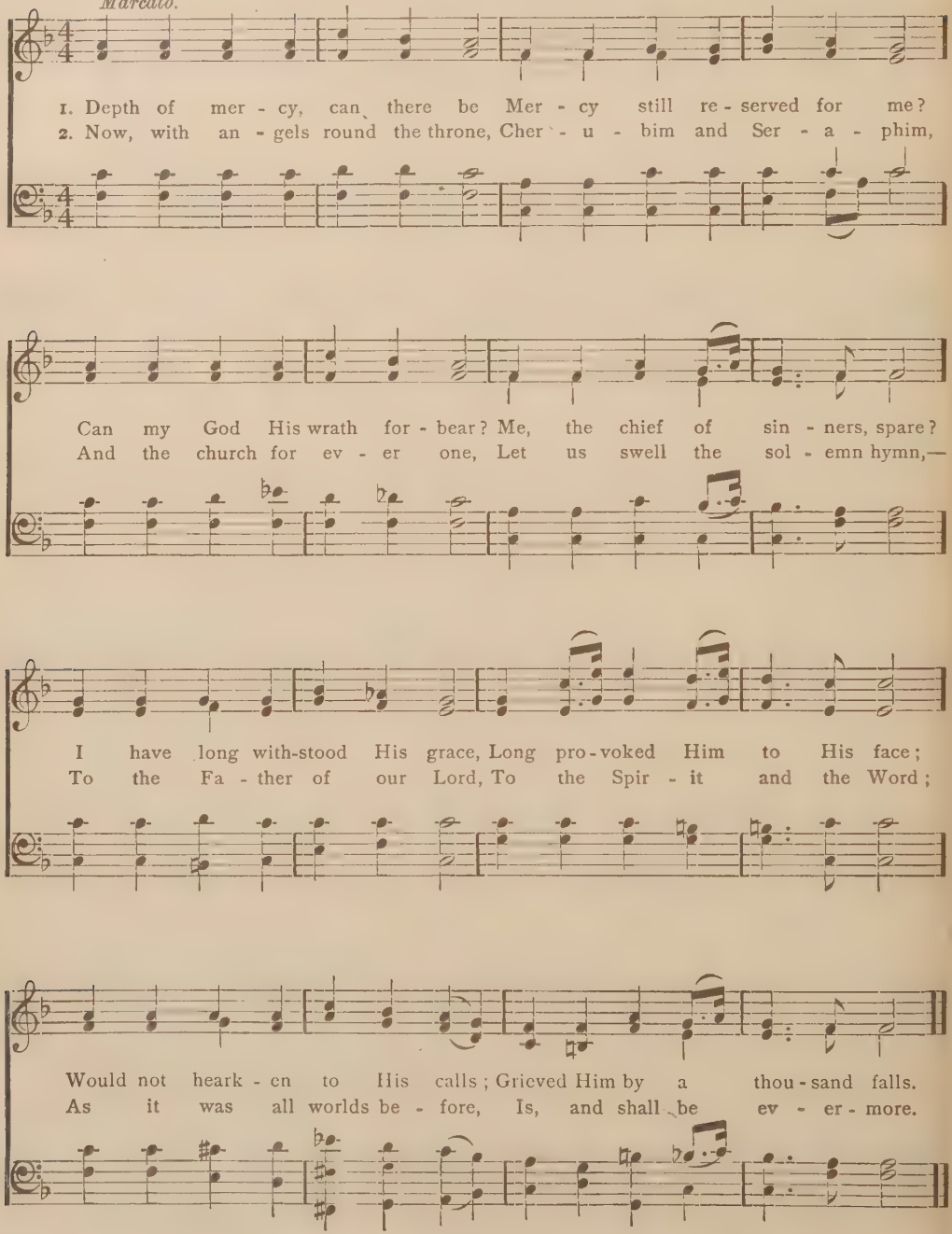

1. In e - vil long I took de - light, Un - awed by shame or fear,
2. I saw one hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - nies and blood;
3. O nev - er, till my lat - est breath, Shall I for - get that look!
4. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give;
5. Thus, while His death my sin dis - plays In all its black - est hue,
Till a new ob - ject struck my sight And stopped my wild ca - reer.
He fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Though not a word He spoke.
This blood is for thy ran - som paid; I died that thou mayst live."
Such is the mys - ter - y of grace, It seals my par - don too.

DECISION

No. 314. *Depth of Mercy, Can There Be*

Josiah Conder, 1836 BLUMENTHAL. 7s D. *J. Blumenthal, arr. Hubert P. Main*

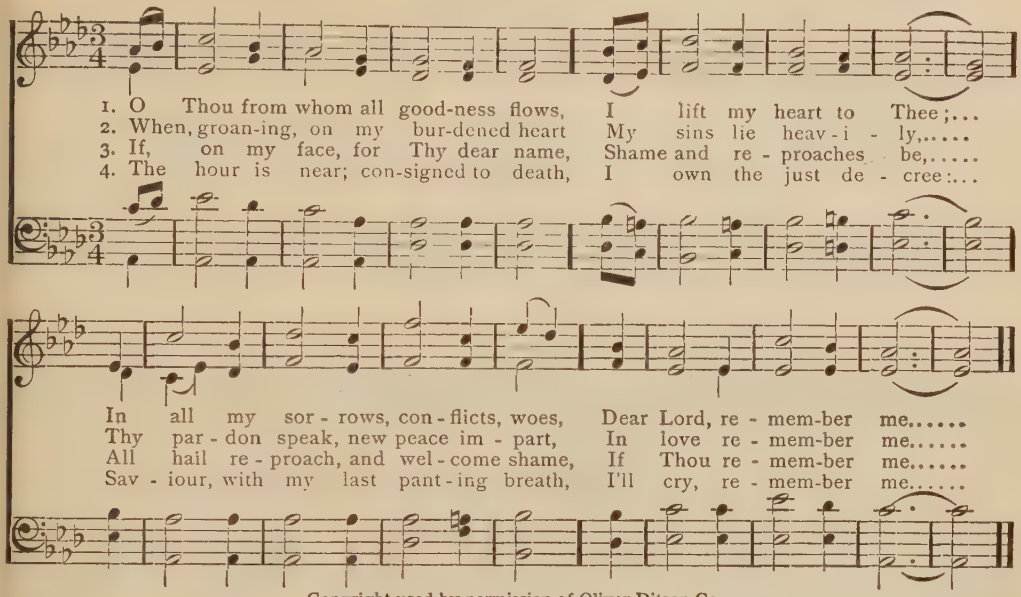
Marcato.


1. Depth of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
I have long with-stood His grace, Long pro-voked Him to His face;
Would not heark - en to His calls; Grieved Him by a thou - sand falls.
2. Now, with an - gels round the throne, Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim,
And the church for ev - er one, Let us swell the sol - emn hymn,—
To the Fa - ther of our Lord, To the Spir - it and the Word;
As it was all worlds be - fore, Is, and shall be ev - er - more.

CONFESSION

No. 315. *O Thou from Whom All Goodness Flows*

T. Haweis, 1792 — MANOAH. C. M. — *Fr. Rossini*


1. O Thou from whom all good-ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;...
2. When, groan-ing, on my bur-dened heart My sins lie heav-i - ly,.....
3. If, on my face, for Thy dear name, Shame and re - proaches be,.....
4. The hour is near; con-signed to death, I own the just de - cree:...
In all my sor - rows, con - flicts, woes, Dear Lord, re - mem-ber me.....
Thy par - don speak, new peace im - part, In love re - mem-ber me.....
All hail re - proach, and wel - come shame, If Thou re - mem-ber me.....
Sav - iour, with my last pant - ing breath, I'll cry, re - mem-ber me.....

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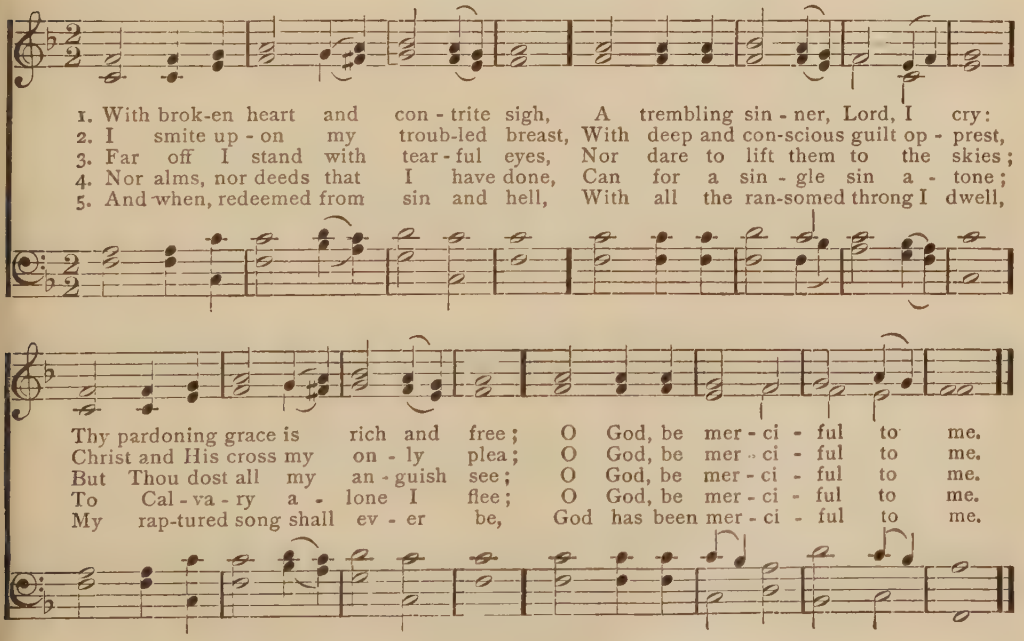
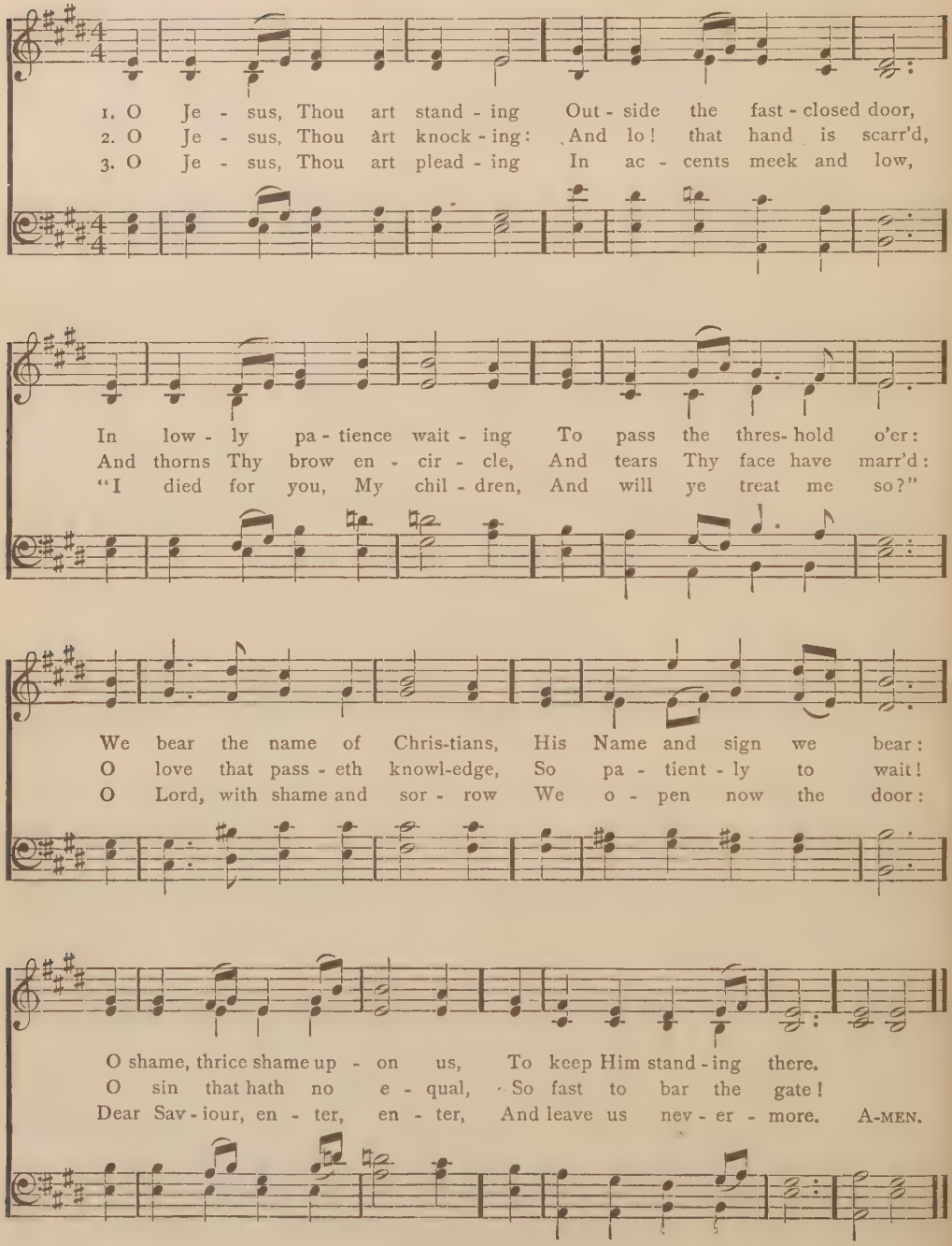
No. 316. *With Broken Heart and Contrite Sigh*

Cornelius Elven, 1852 — HAMBURG. L. M. — *Lowell Mason*


1. With brok-en heart and con - trite sigh, A trembling sin - ner, Lord, I cry:
2. I smite up - on my troub-led breast, With deep and con-scious guilt op - prest,
3. Far off I stand with tear - ful eyes, Nor dare to lift them to the skies;
4. Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done, Can for a sin - gle sin a - tone;
5. And when, redeemed from sin and hell, With all the ran-somed throng I dwell,
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me.
Christ and His cross my on - ly plea; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me.
But Thou dost all my an - guish see; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me.
To Cal - va - ry a - lone I flee; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me.
My rap-tured song shall ev - er be, God has been mer - ci - ful to me.

No. 317. *O Jesus, Thou Art Standing*

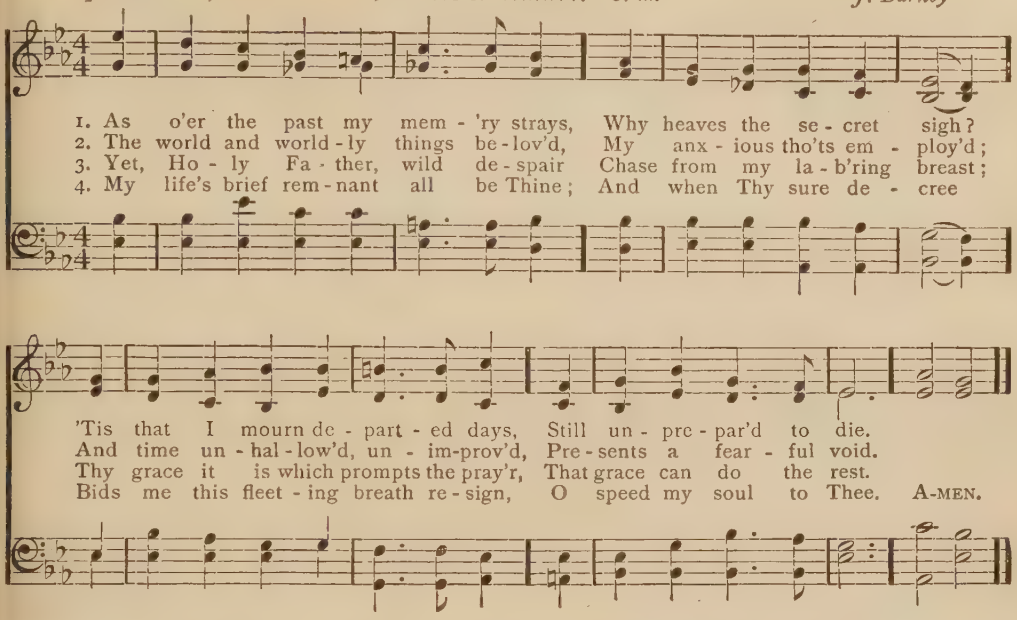
W. W. How, 1864 ST. HILDA. 7s & 6s D. *J. A. Knecht and E. Husband*


1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door,
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing: And lo! that hand is scarr'd,
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low,
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thres- hold o'er:
And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marr'd:
"I died for you, My chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?"
We bear the name of Chris-tians, His Name and sign we bear:
O love that pass - eth knowl-edge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!
O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door:
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there.
O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more. A-MEN.

CONFESSION

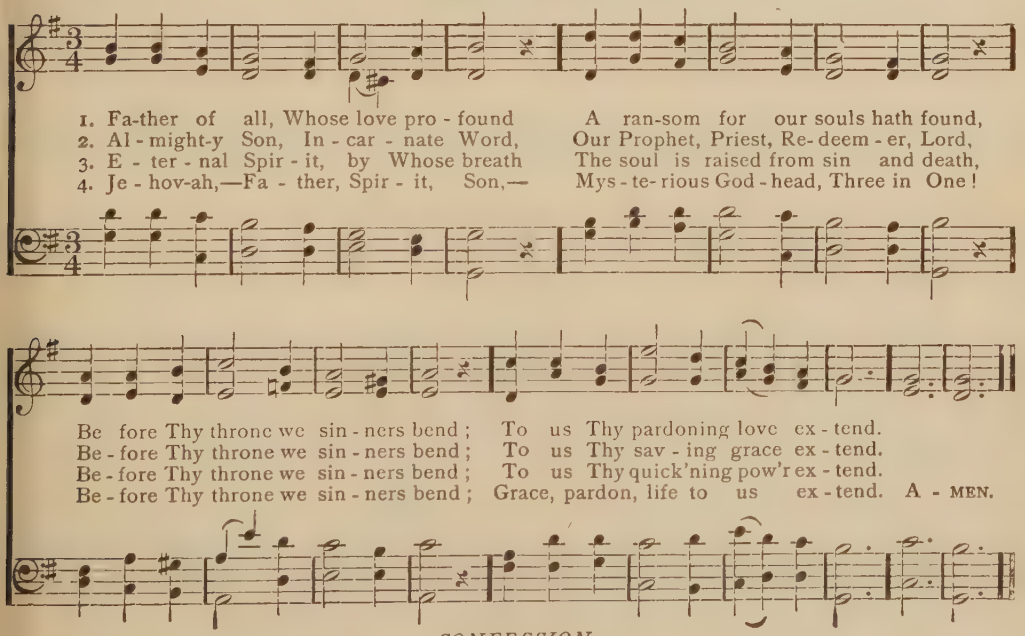
No. 318. *As O'er the Past My Memory Strays*

Bp. Middleton, 1822 — HOLY TRINITY. C. M. — *J. Barnby*


1. As o'er the past my mem - 'ry strays, Why heaves the se - cret sigh?
2. The world and world - ly things be - lov'd, My anx - ious tho'ts em - ploy'd;
3. Yet, Ho - ly Fa - ther, wild de - spair Chase from my la - b'ring breast;
4. My life's brief rem - nant all be Thine; And when Thy sure de - cree
'Tis that I mourn de - part - ed days, Still un - pre - par'd to die.
And time un - hal - low'd, un - im-prov'd, Pre - sents a fear - ful void.
Thy grace it is which prompts the pray'r, That grace can do the rest.
Bids me this fleet - ing breath re - sign, O speed my soul to Thee. A-MEN.

No. 319. *Father of All, Whose Love Profound*

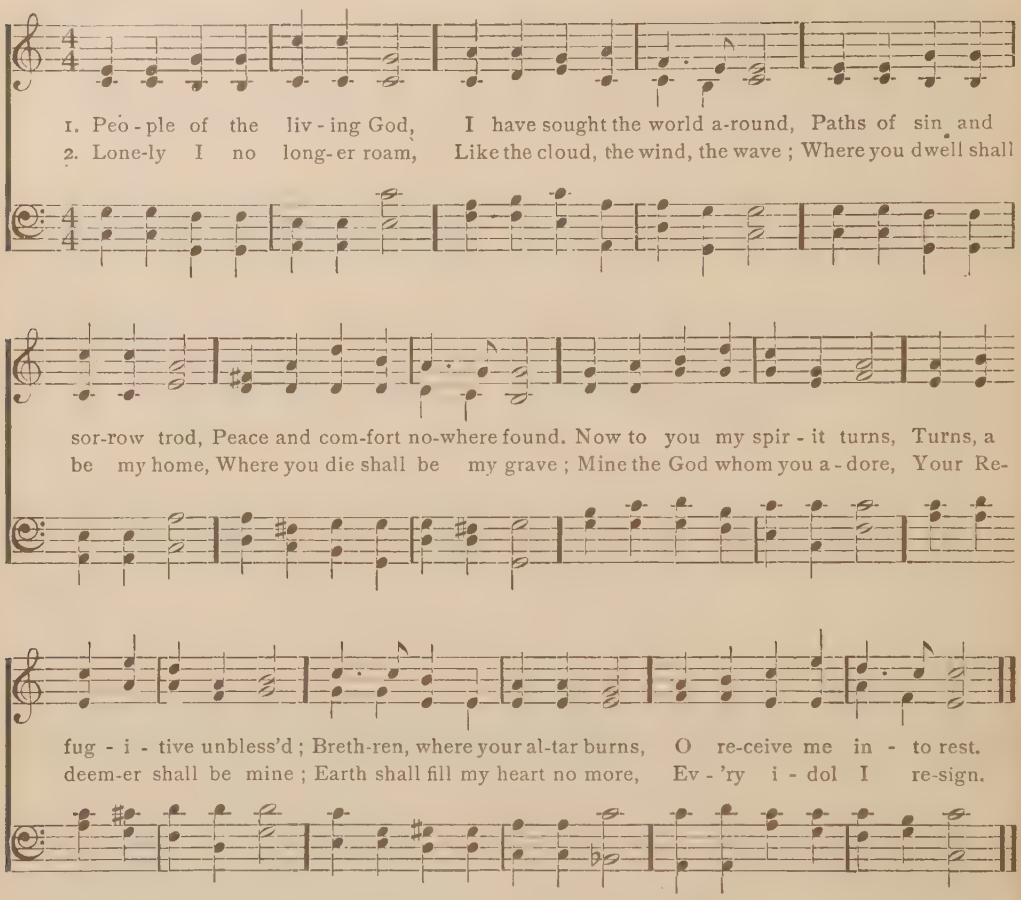
J. Cooper, 1810 — GRACE CHURCH. L. M. — *I. Pleyel*


1. Fa-ther of all, Whose love pro - found A ran-som for our souls hath found,
2. Al - might-y Son, In - car - nate Word, Our Prophet, Priest, Re-deem - er, Lord,
3. E - ter - nal Spir - it, by Whose breath The soul is raised from sin and death,
4. Je - hov-ah,—Fa - ther, Spir - it, Son,— Mys - te - rious God - head, Three in One!
Be fore Thy throne we sin - ners bend; To us Thy pardoning love ex - tend.
Be - fore Thy throne we sin - ners bend; To us Thy sav - ing grace ex - tend.
Be - fore Thy throne we sin - ners bend; To us Thy quick'ning pow'r ex - tend.
Be - fore Thy throne we sin - ners bend; Grace, pardon, life to us ex - tend. A - MEN.

CONFESSION

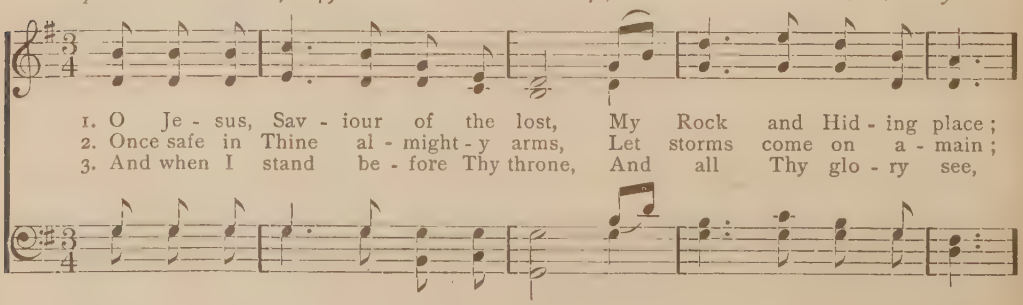
No. 320. *People of the Living God*

James Montgomery, 1819, *abr.* CULFORD. 7s D. *E. J. Hopkins*


1. Peo - ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world a-round, Paths of sin and
2. Lone-ly I no long-er roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ; Where you dwell shall
sor-row trod, Peace and com-fort no-where found. Now to you my spir - it turns, Turns, a
be my home, Where you die shall be my grave ; Mine the God whom you a - dore, Your Re-
fug - i - tive unbless'd ; Breth-ren, where your al-tar burns, O re-ceive me in - to rest.
deem-er shall be mine ; Earth shall fill my heart no more, Ev - 'ry i - dol I re-sign.

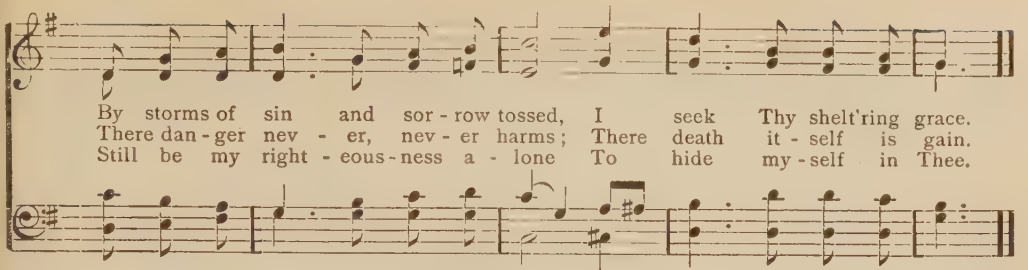
No. 321. *O Jesus, Saviour of the Lost*

Bp. E. H. Bickersteth, 1849 CHOICE. 8s & 7s, *S. M. Bixby*


1. O Je - sus, Sav - iour of the lost, My Rock and Hid - ing place ;
2. Once safe in Thine al - might - y arms, Let storms come on a - main ;
3. And when I stand be - fore Thy throne, And all Thy glo - ry see,

CONFESSION

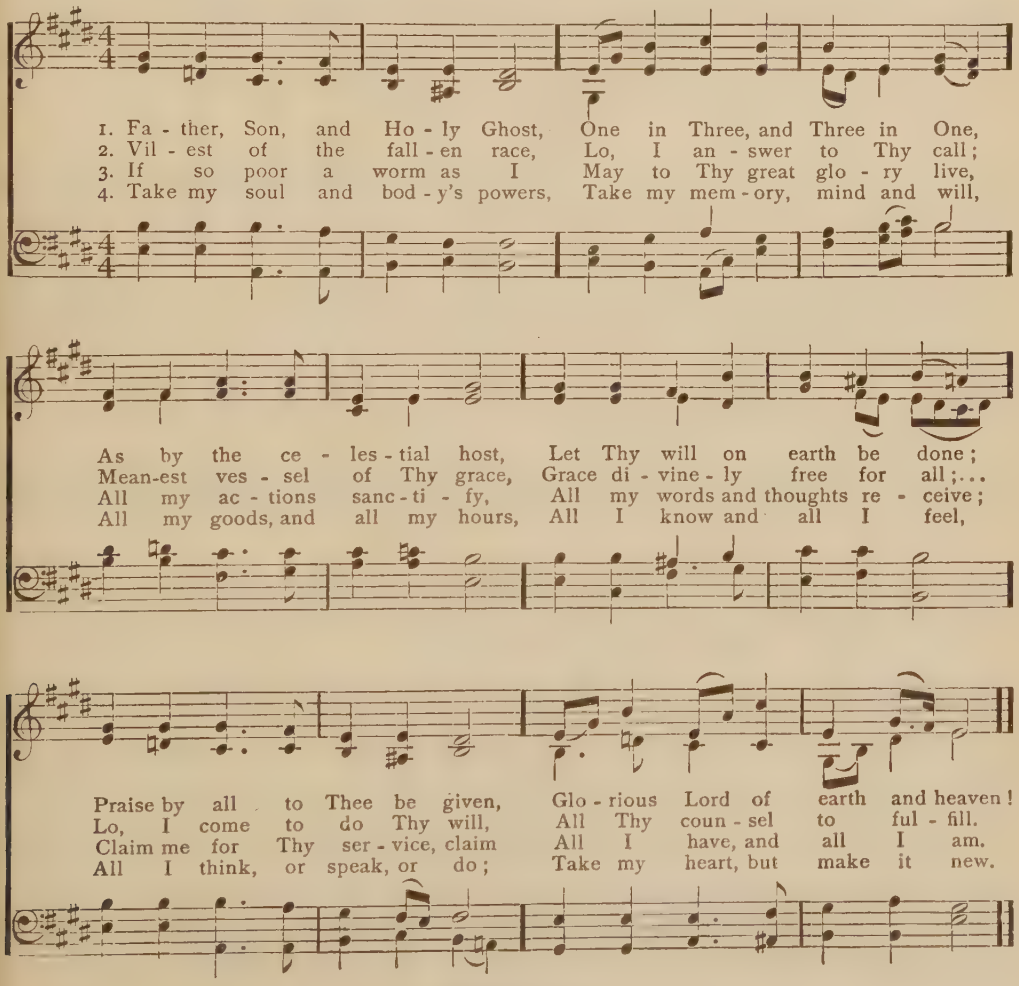
O Jesus, Saviour of the Lost


By storms of sin and sor - row tossed, I seek Thy shelt'ring grace.
There dan - ger nev - er, nev - er harms; There death it - self is gain.
Still be my right - eous - ness a - lone To hide my - self in Thee.

Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby

No. 322. *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*

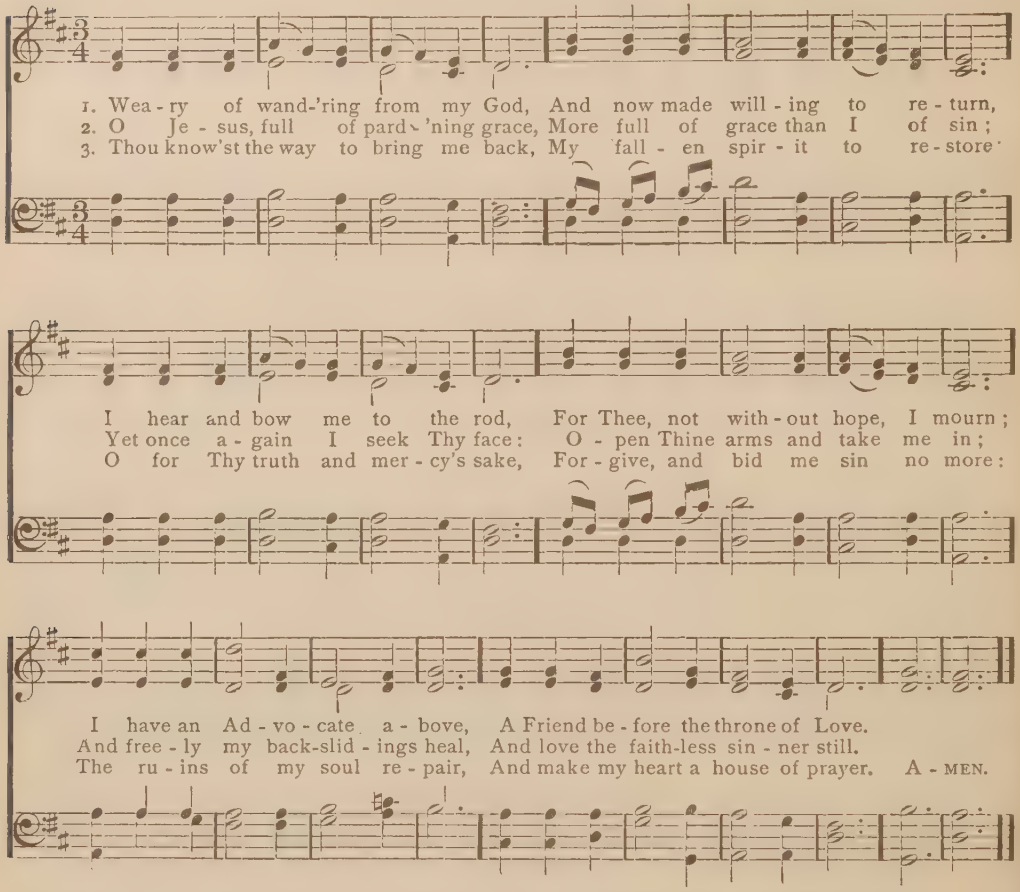
Charles Wesley FAITH. 7s, Six lines. *J. B. Dykes*


1. Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, One in Three, and Three in One,
2. Vil - est of the fall - en race, Lo, I an - swer to Thy call;
3. If so poor a worm as I May to Thy great glo - ry live,
4. Take my soul and bod - y's powers, Take my mem - ory, mind and will,
As by the ce - les - tial host, Let Thy will on earth be done;
Mean-est ves - sel of Thy grace, Grace di - vine - ly free for all;...
All my ac - tions sanc - ti - fy, All my words and thoughts re - ceive;
All my goods, and all my hours, All I know and all I feel,
Praise by all to Thee be given, Glo - rious Lord of earth and heaven!
Lo, I come to do Thy will, All Thy coun - sel to ful - fill.
Claim me for Thy ser - vice, claim All I have, and all I am.
All I think, or speak, or do; Take my heart, but make it new.

CONFESSION

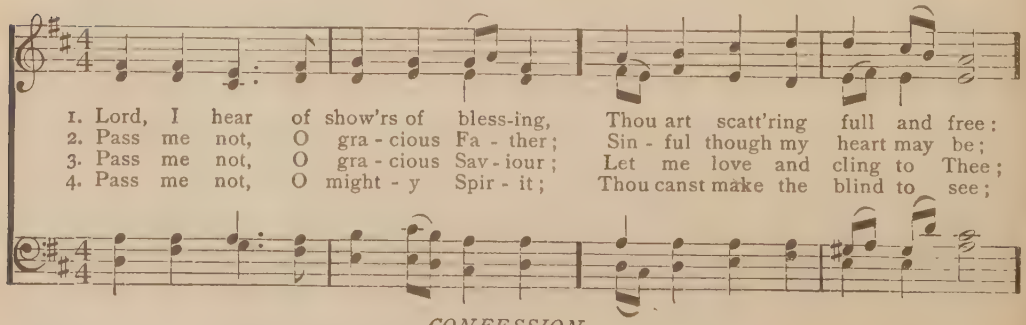
No. 323. *Weary of Wandering from My God*

Charles Wesley, 1749 WAVERTREE. 8s, Six lines. *W. Shore*


1. Wea - ry of wand-'ring from my God, And now made will - ing to re - turn,
2. O Je - sus, full of pard-'ning grace, More full of grace than I of sin;
3. Thou know'st the way to bring me back, My fall - en spir - it to re - store:
I hear and bow me to the rod, For Thee, not with - out hope, I mourn;
Yet once a - gain I seek Thy face: O - pen Thine arms and take me in;
O for Thy truth and mer - cy's sake, For - give, and bid me sin no more:
I have an Ad - vo - cate a - bove, A Friend be - fore the throne of Love.
And free - ly my back-slid - ings heal, And love the faith-less sin - ner still.
The ru - ins of my soul re - pair, And make my heart a house of prayer. A - MEN.

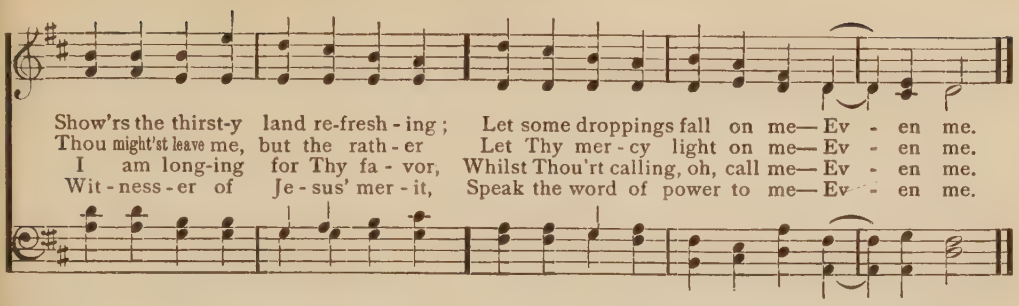
No. 324. *Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing*

Mrs. E. Codner ETIAM ET MIHI. 8s, 7s & 3s. *J. B. Dykes*


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free:
2. Pass me not, O gra - cious Fa - ther; Sin - ful though my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - iour; Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Pass me not, O might - y Spir - it; Thou canst make the blind to see;

CONFESSION

Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing


Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me—Ev - en me.
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy light on me—Ev - en me.
I am long-ing for Thy fa - vor, Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—Ev - en me.
Wit - ness - er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of power to me—Ev - en me.

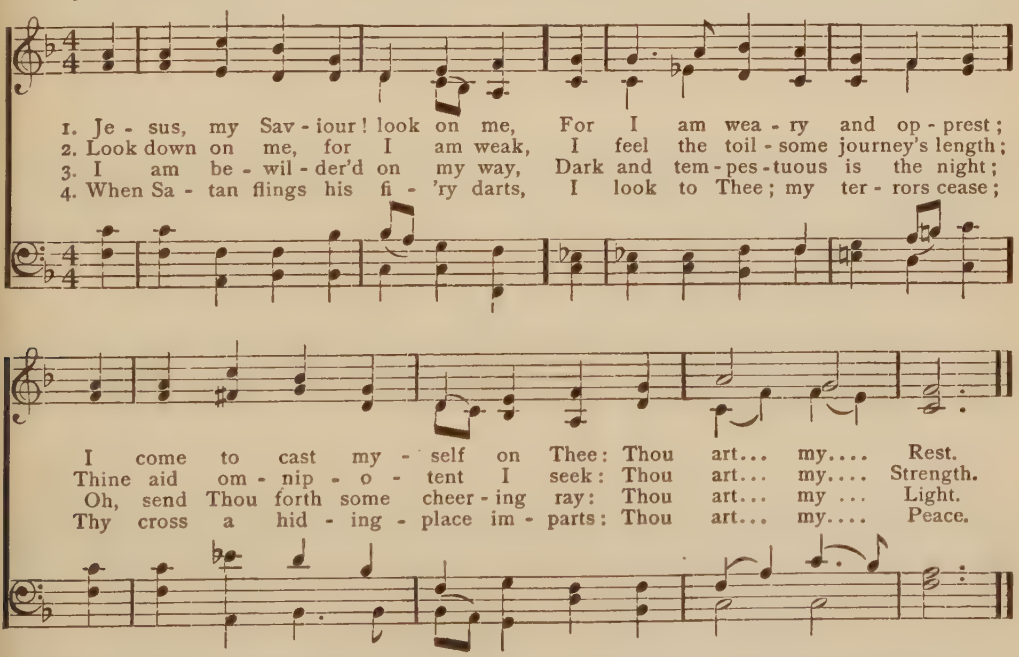
5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me—Even me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—Even me.

7 Pass me not, but, pardon bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me—Even me.

No. 325. *Jesus, My Saviour! Look on Me*

J. R. Macduff SARUM. 8s & 4. *J. Hullah*

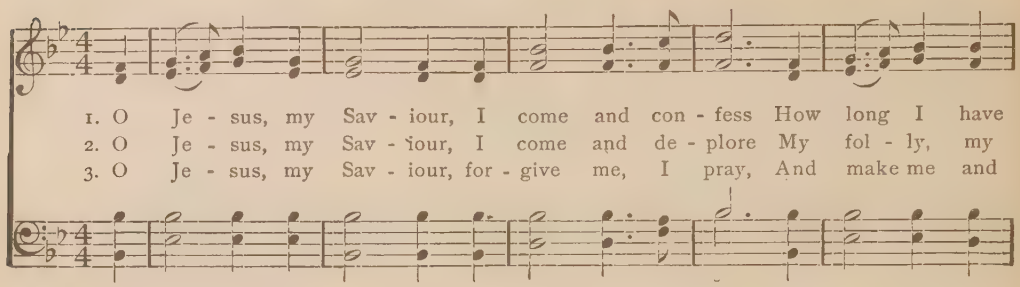

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour! look on me, For I am wea - ry and op - prest;
2. Look down on me, for I am weak, I feel the toil - some journey's length;
3. I am be - wil - der'd on my way, Dark and tem - pes - tuous is the night;
4. When Sa - tan flings his fi - 'ry darts, I look to Thee; my ter - rors cease;
I come to cast my - self on Thee: Thou art... my.... Rest.
Thine aid om - nip - o - tent I seek: Thou art... my.... Strength.
Oh, send Thou forth some cheer - ing ray: Thou art... my ... Light.
Thy cross a hid - ing - place im - parts: Thou art... my.... Peace.

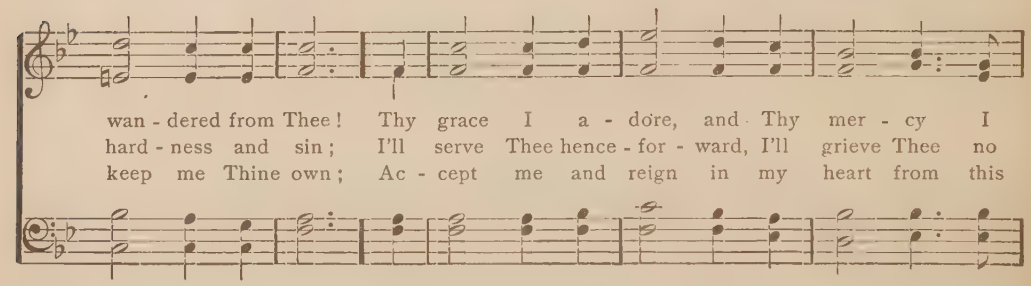
5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

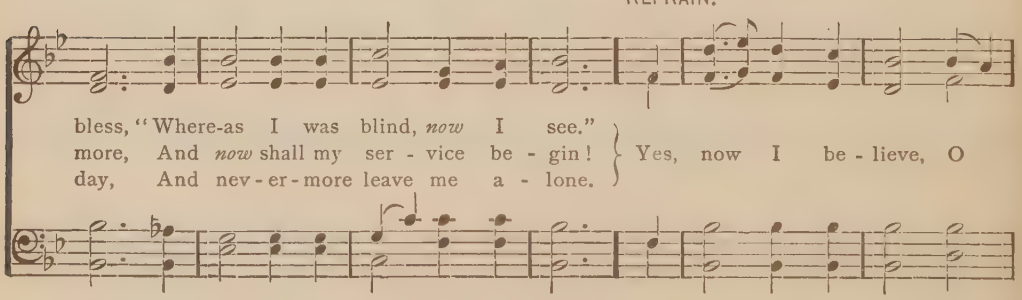
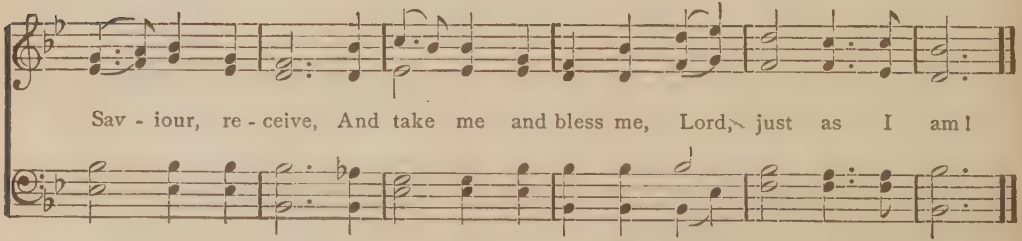
No. 326. *O Jesus, My Saviour, I Come and Confess*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1894 KEITH. 6.5.8.5.11.8. with Chorus. *S. M. Bixby*


1. O Je - sus, my Sav - iour, I come and con - fess How long I have
2. O Je - sus, my Sav - iour, I come and de - plore My fol - ly, my
3. O Je - sus, my Sav - iour, for - give me, I pray, And make me and


wan - dered from Thee! Thy grace I a - dore, and Thy mer - cy I
hard - ness and sin; I'll serve Thee hence - for - ward, I'll grieve Thee no
keep me Thine own; Ac - cept me and reign in my heart from this

REFRAIN.



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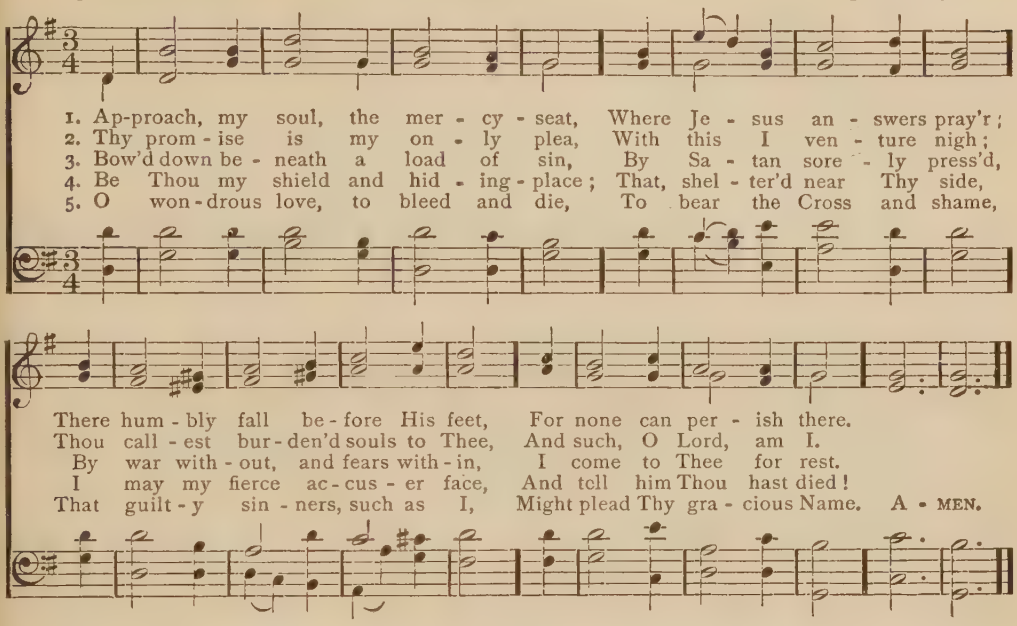
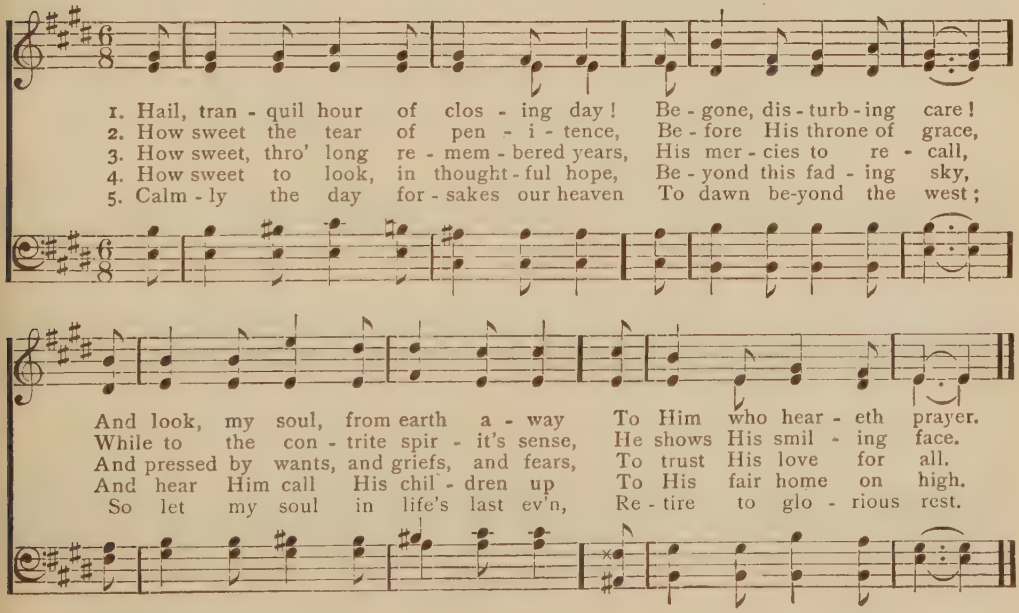
No. 327. *Approach, My Soul, the Mercy-seat*

John Newton SPOHR. C. M. *L. Spohr*, 1839


1. Ap-proach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r;
2. Thy prom - ise is my on - ly plea, With this I ven - ture nigh;
3. Bow'd down be - neath a load of sin, By Sa - tan sore - ly press'd,
4. Be Thou my shield and hid - ing - place; That, shel - ter'd near Thy side,
5. O won - drous love, to bleed and die, To bear the Cross and shame,
There hum - bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there.
Thou call - est bur - den'd souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
By war with - out, and fears with - in, I come to Thee for rest.
I may my fierce ac - cus - er face, And tell him Thou hast died!
That guilt - y sin - ners, such as I, Might plead Thy gra - cious Name. A - MEN.

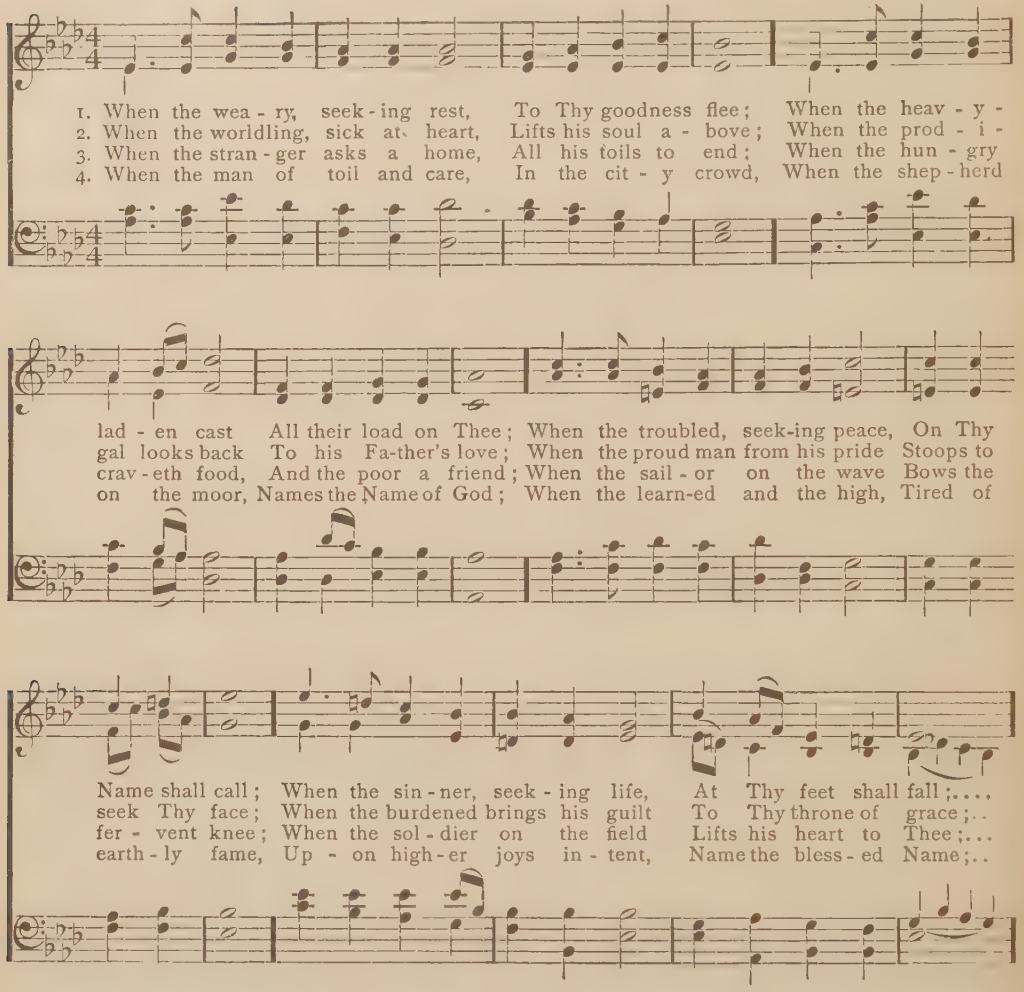
No. 328. *Hail, Tranquil Hour of Closing Day*

L. Bacon SERENITY. C. M. *Wm. V. Wallace*, 1856


1. Hail, tran - quil hour of clos - ing day! Be - gone, dis - turb - ing care!
2. How sweet the tear of pen - i - tence, Be - fore His throne of grace,
3. How sweet, thro' long re - mem - bered years, His mer - cies to re - call,
4. How sweet to look, in thought - ful hope, Be - yond this fad - ing sky,
5. Calm - ly the day for - sakes our heaven To dawn be-yond the west;
And look, my soul, from earth a - way To Him who hear - eth prayer.
While to the con - trite spir - it's sense, He shows His smil - ing face.
And pressed by wants, and griefs, and fears, To trust His love for all.
And hear Him call His chil - dren up To His fair home on high.
So let my soul in life's last ev'n, Re - tire to glo - rious rest.

No. 329. *When the Weary, Seeking Rest*

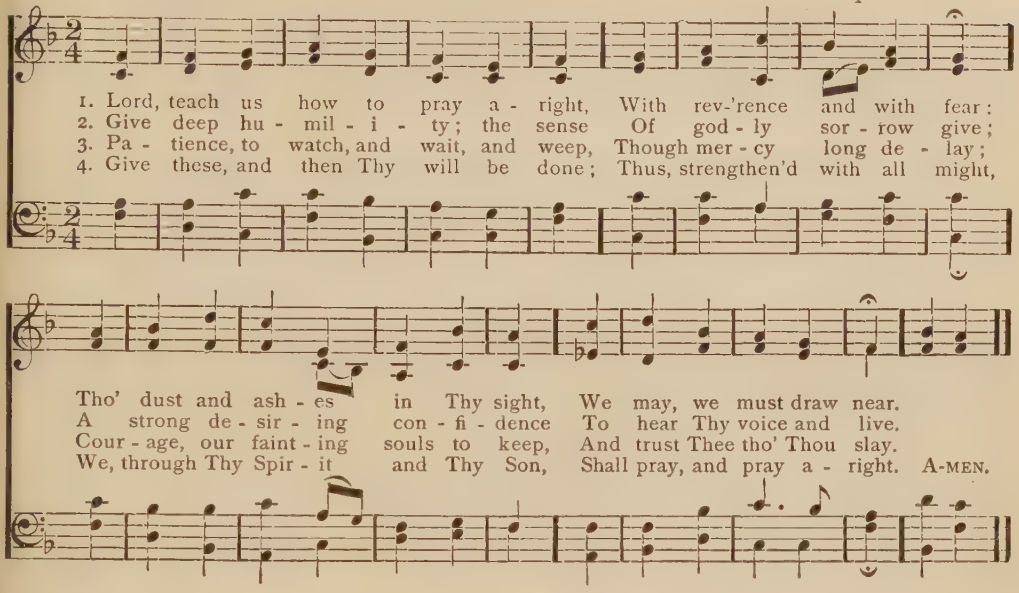
Horatius Bonar SEEKING. P. M. *W. H. Callcott. Refrain from Mendelssohn.*


1. When the wea - ry, seek - ing rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heav - y -
2. When the worldling, sick at heart, Lifts his soul a - bove; When the prod - i -
3. When the stran - ger asks a home, All his toils to end; When the hun - gry
4. When the man of toil and care, In the cit - y crowd, When the shep - herd
lad - en cast All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seek-ing peace, On Thy
gal looks back To his Fa-ther's love; When the proud man from his pride Stoops to
crav - eth food, And the poor a friend; When the sail - or on the wave Bows the
on the moor, Names the Name of God; When the learn-ed and the high, Tired of
Name shall call; When the sin - ner, seek - ing life, At Thy feet shall fall;....
seek Thy face; When the burdened brings his guilt To Thy throne of grace;..
fer - vent knee; When the sol - dier on the field Lifts his heart to Thee;...
earth - ly fame, Up - on high - er joys in - tent, Name the bless - ed Name;..
REFRAIN.
Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry, In heav'n, Thy dwell-ing - place on high.

PRAYER

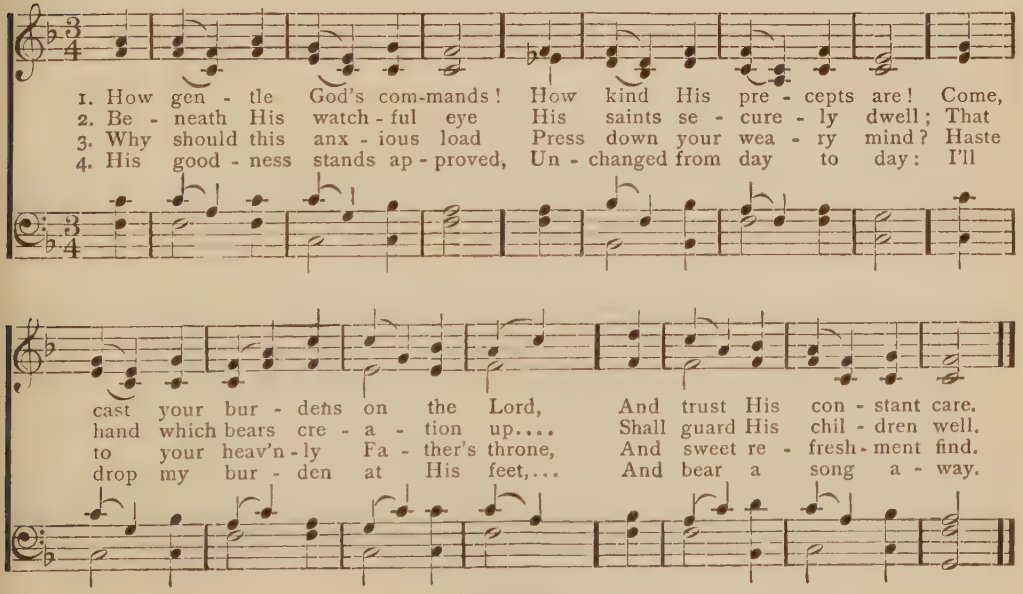
No. 330. *Lord, Teach Us How to Pray Aright*

James Montgomery ST. ELHELDREDA. C. M. *Bp. Turton*


1. Lord, teach us how to pray a - right, With rev-'rence and with fear:
2. Give deep hu - mil - i - ty; the sense Of god - ly sor - row give;
3. Pa - tience, to watch, and wait, and weep, Though mer - cy long de - lay;
4. Give these, and then Thy will be done; Thus, strengthen'd with all might,
Tho' dust and ash - es in Thy sight, We may, we must draw near.
A strong de - sir - ing con - fi - dence To hear Thy voice and live.
Cour - age, our faint - ing souls to keep, And trust Thee tho' Thou slay.
We, through Thy Spir - it and Thy Son, Shall pray, and pray a - right. A-MEN.

No. 331. *How Gentle God's Commands*

Phillip Doddridge DENNIS. S. M. *H. G. Nägeli*


1. How gen - tle God's com-mands! How kind His pre - cepts are! Come,
2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell; That
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind? Haste
4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un - changed from day to day: I'll
cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
hand which bears cre - a - tion up.... Shall guard His chil - dren well.
to your heav'n - ly Fa - ther's throne, And sweet re - fresh - ment find.
drop my bur - den at His feet,... And bear a song a - way.

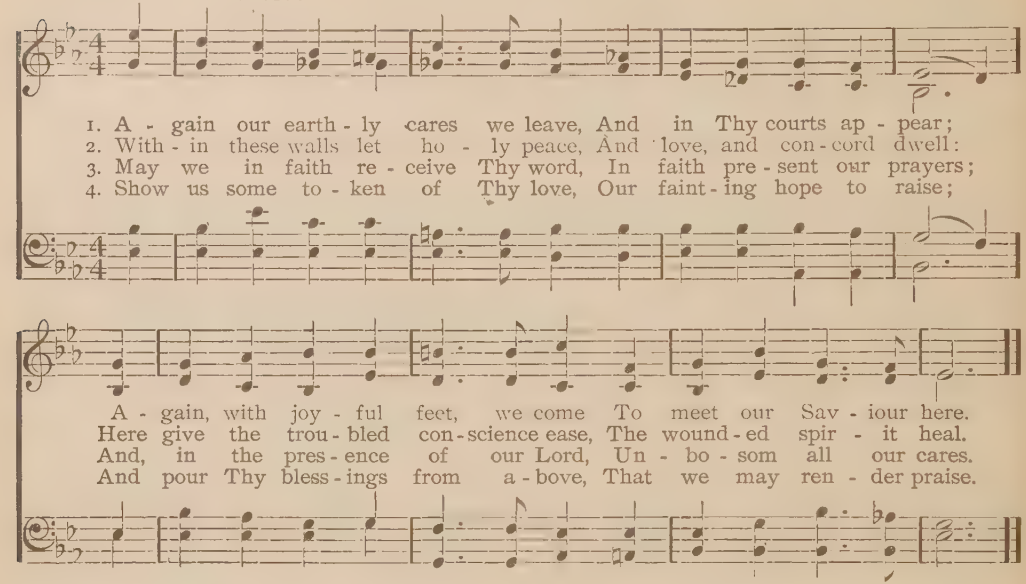
PRAYER

No. 332. *Again Our Earthly Cares We Leave*

John Newton, stanza 1,
Thomas Cotterill, 2, 3, 4

HOLY TRINITY. C.M.

J. Barnby

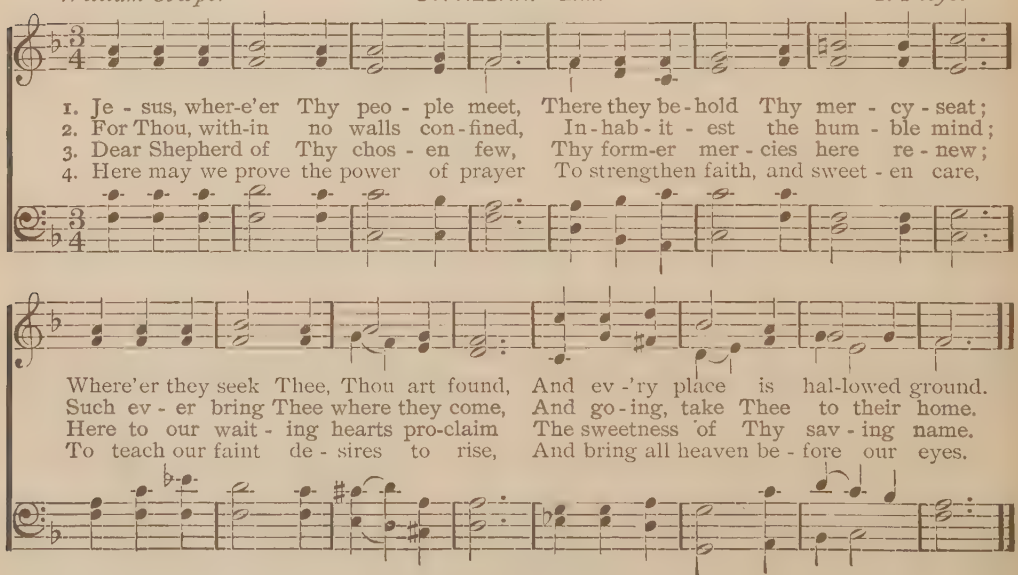

1. A - gain our earth - ly cares we leave, And in Thy courts ap - pear;
2. With - in these walls let ho - ly peace, And love, and con - cord dwell:
3. May we in faith re - ceive Thy word, In faith pre - sent our prayers;
4. Show us some to - ken of Thy love, Our faint - ing hope to raise;
A - gain, with joy - ful feet, we come To meet our Sav - iour here.
Here give the trou - bled con - science ease, The wound - ed spir - it heal.
And, in the pres - ence of our Lord, Un - bo - som all our cares.
And pour Thy bless - ings from a - bove, That we may ren - der praise.

No. 333. *Jesus, Where'er Thy People Meet*

William Cowper

ST. ALBAN. L.M.

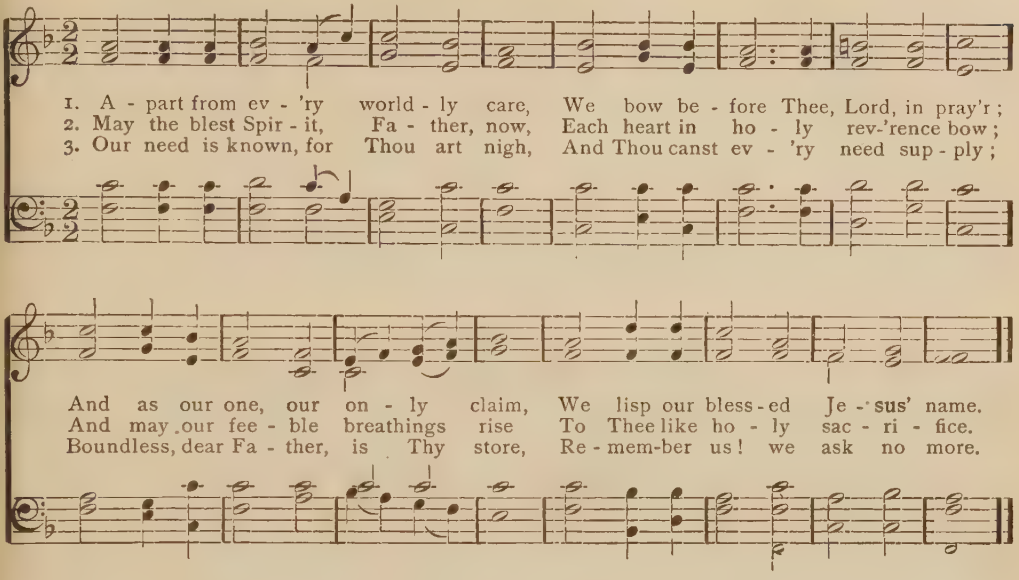
I. Pleyel


1. Je - sus, wher-e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy - seat;
2. For Thou, with-in no walls con - fined, In - hab - it - est the hum - ble mind;
3. Dear Shepherd of Thy chos - en few, Thy form-er mer - cies here re - new;
4. Here may we prove the power of prayer To strengthen faith, and sweet - en care,
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev -'ry place is hal-lowed ground.
Such ev - er bring Thee where they come, And go - ing, take Thee to their home.
Here to our wait - ing hearts pro-claim The sweetness of Thy sav - ing name.
To teach our faint de - sires to rise, And bring all heaven be - fore our eyes.

PRAYER

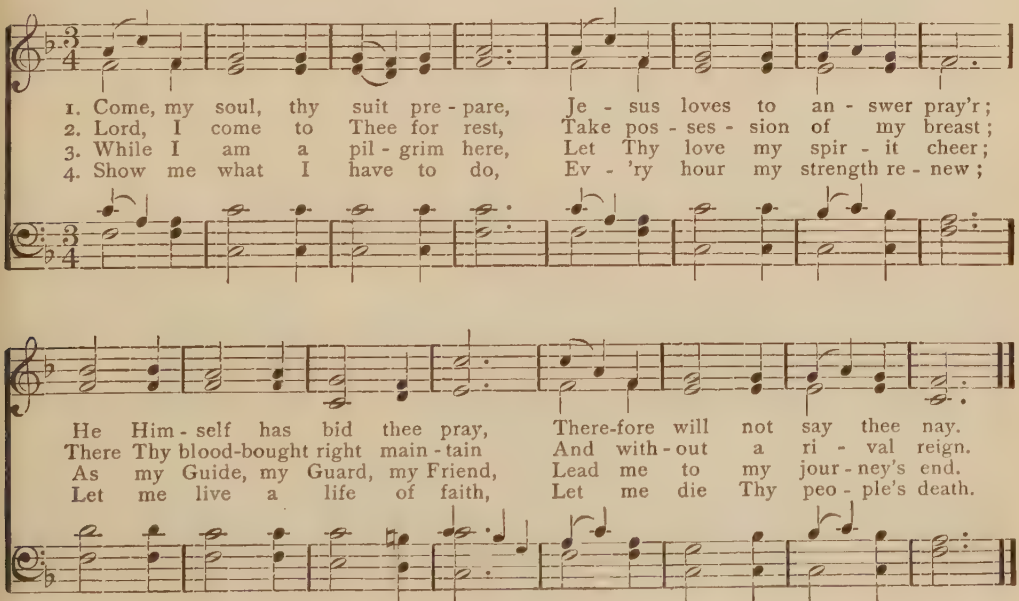
No. 334. *Apart from Every Worldly Care*

Albert Midlane — FEDERAL STREET. L. M. — *H. K. Oliver*


1. A - part from ev - 'ry world - ly care, We bow be - fore Thee, Lord, in pray'r;
2. May the blest Spir - it, Fa - ther, now, Each heart in ho - ly rev-'rence bow;
3. Our need is known, for Thou art nigh, And Thou canst ev - 'ry need sup - ply;
And as our one, our on - ly claim, We lisp our bless - ed Je - sus' name.
And may our fee - ble breathings rise To Thee like ho - ly sac - ri - fice.
Boundless, dear Fa - ther, is Thy store, Re - mem-ber us! we ask no more.

No. 335. *Come, My Soul, Thy Suit Prepare*

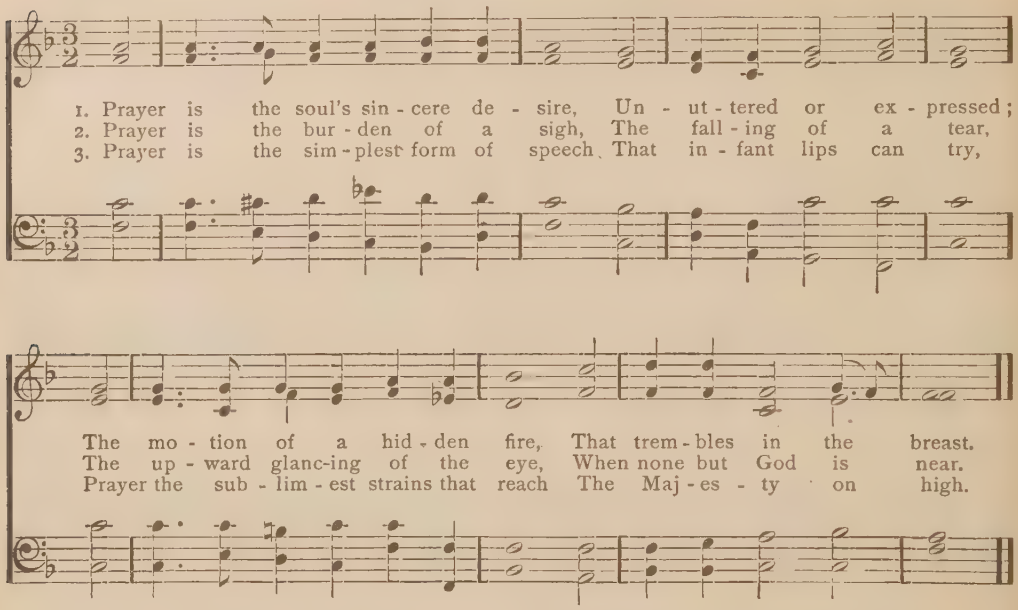
John Newton — ALETTA. 7s. — *Wm. B. Bradbury*


1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer pray'r;
2. Lord, I come to Thee for rest, Take pos - ses - sion of my breast;
3. While I am a pil - grim here, Let Thy love my spir - it cheer;
4. Show me what I have to do, Ev - 'ry hour my strength re - new;
He Him - self has bid thee pray, There-fore will not say thee nay.
There Thy blood-bought right main - tain And with - out a ri - val reign.
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend, Lead me to my jour - ney's end.
Let me live a life of faith, Let me die Thy peo - ple's death.

PRAYER

No. 336. *Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire*

James Montgomery, 1819 BYEFIELD. C. M. *Thos. Hastings*, 1843. *Har. H. P. Main*, 1881


1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Un - ut - tered or ex - pressed;
2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear,
3. Prayer is the sim - plest form of speech, That in - fant lips can try,
The mo - tion of a hid - den fire, That trem - bles in the breast.
The up - ward glanc - ing of the eye, When none but God is near.
Prayer the sub - lim - est strains that reach The Maj - es - ty on high.

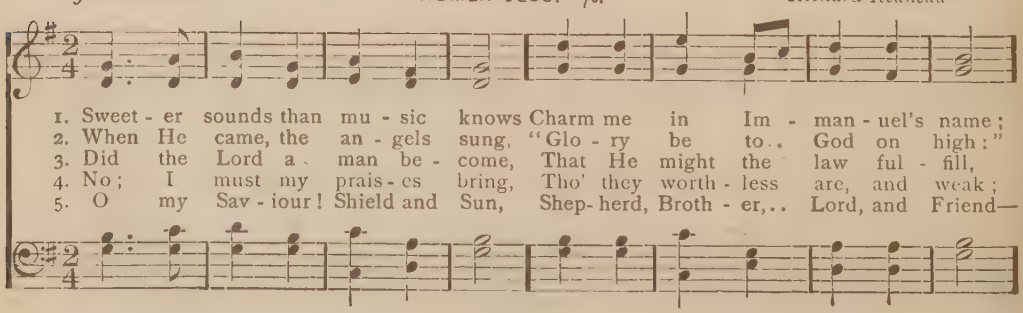
4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters Heaven with prayer.

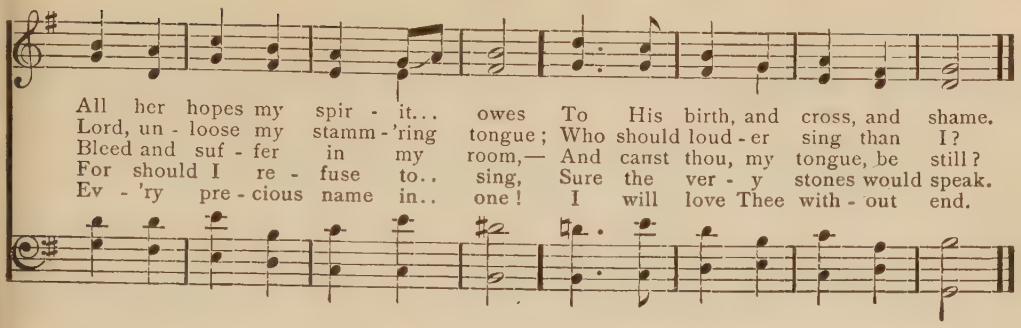
6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

No. 337. *Sweeter Sounds than Music Knows*

John Newton NOMEN JESU. 7s. *Richard Redhead*

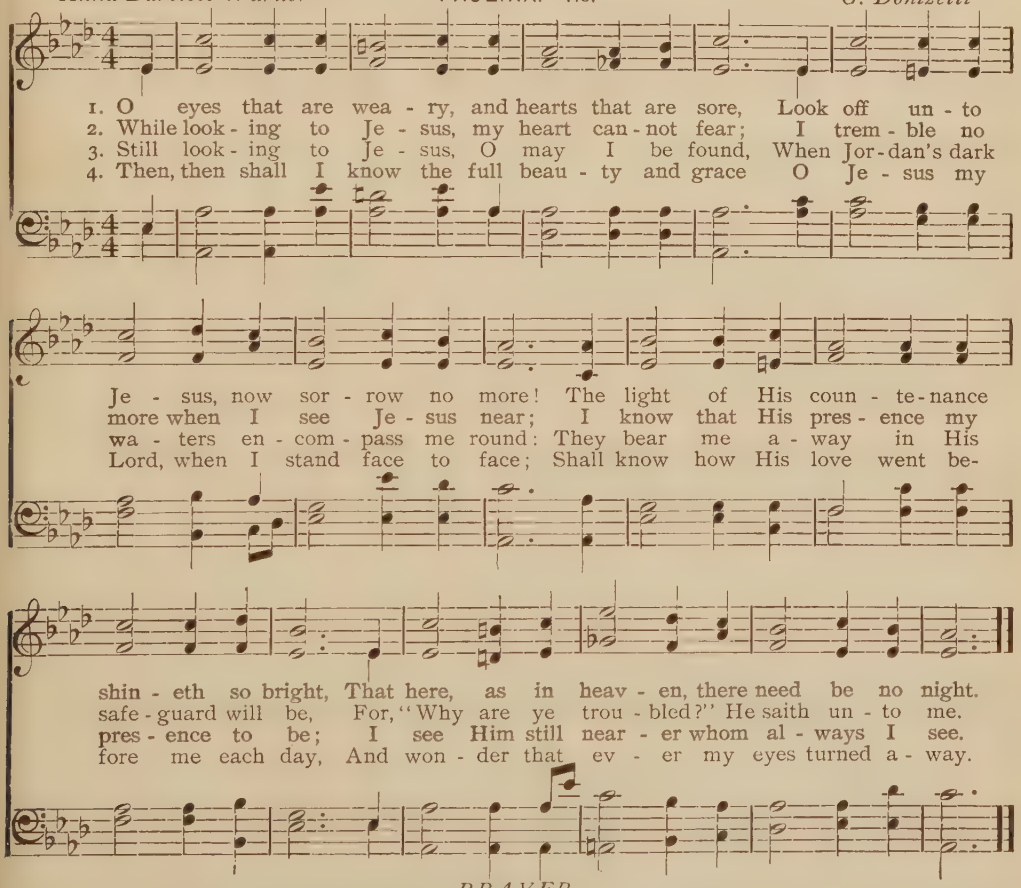

1. Sweet - er sounds than mu - sic knows Charm me in Im - man - uel's name;
2. When He came, the an - gels sung, "Glo - ry be to God on high:"
3. Did the Lord a - man be - come, That He might the law ful - fill,
4. No; I must my prais - es bring, Tho' they worth - less are, and weak;
5. O my Sav - iour! Shield and Sun, Shep - herd, Broth - er, Lord, and Friend—

PRAYER


All her hopes my spir - it... owes To His birth, and cross, and shame.
Lord, un - loose my stamm - 'ring tongue; Who should loud - er sing than I?
Bleed and suf - fer in my room,— And canst thou, my tongue, be still?
For should I re - fuse to.. sing, Sure the ver - y stones would speak.
Ev - 'ry pre - cious name in.. one! I will love Thee with - out end.

No. 338. *O Eyes that Are Weary*

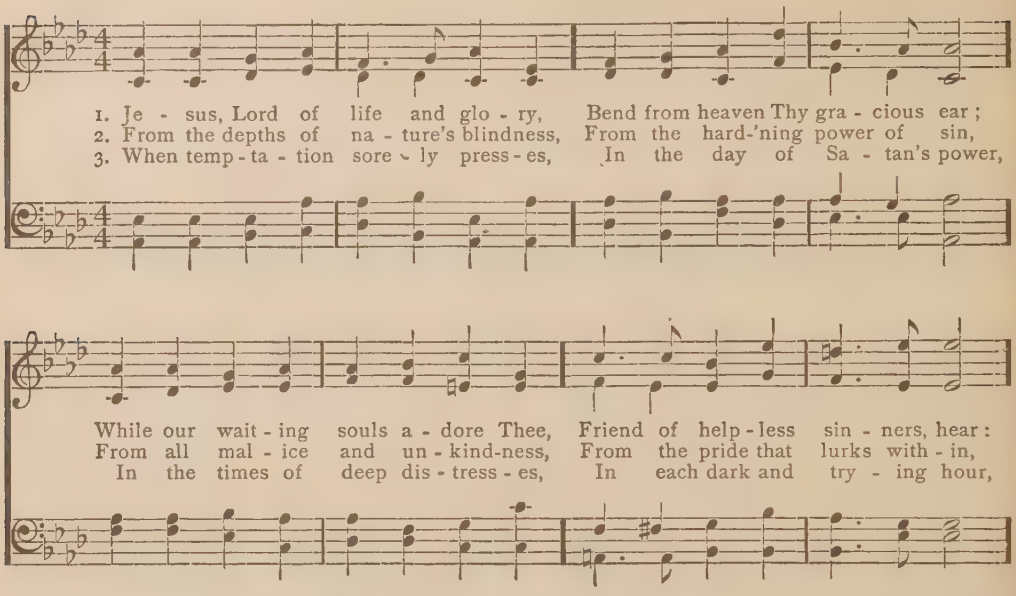
Anna Bartlett Warner PAULINA. IIs. *G. Donizetti*


1. O eyes that are wea - ry, and hearts that are sore, Look off un - to
2. While look - ing to Je - sus, my heart can - not fear; I trem - ble no
3. Still look - ing to Je - sus, O may I be found, When Jor - dan's dark
4. Then, then shall I know the full beau - ty and grace O Je - sus my
Je - sus, now sor - row no more! The light of His coun - te - nance
more when I see Je - sus near; I know that His pres - ence my
wa - ters en - com - pass me round: They bear me a - way in His
Lord, when I stand face to face; Shall know how His love went be-
shin - eth so bright, That here, as in heav - en, there need be no night.
safe - guard will be, For, "Why are ye trou - bled?" He saith un - to me.
pres - ence to be; I see Him still near - er whom al - ways I see.
fore me each day, And won - der that ev - er my eyes turned a - way.

PRAYER

No. 339. *Jesus, Lord of Life and Glory*

James J. Cummins — ST. RAPHAEL. 8.7.8.7.4.7. — *E. J. Hopkins*

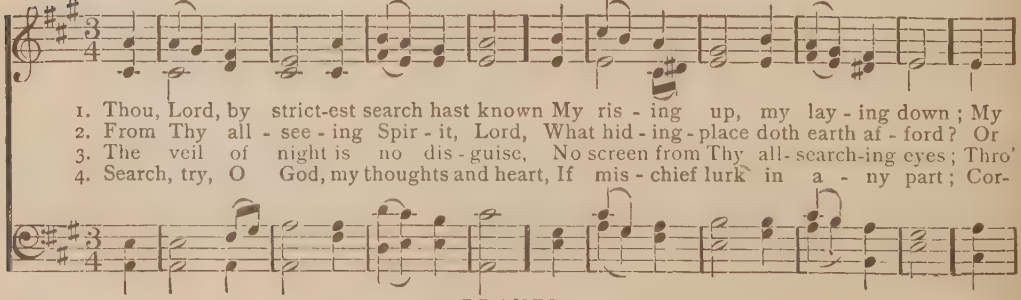

1. Je - sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heaven Thy gra - cious ear;
2. From the depths of na - ture's blindness, From the hard-'ning power of sin,
3. When temp - ta - tion sore - ly press - es, In the day of Sa - tan's power,
While our wait - ing souls a - dore Thee, Friend of help - less sin - ners, hear:
From all mal - ice and un - kind-ness, From the pride that lurks with - in,
In the times of deep dis - tress - es, In each dark and try - ing hour,
By Thy mer - cy, Oh, de - liv - er us, good Lord.
By Thy mer - cy, Oh, de - liv - er us, good Lord.
By Thy mer - cy, Oh, de - liv - er us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

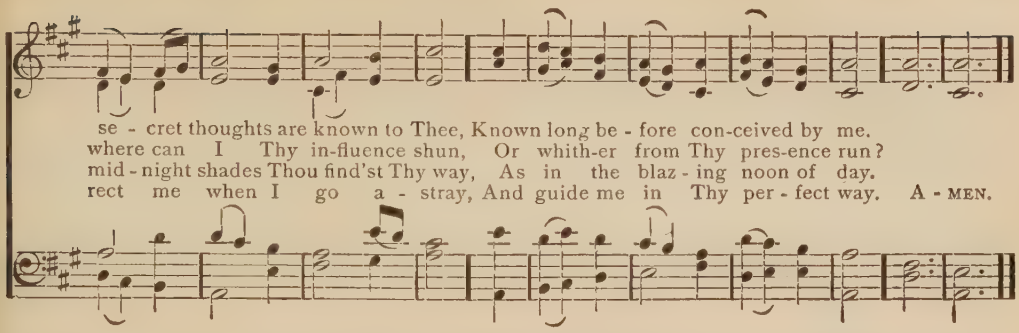
5 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment-day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Hope and Stay;
By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

No. 340. *Thou, Lord, by Strictest Search Hast Known*

Metrical Psalm — WAREHAM. L. M. — *Wm. Knapp*, 1760

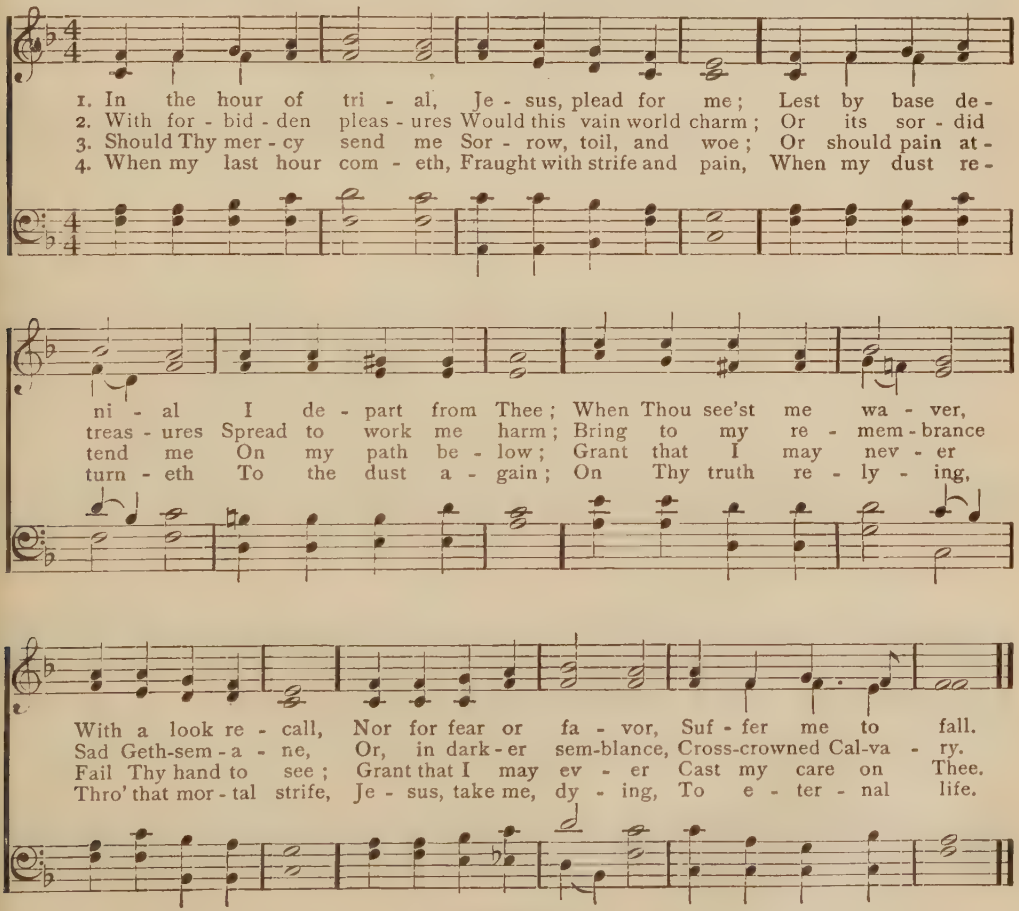

1. Thou, Lord, by strict-est search hast known My ris - ing up, my lay - ing down; My
2. From Thy all - see - ing Spir - it, Lord, What hid - ing - place doth earth af - ford? Or
3. The veil of night is no dis - guise, No screen from Thy all-search-ing eyes; Thro'
4. Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart, If mis - chief lurk in a - ny part; Cor-

PRAYER


se - cret thoughts are known to Thee, Known long be - fore con-ceived by me.
where can I Thy in-fluence shun, Or whith-er from Thy pres-ence run?
mid - night shades Thou find'st Thy way, As in the blaz - ing noon of day.
rect me when I go a - stray, And guide me in Thy per - fect way. A - MEN.

No. 341. *In the Hour of Trial*

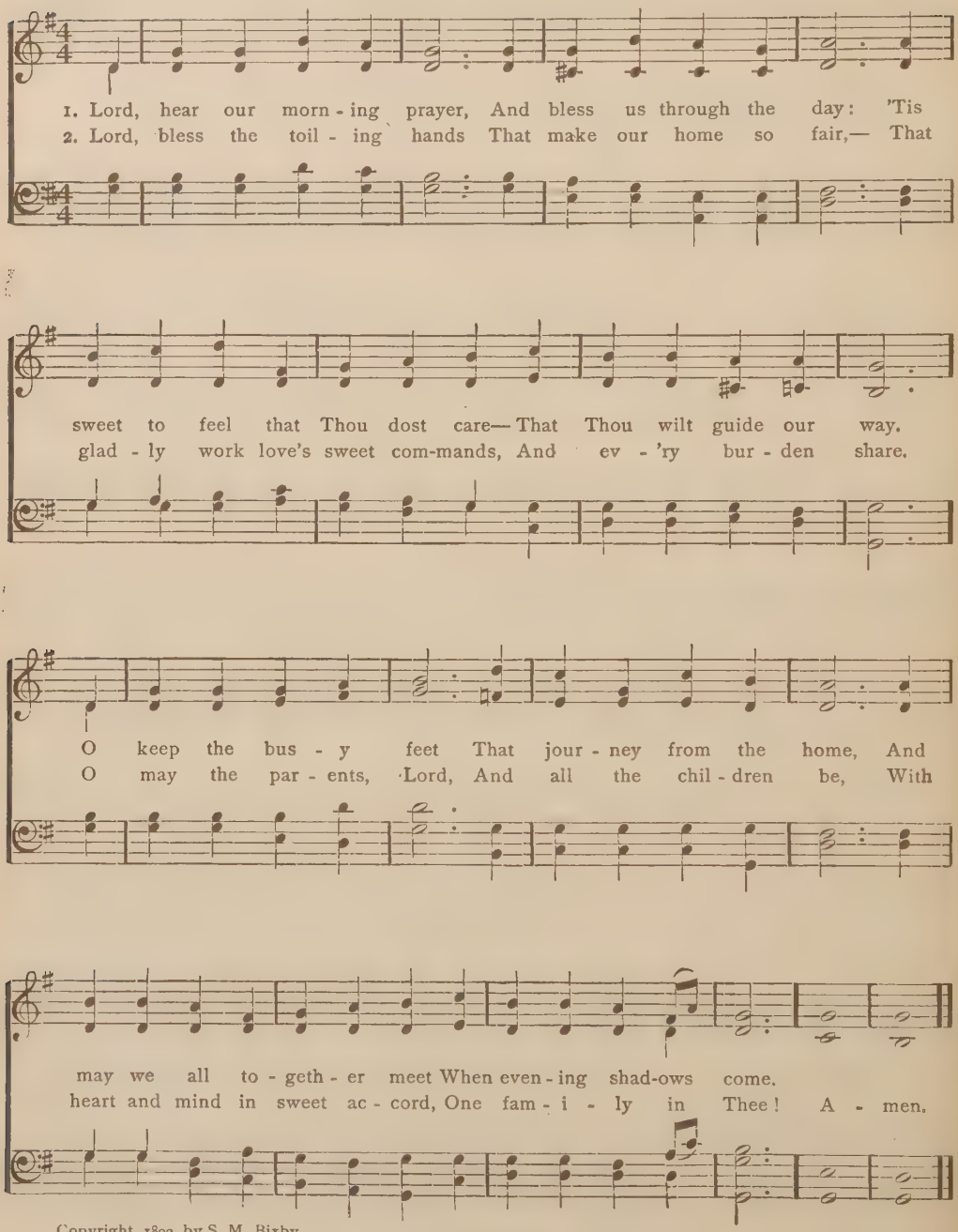
James Montgomery MAGDALENE. 6s & 5s D. *J. B. Dykes*


1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me; Lest by base de-
2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor - did
3. Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe; Or should pain at-
4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re-
ni - al I de - part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wa - ver,
treas - ures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - mem - brance
tend me On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er
turn - eth To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing,
With a look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
Sad Geth-sem - a - ne, Or, in dark - er sem-blance, Cross-crowned Cal-va - ry.
Fail Thy hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
Thro' that mor - tal strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

PRAYER

No. 342. *Lord, Hear Our Morning Prayer*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891 MORNING PRAYER. S. M. D. *S. M. Bixby*


1. Lord, hear our morn - ing prayer, And bless us through the day: 'Tis
2. Lord, bless the toil - ing hands That make our home so fair,— That
sweet to feel that Thou dost care— That Thou wilt guide our way.
glad - ly work love's sweet com-mands, And ev - 'ry bur - den share.
O keep the bus - y feet That jour - ney from the home, And
O may the par - ents, Lord, And all the chil - dren be, With
may we all to - geth - er meet When even - ing shad-ows come.
heart and mind in sweet ac - cord, One fam - i - ly in Thee! A - men.

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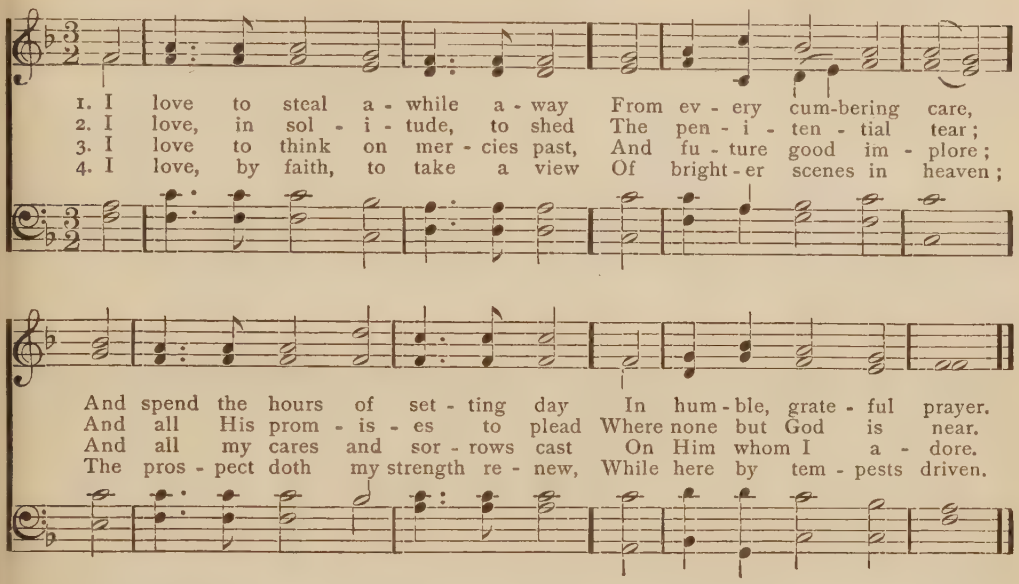
PRAYER

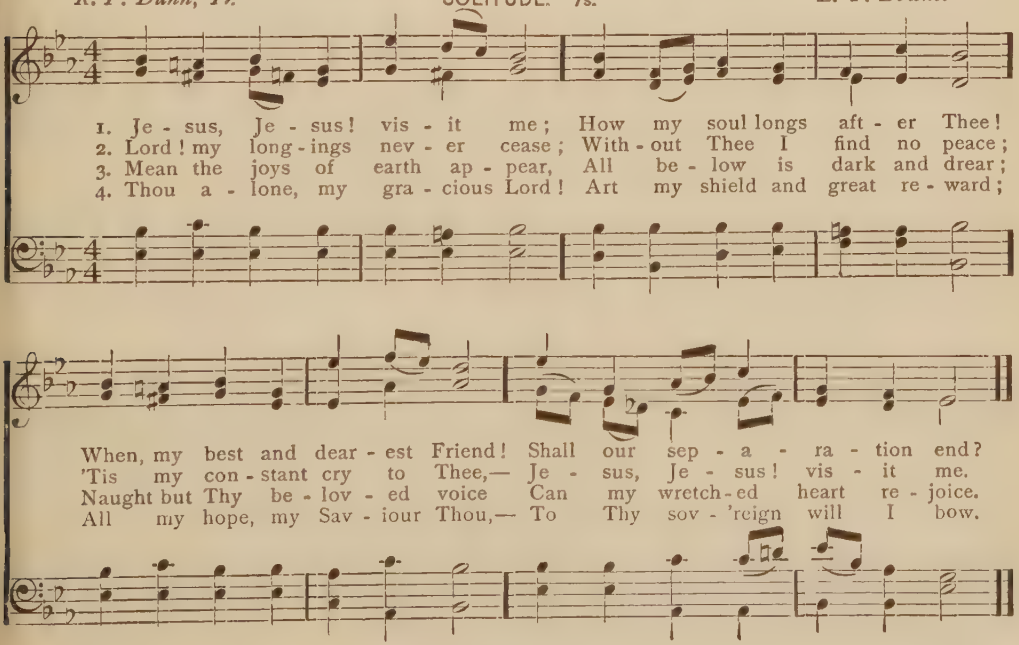
No. 343. *I Love to Steal Awhile Away*

Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown — ARLINGTON. C. M. — *Thomas A. Arne, 1762*


1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cum-bering care,
2. I love, in sol - i - tude, to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear;
3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore;
4. I love, by faith, to take a view Of bright - er scenes in heaven;
And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.
And all His prom - is - es to plead Where none but God is near.
And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.
The pros - pect doth my strength re - new, While here by tem - pests driven.

No. 344. *Jesus, Jesus! Visit Me*

R. P. Dunn, Tr. — SOLITUDE. 7s. — *L. T. Downes*

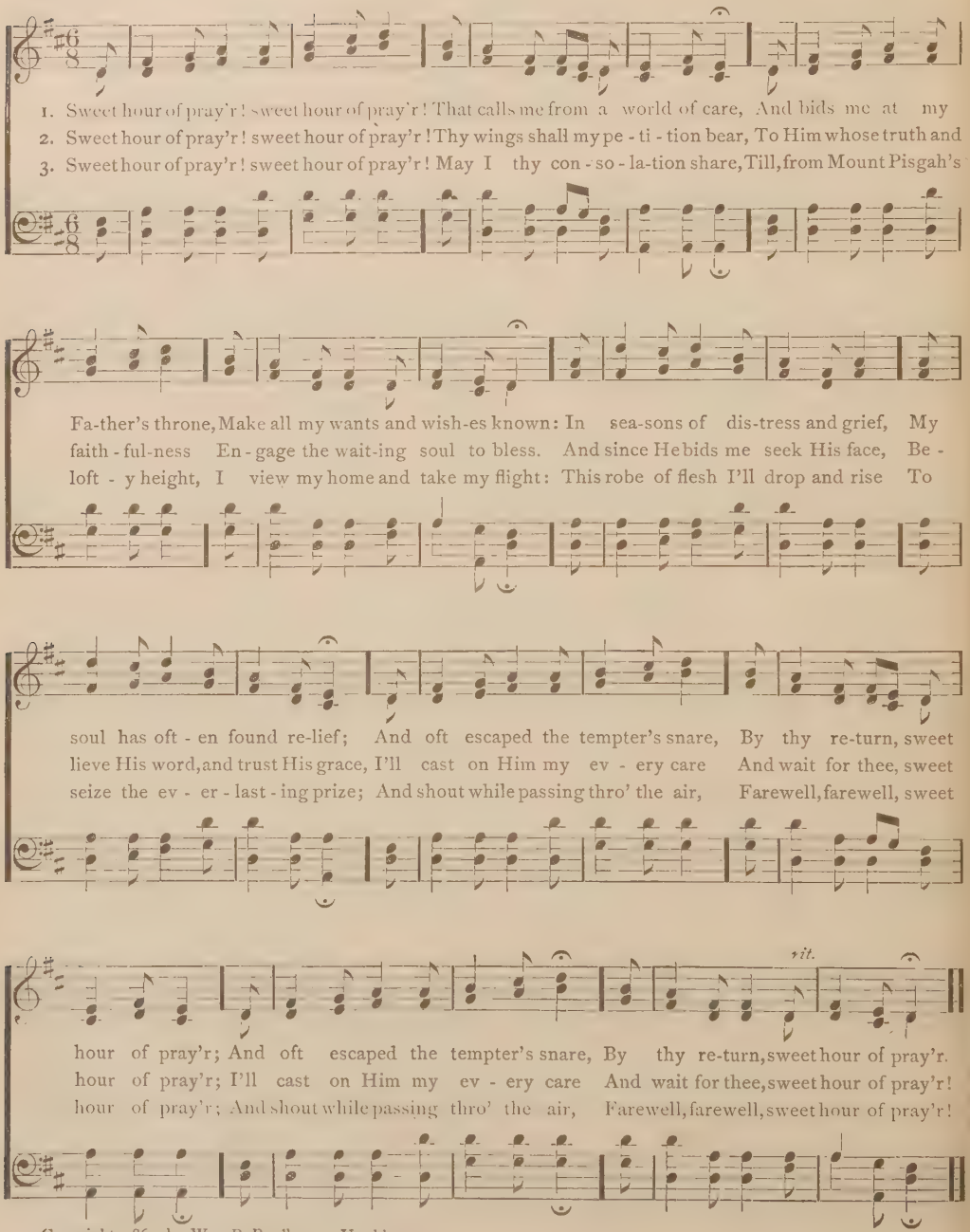

1. Je - sus, Je - sus! vis - it me; How my soul longs aft - er Thee!
2. Lord! my long - ings nev - er cease; With - out Thee I find no peace;
3. Mean the joys of earth ap - pear, All be - low is dark and drear;
4. Thou a - lone, my gra - cious Lord! Art my shield and great re - ward;
When, my best and dear - est Friend! Shall our sep - a - ra - tion end?
'Tis my con - stant cry to Thee,— Je - sus, Je - sus! vis - it me.
Naught but Thy be - lov - ed voice Can my wretch - ed heart re - joice.
All my hope, my Sav - iour Thou,— To Thy sov - 'reign will I bow.

PRAYER

No. 345.

Sweet Hour of Prayer

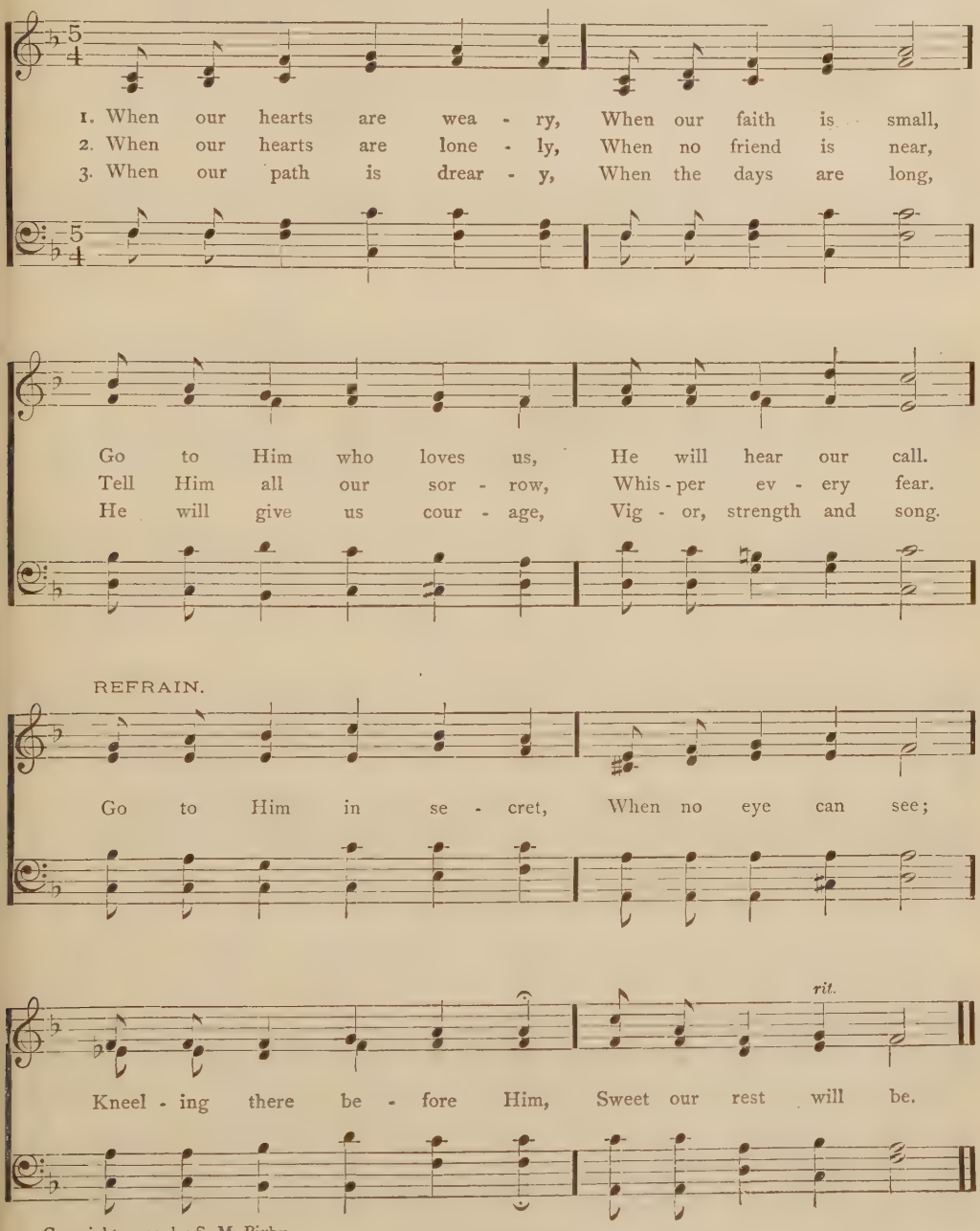
Rev. W. W. Walford WALFORD. L. M. D. *Wm. B. Bradbury*


1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear, To Him whose truth and
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con - so - la-tion share, Till, from Mount Pisgah's
Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known: In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My
faith - ful-ness En - gage the wait-ing soul to bless. And since He bids me seek His face, Be -
loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight: This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise To
soul has oft - en found re-lief; And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet
lieve His word, and trust His grace, I'll cast on Him my ev - ery care And wait for thee, sweet
seize the ev - er - last - ing prize; And shout while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet
rit.
hour of pray'r; And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
hour of pray'r; I'll cast on Him my ev - ery care And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!
hour of pray'r; And shout while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r!

Copyright, 1869, by Wm. B. Bradbury. Used by per.

No. 346. *When Our Hearts are Weary*

Fanny J. Crosby GREENE. 6s & 5s, with Chorus. *Hubert P. Main.*


1. When our hearts are wea - ry, When our faith is small,
2. When our hearts are lone - ly, When no friend is near,
3. When our path is drear - y, When the days are long,
Go to Him who loves us, He will hear our call.
Tell Him all our sor - row, Whis - per ev - ery fear.
He will give us cour - age, Vig - or, strength and song.
REFRAIN.
Go to Him in se - cret, When no eye can see;
rit.
Kneel - ing there be - fore Him, Sweet our rest will be.

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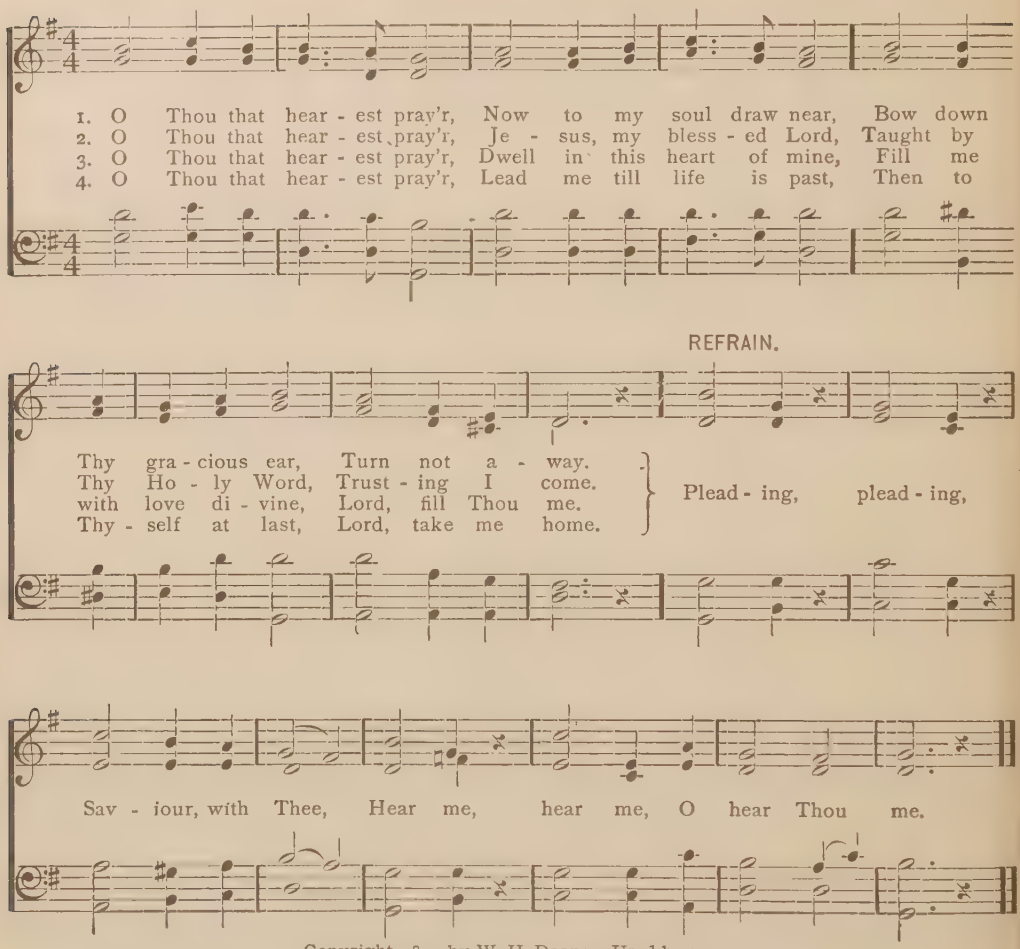
PRAYER

No. 347. *O, Thou that Hearest Prayer*

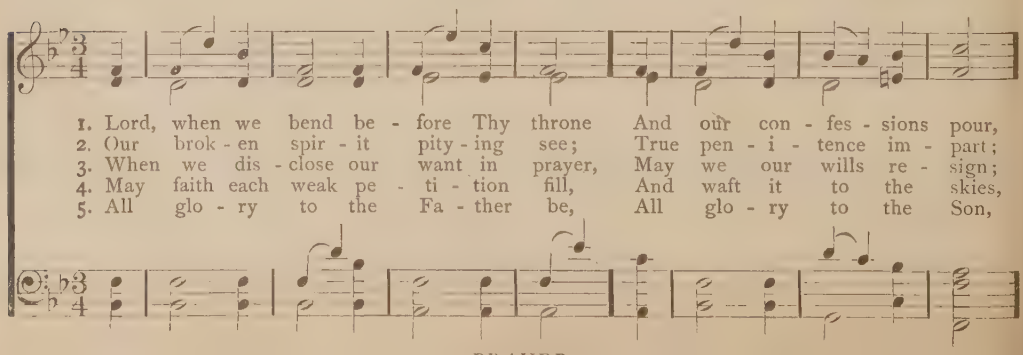
Fanny J. Crosby COVINGTON. 6s & 4s, with Chorus. *W. H. Doane*


1. O Thou that hear - est pray'r, Now to my soul draw near, Bow down
2. O Thou that hear - est pray'r, Je - sus, my bless - ed Lord, Taught by
3. O Thou that hear - est pray'r, Dwell in this heart of mine, Fill me
4. O Thou that hear - est pray'r, Lead me till life is past, Then to
REFRAIN.
Thy gra - cious ear, Turn not a - way.
Thy Ho - ly Word, Trust - ing I come.
with love di - vine, Lord, fill Thou me.
Thy - self at last, Lord, take me home.
Plead - ing, plead - ing,
Sav - iour, with Thee, Hear me, hear me, O hear Thou me.

Copyright, 1891, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

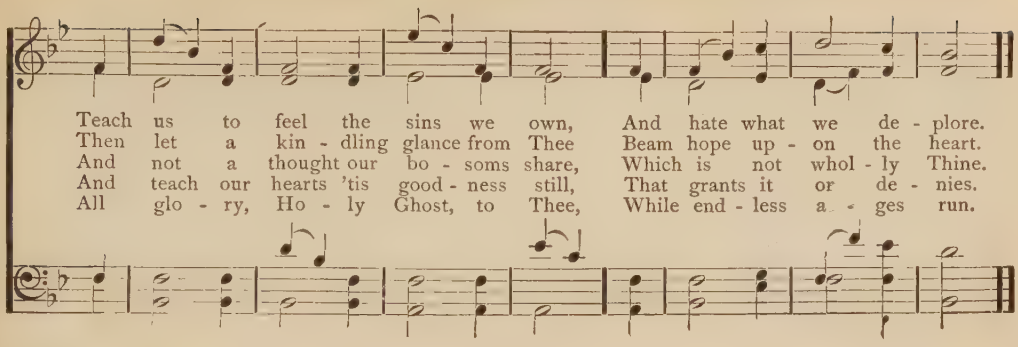
No. 348. *Lord, When We Bend Before Thy Throne*

Joseph D. Carlyle GEER. C. M. *H. W. Greatorex*


1. Lord, when we bend be - fore Thy throne And our con - fes - sions pour,
2. Our brok - en spir - it pity - ing see; True pen - i - tence im - part;
3. When we dis - close our want in prayer, May we our wills re - sign;
4. May faith each weak pe - ti - tion fill, And waft it to the skies,
5. All glo - ry to the Fa - ther be, All glo - ry to the Son,

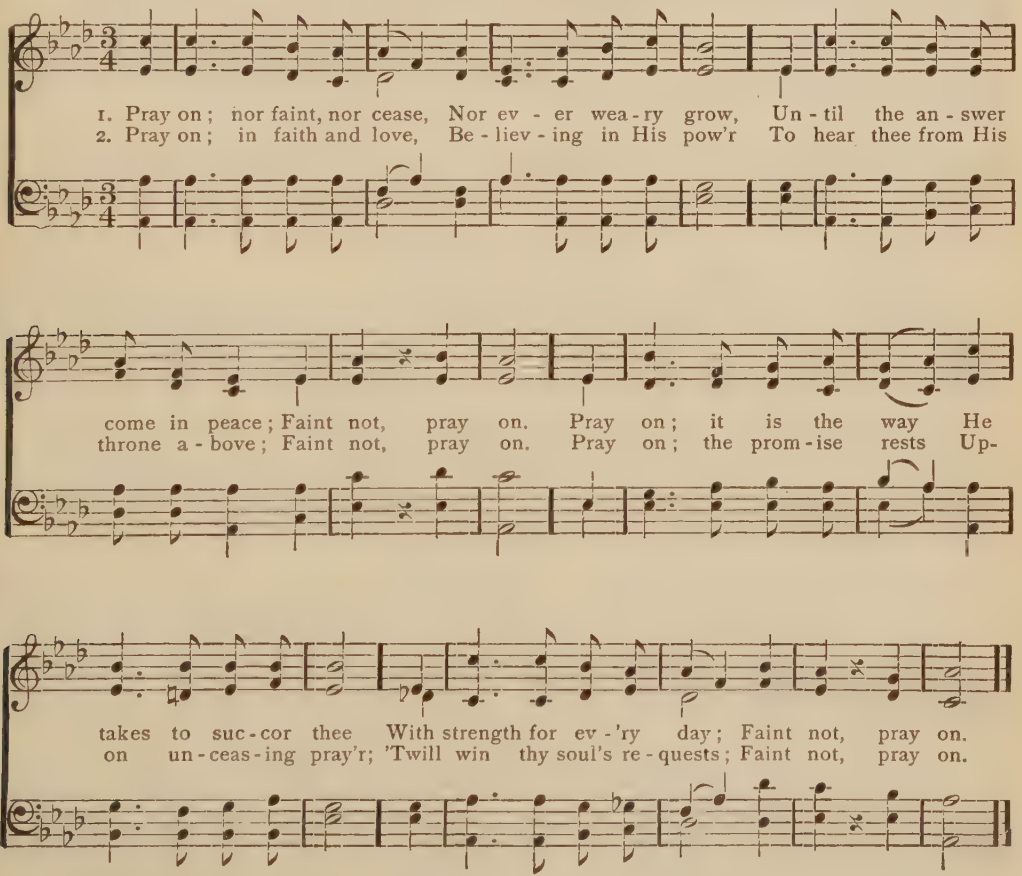
PRAYER

Lord, When We Bend Before Thy Throne


Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore.
Then let a kin - dling glance from Thee Beam hope up - on the heart.
And not a thought our bo - soms share, Which is not whol - ly Thine.
And teach our hearts 'tis good - ness still, That grants it or de - nies.
All glo - ry, Ho - ly Ghost, to Thee, While end - less a - ges run.

No. 349. *Pray on; Nor Faint, Nor Cease*

A. A. A. by per. PETITION. 6.6.8.6.4.6.6.4. *R. Menthal*


1. Pray on; nor faint, nor cease, Nor ev - er wea - ry grow, Un - til the an - swer
2. Pray on; in faith and love, Be - liev - ing in His pow'r To hear thee from His
come in peace; Faint not, pray on. Pray on; it is the way He
throne a - bove; Faint not, pray on. Pray on; the prom - ise rests Up-
takes to suc - cor thee With strength for ev - 'ry day; Faint not, pray on.
on un - ceas - ing pray'r; 'Twill win thy soul's re - quests; Faint not, pray on.

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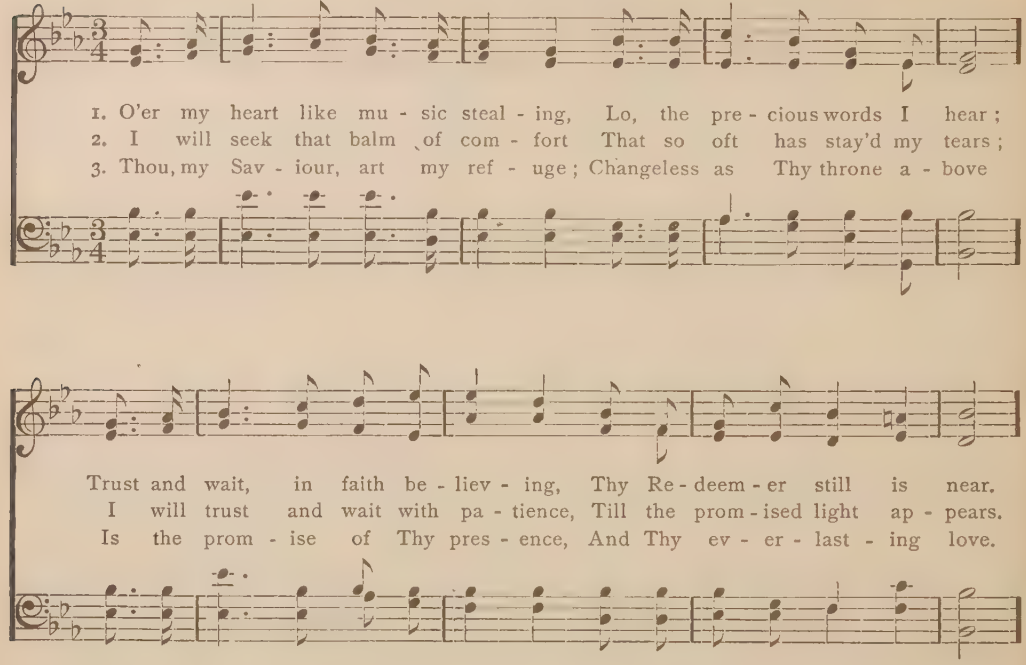
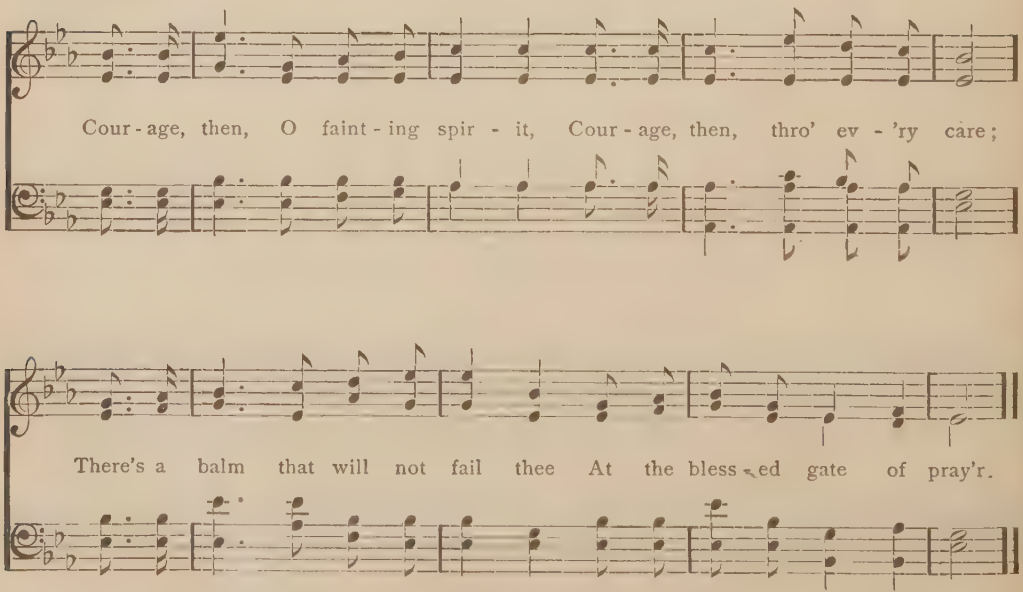
No. 350. *O'er My Heart Like Music Stealing*

Fanny J. Crosby BURKE. 8s & 7s, with Chorus. *Hubert P. Main*


1. O'er my heart like mu - sic steal - ing, Lo, the pre - cious words I hear;
2. I will seek that balm of com - fort That so oft has stay'd my tears;
3. Thou, my Sav - iour, art my ref - uge; Changeless as Thy throne a - bove
Trust and wait, in faith be - liev - ing, Thy Re - deem - er still is near.
I will trust and wait with pa - tience, Till the prom - ised light ap - pears.
Is the prom - ise of Thy pres - ence, And Thy ev - er - last - ing love.

REFRAIN.


Cour - age, then, O faint - ing spir - it, Cour - age, then, thro' ev - 'ry care;
There's a balm that will not fail thee At the bless - ed gate of pray'r.

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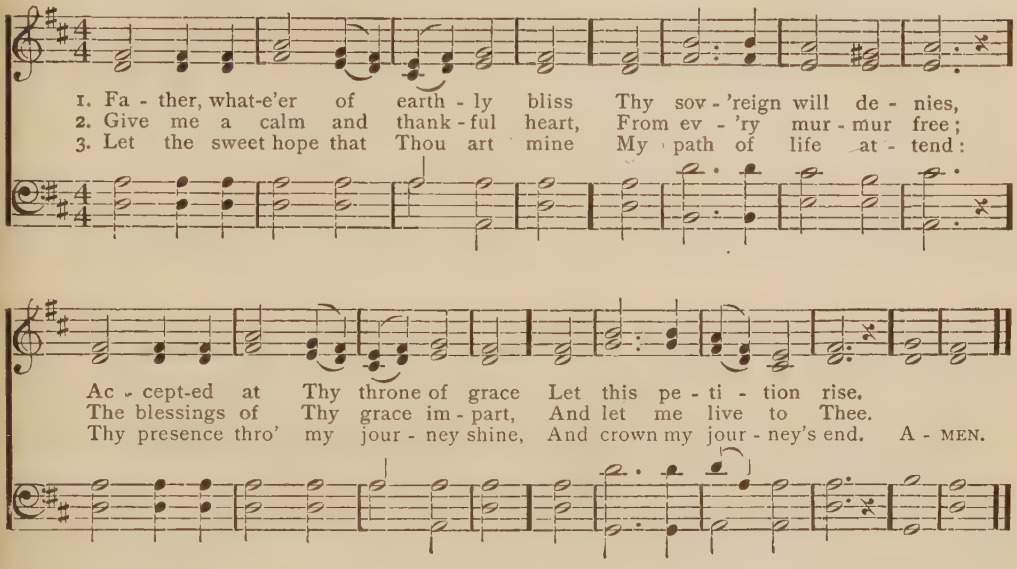
PRAYER

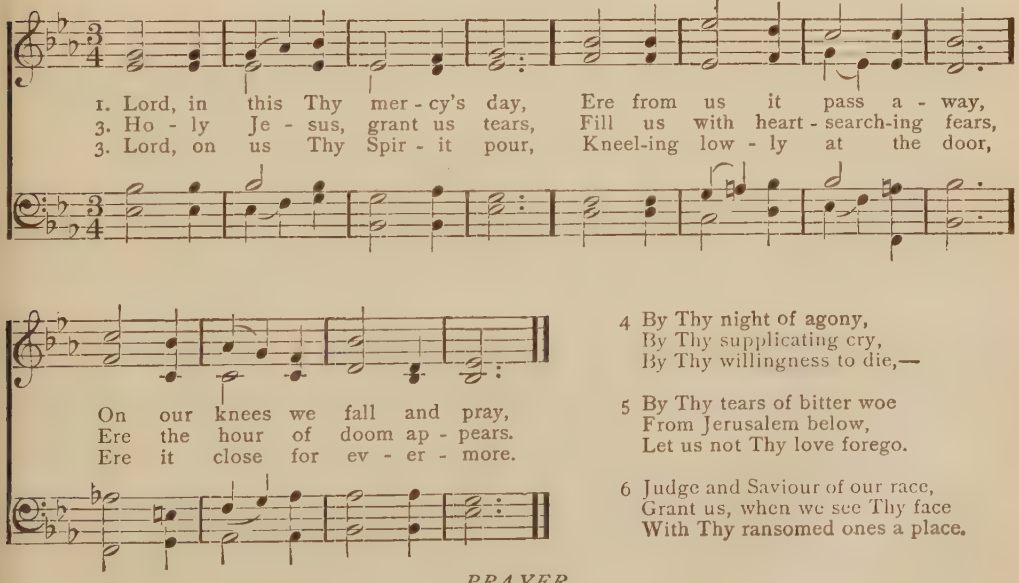
No. 351. *Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss*

Anne Steele — NAOMI. C. M. — *Dr. Lowell Mason*


1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm and thank - ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My path of life at - tend:
Ac - cept-ed at Thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise.
The blessings of Thy grace im - part, And let me live to Thee.
Thy presence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour - ney's end. A - MEN.

No. 352. *Lord, in This Thy Mercy's Day*

Isaac Williams — LACHRYMAE. 7s, Three lines. — *A. S. Sullivan*


1. Lord, in this Thy mer - cy's day, Ere from us it pass a - way,
3. Ho - ly Je - sus, grant us tears, Fill us with heart - search-ing fears,
3. Lord, on us Thy Spir - it pour, Kneel-ing low - ly at the door,
On our knees we fall and pray,
Ere the hour of doom ap - pears.
Ere it close for ev - er - more.

PRAYER

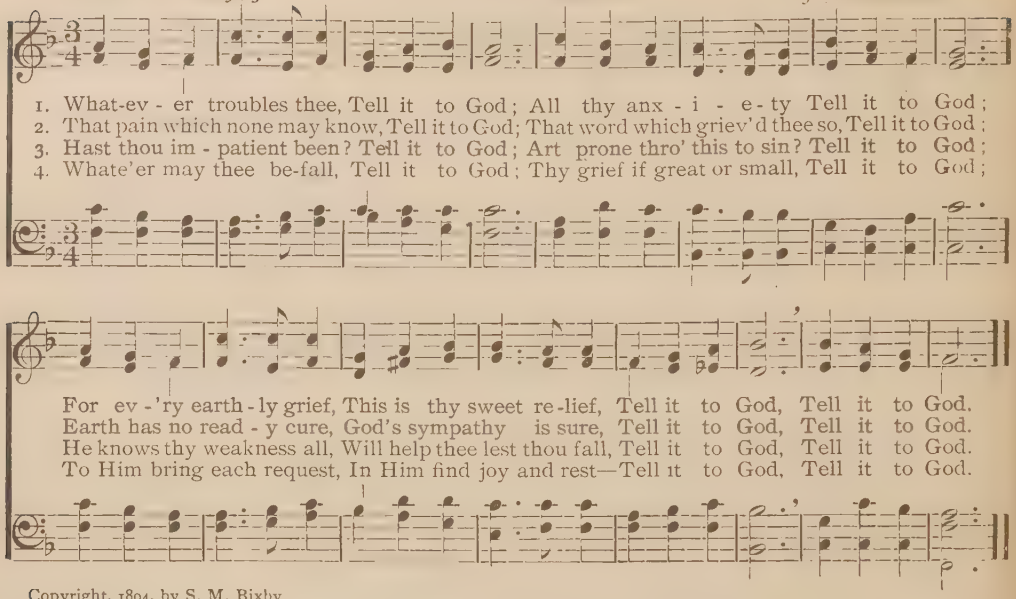
4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,—

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
From Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see Thy face
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

No. 353. *Whatever Troubles Thee*

W. W. Holloway, Jr. HOLLOWAY. 6s.& 4s. *Jay Darreaux*


1. What-ev - er troubles thee, Tell it to God; All thy anx - i - e-ty Tell it to God;
2. That pain which none may know, Tell it to God; That word which griev'd thee so, Tell it to God;
3. Hast thou im - patient been? Tell it to God; Art prone thro' this to sin? Tell it to God;
4. Whate'er may thee be-fall, Tell it to God; Thy grief if great or small, Tell it to God;
For ev - 'ry earth - ly grief, This is thy sweet re-lief, Tell it to God, Tell it to God.
Earth has no read - y cure, God's sympathy is sure, Tell it to God, Tell it to God.
He knows thy weakness all, Will help thee lest thou fall, Tell it to God, Tell it to God.
To Him bring each request, In Him find joy and rest—Tell it to God, Tell it to God.

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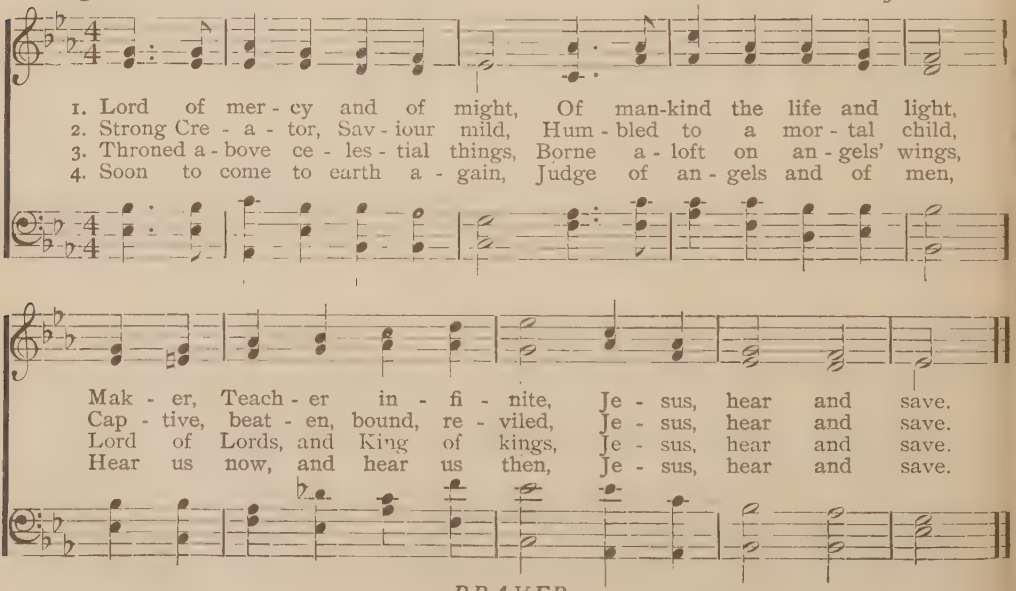
No. 354. *Lord of Mercy and of Might*

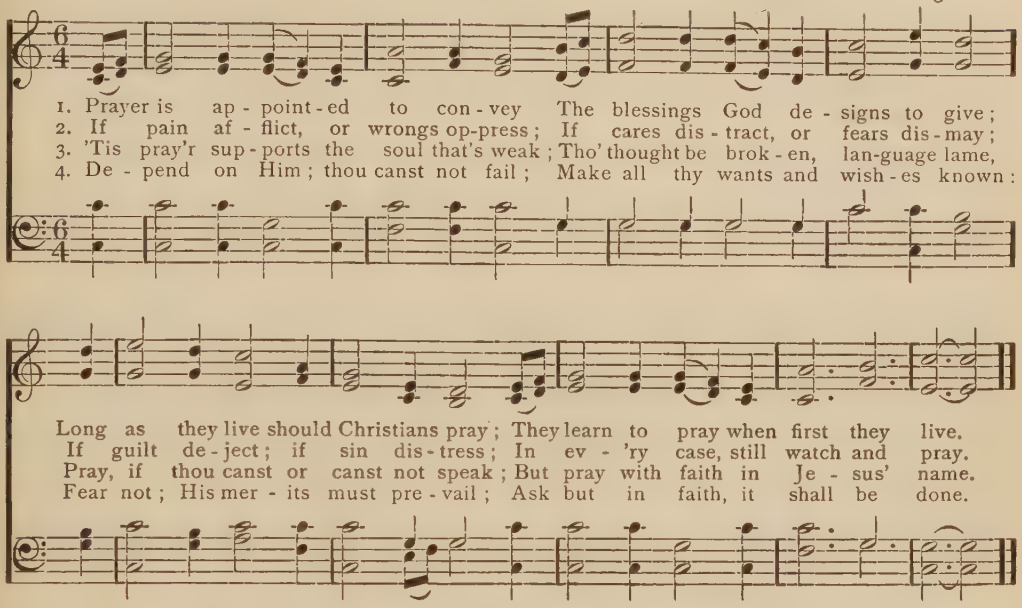
Reginald Heber ANGELA. 7.7.7.5. *R. Jackson*


1. Lord of mer - cy and of might, Of man-kind the life and light,
2. Strong Cre - a - tor, Sav - iour mild, Hum - bled to a mor - tal child,
3. Throned a - bove ce - les - tial things, Borne a - loft on an - gels' wings,
4. Soon to come to earth a - gain, Judge of an - gels and of men,
Mak - er, Teach - er in - fi - nite, Je - sus, hear and save.
Cap - tive, beat - en, bound, re - viled, Je - sus, hear and save.
Lord of Lords, and King of kings, Je - sus, hear and save.
Hear us now, and hear us then, Je - sus, hear and save.

PRAYER

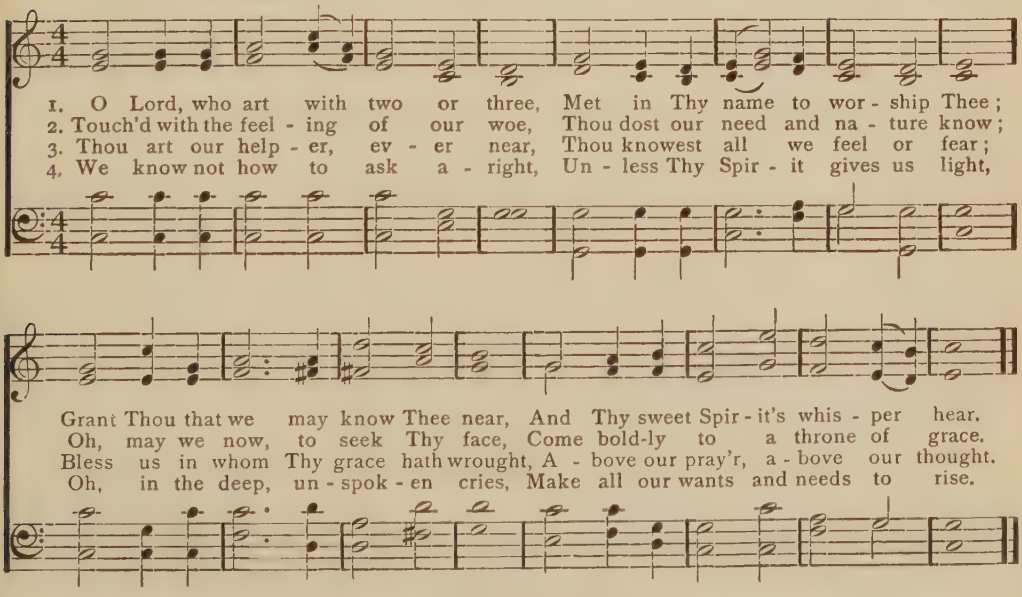
No. 355. *Prayer is Appointed to Convey*

Joseph Hart, 1762 RETREAT. L. M. *Thomas Hastings*


1. Prayer is ap - point - ed to con - vey The blessings God de - signs to give;
2. If pain af - flict, or wrongs op-press; If cares dis - tract, or fears dis - may;
3. 'Tis pray'r sup - ports the soul that's weak; Tho' thought be brok - en, lan-guage lame,
4. De - pend on Him; thou canst not fail; Make all thy wants and wish - es known:
Long as they live should Christians pray; They learn to pray when first they live.
If guilt de - ject; if sin dis - tress; In ev - 'ry case, still watch and pray.
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak; But pray with faith in Je - sus' name.
Fear not; His mer - its must pre - vail; Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

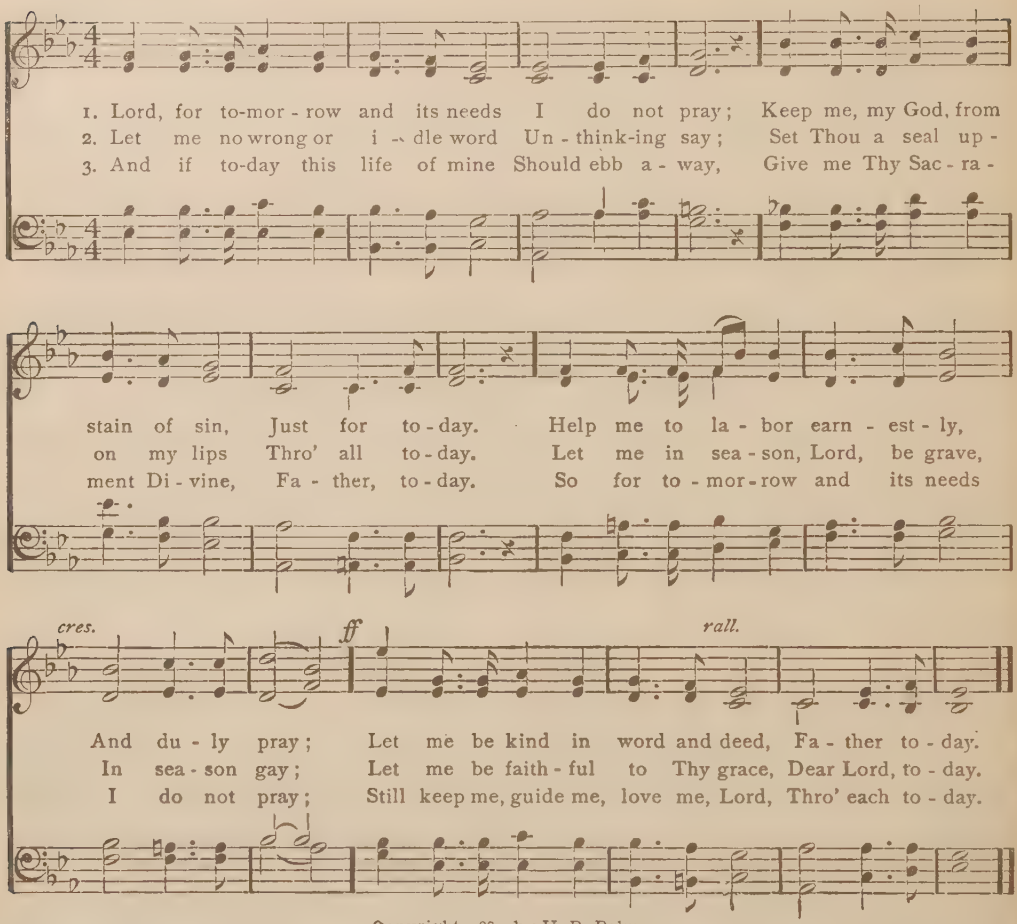
No. 356. *O Lord, Who Art with Two or Three*

Rev. H. L. Hastings, by per. ZEPHYR. L. M. *Wm. B. Bradbury*


1. O Lord, who art with two or three, Met in Thy name to wor - ship Thee;
2. Touch'd with the feel - ing of our woe, Thou dost our need and na - ture know;
3. Thou art our help - er, ev - er near, Thou knowest all we feel or fear;
4. We know not how to ask a - right, Un - less Thy Spir - it gives us light,
Grant Thou that we may know Thee near, And Thy sweet Spir - it's whis - per hear.
Oh, may we now, to seek Thy face, Come bold-ly to a throne of grace.
Bless us in whom Thy grace hath wrought, A - bove our pray'r, a - bove our thought.
Oh, in the deep, un - spok - en cries, Make all our wants and needs to rise.

No. 357. *Lord, for To-morrow and its Needs*

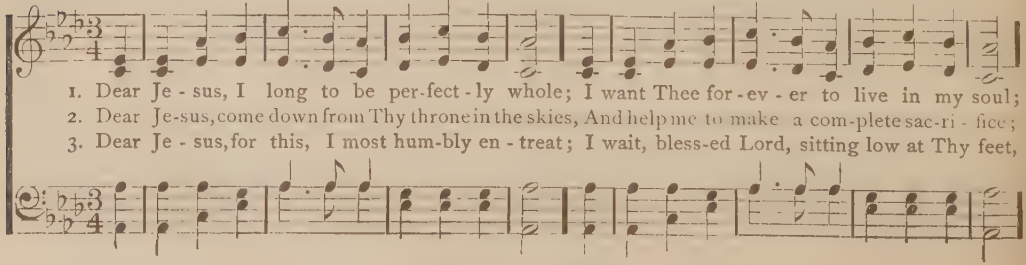
E. R. Wilberforce 8s & 4s. *H. R. Palmer, by per.*


1. Lord, for to-mor - row and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from
2. Let me no wrong or i - dle word Un - think-ing say; Set Thou a seal up -
3. And if to-day this life of mine Should ebb a - way, Give me Thy Sac - ra -
stain of sin, Just for to - day. Help me to la - bor earn - est - ly,
on my lips Thro' all to - day. Let me in sea - son, Lord, be grave,
ment Di - vine, Fa - ther, to - day. So for to - mor - row and its needs
cres.
ff
rall.
And du - ly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Fa - ther to - day.
In sea - son gay; Let me be faith - ful to Thy grace, Dear Lord, to - day.
I do not pray; Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Thro' each to - day.

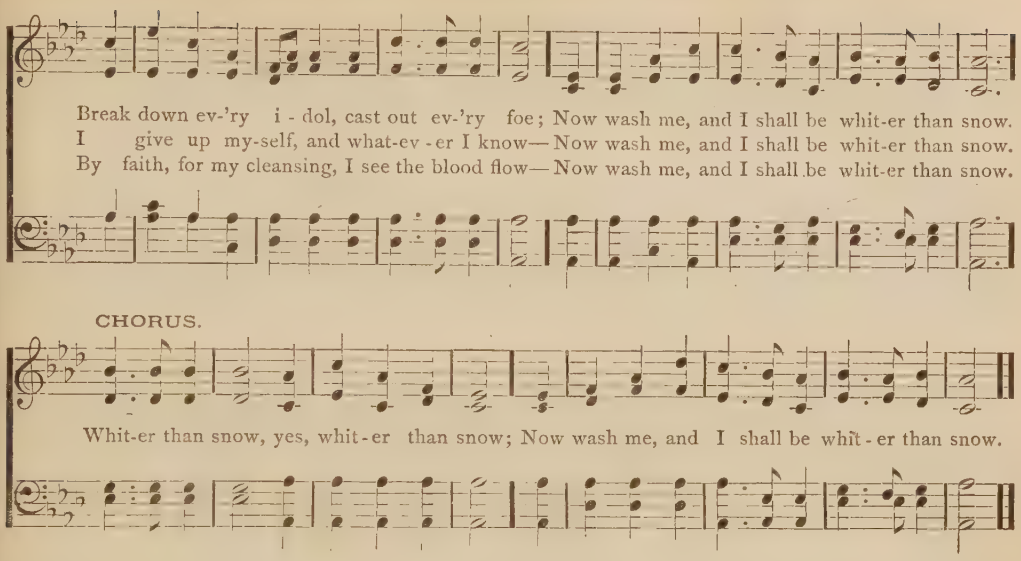
Copyright, 1887, by H. R. Palmer.

No. 358. *Dear Jesus, I Long to be Perfectly Whole*

James Nicholson FISCHER. 11s. with Chorus *Wm. G. Fischer, by per.*

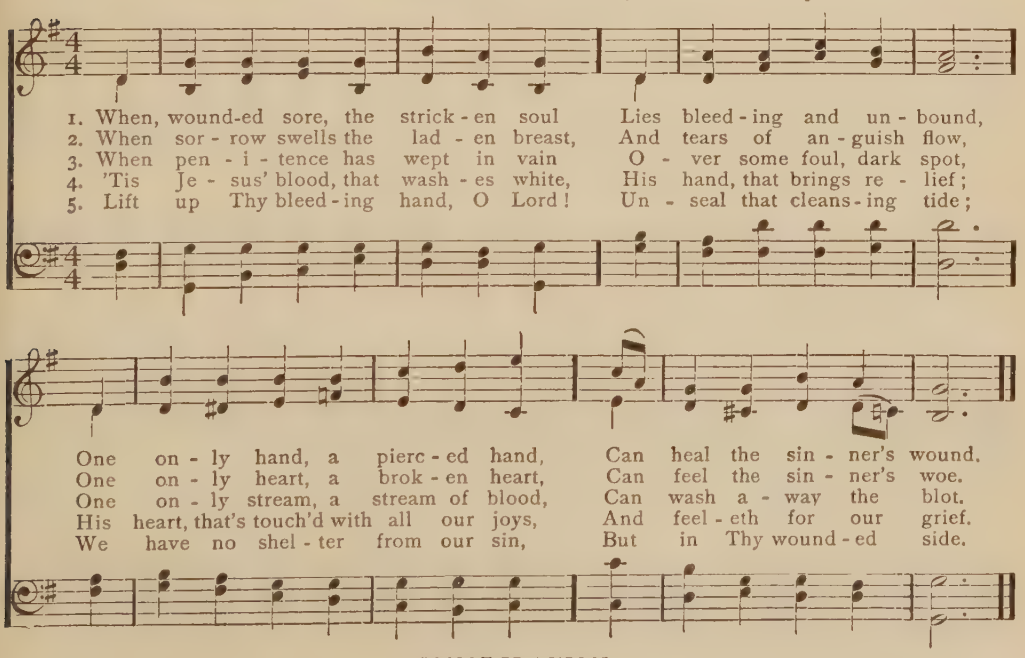

1. Dear Je - sus, I long to be per-fect - ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;
2. Dear Je-sus, come down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri - fice;
3. Dear Je - sus, for this, I most hum-bly en - treat; I wait, bless-ed Lord, sitting low at Thy feet,

Dear Jesus, I Long to be Perfectly Whole


Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know— Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
By faith, for my cleansing, I see the blood flow— Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
CHORUS.
Whit-er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

No. 359. *When, Wounded Sore, the Stricken Soul*

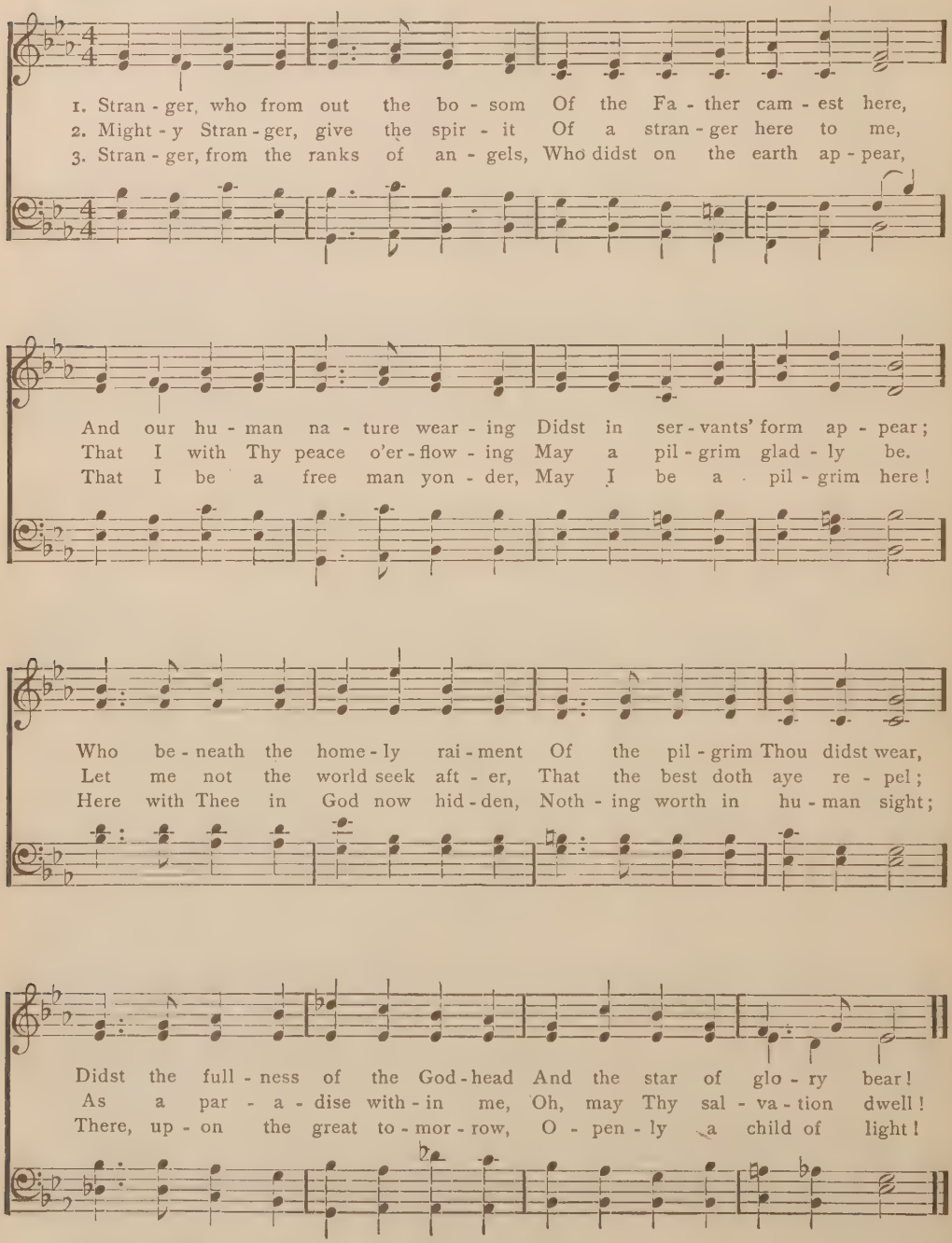
Mrs. C. F. Alexander WOOLWORTH. C. M. *Arr. from Beethoven*


1. When, wound-ed sore, the strick - en soul Lies bleed - ing and un - bound,
2. When sor - row swells the lad - en breast, And tears of an - guish flow,
3. When pen - i - tence has wept in vain O - ver some foul, dark spot,
4. 'Tis Je - sus' blood, that wash - es white, His hand, that brings re - lief;
5. Lift up Thy bleed - ing hand, O Lord! Un - seal that cleans - ing tide;
One on - ly hand, a pierc - ed hand, Can heal the sin - ner's wound.
One on - ly heart, a brok - en heart, Can feel the sin - ner's woe.
One on - ly stream, a stream of blood, Can wash a - way the blot.
His heart, that's touch'd with all our joys, And feel - eth for our grief.
We have no shel - ter from our sin, But in Thy wound - ed side.

CONSECRATION

No. 360. *Stranger, Who from Out the Bosom*

Karl von Gerok VON GEROK. 8s & 7s D. *Caryl Florio*


1. Stran - ger, who from out the bo - som Of the Fa - ther cam - est here,
2. Might - y Stran - ger, give the spir - it Of a stran - ger here to me,
3. Stran - ger, from the ranks of an - gels, Who didst on the earth ap - pear,
And our hu - man na - ture wear - ing Didst in ser - vants' form ap - pear;
That I with Thy peace o'er - flow - ing May a pil - grim glad - ly be.
That I be a free man yon - der, May I be a pil - grim here!
Who be - neath the home - ly rai - ment Of the pil - grim Thou didst wear,
Let me not the world seek aft - er, That the best doth aye re - pel;
Here with Thee in God now hid - den, Noth - ing worth in hu - man sight;
Didst the full - ness of the God - head And the star of glo - ry bear!
As a par - a - dise with - in me, Oh, may Thy sal - va - tion dwell!
There, up - on the great to - mor - row, O - pen - ly a child of light!

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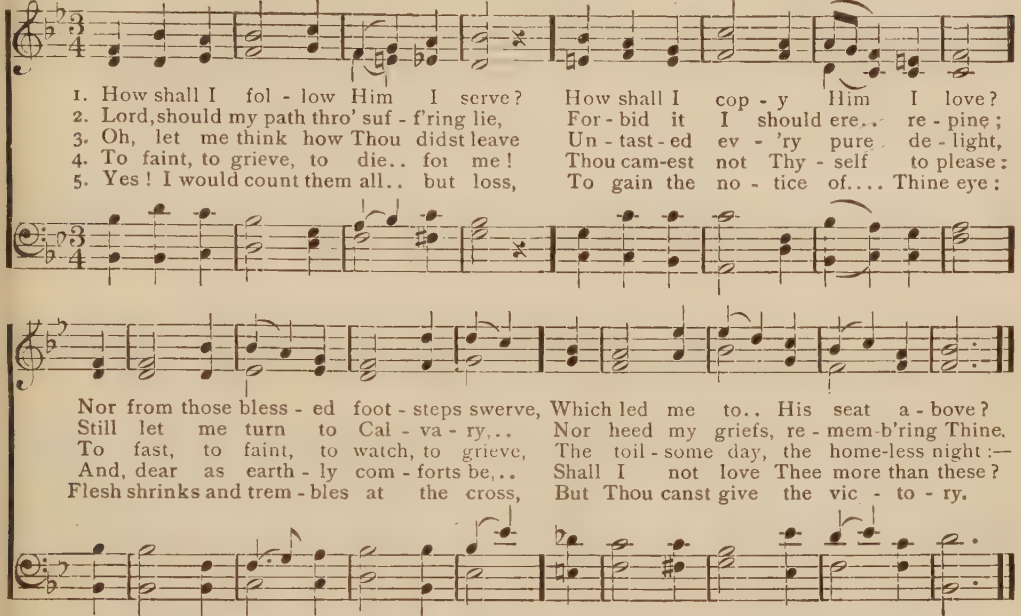
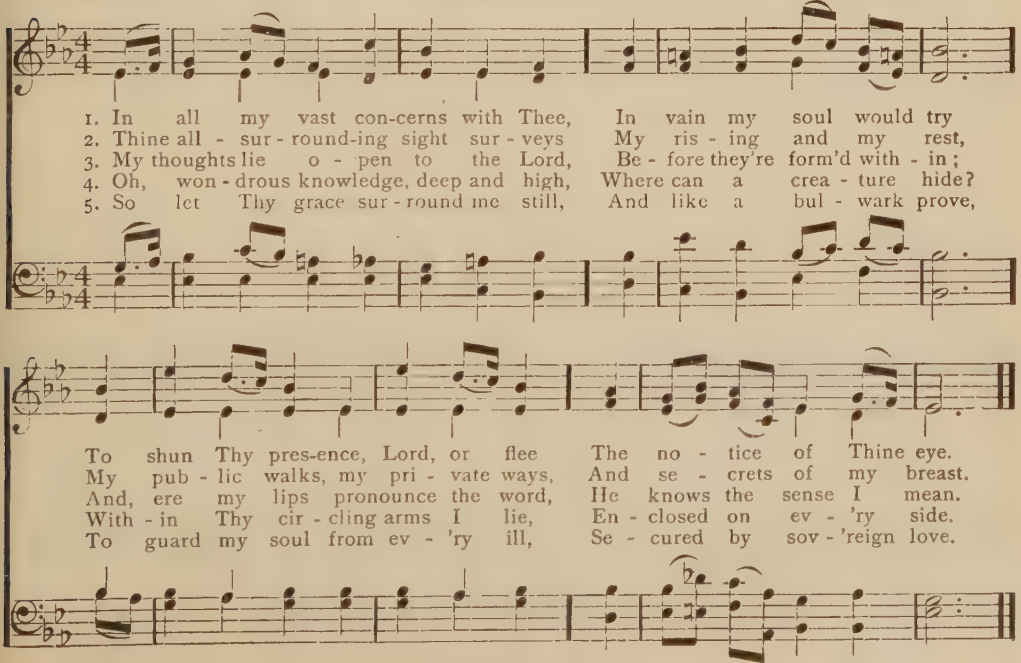
No. 361. *How Shall I Follow Him I Serve?*

Josiah Conder — GERMANY. L. M. — *Arr. from Beethoven*


1. How shall I fol - low Him I serve? How shall I cop - y Him I love?
2. Lord, should my path thro' suf - f'ring lie, For - bid it I should ere.. re - pine;
3. Oh, let me think how Thou didst leave Un - tast - ed ev - 'ry pure de - light,
4. To faint, to grieve, to die.. for me! Thou cam-est not Thy - self to please:
5. Yes! I would count them all.. but loss, To gain the no - tice of.... Thine eye:
Nor from those bless - ed foot - steps swerve, Which led me to.. His seat a - bove?
Still let me turn to Cal - va - ry,.. Nor heed my griefs, re - mem-b'ring Thine.
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve, The toil - some day, the home-less night:—
And, dear as earth - ly com - forts be,.. Shall I not love Thee more than these?
Flesh shrinks and trem - bles at the cross, But Thou canst give the vic - to - ry.

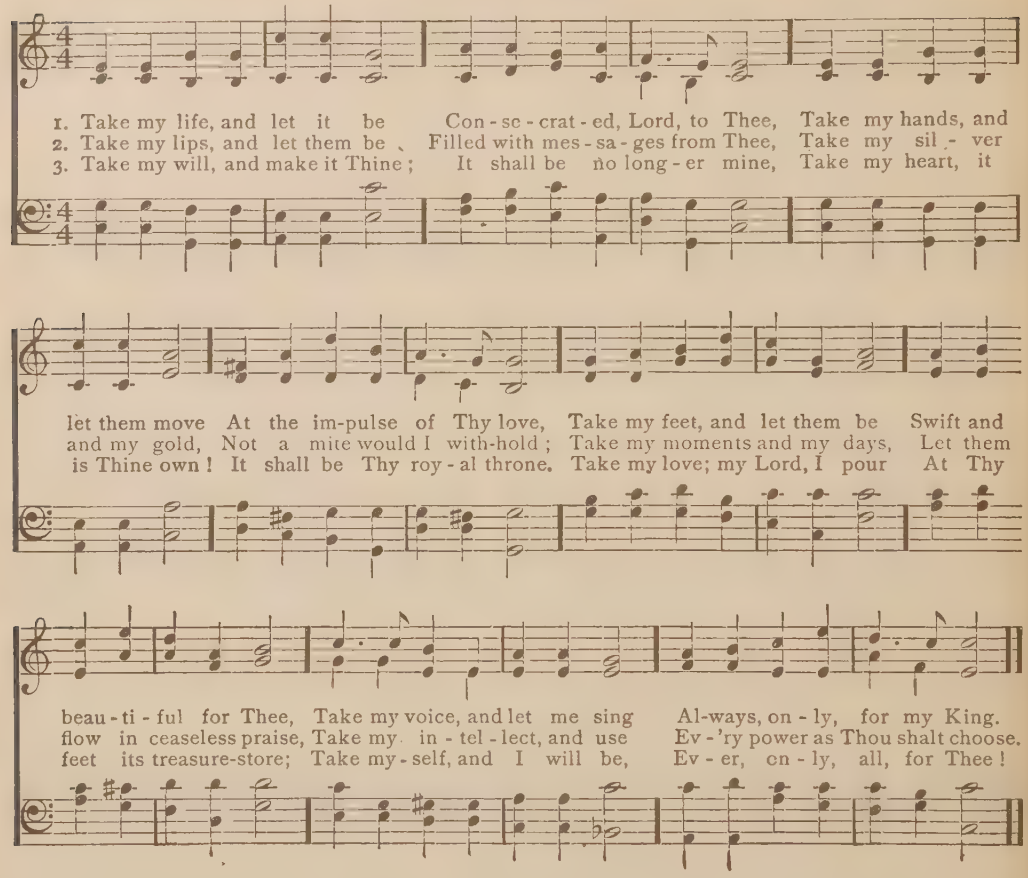
No. 362. *In All My Vast Concerns with Thee*

Isaac Watts — BURLINGTON. C. M. — *J. F. Burrowes*


1. In all my vast con-cerns with Thee, In vain my soul would try
2. Thine all - sur - round-ing sight sur - veys My ris - ing and my rest,
3. My thoughts lie o - pen to the Lord, Be - fore they're form'd with - in;
4. Oh, won - drous knowledge, deep and high, Where can a crea - ture hide?
5. So let Thy grace sur - round me still, And like a bul - wark prove,
To shun Thy pres-ence, Lord, or flee The no - tice of Thine eye.
My pub - lic walks, my pri - vate ways, And se - crets of my breast.
And, ere my lips pronounce the word, He knows the sense I mean.
With - in Thy cir - cling arms I lie, En - closed on ev - 'ry side.
To guard my soul from ev - 'ry ill, Se - cured by sov - 'reign love.

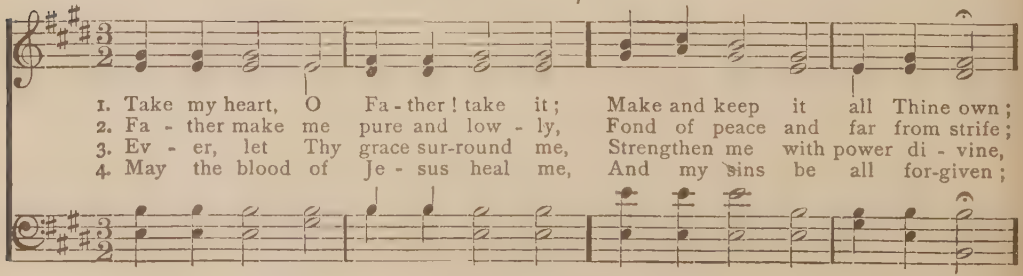
No. 363. *Take My Life, and Let it Be*

Frances R. Havergal — CULFORD. 7s D. — *E. J. Hopkins*

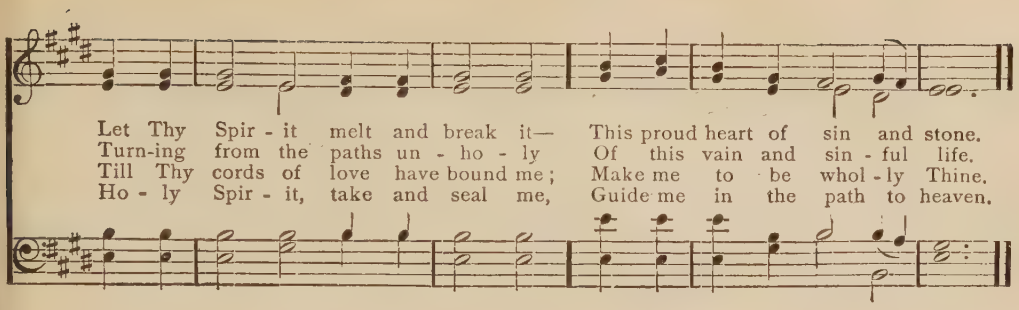

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee, Take my hands, and
2. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee, Take my sil - ver
3. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no long - er mine, Take my heart, it
let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, Take my feet, and let them be Swift and
and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold; Take my moments and my days, Let them
is Thine own! It shall be Thy roy - al throne. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy
beau - ti - ful for Thee, Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
flow in ceaseless praise, Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry power as Thou shalt choose.
feet its treasure-store; Take my - self, and I will be, Ev - er, on - ly, all, for Thee!

No. 364. *Take My Heart, O Father*

Anon, 1849 — TALMAR. 8s & 7s. — *I. B. Woodbury*

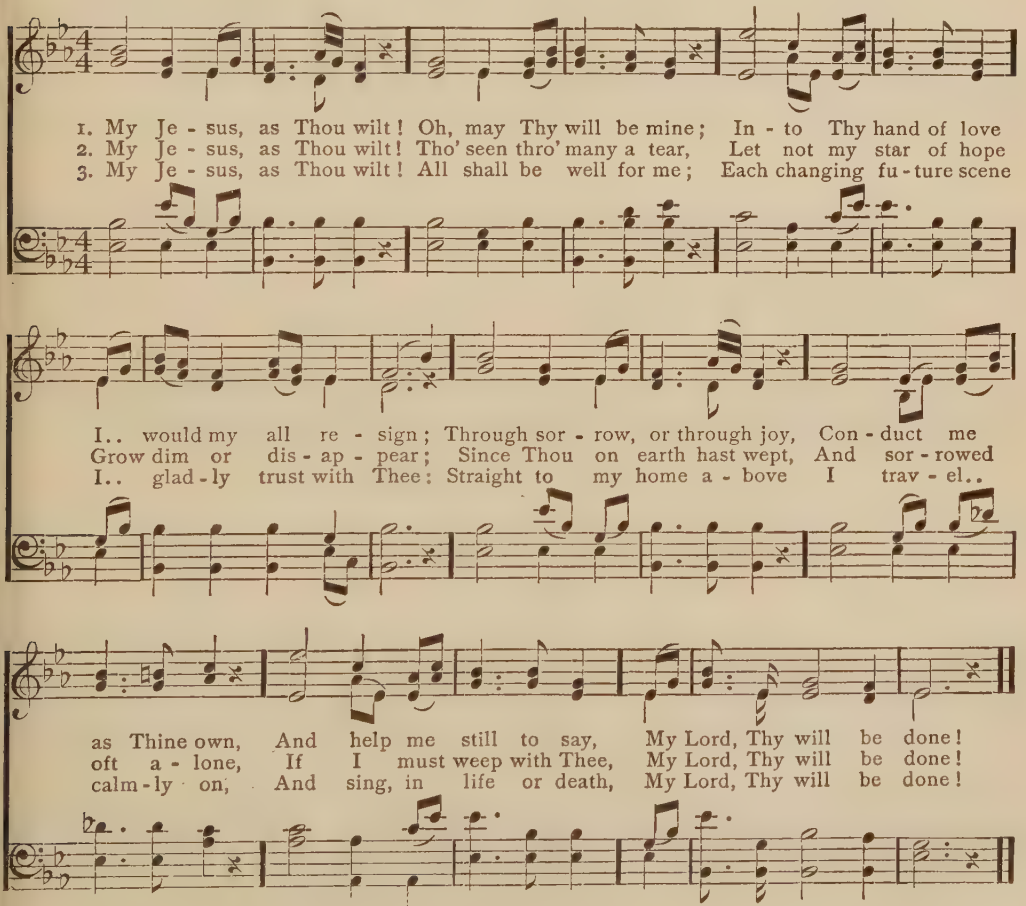

1. Take my heart, O Fa - ther! take it; Make and keep it all Thine own;
2. Fa - ther make me pure and low - ly, Fond of peace and far from strife;
3. Ev - er, let Thy grace sur-round me, Strengthen me with power di - vine,
4. May the blood of Je - sus heal me, And my sins be all for-given;

CONSECRATION


Let Thy Spir - it melt and break it— This proud heart of sin and stone.
Turn-ing from the paths un - ho - ly Of this vain and sin - ful life.
Till Thy cords of love have bound me; Make me to be whol - ly Thine.
Ho - ly Spir - it, take and seal me, Guide me in the path to heaven.

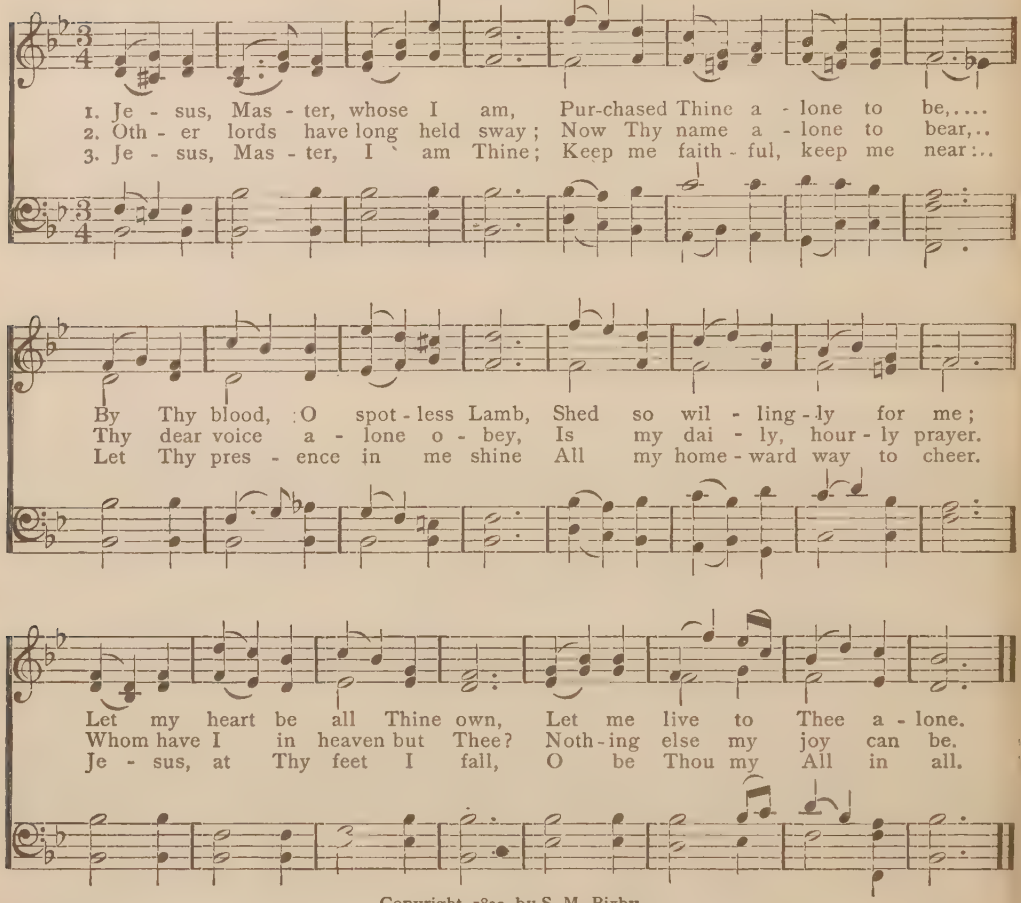
No. 365. *My Jesus, as Thou Wilt*

Jane Borthwick, tr. JEWETT. 6s D. *Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber*


1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu - ture scene
I.. would my all re - sign; Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me
Grow dim or dis - ap - pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor - rowed
I.. glad - ly trust with Thee: Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el..
as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!
calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

No. 366. *Jesus, Master, Whose I Am*

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1873 COMPTON. 7s, Six lines. *R. Menthal*


1. Je - sus, Mas - ter, whose I am, Pur-chased Thine a - lone to be,....
2. Oth - er lords have long held sway; Now Thy name a - lone to bear,..
3. Je - sus, Mas - ter, I am Thine; Keep me faith - ful, keep me near:..
By Thy blood, O spot - less Lamb, Shed so wil - ling - ly for me;
Thy dear voice a - lone o - bey, Is my dai - ly, hour - ly prayer.
Let Thy pres - ence in me shine All my home - ward way to cheer.
Let my heart be all Thine own, Let me live to Thee a - lone.
Whom have I in heaven but Thee? Noth - ing else my joy can be.
Je - sus, at Thy feet I fall, O be Thou my All in all.

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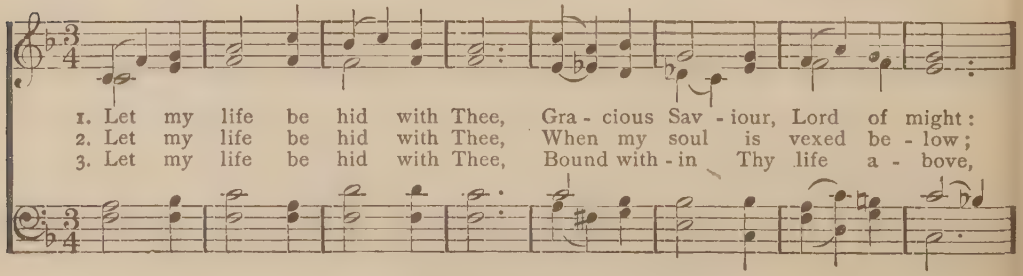
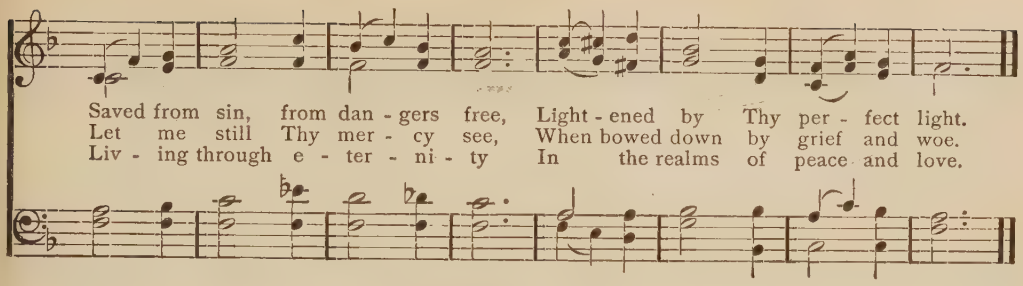
No. 367. *Let My Life be Hid with Thee*

HIDDEN. 7s. *Jay Deavereaux*


1. Let my life be hid with Thee, Gra - cious Sav - iour, Lord of might:
2. Let my life be hid with Thee, When my soul is vexed be - low;
3. Let my life be hid with Thee, Bound with - in Thy life a - bove,

Let My Life be Hid with Thee


Saved from sin, from dan - gers free, Light - ened by Thy per - fect light.
Let me still Thy mer - cy see, When bowed down by grief and woe.
Liv - ing through e - ter - ni - ty In the realms of peace and love.

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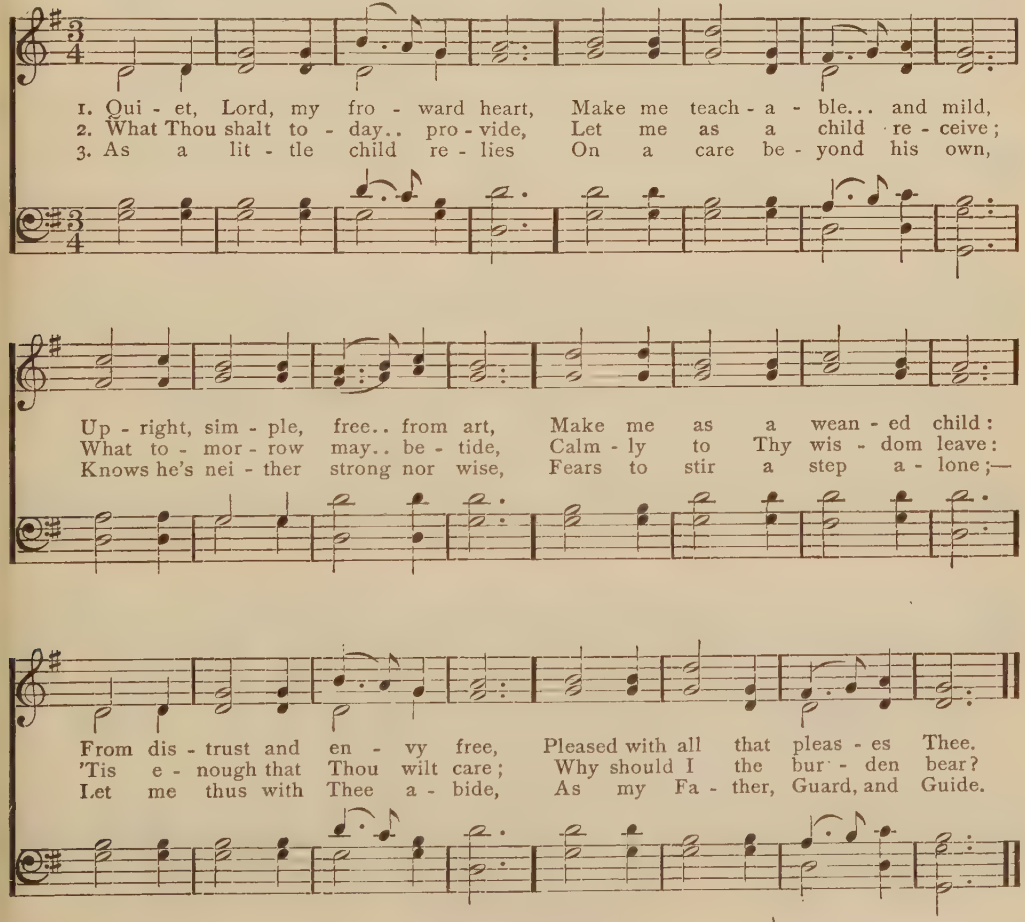
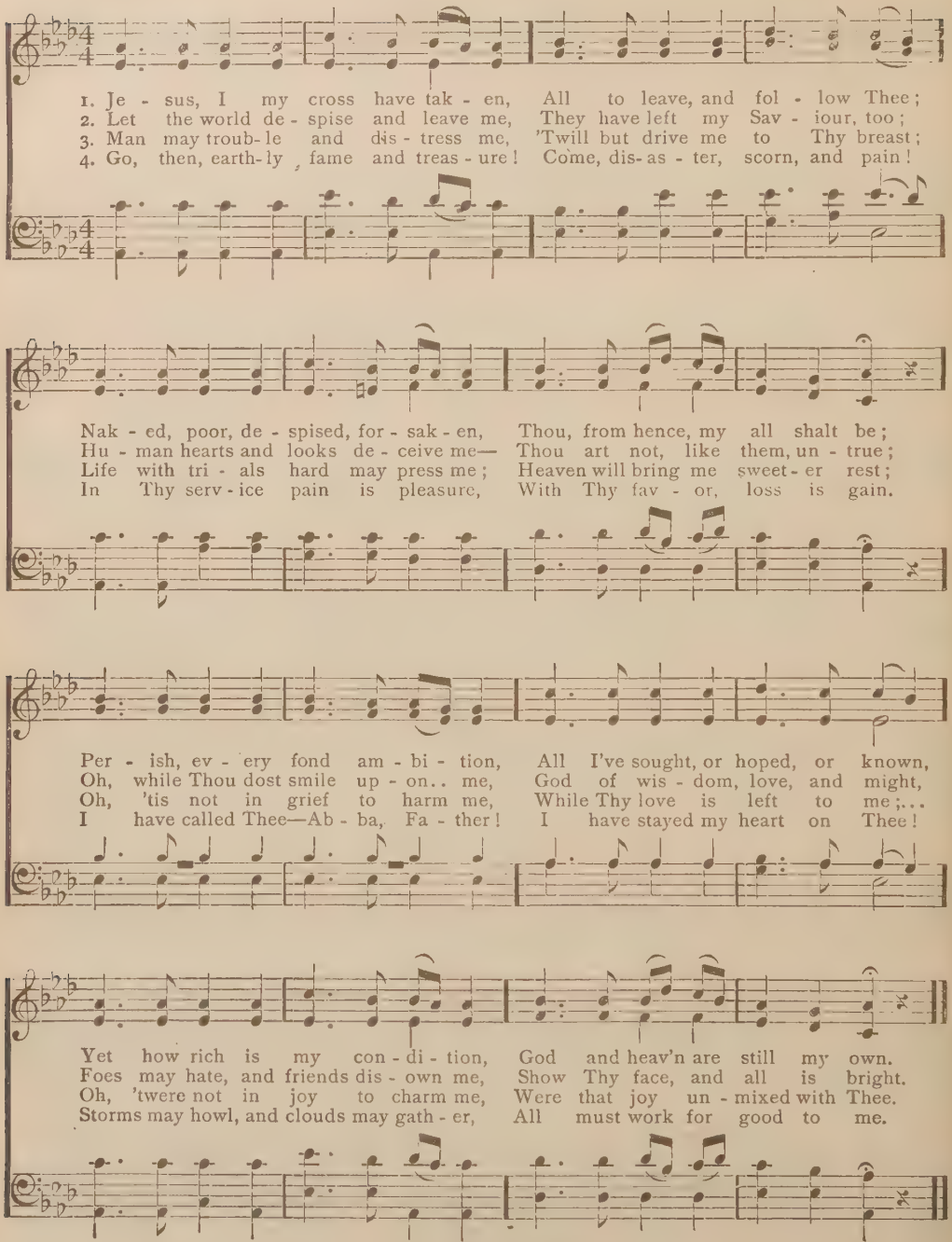
No. 368. *Quiet, Lord, My Froward Heart*

John Newton GUIDE. 7s, Six lines. *M. M. Wells*

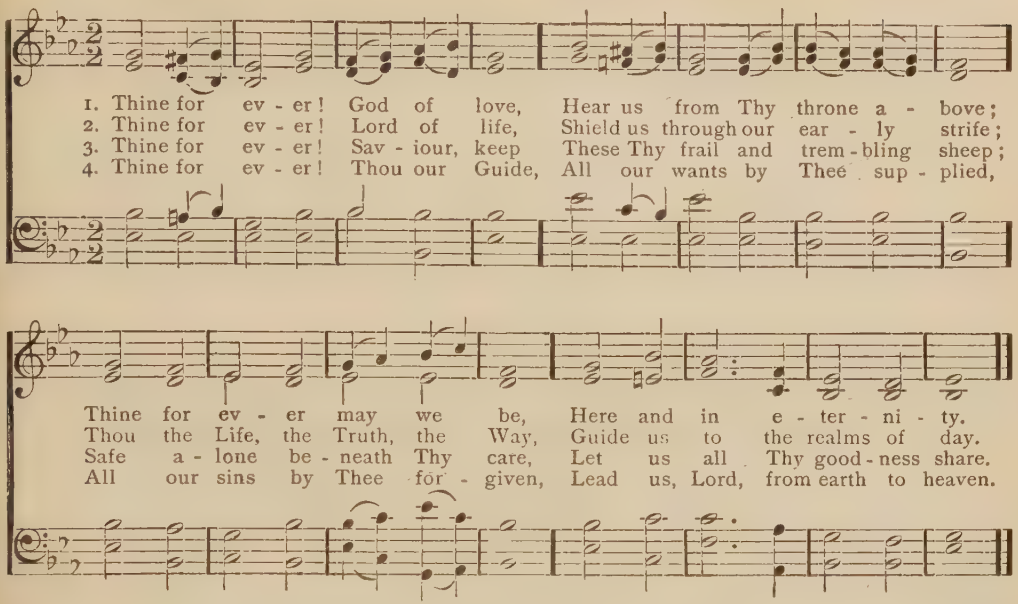

1. Qui - et, Lord, my fro - ward heart, Make me teach - a - ble... and mild,
2. What Thou shalt to - day.. pro - vide, Let me as a child re - ceive;
3. As a lit - tle child re - lies On a care be - yond his own,
Up - right, sim - ple, free.. from art, Make me as a wean - ed child:
What to - mor - row may.. be - tide, Calm - ly to Thy wis - dom leave:
Knows he's nei - ther strong nor wise, Fears to stir a step a - lone;—
From dis - trust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas - es Thee.
'Tis e - nough that Thou wilt care; Why should I the bur - den bear?
Let me thus with Thee a - bide, As my Fa - ther, Guard, and Guide.

No. 369. *Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken*

Henry Francis Lyte DISCIPLE. 8s & 7s, D. *Arr. from Mozart*

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour, too;
3. Man may troub-le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
4. Go, then, earth-ly fame and treas - ure! Come, dis-as - ter, scorn, and pain!
Nak - ed, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me— Thou art not, like them, un - true;
Life with tri - als hard may press me; Heaven will bring me sweet - er rest;
In Thy serv - ice pain is pleasure, With Thy fav - or, loss is gain.
Per - ish, ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Oh, while Thou dost smile up - on.. me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;...
I have called Thee—Ab - ba, Fa - ther! I have stayed my heart on Thee!
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate, and friends dis - own me, Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee.
Storms may howl, and clouds may gath - er, All must work for good to me.

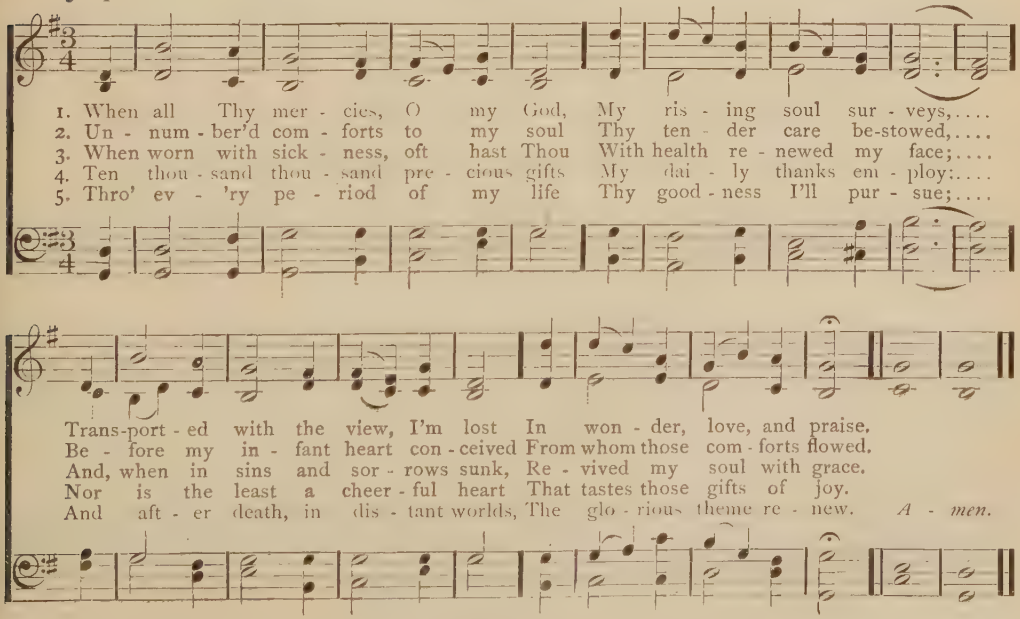
CONSECRATION

No. 370. *Thine for Ever! God of Love*

Mary Fawler Maude, 1848 HOLLY. 7s. *G. Hews*

1. Thine for ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;
2. Thine for ev - er! Lord of life, Shield us through our ear - ly strife;
3. Thine for ev - er! Sav - iour, keep These Thy frail and trem - bling sheep;
4. Thine for ev - er! Thou our Guide, All our wants by Thee sup - plied,
Thine for ev - er may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.
Safe a - lone be - neath Thy care, Let us all Thy good - ness share.
All our sins by Thee for - given, Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

No. 371. *When All Thy Mercies, O My God*

Joseph Addison BELMONT. C. M. *Wm. Gardner*

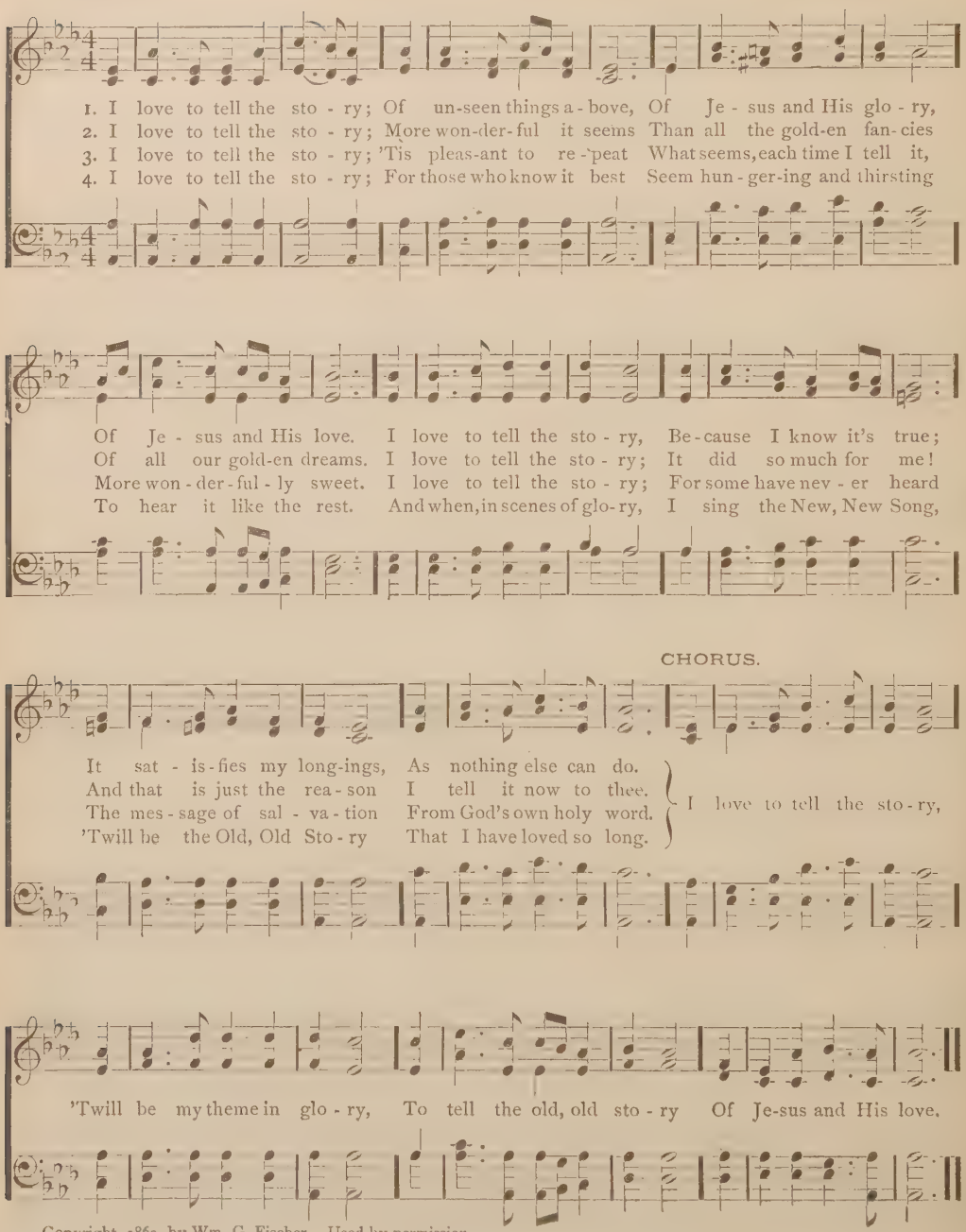

1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,....
2. Un - num - ber'd com - forts to my soul Thy ten - der care be-stowed,....
3. When worn with sick - ness, oft hast Thou With health re - newed my face;....
4. Ten thou - sand thou - sand pre - cious gifts My dai - ly thanks em - ploy:....
5. Thro' ev - 'ry pe - riod of my life Thy good - ness I'll pur - sue;....
Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.
Be - fore my in - fant heart con - ceived From whom those com - forts flowed.
And, when in sins and sor - rows sunk, Re - vived my soul with grace.
Nor is the least a cheer - ful heart That tastes those gifts of joy.
And aft - er death, in dis - tant worlds, The glo - rious theme re - new. *A - men.*

CONSECRATION

No. 372.

I Love to Tell the Story

Kate Hankey BROCTON. 7s & 6s, D, with Chorus. *Wm. G. Fischer*


1. I love to tell the sto - ry; Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold-en fan-cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas-ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger-ing and thirsting
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know it's true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry; It did so much for me!
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo-ry, I sing the New, New Song,
CHORUS.
It sat - is-fies my long-ings, As nothing else can do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own holy word.
'Twill be the Old, Old Sto - ry That I have loved so long.
I love to tell the sto - ry,
'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je-sus and His love.

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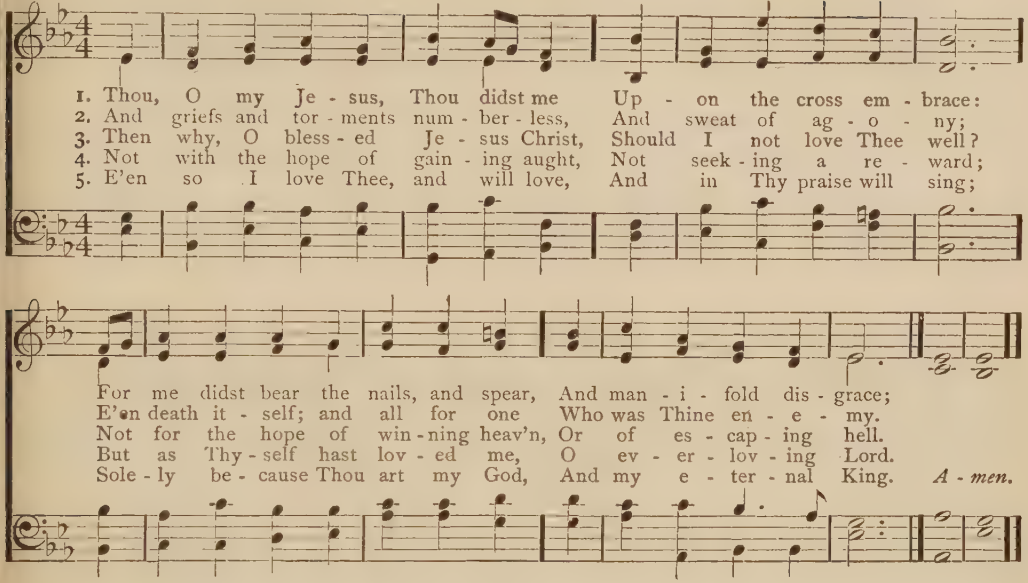
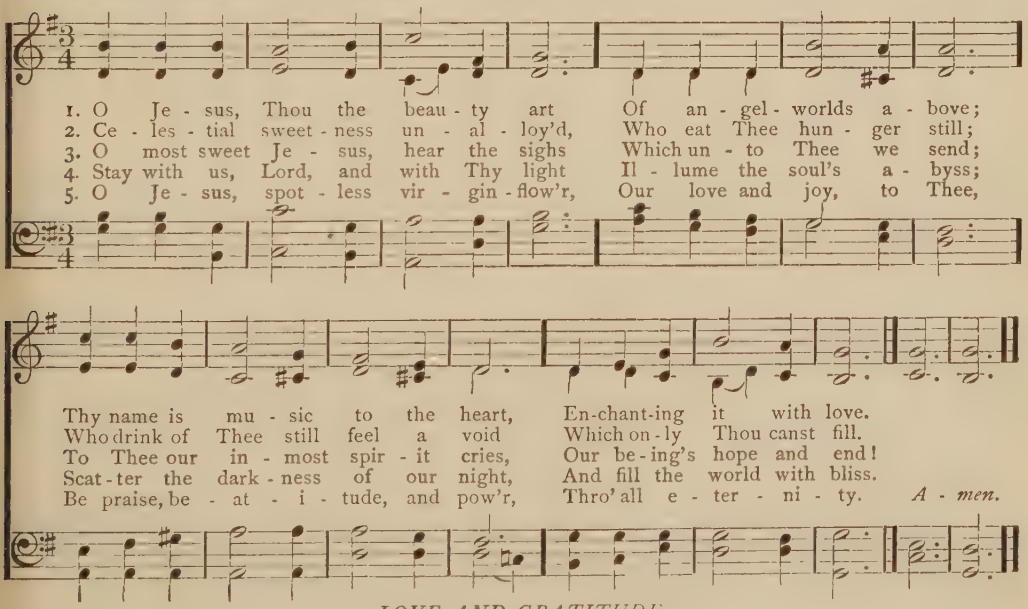
No. 373. *Thou, O My Jesus*

F. Xavier, Tr. E. Caswall — HORSLEY. C. M. — *W. Horsley*


1. Thou, O my Je - sus, Thou didst me Up - on the cross em - brace:
2. And griefs and tor - ments num - ber - less, And sweat of ag - o - ny;
3. Then why, O bless - ed Je - sus Christ, Should I not love Thee well?
4. Not with the hope of gain - ing aught, Not seek - ing a re - ward;
5. E'en so I love Thee, and will love, And in Thy praise will sing;
For me didst bear the nails, and spear, And man - i - fold dis - grace;
E'en death it - self; and all for one Who was Thine en - e - my.
Not for the hope of win - ning heav'n, Or of es - cap - ing hell.
But as Thy - self hast lov - ed me, O ev - er - lov - ing Lord.
Sole - ly be - cause Thou art my God, And my e - ter - nal King. A - men.

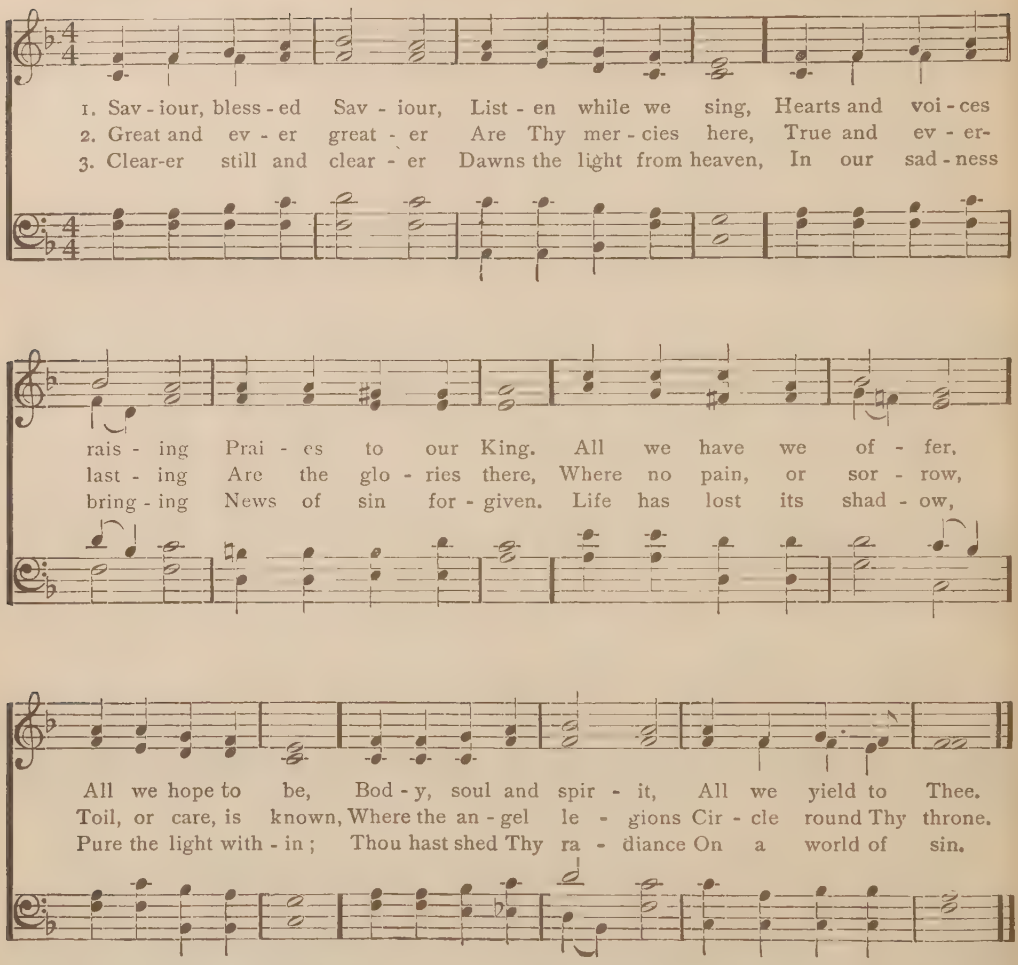
No. 374. *O Jesus, Thou the Beauty Art*

Bernard of Clairvaux, Tr. E. Caswall — ST. AGNES. C. M. — *J. B. Dykes*


1. O Je - sus, Thou the beau - ty art Of an - gel - worlds a - bove;
2. Ce - les - tial sweet - ness un - al - loy'd, Who eat Thee hun - ger still;
3. O most sweet Je - sus, hear the sighs Which un - to Thee we send;
4. Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light Il - lume the soul's a - byss;
5. O Je - sus, spot - less vir - gin - flow'r, Our love and joy, to Thee,
Thy name is mu - sic to the heart, En-chant-ing it with love.
Who drink of Thee still feel a void Which on - ly Thou canst fill.
To Thee our in - most spir - it cries, Our be - ing's hope and end!
Scat - ter the dark - ness of our night, And fill the world with bliss.
Be praise, be - at - i - tude, and pow'r, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

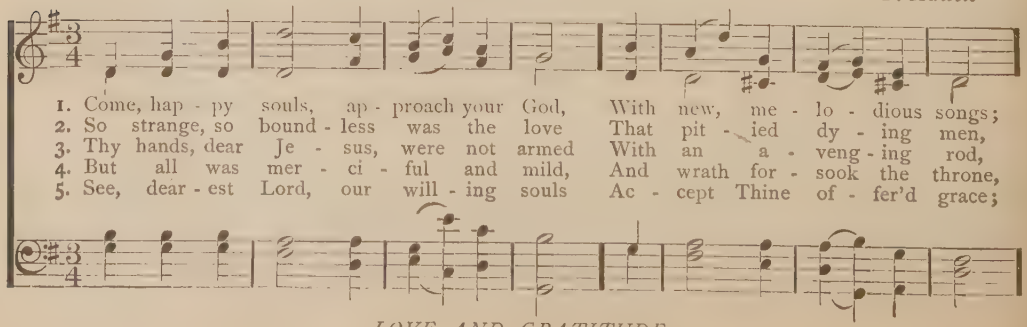
No. 375. *Saviour, Blessed Saviour*

Godfrey Thring — MARY MAGDALENE. 6s & 5s D. — *J. B. Dykes*

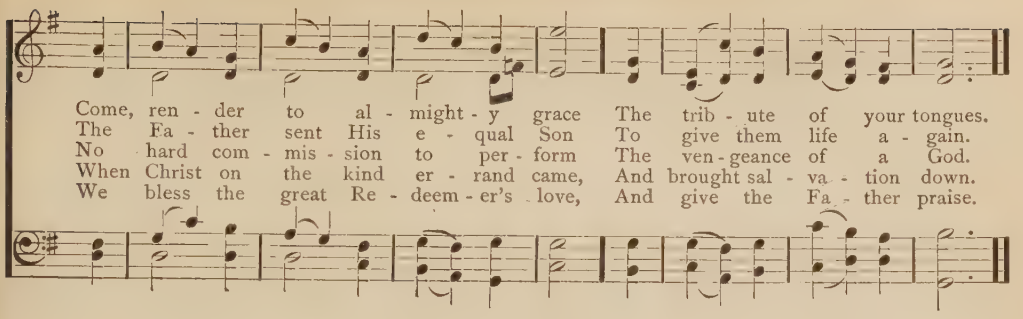

1. Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour, List - en while we sing, Hearts and voi - ces
2. Great and ev - er great - er Are Thy mer - cies here, True and ev - er-
3. Clear-er still and clear - er Dawns the light from heaven, In our sad - ness
rais - ing Prai - es to our King. All we have we of - fer,
last - ing Are the glo - ries there, Where no pain, or sor - row,
bring - ing News of sin for - given. Life has lost its shad - ow,
All we hope to be, Bod - y, soul and spir - it, All we yield to Thee.
Toil, or care, is known, Where the an - gel le - gions Cir - cle round Thy throne.
Pure the light with - in; Thou hast shed Thy ra - diance On a world of sin.

No. 376. *Come, Happy Souls, Approach Your God*

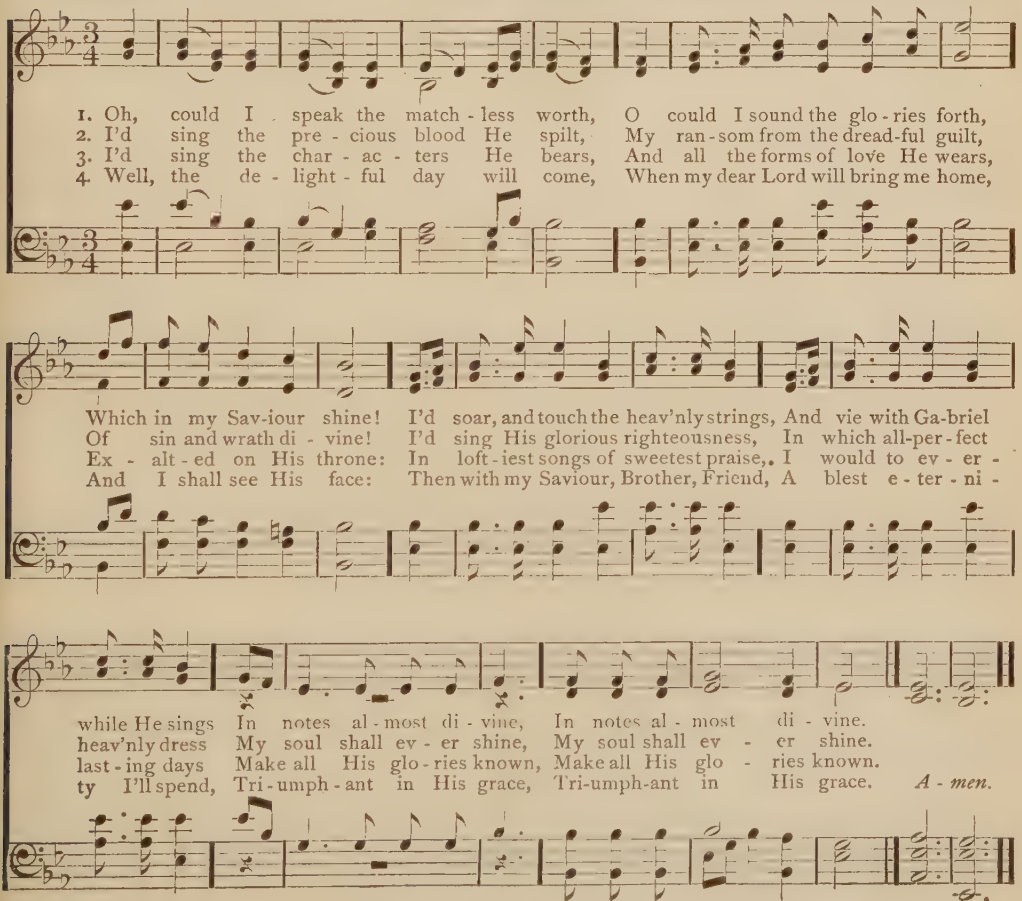
Isaac Watts — CHESTERFIELD. C. M. — *T. Haweis*


1. Come, hap - py souls, ap - proach your God, With new, me - lo - dious songs;
2. So strange, so bound - less was the love That pit - ied dy - ing men,
3. Thy hands, dear Je - sus, were not armed With an a - veng - ing rod,
4. But all was mer - ci - ful and mild, And wrath for - sook the throne,
5. See, dear - est Lord, our will - ing souls Ac - cept Thine of - fer'd grace;

Come, Happy Souls, Approach Your God

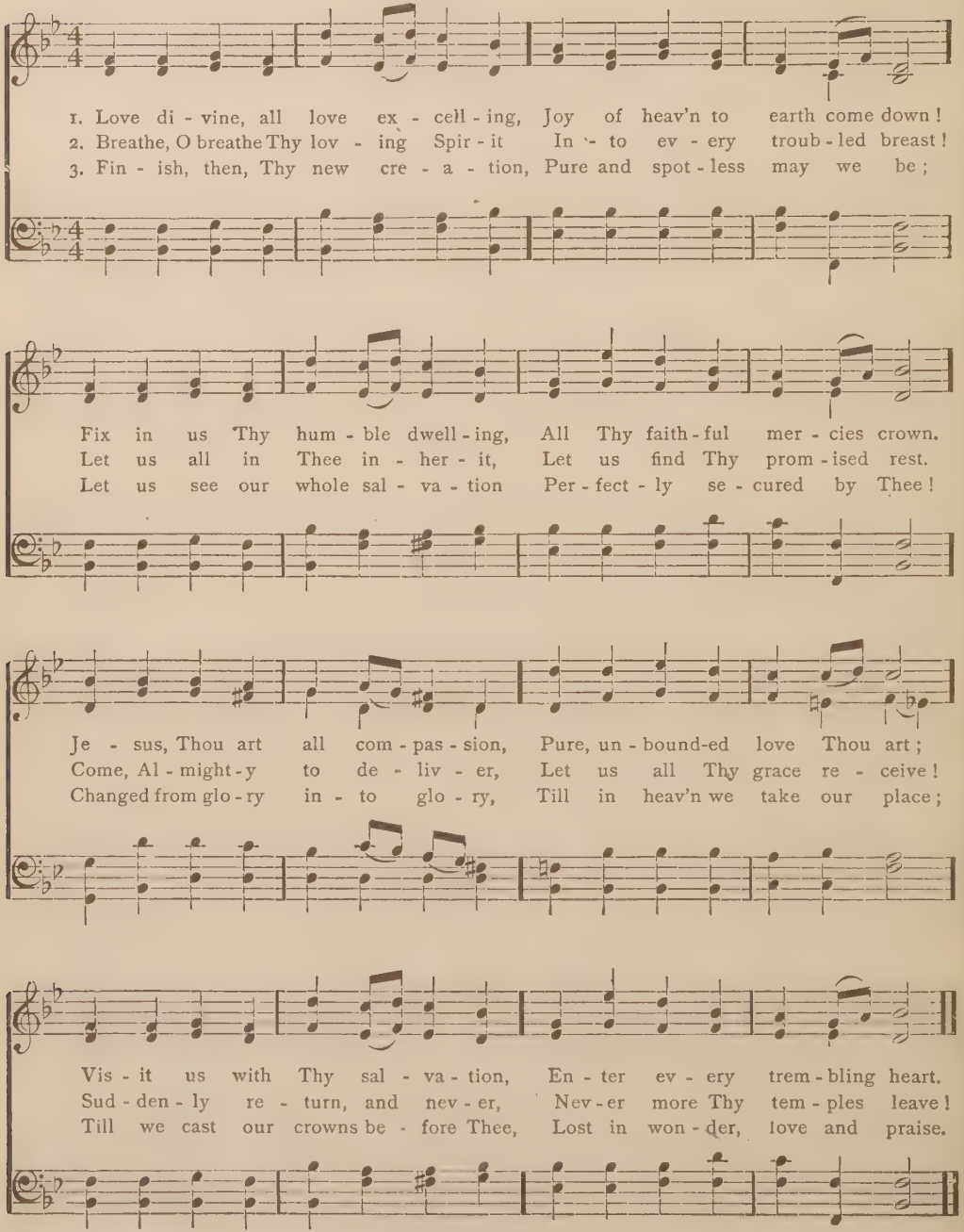

Come, ren - der to al - might - y grace The trib - ute of your tongues.
The Fa - ther sent His e - qual Son To give them life a - gain.
No hard com - mis - sion to per - form The ven - geance of a God.
When Christ on the kind er - rand came, And brought sal - va - tion down.
We bless the great Re - deem - er's love, And give the Fa - ther praise.

No. 377. *Oh, Could I Speak the Matchless Worth*

S. Medley ARIEL. C. P. M. *Mozart. Arr. by Lowell Mason*

1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the glo - ries forth,
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran - som from the dread - ful guilt,
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home,
Which in my Sav - iour shine! I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga - briel
Of sin and wrath di - vine! I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all - per - fect
Ex - alt - ed on His throne: In loft - iest songs of sweetest praise, I would to ev - er -
And I shall see His face: Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni -
while He sings In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
heav'nly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
last - ing days Make all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
ty I'll spend, Tri - umph - ant in His grace, Tri - umph - ant in His grace. *A - men.*

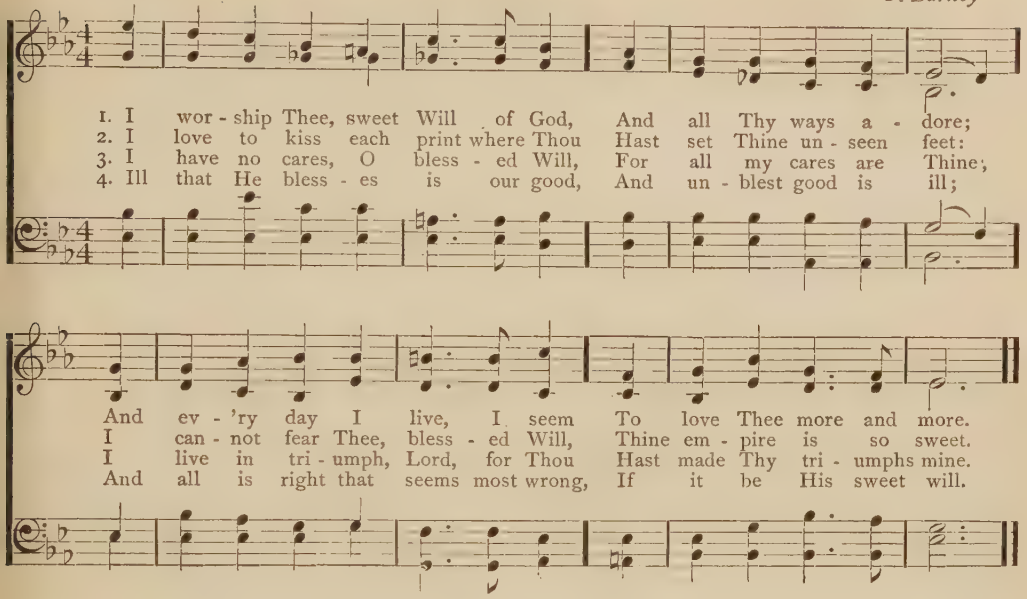
No. 378. *Love Divine, All Love Excelling*

Charles Wesley, 1746 BEECHER. 8s & 7s D. *John Zundel*, 1870


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - ery troub - led breast!
3. Fin - ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot - less may we be;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom - ised rest.
Let us see our whole sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee!
Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound-ed love Thou art;
Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive!
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place;
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart.
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave!
Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise.

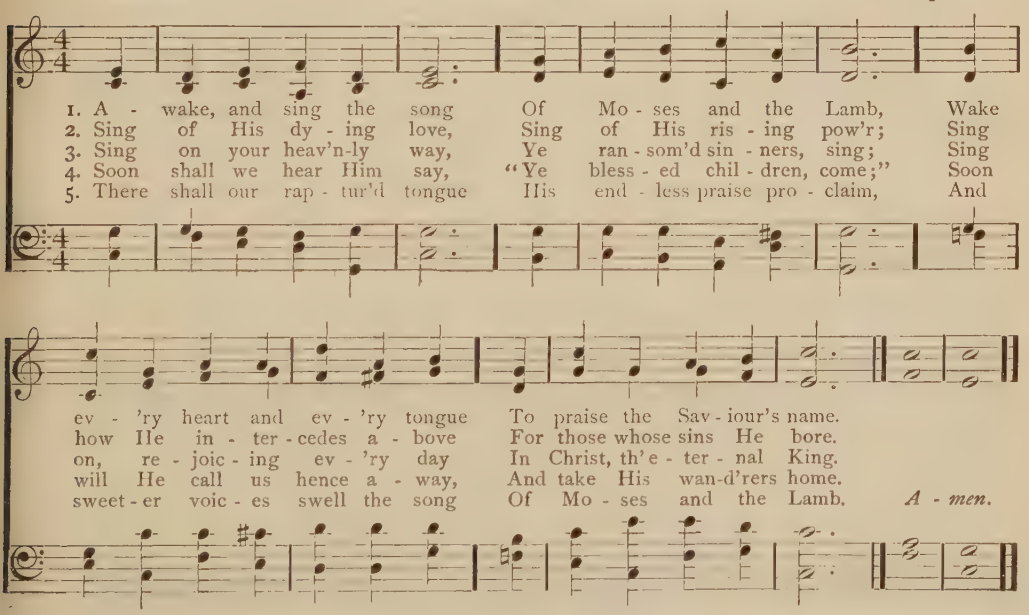
No. 379. *I Worship Thee, Sweet Will of God*

F. W. Faber — HOLY TRINITY. C. M. — *J. Barnby*


1. I wor - ship Thee, sweet Will of God, And all Thy ways a - dore;
2. I love to kiss each print where Thou Hast set Thine un - seen feet:
3. I have no cares, O bless - ed Will, For all my cares are Thine;
4. Ill that He bless - es is our good, And un - blest good is ill;
And ev - 'ry day I live, I seem To love Thee more and more.
I can - not fear Thee, bless - ed Will, Thine em - pire is so sweet.
I live in tri - umph, Lord, for Thou Hast made Thy tri - umphs mine.
And all is right that seems most wrong, If it be His sweet will.

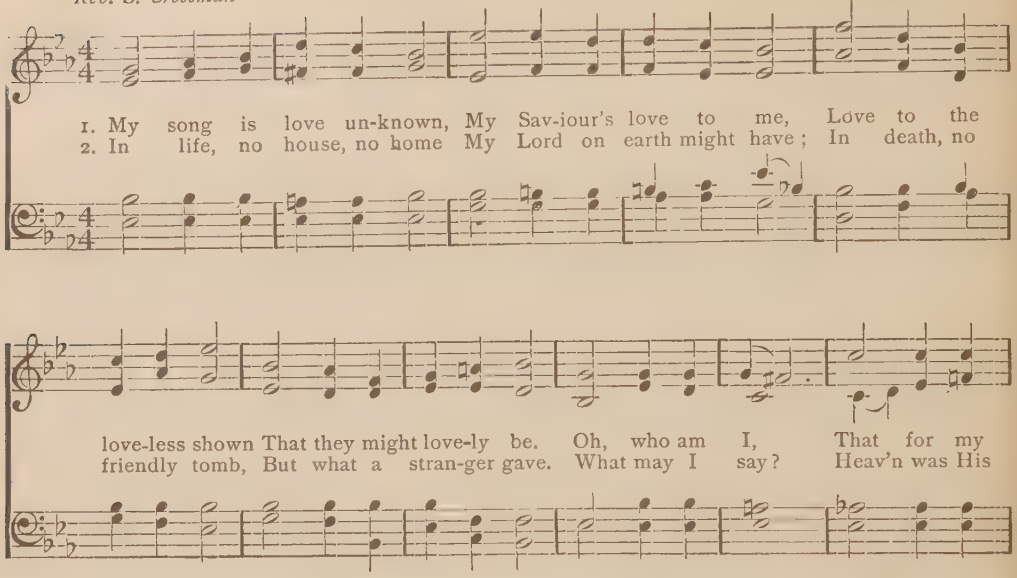
No. 380. *Awake, and Sing the Song*

W. Hammond — PHILIP. S. M. — *E. J. Hopkins*


1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb, Wake
2. Sing of His dy - ing love, Sing of His ris - ing pow'r; Sing
3. Sing on your heav'n-ly way, Ye ran - som'd sin - ners, sing; Sing
4. Soon shall we hear Him say, "Ye bless - ed chil - dren, come;" Soon
5. There shall our rap - tur'd tongue His end - less praise pro - claim, And
ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue To praise the Sav - iour's name.
how He in - ter - cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.
on, re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day In Christ, th'e - ter - nal King.
will He call us hence a - way, And take His wan-d'rers home.
sweet - er voic - es swell the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb. *A - men.*

No. 381. *My Song is Love Unknown*

Rev. S. Crossman COLSTON. 6s & 4s. *S. M. Bixby*


1. My song is love un-known, My Sav-iour's love to me, Love to the
2. In life, no house, no home My Lord on earth might have; In death, no
love-less shown That they might love-ly be. Oh, who am I, That for my
friendly tomb, But what a stran-ger gave. What may I say? Heav'n was His
sake My Lord should take Frail flesh and die?
Home; But mine the tomb Where-in He lay.

3.

Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King,
Never was grief like Thine.
This is my Friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

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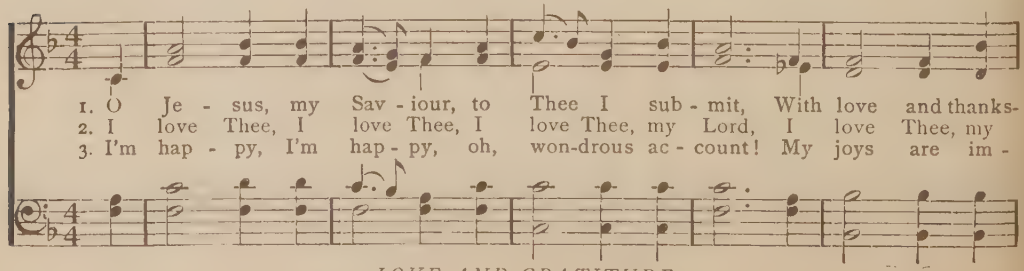
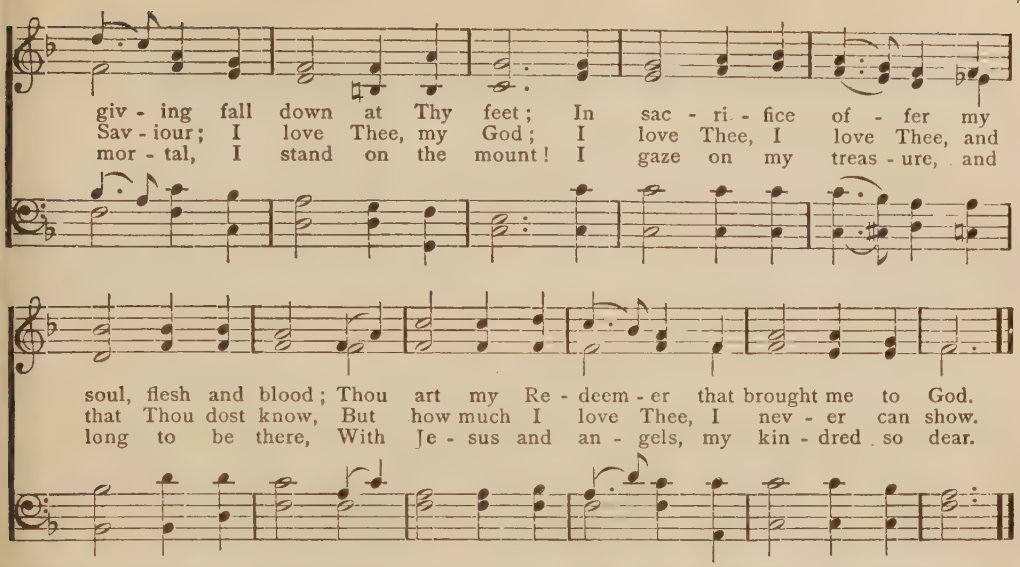
No. 382. *O Jesus, My Saviour, to Thee I Submit*

John A. Granade, 1770–1806 MARK. 11s. *Jay Deavereaux*


1. O Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to Thee I sub - mit, With love and thanks-
2. I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee, my Lord, I love Thee, my
3. I'm hap - py, I'm hap - py, oh, won-drous ac - count! My joys are im -

O Jesus, My Savionr, to Thee I Submit

giv - ing fall down at Thy feet; In sac - ri - fice of - fer my
Sav - iour; I love Thee, my God; I love Thee, I love Thee, and
mor - tal, I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treas - ure, and
soul, flesh and blood; Thou art my Re - deem - er that brought me to God.
that Thou dost know, But how much I love Thee, I nev - er can show.
long to be there, With Je - sus and an - gels, my kin - dred so dear.

4 O Jesus, my Saviour, with Thee I am blest!
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
Thy name be my theme, and Thy love be my song,
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.

5 Oh, who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King,
He smiles, and He loves me, and learns me to sing,
I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him, with notes loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill.

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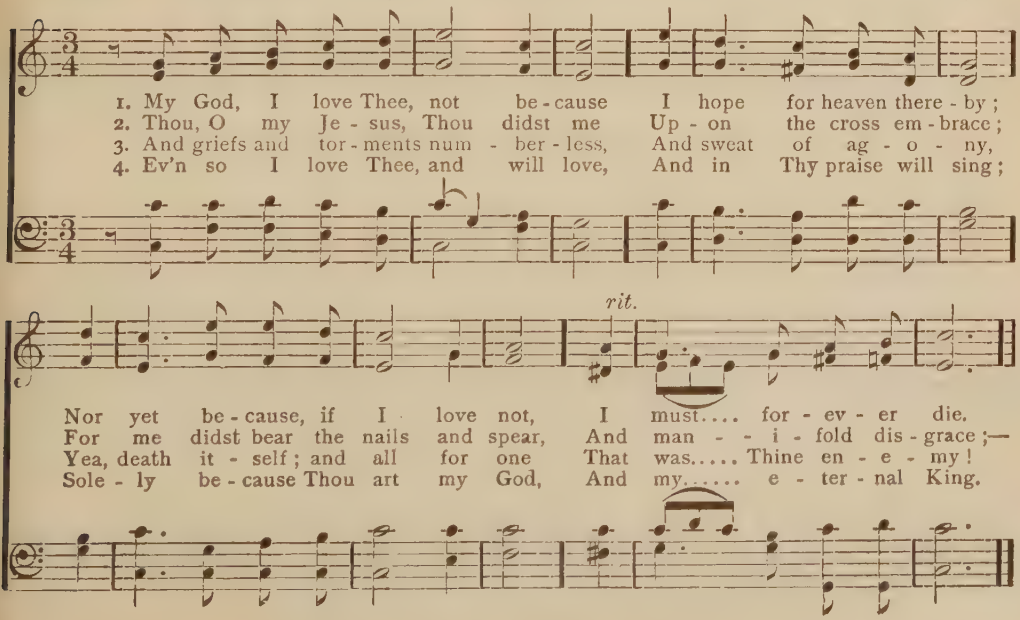
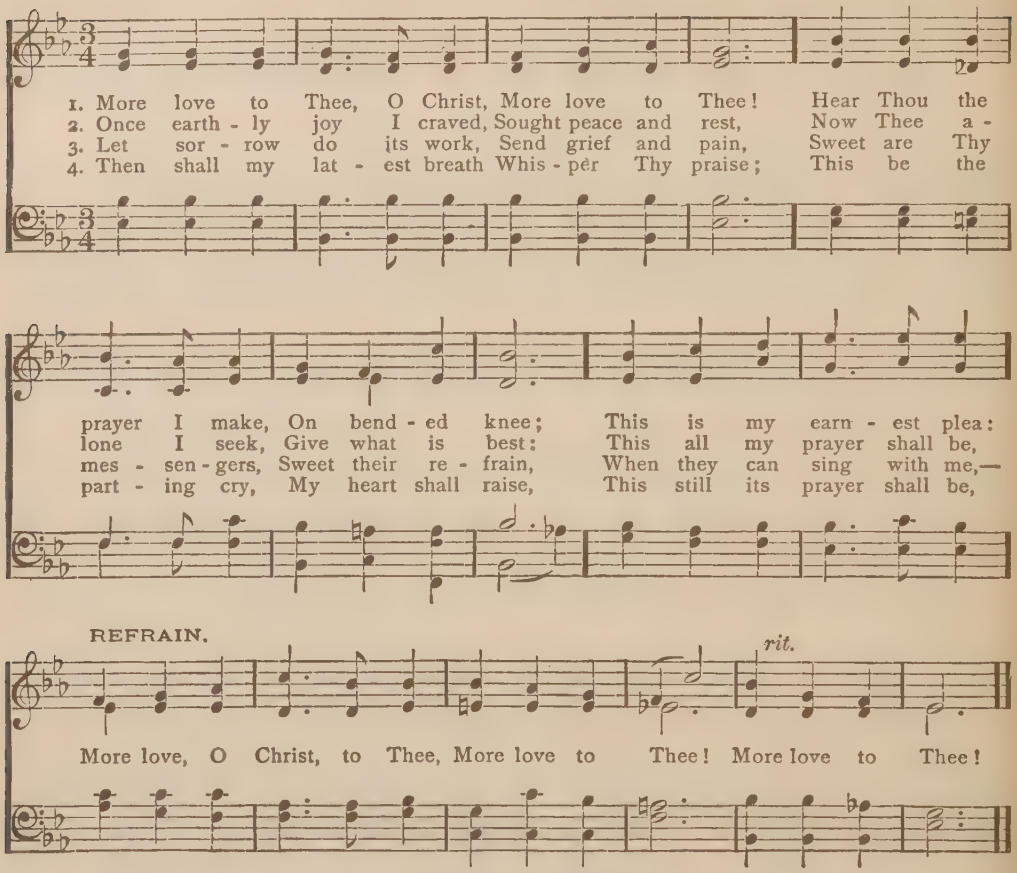
No. 383. *My God, I Love Thee*

F. Xavier, 1542, *Tr. E. Caswall*, 1849, *abr* MERTON. C. M. *H. K. Oliver*, 1842


1. My God, I love Thee, not be - cause I hope for heaven there - by;
2. Thou, O my Je - sus, Thou didst me Up - on the cross em - brace;
3. And griefs and tor - ments num - ber - less, And sweat of ag - o - ny,
4. Ev'n so I love Thee, and will love, And in Thy praise will sing;
rit.
Nor yet be - cause, if I love not, I must.... for - ev - er die.
For me didst bear the nails and spear, And man - - i - fold dis - grace;—
Yea, death it - self; and all for one That was..... Thine en - e - my!
Sole - ly be - cause Thou art my God, And my..... e - ter - nal King.

No. 384. *More Love to Thee, O Christ*

Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, 1856 PAYSON. 6s & 4s. *S. M. Bixby*


1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest, Now Thee a-
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain, Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the
prayer I make, On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,
mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,—
part-ing cry, My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be,
REFRAIN.
rit.
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

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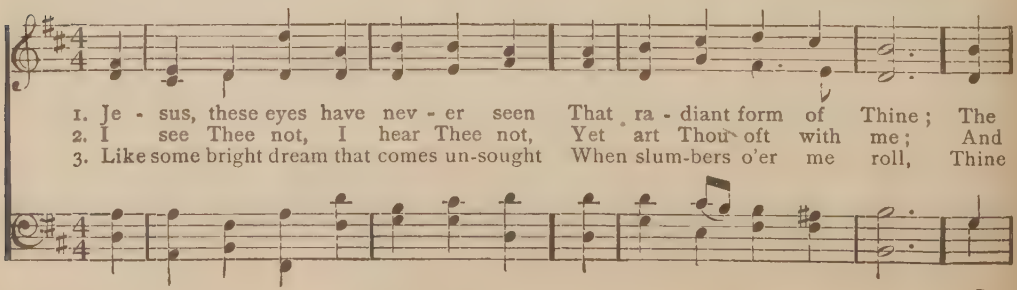
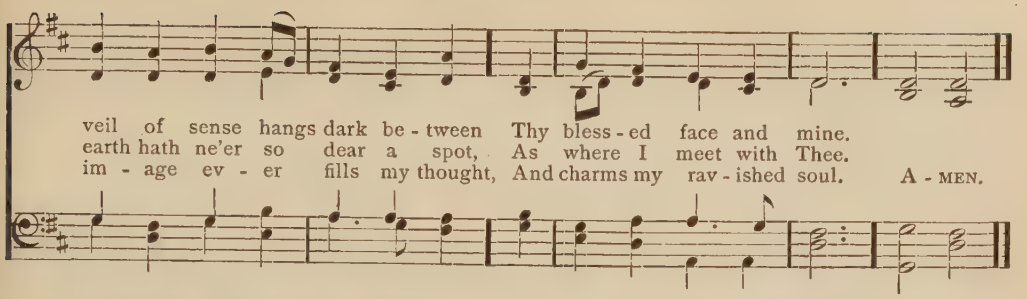
No. 385. *Jesus, These Eyes Have Never Seen*

Ray Palmer RAY. C. M. *Richard Redhead*

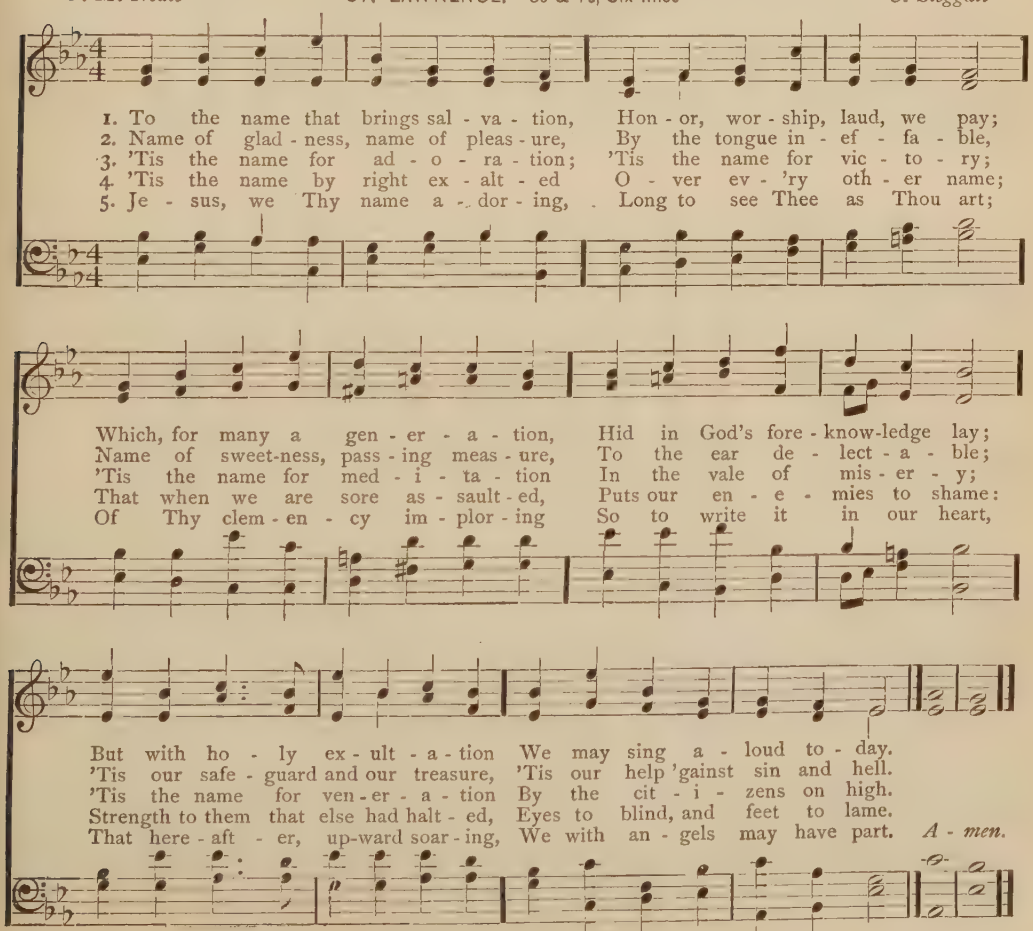

1. Je-sus, these eyes have nev-er seen That ra-diant form of Thine; The
2. I see Thee not, I hear Thee not, Yet art Thou oft with me; And
3. Like some bright dream that comes un-sought When slum-bers o'er me roll, Thine


veil of sense hangs dark be - tween Thy bless - ed face and mine.
earth hath ne'er so dear a spot, As where I meet with Thee.
im - age ev - er fills my thought, And charms my rav - ished soul. A - MEN.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord,—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

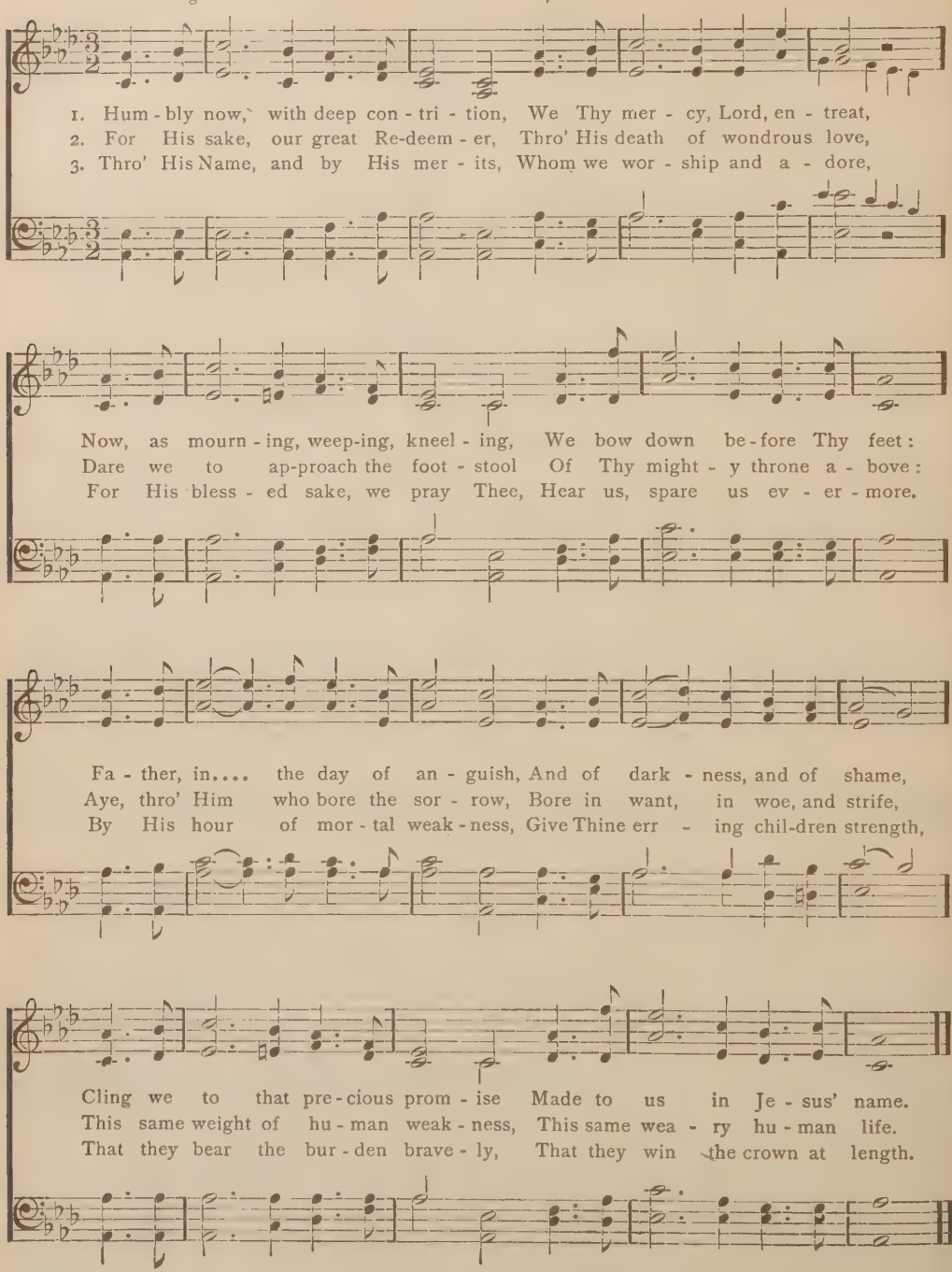
5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art. AMEN.

No. 386. *To the Name that Brings Salvation*

J. M. Neale ST. LAWRENCE. 8s & 7s, Six lines *C. Steggall*

1. To the name that brings sal - va - tion, Hon - or, wor - ship, laud, we pay;
2. Name of glad - ness, name of pleas - ure, By the tongue in - ef - fa - ble,
3. 'Tis the name for ad - o - ra - tion; 'Tis the name for vic - to - ry;
4. 'Tis the name by right ex - alt - ed O - ver ev - 'ry oth - er name;
5. Je - sus, we Thy name a - dor - ing, Long to see Thee as Thou art;
Which, for many a gen - er - a - tion, Hid in God's fore - know-ledge lay;
Name of sweet-ness, pass - ing meas - ure, To the ear de - lect - a - ble;
'Tis the name for med - i - ta - tion In the vale of mis - er - y;
That when we are sore as - sault - ed, Puts our en - e - mies to shame:
Of Thy clem - en - cy im - plor - ing So to write it in our heart,
But with ho - ly ex - ult - a - tion We may sing a - loud to - day.
'Tis our safe - guard and our treasure, 'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.
'Tis the name for ven - er - a - tion By the cit - i - zens on high.
Strength to them that else had halt - ed, Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.
That here - aft - er, up-ward soar - ing, We with an - gels may have part. A - men.

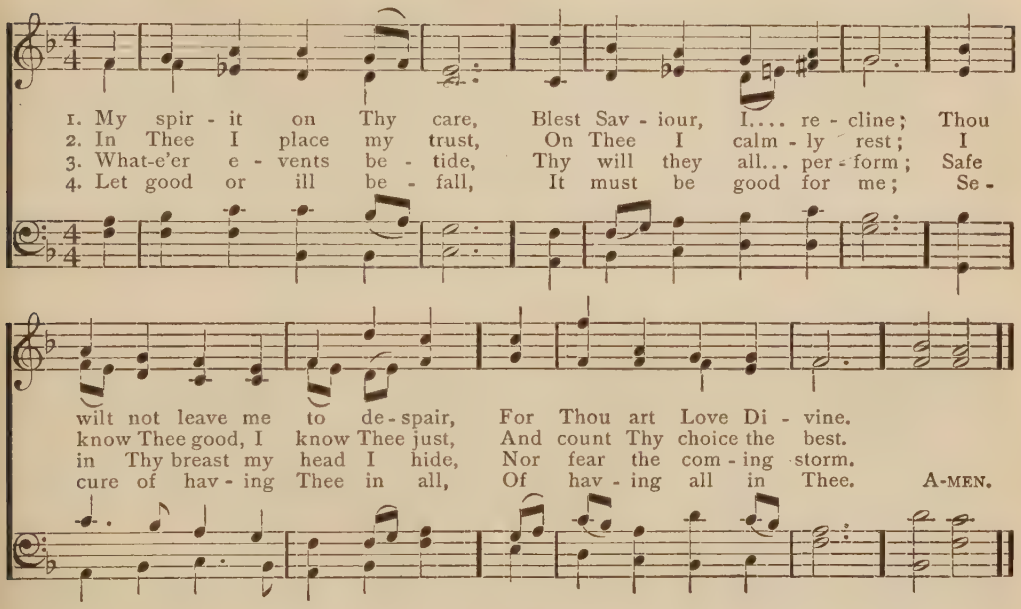
No. 387. *Humbly Now, with Deep Contrition*

Ada Cambridge AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. *F. H. Barthelemon*


1. Hum - bly now, with deep con - tri - tion, We Thy mer - cy, Lord, en - treat,
2. For His sake, our great Re-deem - er, Thro' His death of wondrous love,
3. Thro' His Name, and by His mer - its, Whom we wor - ship and a - dore,
Now, as mourn - ing, weep-ing, kneel - ing, We bow down be - fore Thy feet:
Dare we to ap-proach the foot - stool Of Thy might - y throne a - bove:
For His bless - ed sake, we pray Thee, Hear us, spare us ev - er - more.
Fa - ther, in.... the day of an - guish, And of dark - ness, and of shame,
Aye, thro' Him who bore the sor - row, Bore in want, in woe, and strife,
By His hour of mor - tal weak - ness, Give Thine err - ing chil-dren strength,
Cling we to that pre - cious prom - ise Made to us in Je - sus' name.
This same weight of hu - man weak - ness, This same wea - ry hu - man life.
That they bear the bur - den brave - ly, That they win the crown at length.

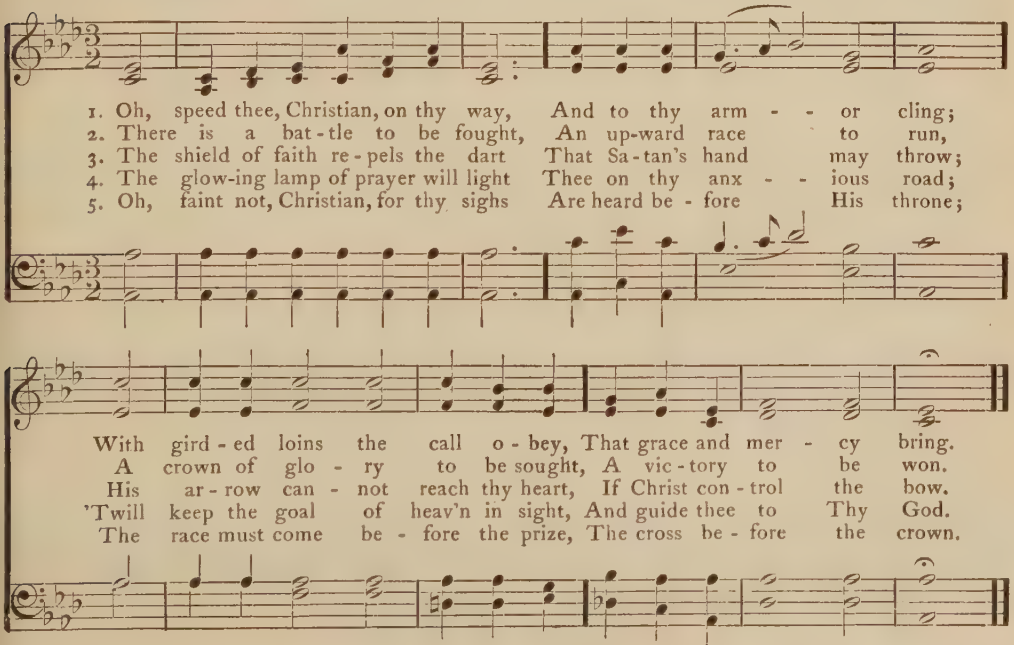
No. 388. *My Spirit on Thy Care*

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834 — METCALFE. S. M. — *William Metcalfe*


1. My spir - it on Thy care, Blest Sav - iour, I.... re - cline; Thou
2. In Thee I place my trust, On Thee I calm - ly rest; I
3. What-e'er e - vents be - tide, Thy will they all... per - form; Safe
4. Let good or ill be - fall, It must be good for me; Se -
wilt not leave me to de - spair, For Thou art Love Di - vine.
know Thee good, I know Thee just, And count Thy choice the best.
in Thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the com - ing storm.
cure of hav - ing Thee in all, Of hav - ing all in Thee. A-MEN.

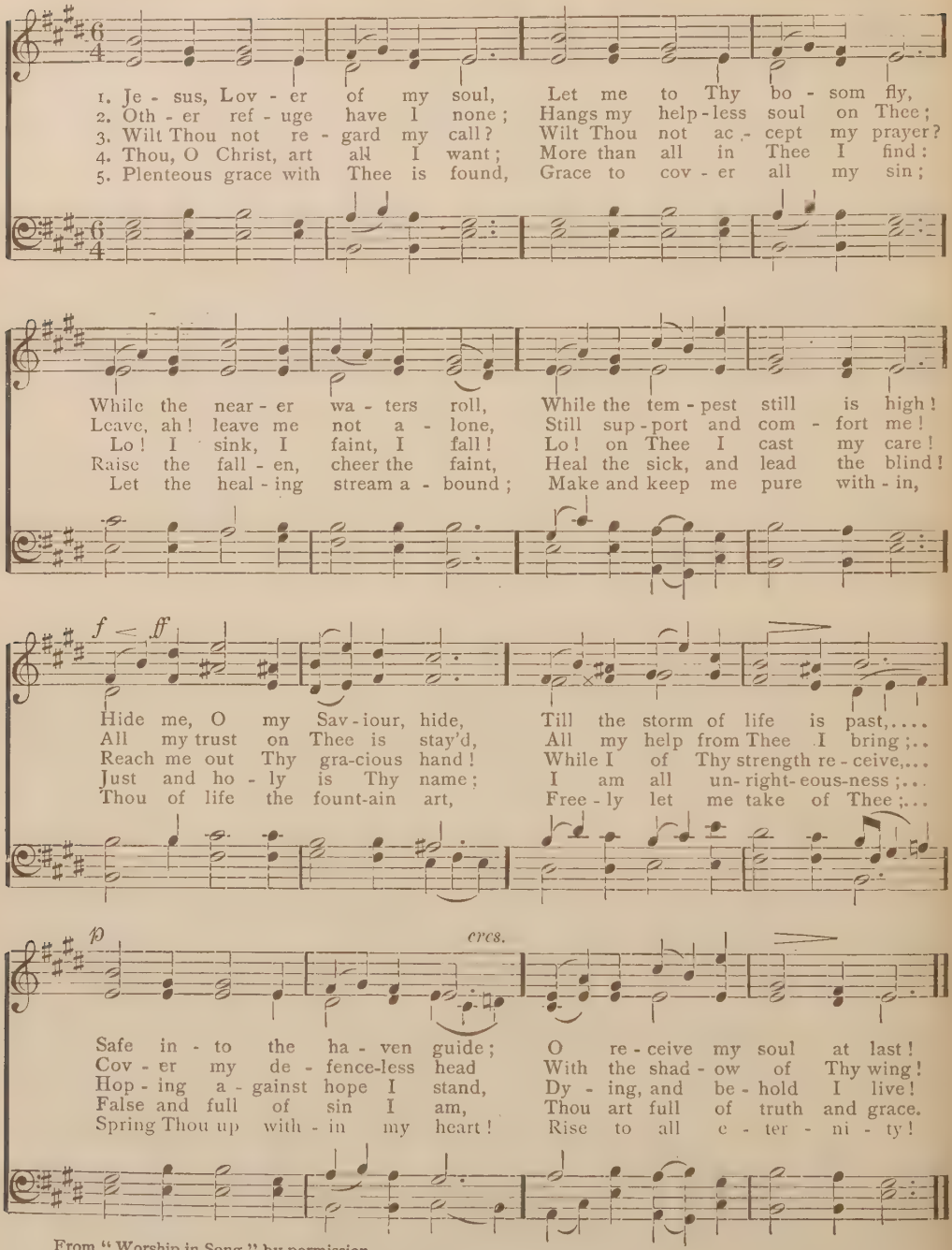
No. 389. *Oh, Speed Thee, Christian, on Thy Way*

Bishop Onderdonk, 1841 — HERMON. C. M. — *Lowell Mason*


1. Oh, speed thee, Christian, on thy way, And to thy arm - - or cling;
2. There is a bat - tle to be fought, An up-ward race to run,
3. The shield of faith re - pels the dart That Sa - tan's hand may throw;
4. The glow-ing lamp of prayer will light Thee on thy anx - - ious road;
5. Oh, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs Are heard be - fore His throne;
With gird - ed loins the call o - bey, That grace and mer - cy bring.
A crown of glo - ry to be sought, A vic - tory to be won.
His ar - row can - not reach thy heart, If Christ con - trol the bow.
'Twill keep the goal of heav'n in sight, And guide thee to Thy God.
The race must come be - fore the prize, The cross be - fore the crown.

No. 390.

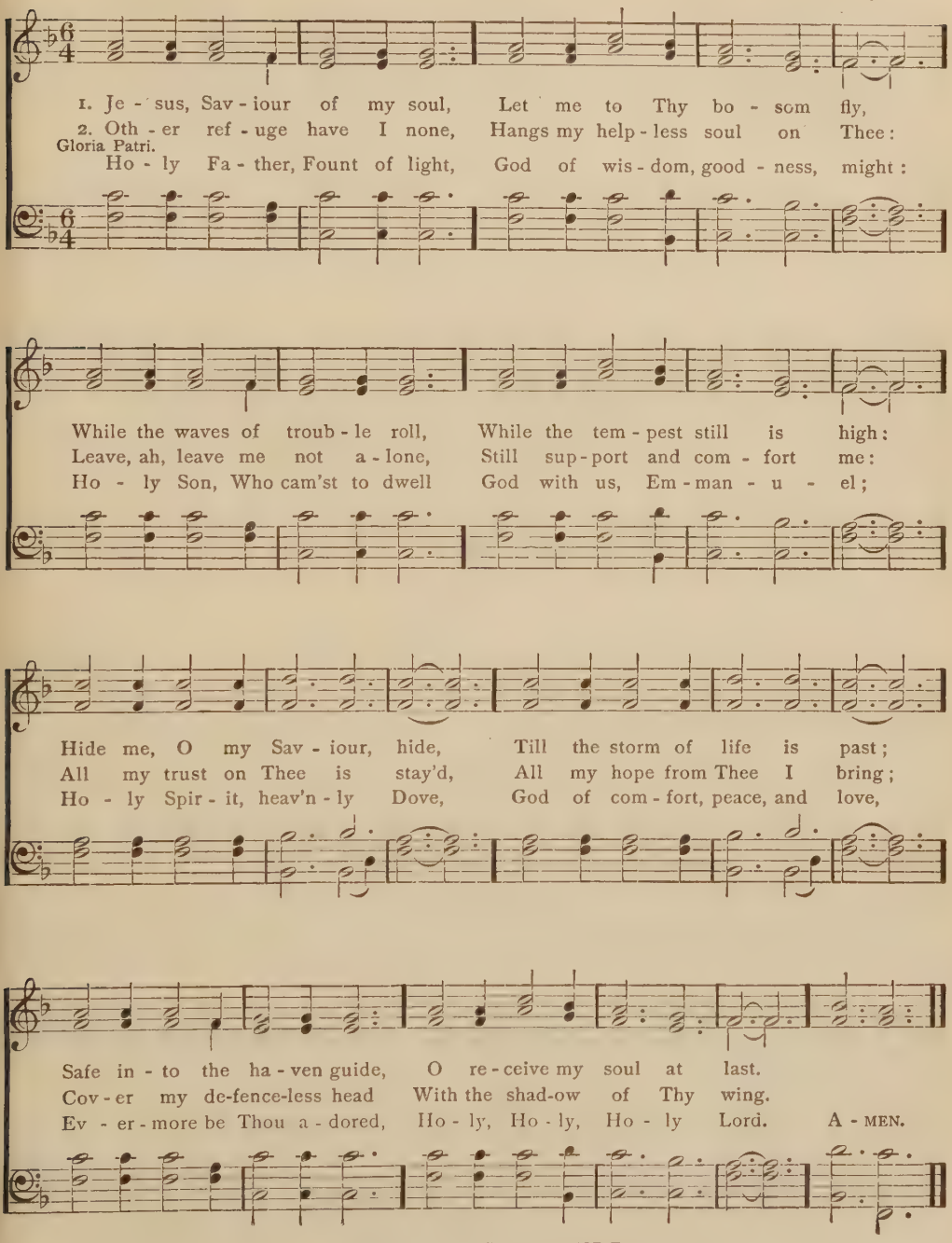
Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Charles Wesley — CHARLES WESLEY. 7s D. — *John Zundel*

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Wilt Thou not re - gard my call? Wilt Thou not ac - cept my prayer?
4. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
5. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall! Lo! on Thee I cast my care!
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Let the heal - ing stream a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in,
f < ff
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past,....
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;..
Reach me out Thy gra-cious hand! While I of Thy strength re - ceive,...
Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un- right- eous-ness;...
Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;...
p
cres.
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
Hop - ing a - gainst hope I stand, Dy - ing, and be - hold I live!
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart! Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty!

From "Worship in Song," by permission.

LOVE AND GRATITUDE

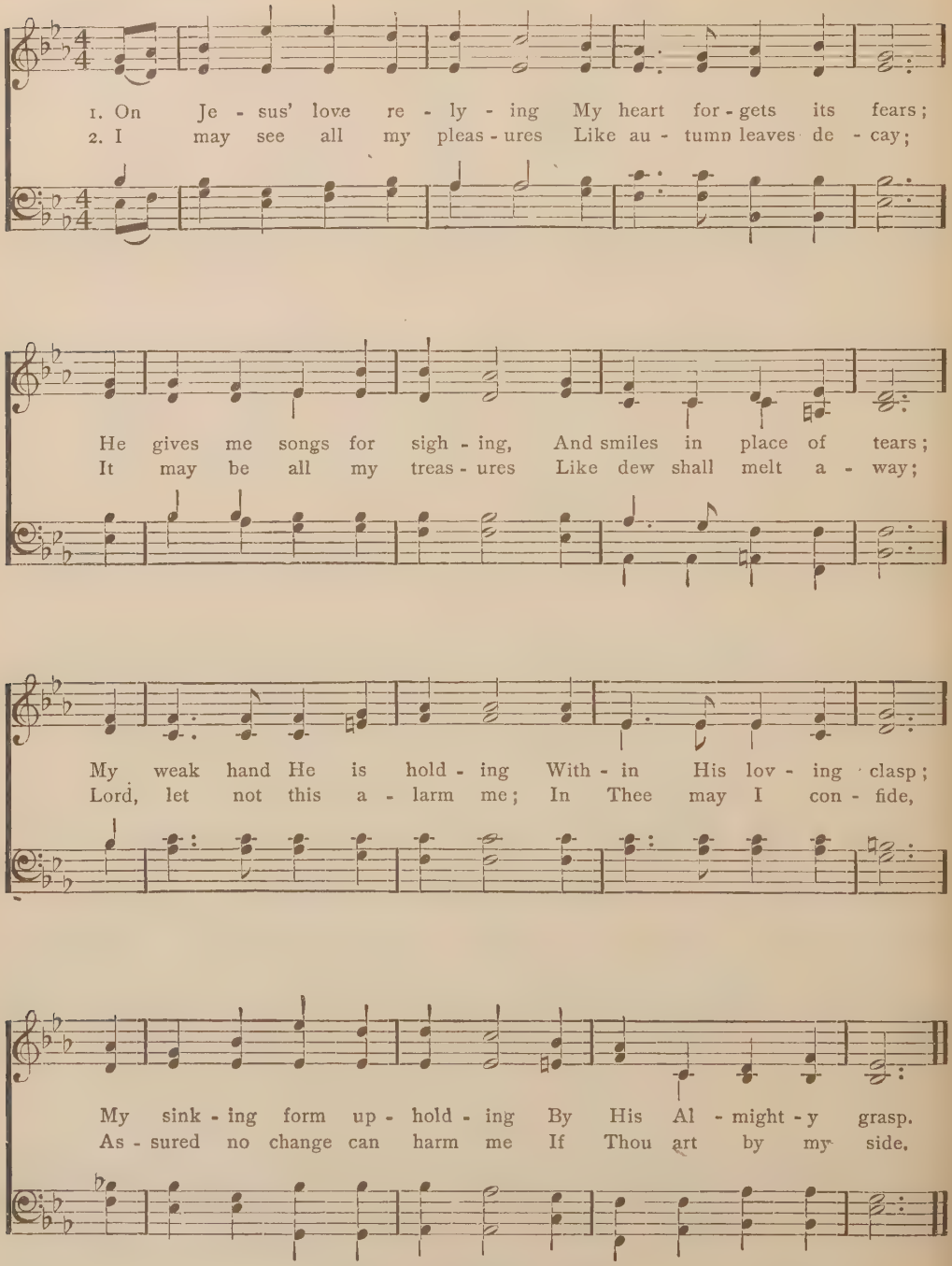
No. 391. *Jesus, Saviour of My Soul*

Charles Wesley MARTYN. 7s D. *S. B. Marsh* 1834

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee:
Gloria Patri.
Ho - ly Fa - ther, Fount of light, God of wis - dom, good - ness, might:
While the waves of troub - le roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
Ho - ly Son, Who cam'st to dwell God with us, Em - man - u - el;
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my hope from Thee I bring;
Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, God of com - fort, peace, and love,
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de-fence-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
Ev - er - more be Thou a - dored, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord. A - MEN.

No. 392.

On Jesus' Love Relying

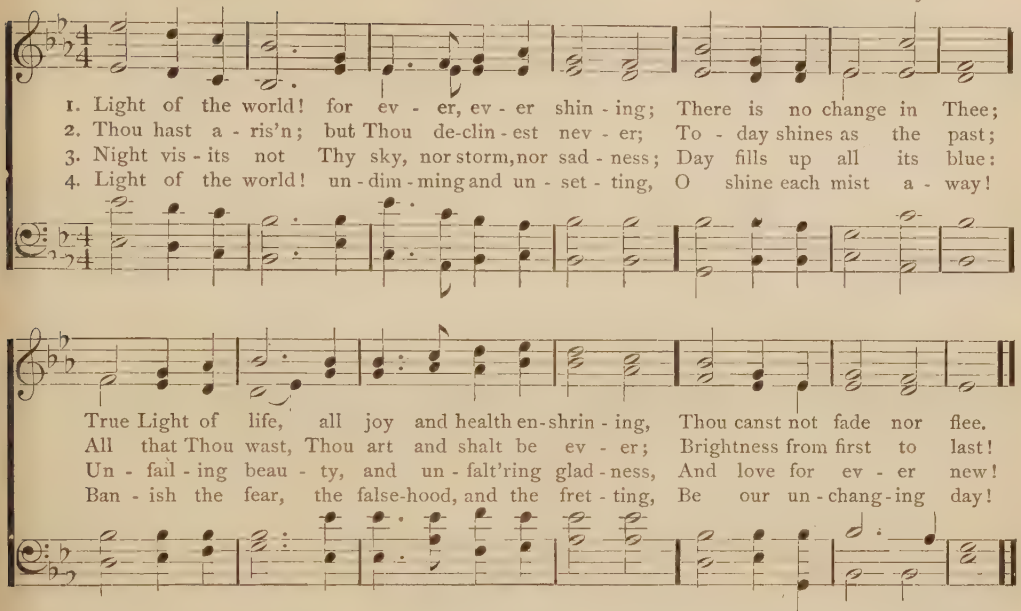
Wm. A. Cauldwell MAUDE. 7s & 6s D. *Samuel F. Smith*


1. On Je - sus' love re - ly - ing My heart for - gets its fears;
2. I may see all my pleas - ures Like au - tumn leaves de - cay;
He gives me songs for sigh - ing, And smiles in place of tears;
It may be all my treas - ures Like dew shall melt a - way;
My weak hand He is hold - ing With - in His lov - ing clasp;
Lord, let not this a - larm me; In Thee may I con - fide,
My sink - ing form up - hold - ing By His Al - might - y grasp.
As - sured no change can harm me If Thou art by my side.

LOVE AND GRATITUDE

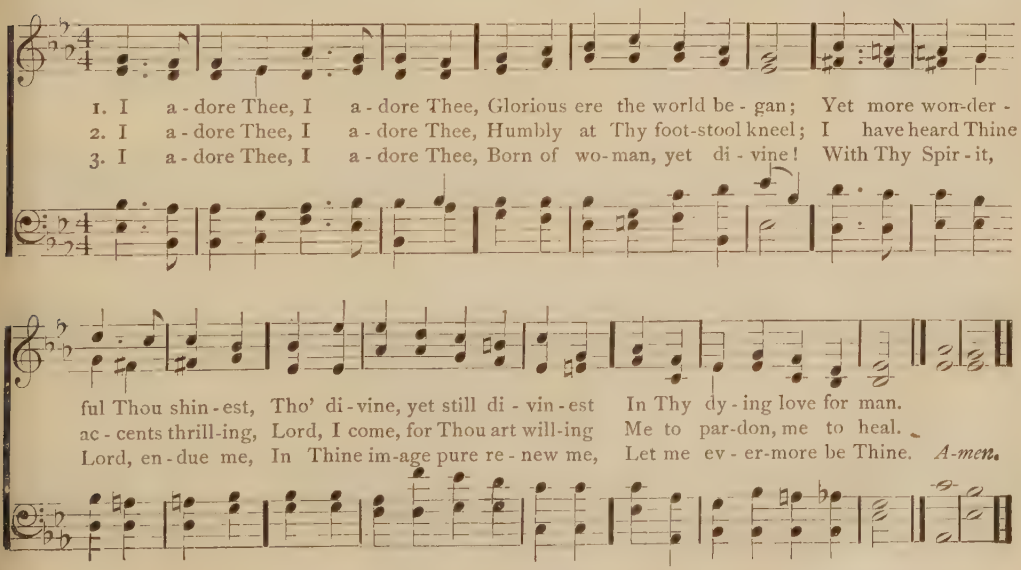
No. 393. *Light of the World*

Horatius Bonar WYCKOFF. P. M. *G. A. Macfarren*


1. Light of the world! for ev - er, ev - er shin - ing; There is no change in Thee;
2. Thou hast a - ris'n; but Thou de-clin - est nev - er; To - day shines as the past;
3. Night vis - its not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sad - ness; Day fills up all its blue:
4. Light of the world! un - dim - ming and un - set - ting, O shine each mist a - way!
True Light of life, all joy and health en-shrin - ing, Thou canst not fade nor flee.
All that Thou wast, Thou art and shalt be ev - er; Brightness from first to last!
Un - fail - ing beau - ty, and un - falt'ring glad - ness, And love for ev - er new!
Ban - ish the fear, the false-hood, and the fret - ting, Be our un - chang - ing day!

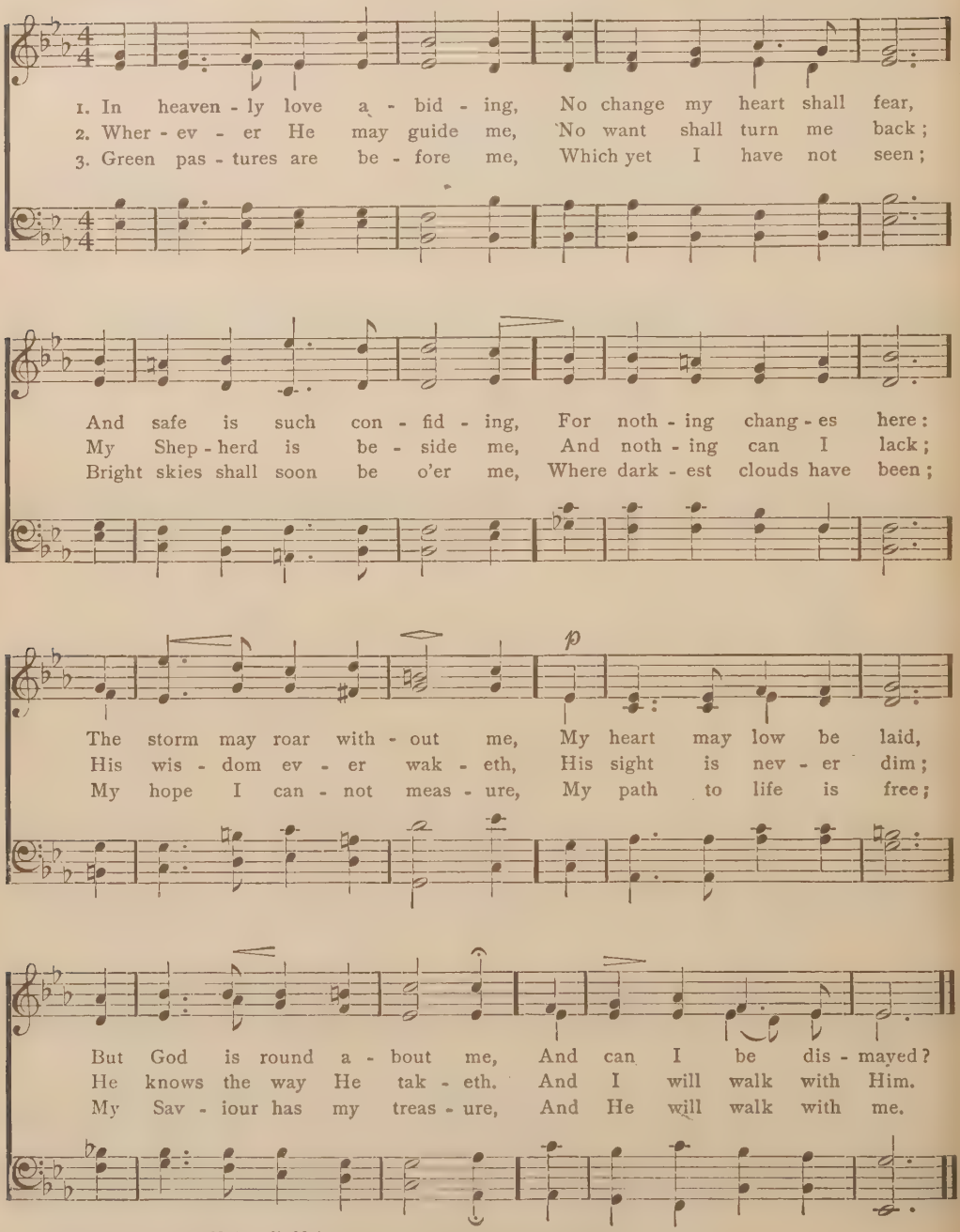
No. 394. *I Adore Thee, I Adore Thee*

J. S. Simpson CRUCIFIXION. 8.7.8.8.7 *J. Stainer*


1. I a - dore Thee, I a - dore Thee, Glorious ere the world be - gan; Yet more won-der -
2. I a - dore Thee, I a - dore Thee, Humbly at Thy foot-stool kneel; I have heard Thine
3. I a - dore Thee, I a - dore Thee, Born of wo - man, yet di - vine! With Thy Spir - it,
ful Thou shin - est, Tho' di - vine, yet still di - vin - est In Thy dy - ing love for man.
ac - cents thrill-ing, Lord, I come, for Thou art will-ing Me to par-don, me to heal.
Lord, en - due me, In Thine im-age pure re - new me, Let me ev - er-more be Thine. *A-men.*

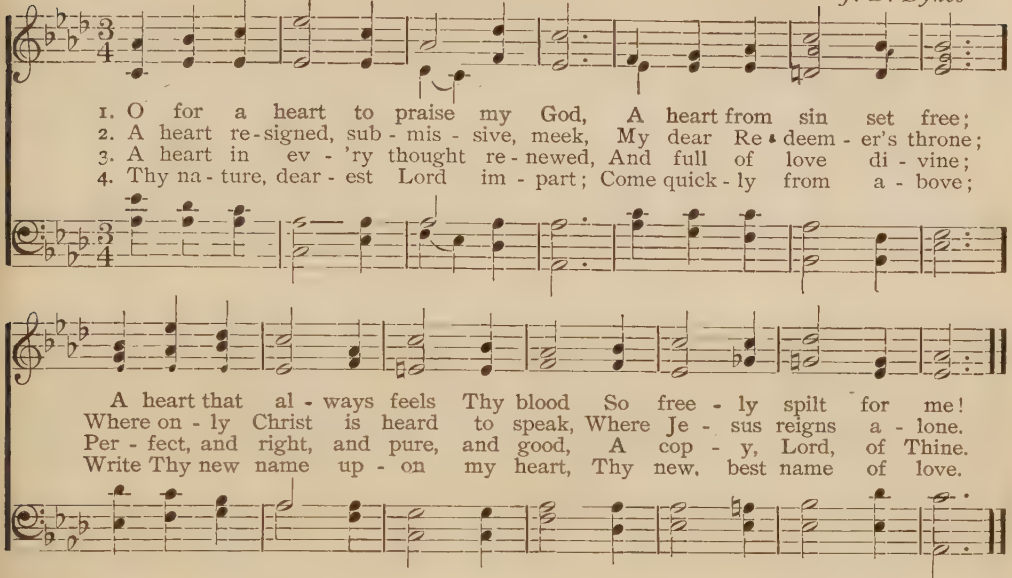
No. 395. *In Heavenly Love Abiding*

Anna Lætitia Waring CLARE. 7s & 6s D. *Hubert P. Main, by per.*


1. In heaven - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear,
2. Wher - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
3. Green pas - tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;
And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here:
My Shep - herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack;
Bright skies shall soon be o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been;
p
The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim;
My hope I can - not meas - ure, My path to life is free;
But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
He knows the way He tak - eth. And I will walk with Him.
My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

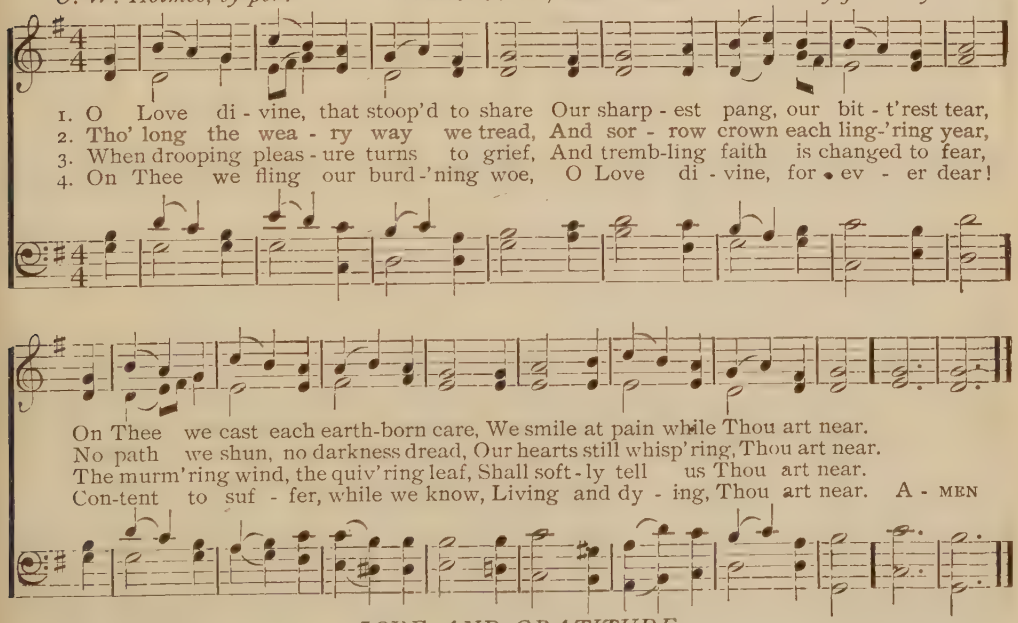
Copyright, 1878, by Hubert P. Main.

No. 396. *O for a Heart to Praise My God*

Charles Wesley BEATITUDE. C.M. *J. B. Dykes*

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
2. A heart re-signed, sub-mis-sive, meek, My dear Re-deem-er's throne;
3. A heart in ev-'ry thought re-newed, And full of love di-vine;
4. Thy na-ture, dear-est Lord im-part; Come quick-ly from a-bove;
A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood So free-ly spilt for me!
Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.
Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop-y, Lord, of Thine.
Write Thy new name up-on my heart, Thy new, best name of love.

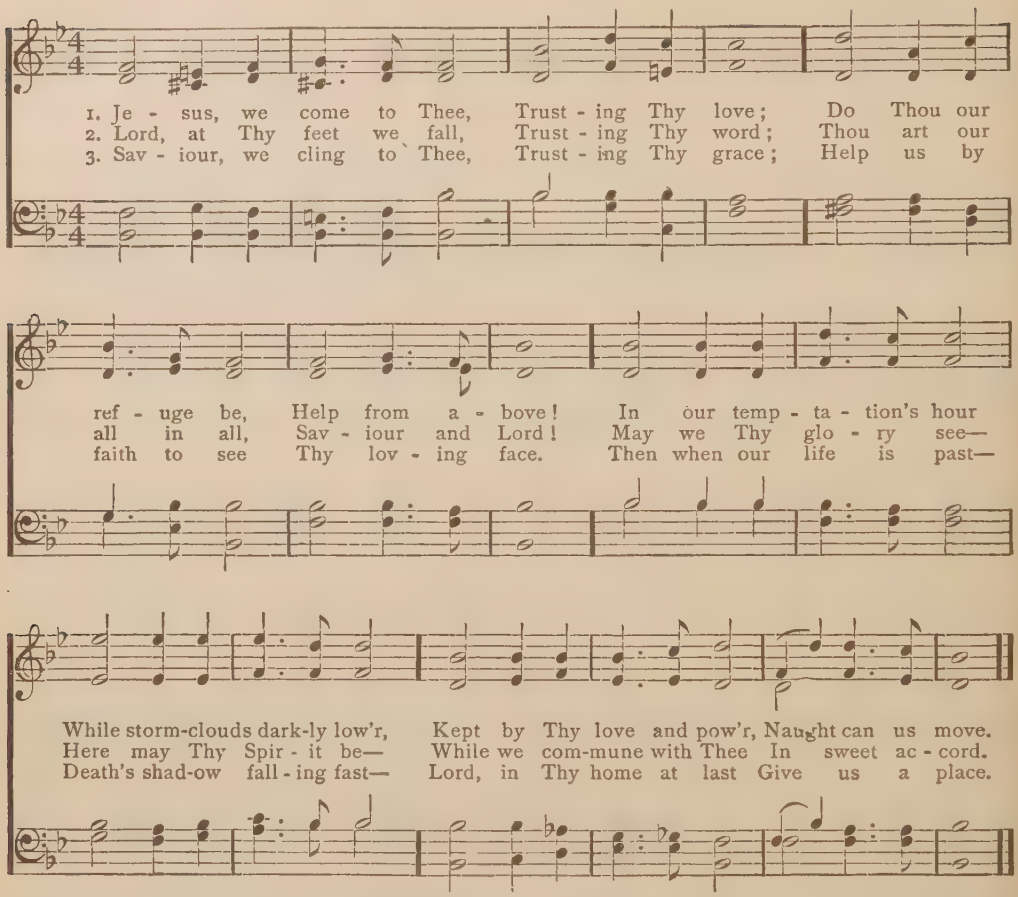
No. 397. *O Love Divine, that Stooped to Share*

O. W. Holmes, by per. INTERCESSION, OLD. L.M. *Latin Melody. Arr. by J. B. Dykes*


1. O Love di-vine, that stoop'd to share Our sharp-est pang, our bit-t'rest tear,
2. Tho' long the wea-ry way we tread, And sor-row crown each ling-'ring year,
3. When drooping pleas-ure turns to grief, And tremb-ling faith is changed to fear,
4. On Thee we fling our burd-'ning woe, O Love di-vine, for ev-er dear!
On Thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near.
No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near.
The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf, Shall soft-ly tell us Thou art near.
Con-tent to suf-fer, while we know, Living and dy-ing, Thou art near. A-MEN

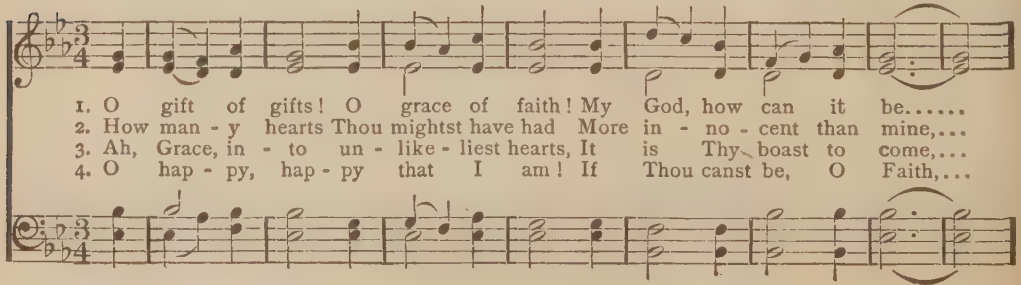
No. 398. *Jesus, We Come to Thee*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 BROOKS. 6s & 4s. *S. M. Bixby*

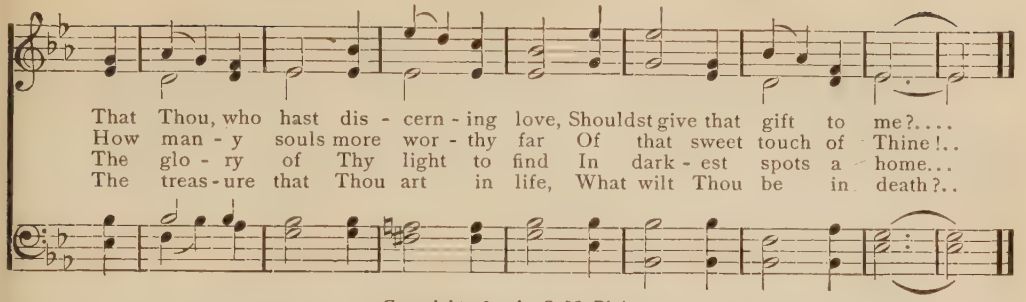

1. Je - sus, we come to Thee, Trust - ing Thy love; Do Thou our
2. Lord, at Thy feet we fall, Trust - ing Thy word; Thou art our
3. Sav - iour, we cling to Thee, Trust - ing Thy grace; Help us by
ref - uge be, Help from a - bove! In our temp - ta - tion's hour
all in all, Sav - iour and Lord! May we Thy glo - ry see—
faith to see Thy lov - ing face. Then when our life is past—
While storm-clouds dark-ly low'r, Kept by Thy love and pow'r, Naught can us move.
Here may Thy Spir - it be— While we com-mune with Thee In sweet ac - cord.
Death's shad-ow fall - ing fast— Lord, in Thy home at last Give us a place.

Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 399. *O Gift of Gifts! O Grace of Faith*

F. W. Faber, 1849, *abr.* MEADE. C. M. *S. M. Bixby*

1. O gift of gifts! O grace of faith! My God, how can it be.....
2. How man - y hearts Thou mightst have had More in - no - cent than mine,...
3. Ah, Grace, in - to un - like - liest hearts, It is Thy boast to come,...
4. O hap - py, hap - py that I am! If Thou canst be, O Faith,...

O Gift of Gifts! O Grace of Faith


That Thou, who hast dis - cern - ing love, Shouldst give that gift to me?....
How man - y souls more wor - thy far Of that sweet touch of Thine!..
The glo - ry of Thy light to find In dark - est spots a home...
The treas - ure that Thou art in life, What wilt Thou be in death?..

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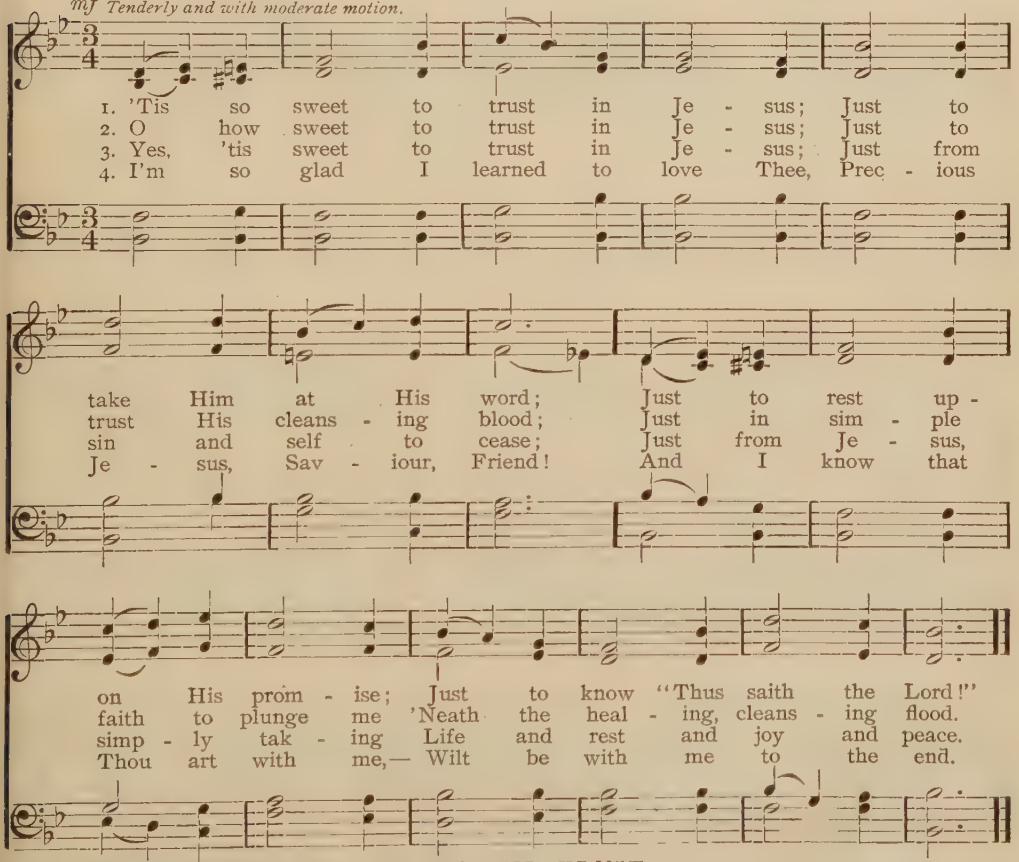
No. 400. *'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus*

Mrs. L. M. R. Stead STEAD. 8s. & 7s. *S. M. Bixby, 1899*

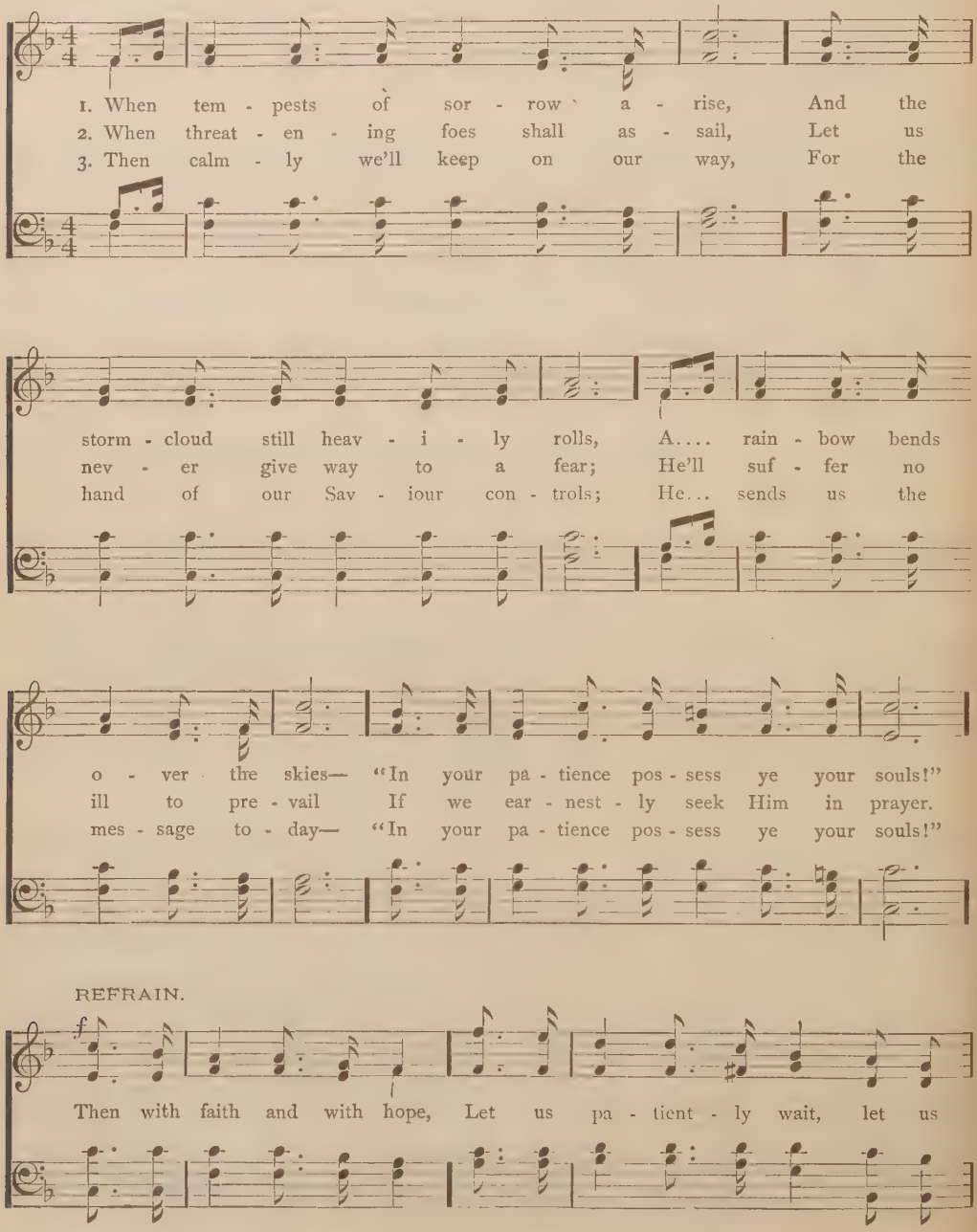
mf Tenderly and with moderate motion.


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus; Just to
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus; Just to
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus; Just from
4. I'm so glad I learned to love Thee, Prec - ious
take Him at His word; Just to rest up -
trust His cleans - ing blood; Just in sim - ple
sin and self to cease; Just from Je - sus,
Je - sus, Sav - iour, Friend! And I know that
on His prom - ise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord!"
faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleans - ing flood.
simp - ly tak - ing Life and rest and joy and peace.
Thou art with me,— Wilt be with me to the end.

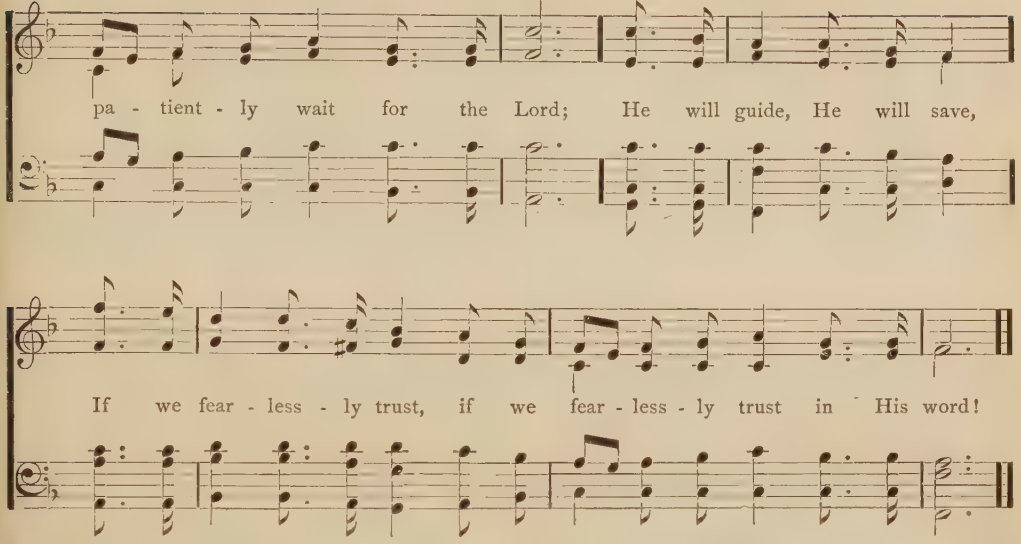
Copyright, 1900, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 401. *When Tempests of Sorrow Arise*

ST. CLEMENTS. 8.9.8.9, with Refrain

Mrs. S. K. Bourne — *Frank N. Shepperd*

1. When tem - pests of sor - row a - rise, And the
2. When threat - en - ing foes shall as - sail, Let us
3. Then calm - ly we'll keep on our way, For the
storm - cloud still heav - i - ly rolls, A.... rain - bow bends
nev - er give way to a fear; He'll suf - fer no
hand of our Sav - iour con - trols; He... sends us the
o - ver the skies— "In your pa - tience pos - sess ye your souls!"
ill to pre - vail If we ear - nest - ly seek Him in prayer.
mes - sage to - day— "In your pa - tience pos - sess ye your souls!"
REFRAIN.
Then with faith and with hope, Let us pa - tient - ly wait, let us

When Tempests of Sorrow Arise



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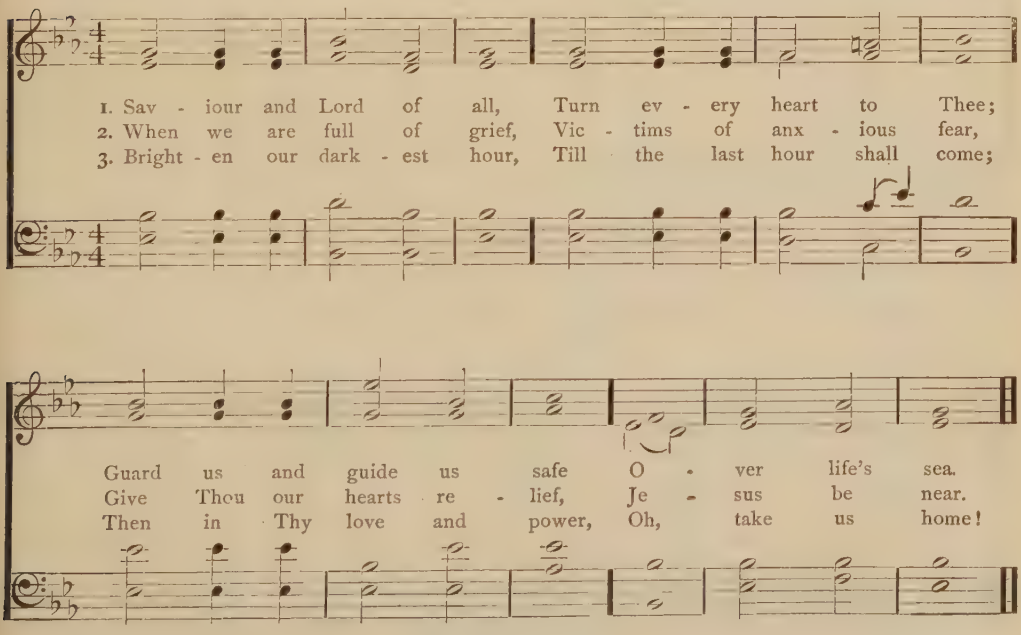
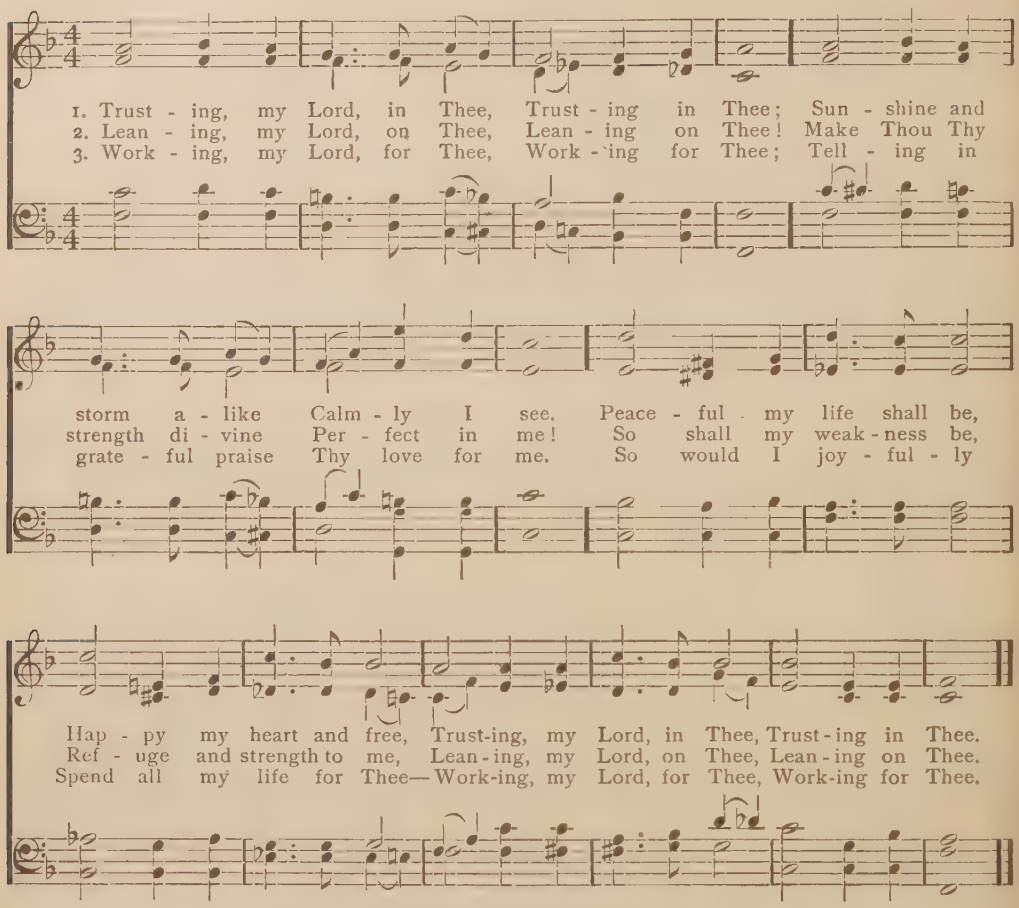
No. 402. *Saviour and Lord of All*

T. R. Taylor GUARDIAN. 6.6.6.4. *H. T. Leslie*


1. Sav - iour and Lord of all, Turn ev - ery heart to Thee;
2. When we are full of grief, Vic - tims of anx - ious fear,
3. Bright - en our dark - est hour, Till the last hour shall come;
Guard us and guide us safe O - ver life's sea.
Give Thou our hearts re - lief, Je - sus be near.
Then in Thy love and power, Oh, take us home!

No. 403. *Trusting, My Lord, in Thee*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1894 GANSE. 6s & 4s. *Frank N. Shepperd*, 1892


1. Trust - ing, my Lord, in Thee, Trust - ing in Thee; Sun - shine and
2. Lean - ing, my Lord, on Thee, Lean - ing on Thee! Make Thou Thy
3. Work - ing, my Lord, for Thee, Work - ing for Thee; Tell - ing in
storm a - like Calm - ly I see. Peace - ful my life shall be,
strength di - vine Per - fect in me! So shall my weak - ness be,
grate - ful praise Thy love for me. So would I joy - ful - ly
Hap - py my heart and free, Trust-ing, my Lord, in Thee, Trust - ing in Thee.
Ref - uge and strength to me, Lean - ing, my Lord, on Thee, Lean - ing on Thee.
Spend all my life for Thee— Work-ing, my Lord, for Thee, Work-ing for Thee.

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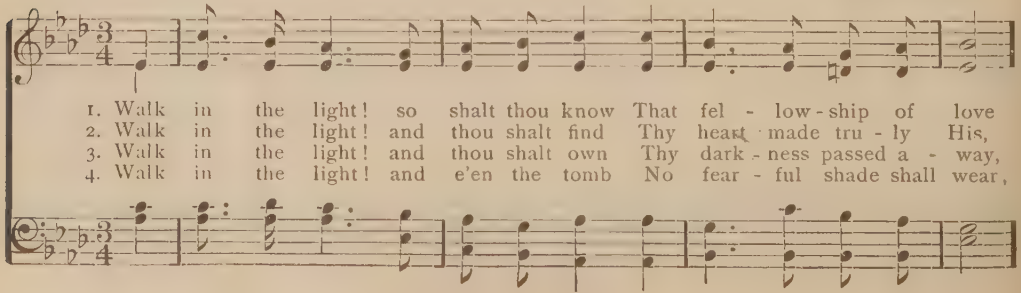
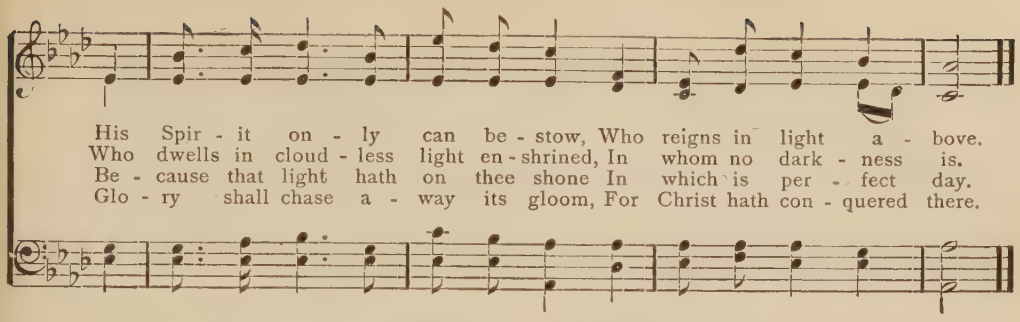
No. 404. *Walk in the Light*

Bernard Barton BARTON. 8s & 6s. *Joseph Martine*


1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low - ship of love
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru - ly His,
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy dark - ness passed a - way,
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear,

Walk in the Light


His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.
Who dwells in cloud - less light en - shrined, In whom no dark - ness is.
Be - cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per - fect day.
Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath con - quered there.

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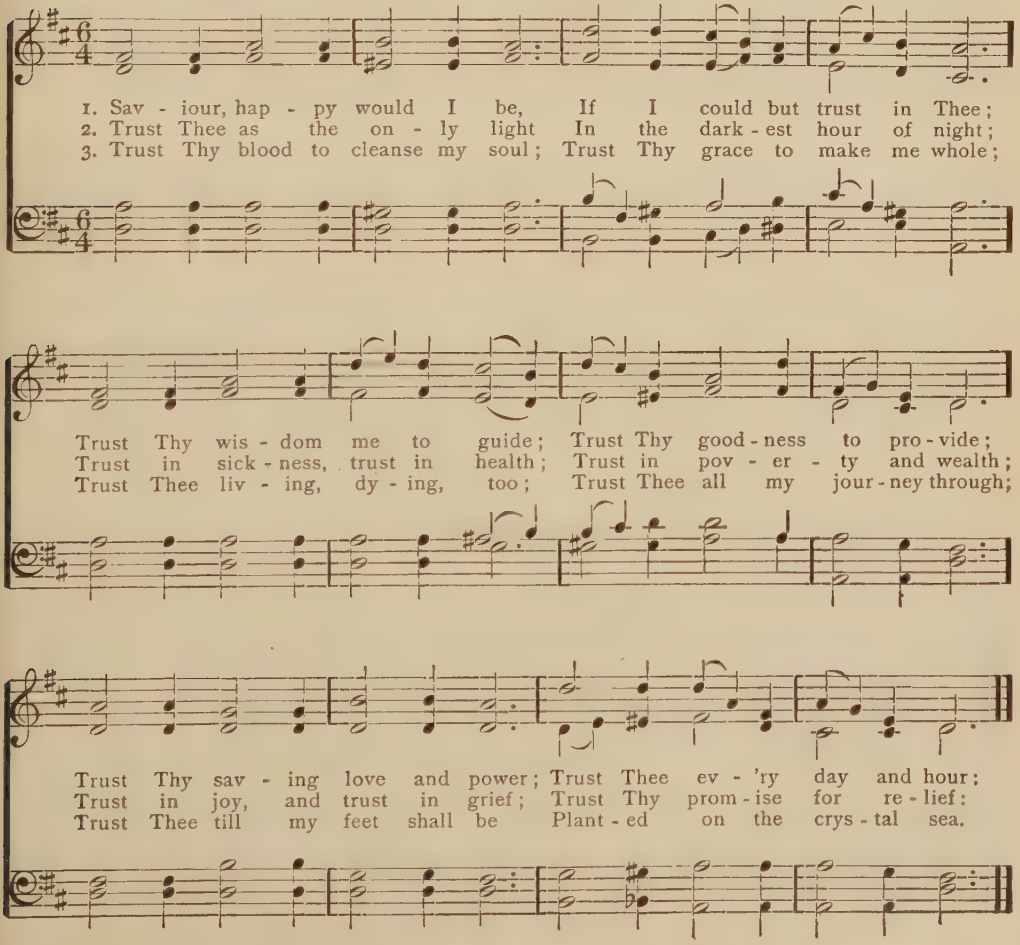
No. 405. *Saviour, Happy Would I Be*

Rev. E. H. Nevin NEVINS. 7s, Six lines. *S. M. Bixby*

1. Sav - iour, hap - py would I be, If I could but trust in Thee;
2. Trust Thee as the on - ly light In the dark - est hour of night;
3. Trust Thy blood to cleanse my soul; Trust Thy grace to make me whole;
Trust Thy wis - dom me to guide; Trust Thy good - ness to pro - vide;
Trust in sick - ness, trust in health; Trust in pov - er - ty and wealth;
Trust Thee liv - ing, dy - ing, too; Trust Thee all my jour - ney through;
Trust Thy sav - ing love and power; Trust Thee ev - 'ry day and hour;
Trust in joy, and trust in grief; Trust Thy prom - ise for re - lief;
Trust Thee till my feet shall be Plant - ed on the crys - tal sea.

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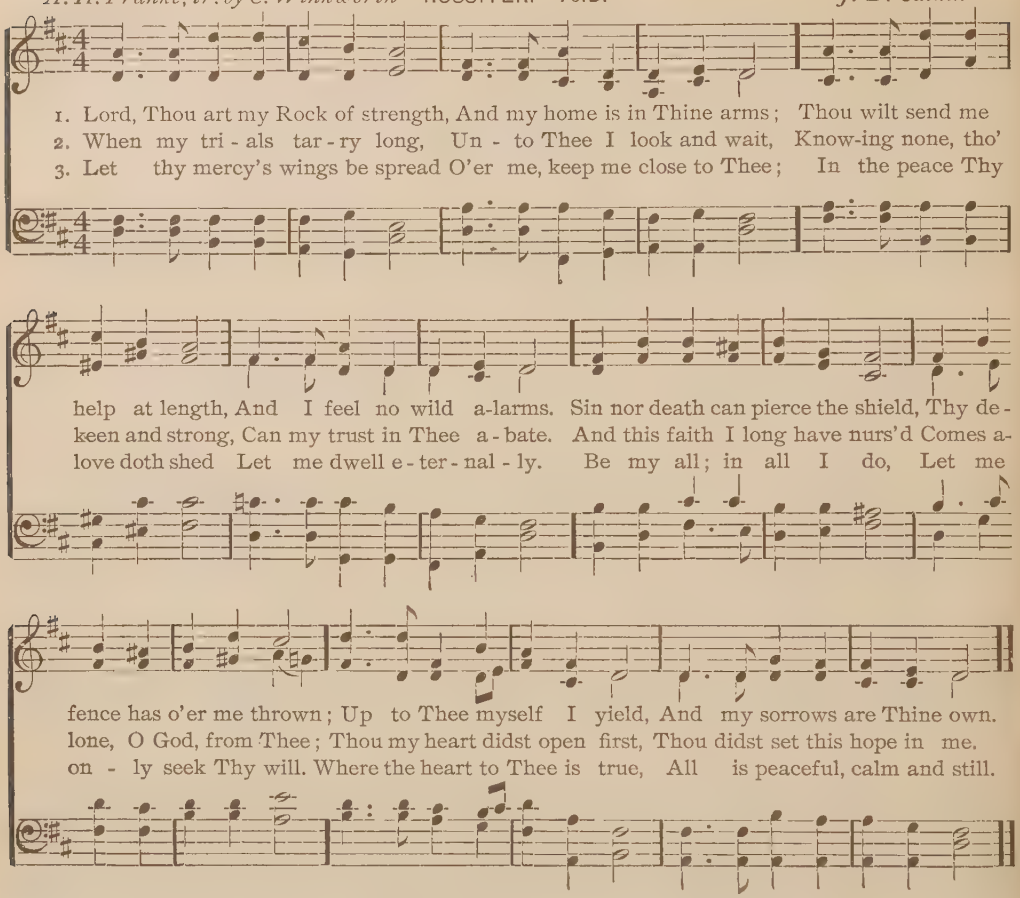
No. 406. *Lord, Thou Art My Rock of Strength*

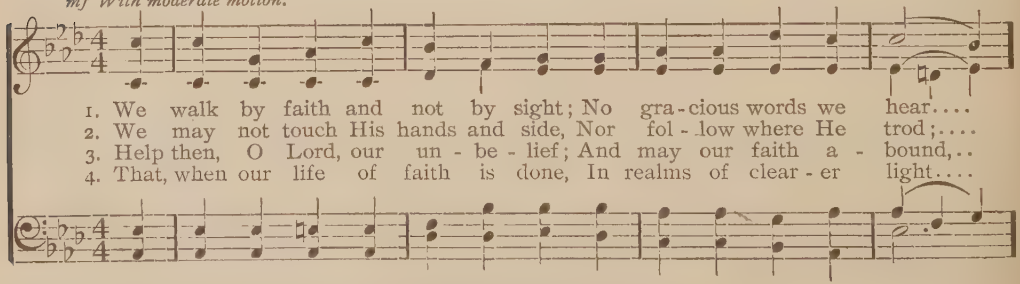
A. H. Franke, tr. by C. Winkworth ROSSITER. 7s.D. *J. B. Calkin*


1. Lord, Thou art my Rock of strength, And my home is in Thine arms; Thou wilt send me
2. When my tri - als tar - ry long, Un - to Thee I look and wait, Know-ing none, tho'
3. Let thy mercy's wings be spread O'er me, keep me close to Thee; In the peace Thy
help at length, And I feel no wild a-larms. Sin nor death can pierce the shield, Thy de-
keen and strong, Can my trust in Thee a - bate. And this faith I long have nurs'd Comes a-
love doth shed Let me dwell e - ter - nal - ly. Be my all; in all I do, Let me
fence has o'er me thrown; Up to Thee myself I yield, And my sorrows are Thine own.
lone, O God, from Thee; Thou my heart didst open first, Thou didst set this hope in me.
on - ly seek Thy will. Where the heart to Thee is true, All is peaceful, calm and still.

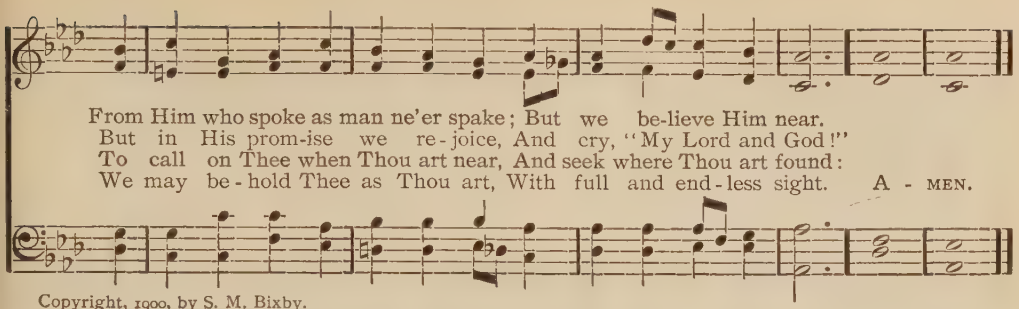
No. 407. *We Walk by Faith and Not by Sight*

Henry Alford AVORY. C. M. *S. M. Bixby*, 1899

mf With moderate motion.

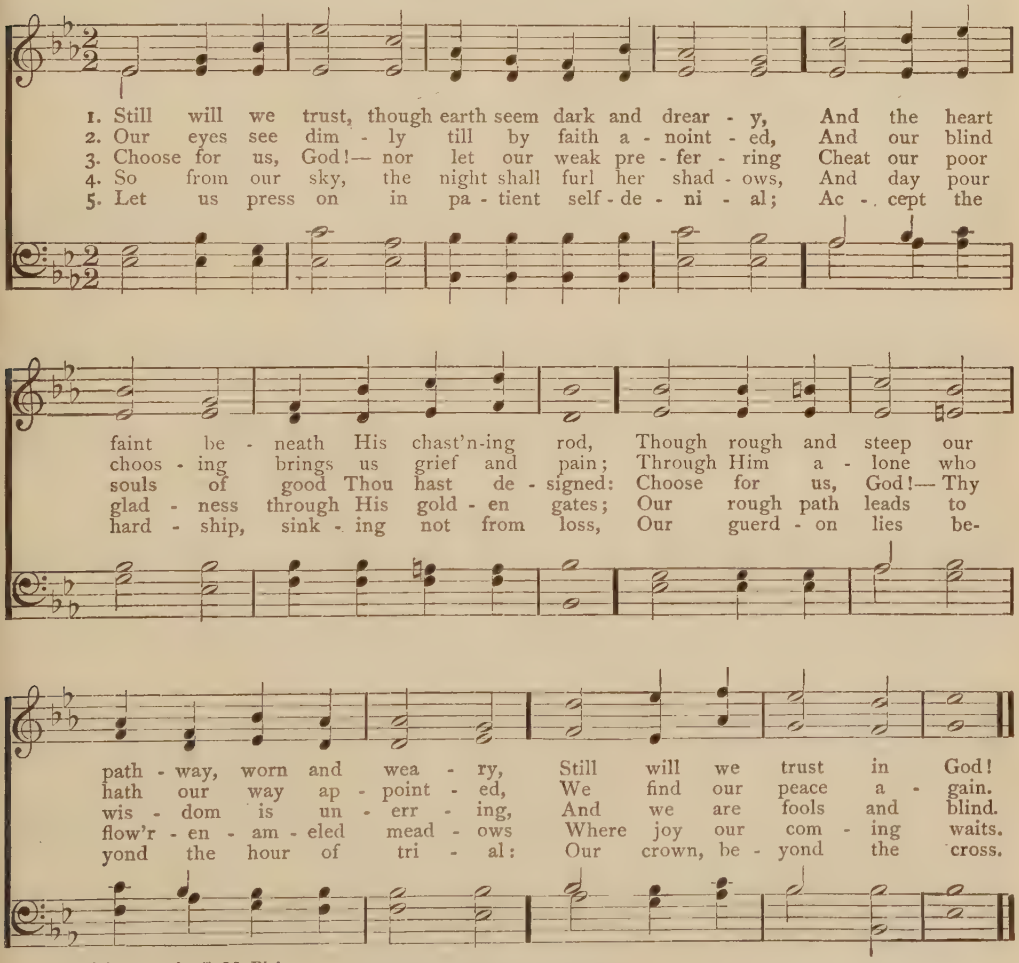

1. We walk by faith and not by sight; No gra - cious words we hear....
2. We may not touch His hands and side, Nor fol - low where He trod;....
3. Help then, O Lord, our un - be - lief; And may our faith a - bound,..
4. That, when our life of faith is done, In realms of clear - er light....

We Walk by Faith and Not by Sight


From Him who spoke as man ne'er spake; But we be-lieve Him near.
But in His prom-ise we re-joice, And cry, "My Lord and God!"
To call on Thee when Thou art near, And seek where Thou art found:
We may be-hold Thee as Thou art, With full and end-less sight. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1900, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 408. *Still Will We Trust*

Wm. H. Burleigh BURLEIGH. 11s, 10s & 6s. *R. Menthal*

1. Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and drear - y, And the heart
2. Our eyes see dim - ly till by faith a - noint - ed, And our blind
3. Choose for us, God!— nor let our weak pre - fer - ring Cheat our poor
4. So from our sky, the night shall furl her shad - ows, And day pour
5. Let us press on in pa - tient self - de - ni - al; Ac - cept the
faint be - neath His chast'n-ing rod, Though rough and steep our
choos - ing brings us grief and pain; Through Him a - lone who
souls of good Thou hast de - signed: Choose for us, God!— Thy
glad - ness through His gold - en gates; Our rough path leads to
hard - ship, sink - ing not from loss, Our guerd - on lies be-
path - way, worn and wea - ry, Still will we trust in God!
hath our way ap - point - ed, We find our peace a - gain.
wis - dom is un - err - ing, And we are fools and blind.
flow'r - en - am - eled mead - ows Where joy our com - ing waits.
yond the hour of tri - al: Our crown, be - yond the cross.

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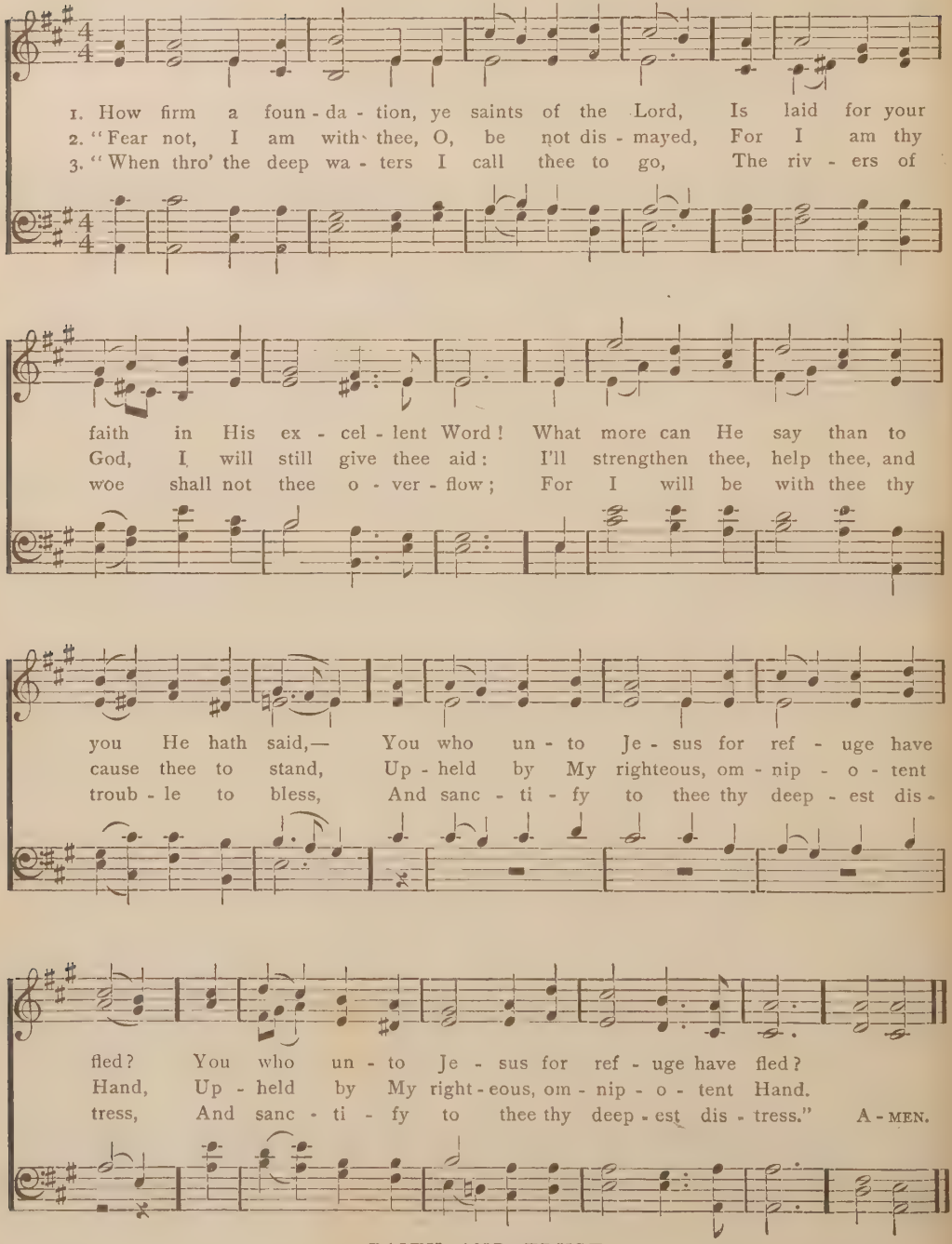
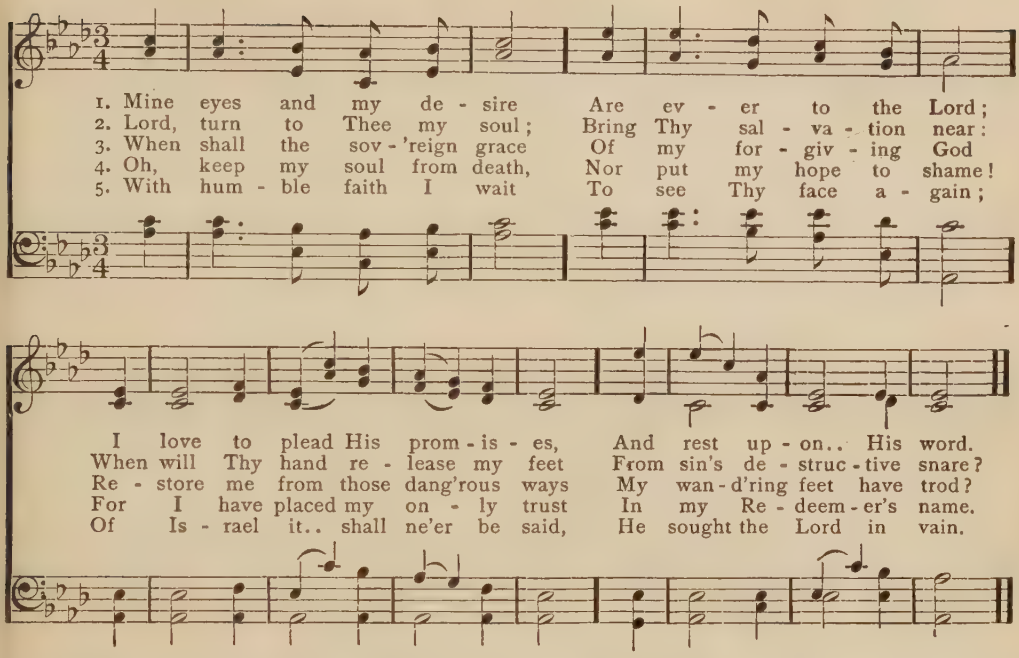
No. 409. *How Firm a Foundation*

George Keith, abr. PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s. *Marcantoine Portagallo*


1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dis - mayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
faith in His ex - cel - lent Word! What more can He say than to
God, I will still give thee aid: I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
woe shall not thee o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy
you He hath said,— You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have
cause thee to stand, Up - held by My righteous, om - nip - o - tent
troub - le to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis -
fled? You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
Hand, Up - held by My right - eous, om - nip - o - tent Hand.
tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress." A - MEN.

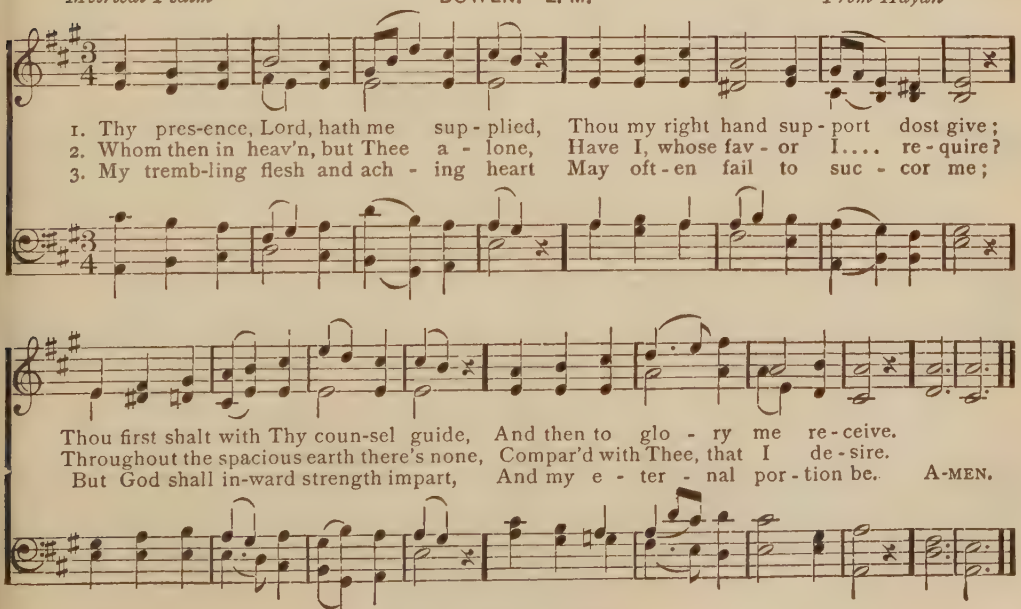
No. 410. *Mine Eyes and My Desire*

Isaac Watts LEIGHTON. S. M. *H. W. Greatorex*

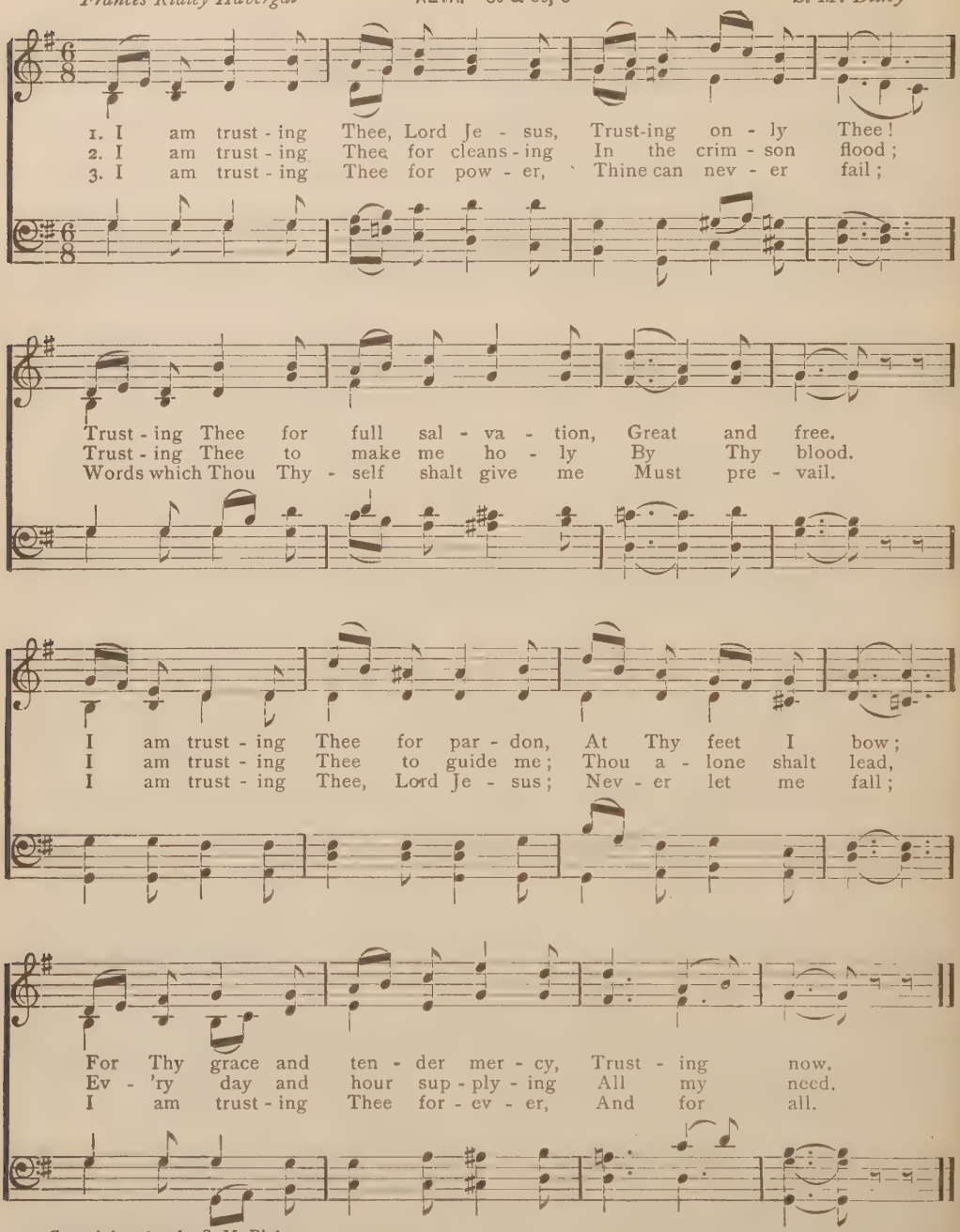

1. Mine eyes and my de - sire Are ev - er to the Lord;
2. Lord, turn to Thee my soul; Bring Thy sal - va - tion near:
3. When shall the sov - 'reign grace Of my for - giv - ing God
4. Oh, keep my soul from death, Nor put my hope to shame!
5. With hum - ble faith I wait To see Thy face a - gain;
I love to plead His prom - is - es, And rest up - on.. His word.
When will Thy hand re - lease my feet From sin's de - struc - tive snare?
Re - store me from those dang'rous ways My wan - d'ring feet have trod?
For I have placed my on - ly trust In my Re - deem - er's name.
Of Is - rael it.. shall ne'er be said, He sought the Lord in vain.

No. 411. *Thy Presence, Lord, Hath Me Supplied*

Metrical Psalm BOWEN. L. M. *From Haydn*


1. Thy pres-ence, Lord, hath me sup - plied, Thou my right hand sup - port dost give;
2. Whom then in heav'n, but Thee a - lone, Have I, whose fav - or I.... re - quire?
3. My tremb-ling flesh and ach - ing heart May oft - en fail to suc - cor me;
Thou first shalt with Thy coun-sel guide, And then to glo - ry me re - ceive.
Throughout the spacious earth there's none, Compar'd with Thee, that I de - sire.
But God shall in-ward strength impart, And my e - ter - nal por - tion be. A-MEN.

No. 412. *I Am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus*

Frances Ridley Havergal ALVA. 8s & 5s, 3 *S. M. Bixby*

1. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee!
2. I am trust - ing Thee for cleans - ing In the crim - son flood;
3. I am trust - ing Thee for pow - er, Thine can nev - er fail;
Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
Trust - ing Thee to make me ho - ly By Thy blood.
Words which Thou Thy - self shalt give me Must pre - vail.
I am trust - ing Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I bow;
I am trust - ing Thee to guide me; Thou a - lone shalt lead,
I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus; Nev - er let me fall;
For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now.
Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.
I am trust - ing Thee for - ev - er, And for all.

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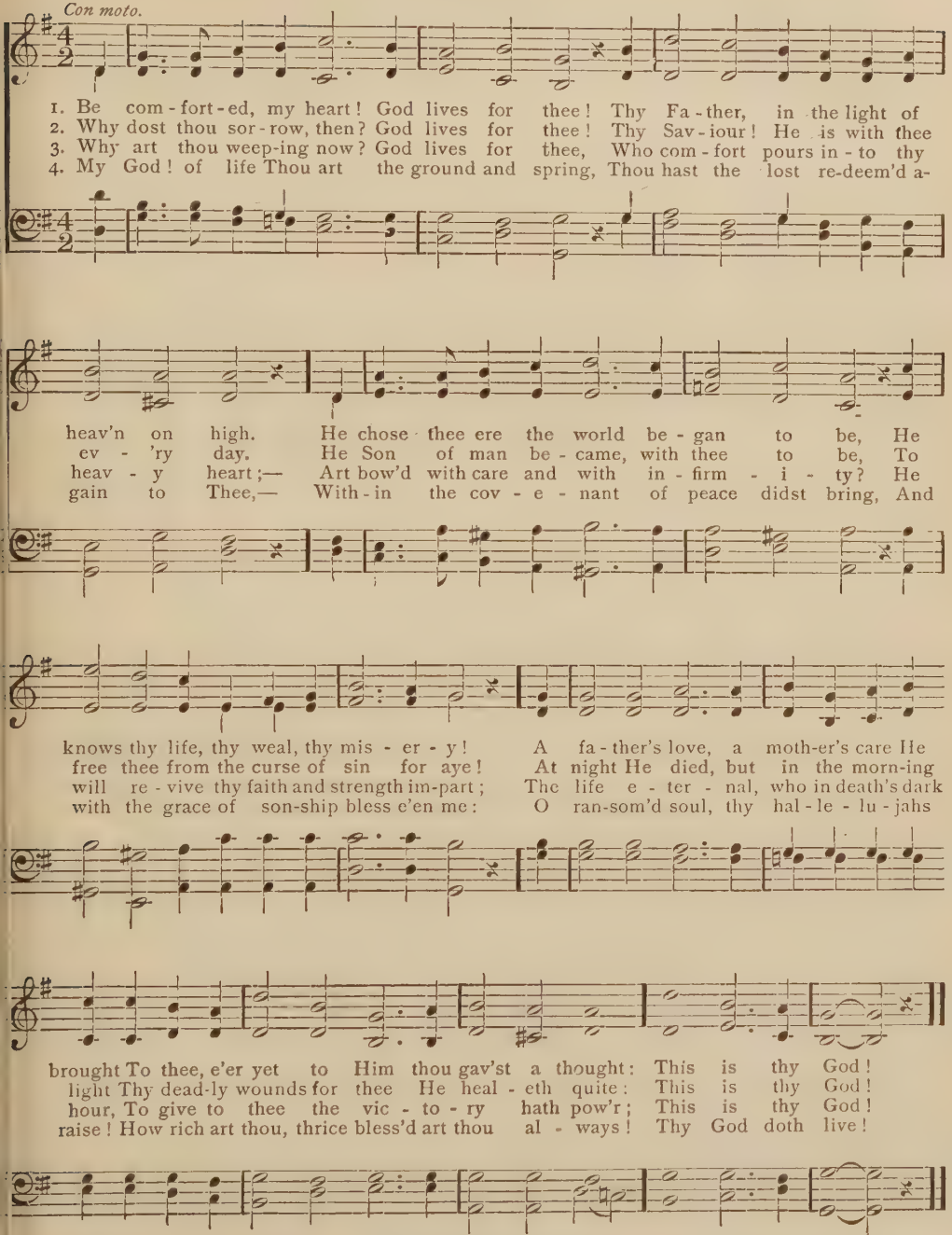
No. 413.

Be Comforted, My Heart

Meta Heusser — META. P. M. — *Caryl Florio*

Con moto.


1. Be com-fort-ed, my heart! God lives for thee! Thy Fa-ther, in the light of
2. Why dost thou sor-row, then? God lives for thee! Thy Sav-iour! He is with thee
3. Why art thou weep-ing now? God lives for thee, Who com-fort pours in-to thy
4. My God! of life Thou art the ground and spring, Thou hast the lost re-deem'd a-
heav'n on high. He chose thee ere the world be-gan to be, He
ev-'ry day. He Son of man be-came, with thee to be, To
heav-y heart;— Art bow'd with care and with in-firm-i-ty? He
gain to Thee,— With-in the cov-e-nant of peace didst bring, And
knows thy life, thy weal, thy mis-er-y! A fa-ther's love, a moth-er's care He
free thee from the curse of sin for aye! At night He died, but in the morn-ing
will re-vive thy faith and strength im-part; The life e-ter-nal, who in death's dark
with the grace of son-ship bless e'en me: O ran-som'd soul, thy hal-le-lu-jahs
brought To thee, e'er yet to Him thou gav'st a thought: This is thy God!
light Thy dead-ly wounds for thee He heal-eth quite: This is thy God!
hour, To give to thee the vic-to-ry hath pow'r; This is thy God!
raise! How rich art thou, thrice bless'd art thou al-ways! Thy God doth live!

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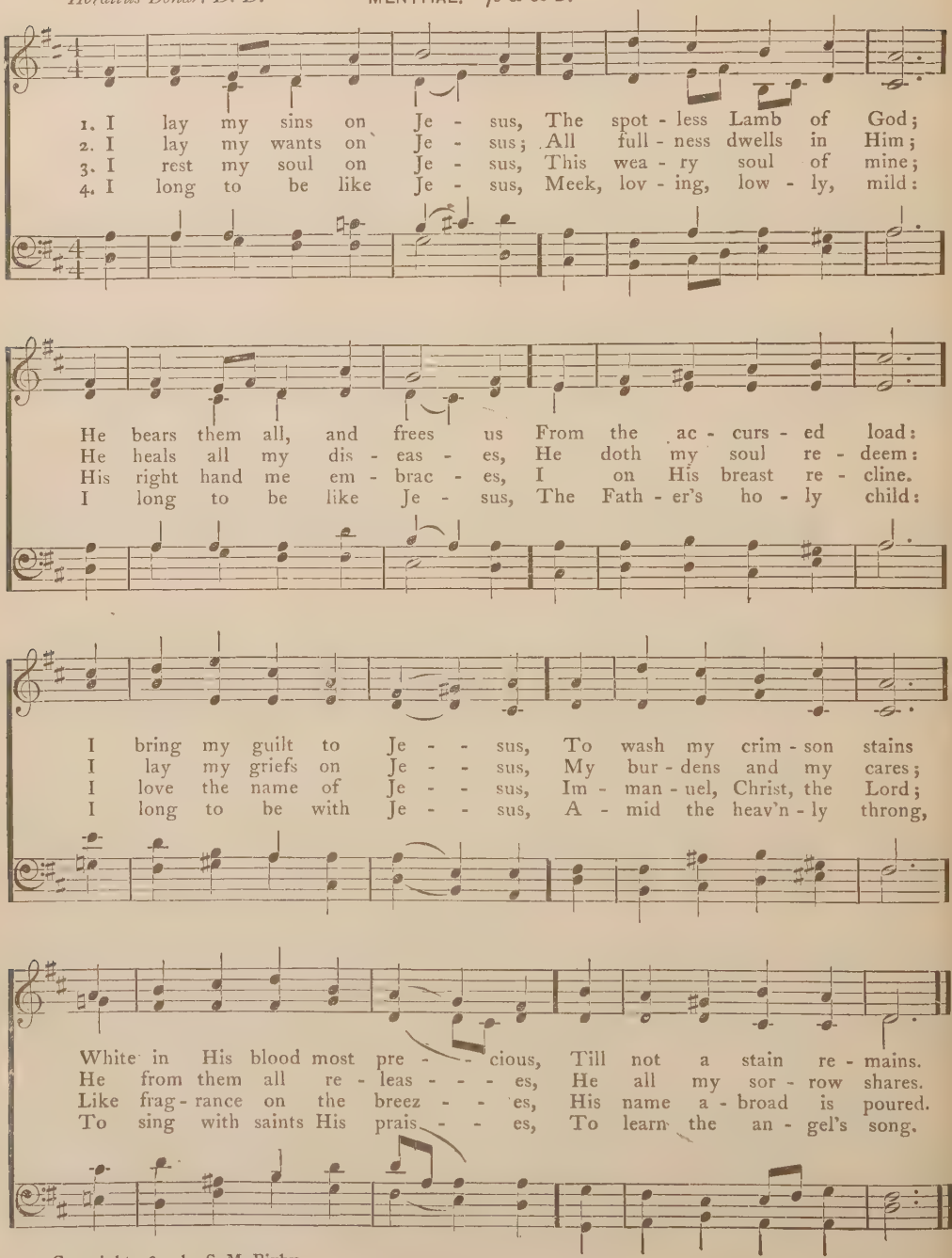
No. 414.

I Lay My Sins on Jesus

Horatius Bonar, D. D. MENTHAL. 7s & 6s D. *R. Menthal*

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus; All full - ness dwells in Him;
3. I rest my soul on Je - sus, This wea - ry soul of mine;
4. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild:
He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load:
He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem:
His right hand me em - brac - es, I on His breast re - cline.
I long to be like Je - sus, The Fath - er's ho - ly child:
I bring my guilt to Je - - sus, To wash my crim - son stains
I lay my griefs on Je - - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;
I love the name of Je - - sus, Im - man - uel, Christ, the Lord;
I long to be with Je - - sus, A - mid the heav'n - ly throng,
White in His blood most pre - - - cious, Till not a stain re - mains.
He from them all re - leas - - - es, He all my sor - row shares.
Like frag - rance on the breez - - es, His name a - broad is poured.
To sing with saints His prais - - es, To learn the an - gel's song.

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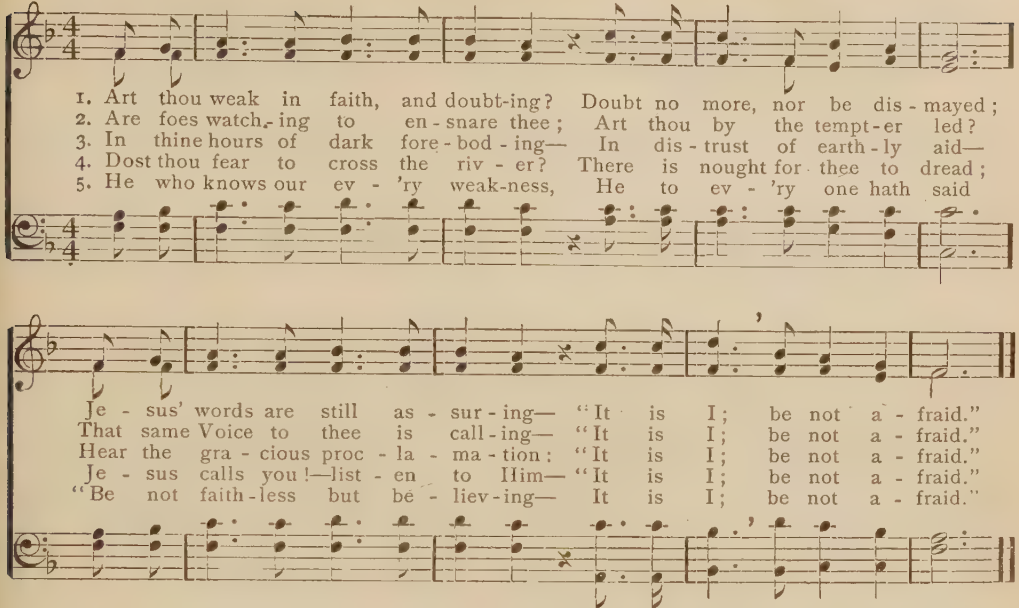
No. 415. *Art Thou Weak in Faith*

D. A. Woodworth JAMAICA. 8s & 7s. *Jay Deavereaux*


1. Art thou weak in faith, and doubt-ing? Doubt no more, nor be dis - mayed;
2. Are foes watch-ing to en - snare thee; Art thou by the tempt-er led?
3. In thine hours of dark fore - bod - ing— In dis - trust of earth - ly aid—
4. Dost thou fear to cross the riv - er? There is nought for thee to dread;
5. He who knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, He to ev - 'ry one hath said
Je - sus' words are still as - sur - ing— "It is I; be not a - fraid."
That same Voice to thee is call - ing— "It is I; be not a - fraid."
Hear the gra - cious proc - la - ma - tion: "It is I; be not a - fraid."
Je - sus calls you!—list - en to Him— "It is I; be not a - fraid."
"Be not faith - less but be - liev - ing— It is I; be not a - fraid."

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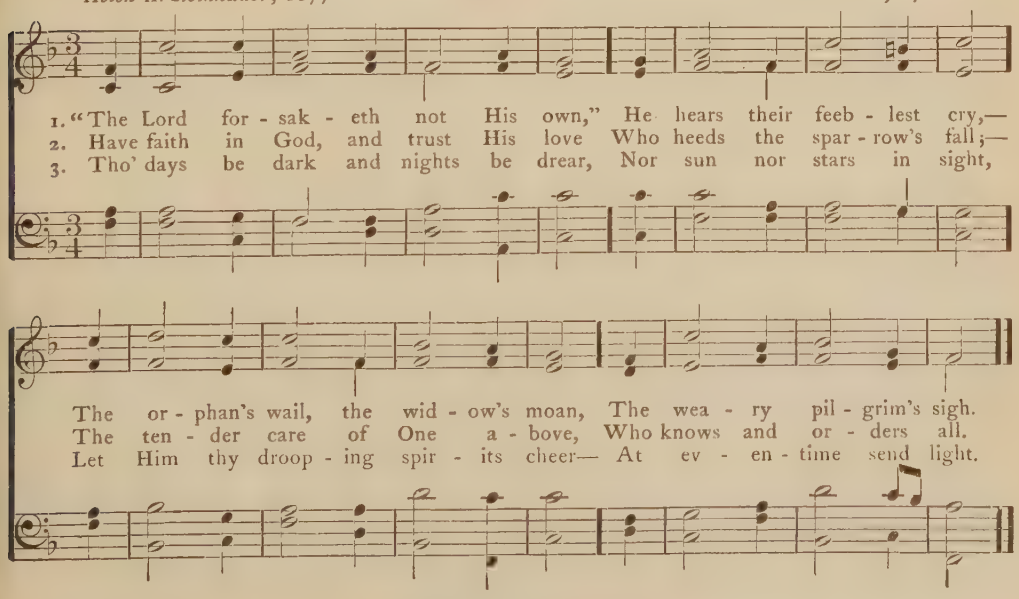
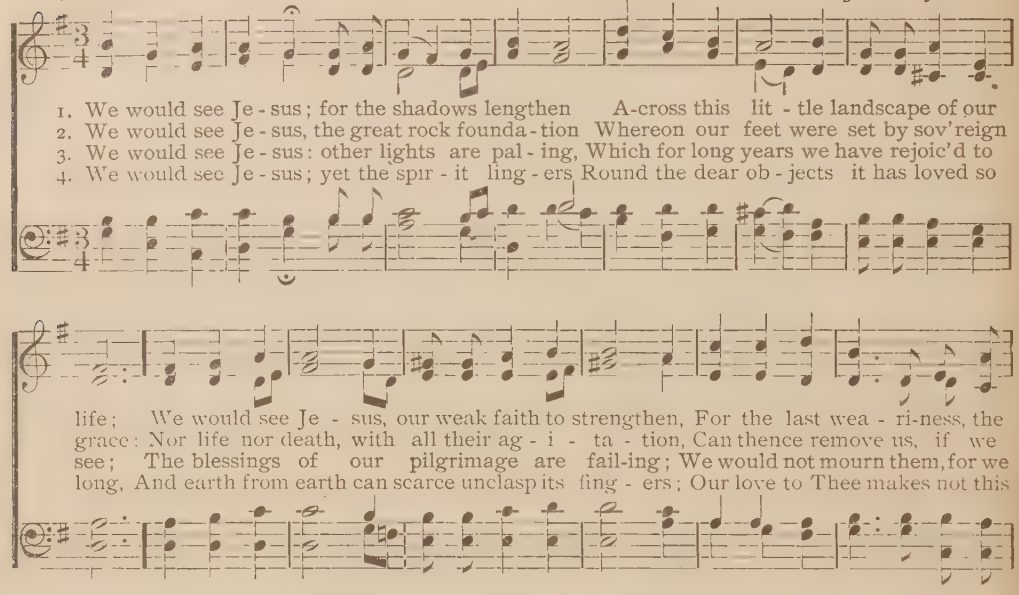
No. 416. *"The Lord Forsaketh Not His Own"*

Helen A. Steinhauer, 1877 MEAR. C. M. *American Tune, 1726*


1. "The Lord for - sak - eth not His own," He hears their feeb - lest cry,—
2. Have faith in God, and trust His love Who heeds the spar - row's fall;—
3. Tho' days be dark and nights be drear, Nor sun nor stars in sight,
The or - phan's wail, the wid - ow's moan, The wea - ry pil - grim's sigh.
The ten - der care of One a - bove, Who knows and or - ders all.
Let Him thy droop - ing spir - its cheer— At ev - en - time send light.

No. 417. *We Would See Jesus: for the Shadows*

Anna B. Warner VISIO DOMINI. 11s.&.10s. *J. B. Dykes*


1. We would see Je - sus; for the shadows lengthen A-cross this lit - tle landscape of our
2. We would see Je - sus, the great rock founda - tion Whereon our feet were set by sov'reign
3. We would see Je - sus: other lights are pal - ing, Which for long years we have rejoic'd to
4. We would see Je - sus; yet the spir - it ling - ers Round the dear ob - jects it has loved so
life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to strengthen, For the last wea - ri-ness, the
grace: Nor life nor death, with all their ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence remove us, if we
see; The blessings of our pilgrimage are fail-ing; We would not mourn them, for we
long, And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fing - ers; Our love to Thee makes not this
fin - al strife.
see His face.
go to Thee.
love less strong. A - MEN.

5.

We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

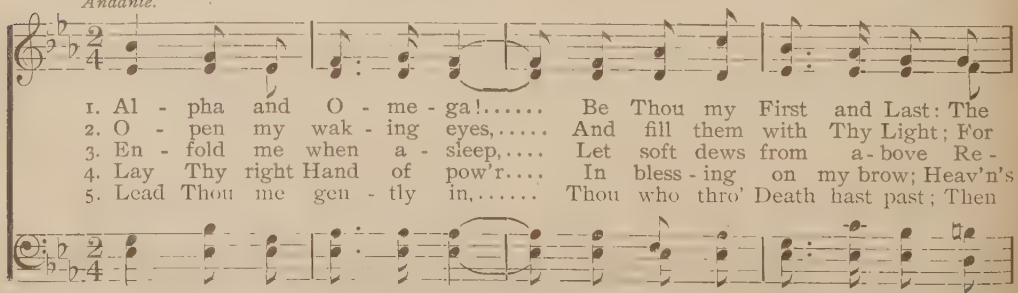
6.

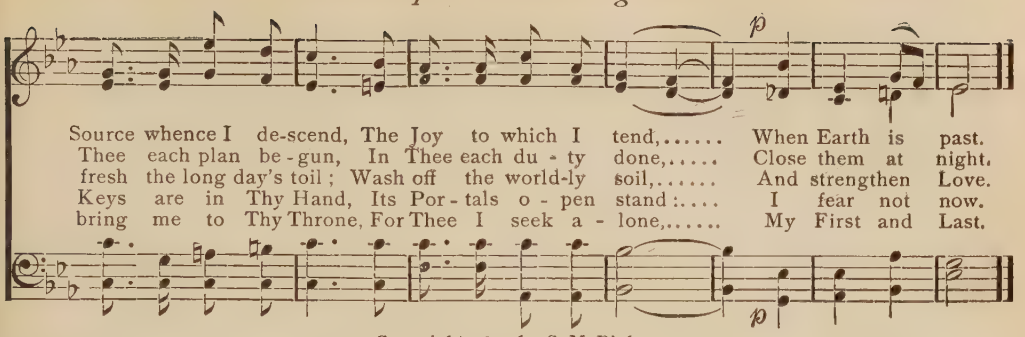
We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading:
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

No. 418. *Alpha and Omega*

Anon. ALPHA. 6s.&5s. *Caryl Florio*

Andante.


1. Al - pha and O - me - ga!..... Be Thou my First and Last: The
2. O - pen my wak - ing eyes,..... And fill them with Thy Light; For
3. En - fold me when a - sleep,.... Let soft dews from a-bove Re -
4. Lay Thy right Hand of pow'r.... In bless - ing on my brow; Heav'n's
5. Lead Thou me gen - tly in,..... Thou who thro' Death hast past; Then


p
Source whence I de-scend, The Joy to which I tend,..... When Earth is past.
Thee each plan be-gun, In Thee each du-ty done,..... Close them at night.
fresh the long day's toil; Wash off the world-ly soil,..... And strengthen Love.
Keys are in Thy Hand, Its Por-tals o-pen stand:..... I fear not now.
bring me to Thy Throne, For Thee I seek a-lone,..... My First and Last.
p

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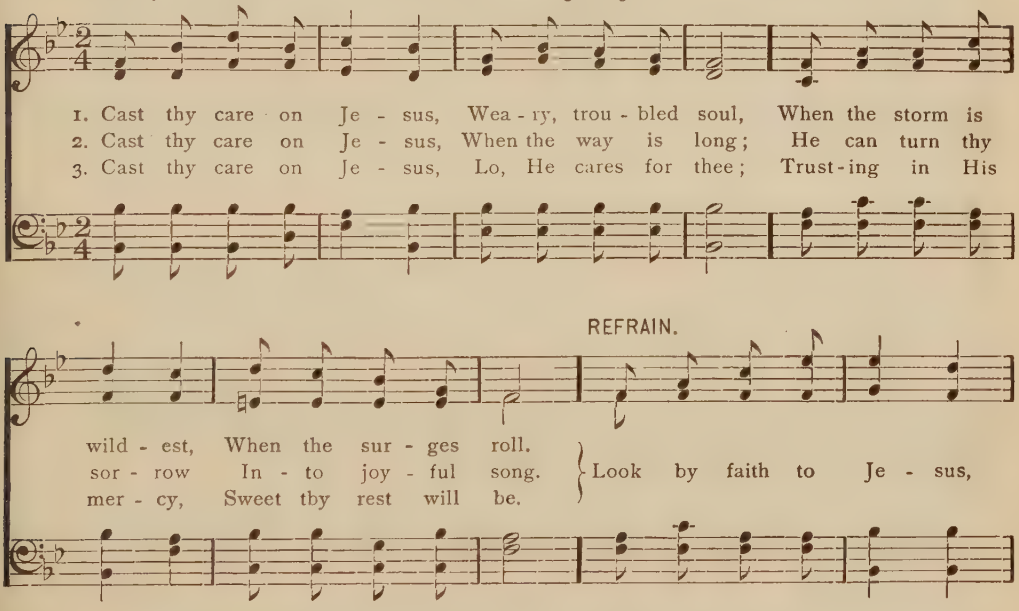
No. 419. *Cast Thy Care on Jesus*

Fanny J. Crosby ST. DENIS. 6s, 5s, & 3s. *B. C. Unseld*

1. Cast thy care on Je-sus, Wea-ry, trou-bled soul, When the storm is
2. Cast thy care on Je-sus, When the way is long; He can turn thy
3. Cast thy care on Je-sus, Lo, He cares for thee; Trust-ing in His
REFRAIN.
wild-est, When the sur-ges roll.
sor-row In-to joy-ful song.
mer-cy, Sweet thy rest will be.
Look by faith to Je-sus,
rit.
Bend thee to His will, Thou shalt hear Him say-ing, "Peace be still."

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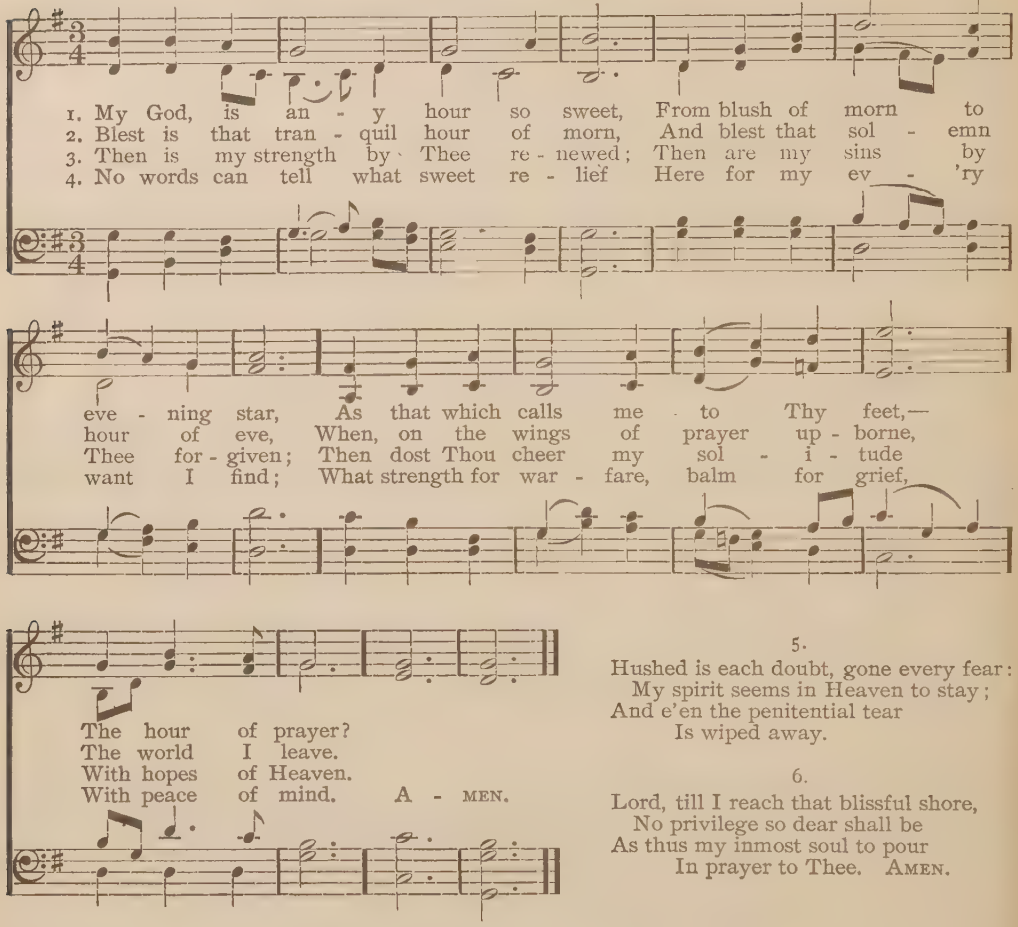
No. 420. *My God, is Any Hour so Sweet*

Charlotte Elliott, 1834 PRAYER. 8.8.8.4. *J. B. Dykes*

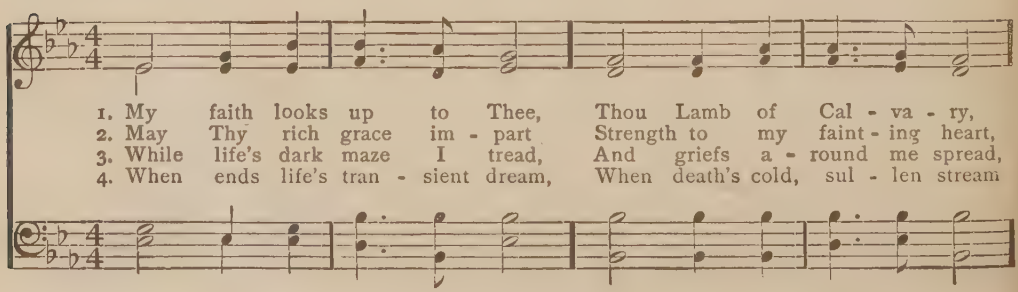

1. My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to
2. Blest is that tran - quil hour of morn, And blest that sol - emn
3. Then is my strength by Thee re - newed; Then are my sins by
4. No words can tell what sweet re - lief Here for my ev - 'ry
eve - ning star, As that which calls me to Thy feet,—
hour of eve, When, on the wings of prayer up - borne,
Thee for - given; Then dost Thou cheer my sol - i - tude
want I find; What strength for war - fare, balm for grief,
The hour of prayer?
The world I leave.
With hopes of Heaven.
With peace of mind. A - MEN.

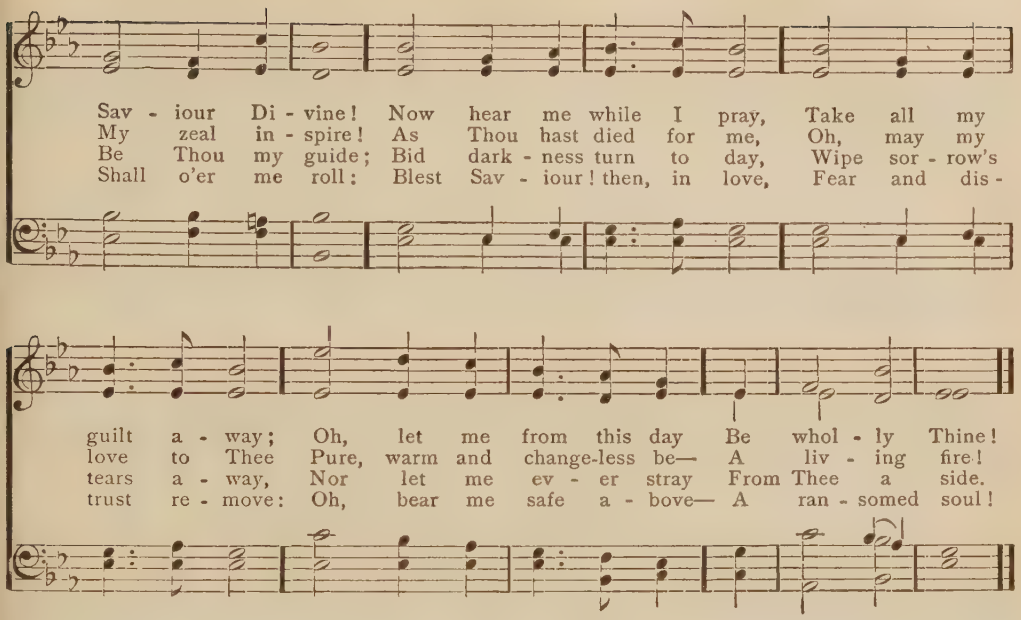
5.
Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear:
My spirit seems in Heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6.
Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee. AMEN.

No. 421. *My Faith Looks Up to Thee*

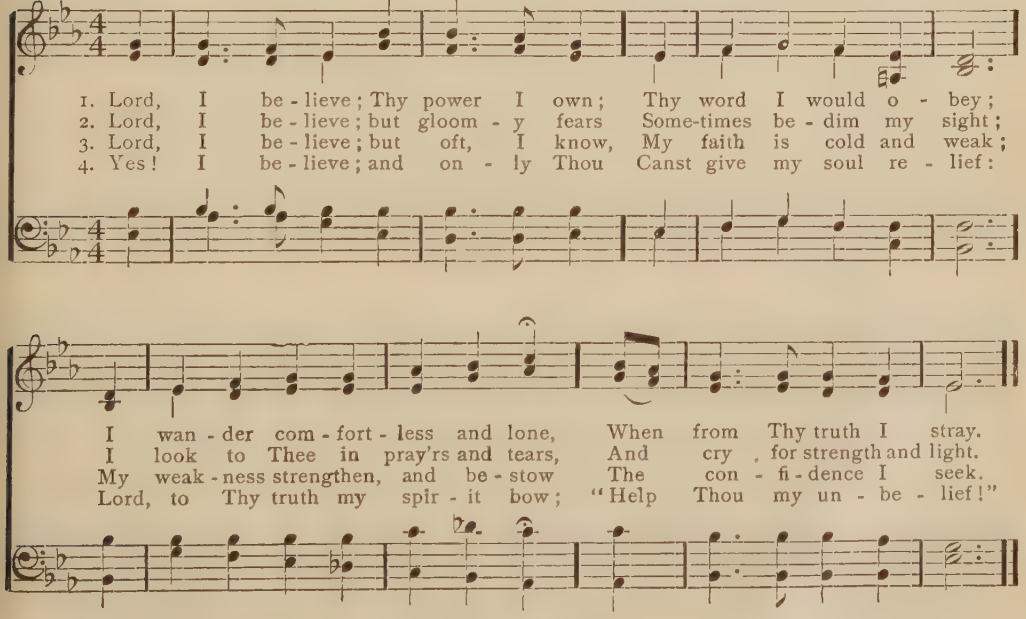
Ray Palmer OLIVET. 6s & 4s. *Lowell Mason*


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

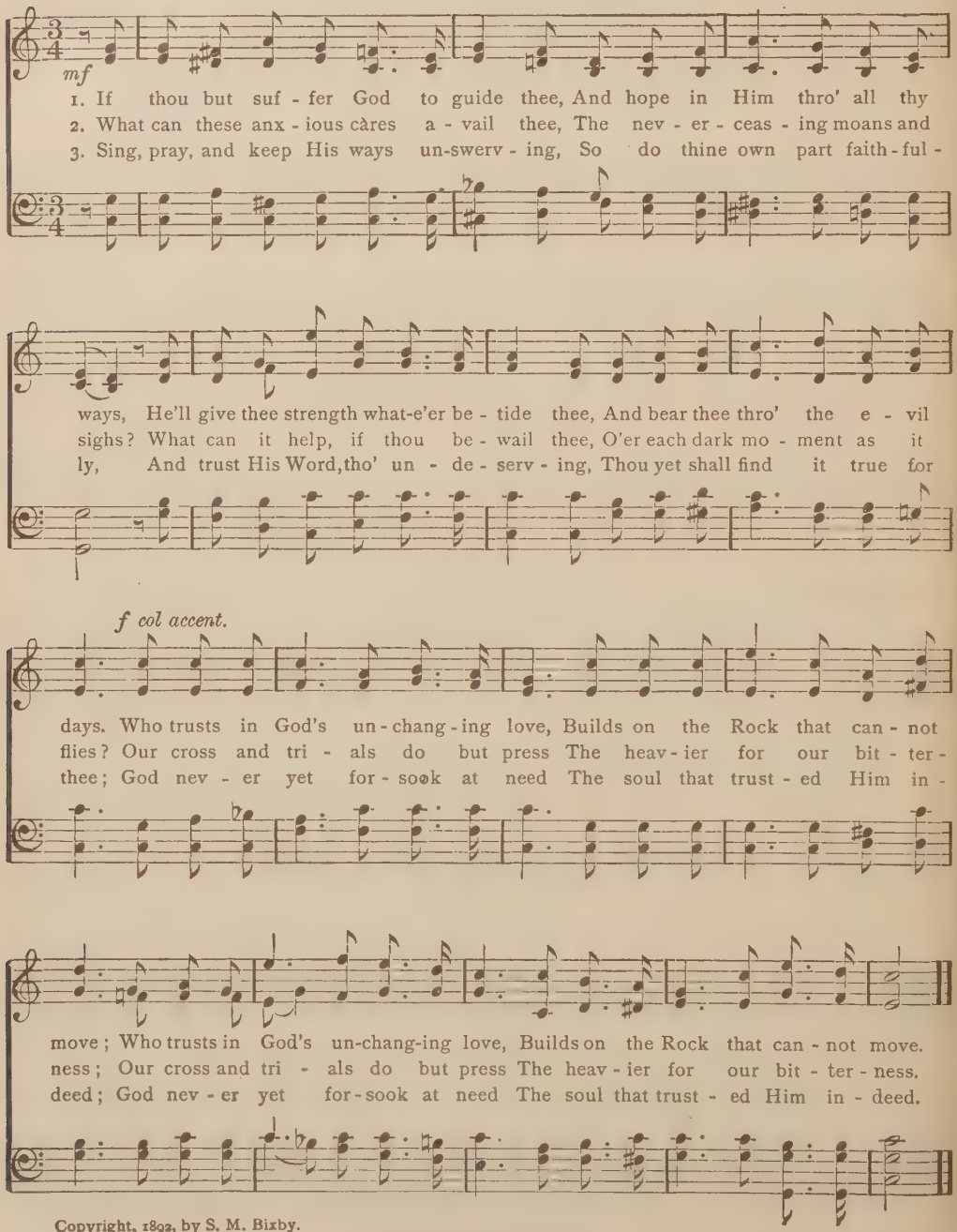

Sav - iour Di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire! As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll: Blest Sav - iour! then, in love, Fear and dis -
guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm and change-less be— A liv - ing fire!
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a side.
trust re - move: Oh, bear me safe a - bove— A ran - somed soul!

No. 422. *Lord, I Believe*

J. R. Wrexford — WREXFORD. C. M. — *Arr. from A. H. Mann*


1. Lord, I be - lieve; Thy power I own; Thy word I would o - bey;
2. Lord, I be - lieve; but gloom - y fears Some-times be - dim my sight;
3. Lord, I be - lieve; but oft, I know, My faith is cold and weak;
4. Yes! I be - lieve; and on - ly Thou Canst give my soul re - lief:
I wan - der com - fort - less and lone, When from Thy truth I stray.
I look to Thee in pray'rs and tears, And cry for strength and light.
My weak - ness strengthen, and be - stow The con - fi - dence I seek.
Lord, to Thy truth my spir - it bow; "Help Thou my un - be - lief!"

No. 423. *If Thou but Suffer God to Guide Thee*

G. Neumarck. Tr. C. Winkworth ELTON. 9s & 8s. ***S. M. Bixby***

mf
1. If thou but suf - fer God to guide thee, And hope in Him thro' all thy
2. What can these anx - ious càres a - vail thee, The nev - er - ceas - ing moans and
3. Sing, pray, and keep His ways un-swerv - ing, So do thine own part faith - ful -
ways, He'll give thee strength what-e'er be - tide thee, And bear thee thro' the e - vil
sighs? What can it help, if thou be - wail thee, O'er each dark mo - ment as it
ly, And trust His Word, tho' un - de - serv - ing, Thou yet shall find it true for
f col accent.
days. Who trusts in God's un - chang - ing love, Builds on the Rock that can - not
flies? Our cross and tri - als do but press The heav - ier for our bit - ter -
thee; God nev - er yet for - sook at need The soul that trust - ed Him in -
move; Who trusts in God's un-chang-ing love, Builds on the Rock that can - not move.
ness; Our cross and tri - als do but press The heav - ier for our bit - ter - ness.
deed; God nev - er yet for - sook at need The soul that trust - ed Him in - deed.

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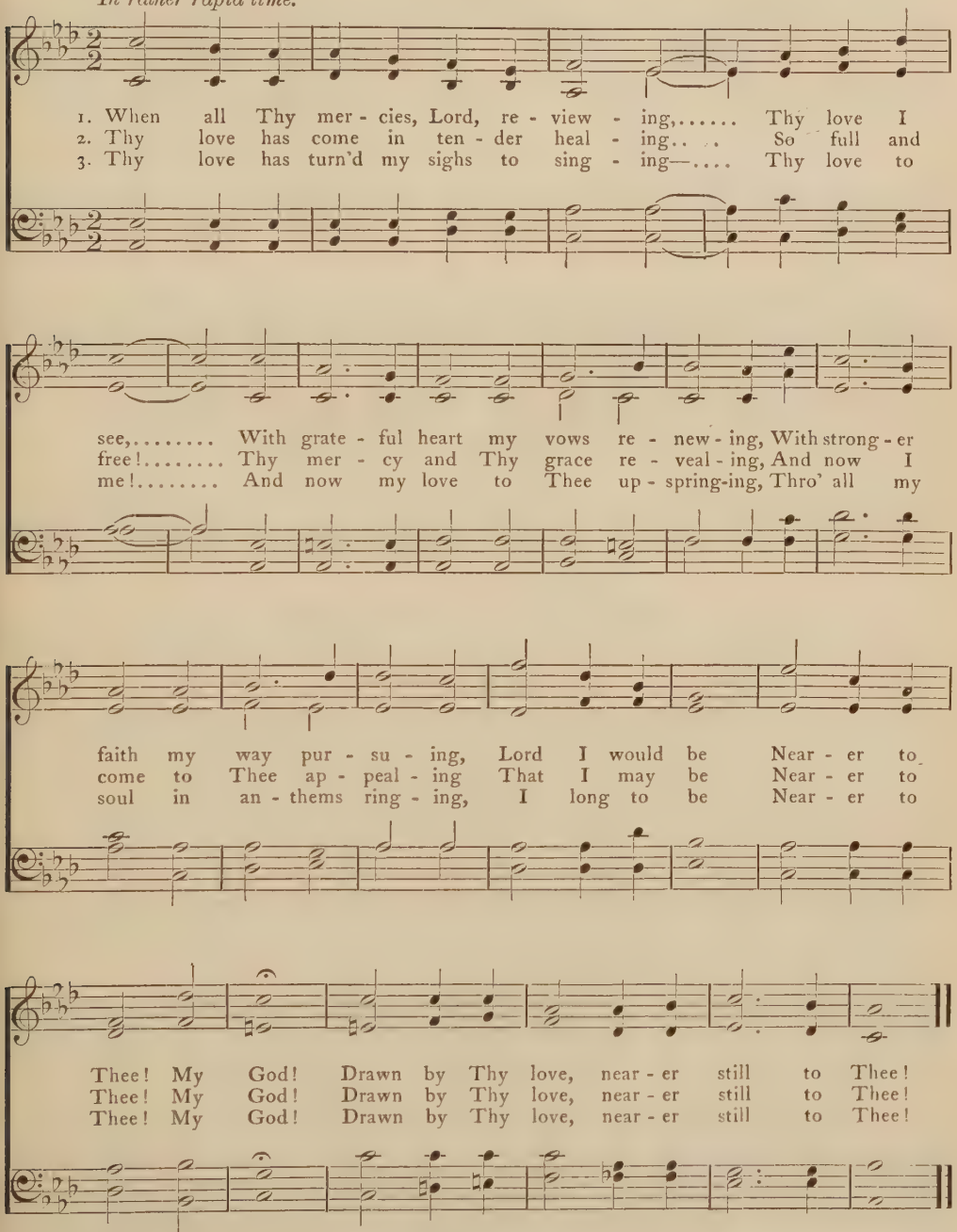
No. 424. *When All Thy Mercies, Lord, Reviewing*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne CARYL. P. M. *Caryl Florio*

In rather rapid time.


1. When all Thy mer - cies, Lord, re - view - ing,..... Thy love I
2. Thy love has come in ten - der heal - ing.. .. So full and
3. Thy love has turn'd my sighs to sing - ing—.... Thy love to
see,..... With grate - ful heart my vows re - new - ing, With strong - er
free!..... Thy mer - cy and Thy grace re - veal - ing, And now I
me!..... And now my love to Thee up - spring-ing, Thro' all my
faith my way pur - su - ing, Lord I would be Near - er to
come to Thee ap - peal - ing That I may be Near - er to
soul in an - thems ring - ing, I long to be Near - er to
Thee! My God! Drawn by Thy love, near - er still to Thee!
Thee! My God! Drawn by Thy love, near - er still to Thee!
Thee! My God! Drawn by Thy love, near - er still to Thee!

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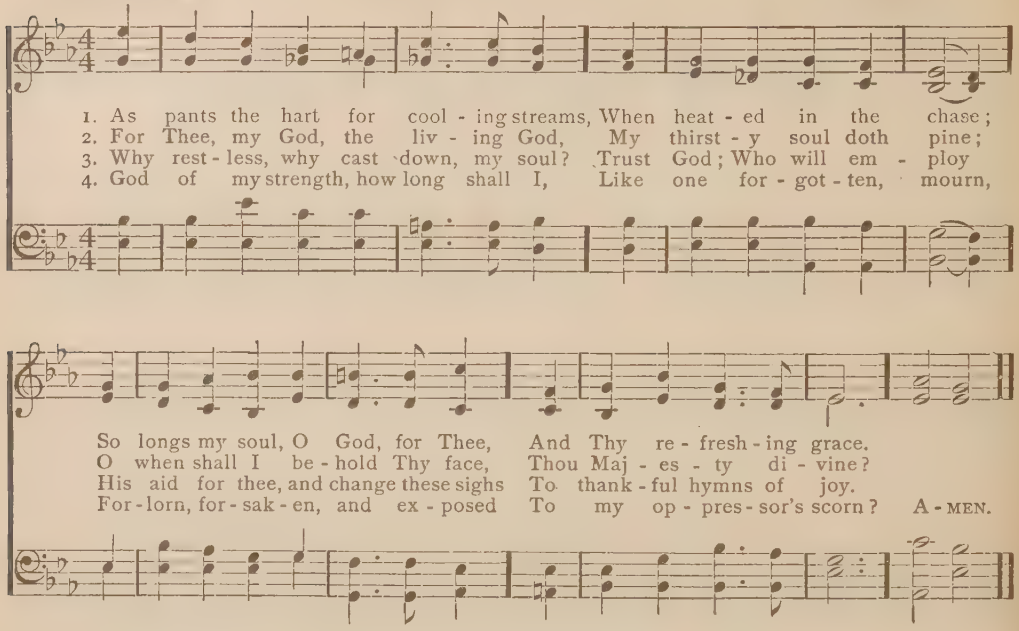
No. 425. *As Pants the Hart for Cooling Streams*

Metrical Psalm HOLY TRINITY. C. M. *J. Barnby*

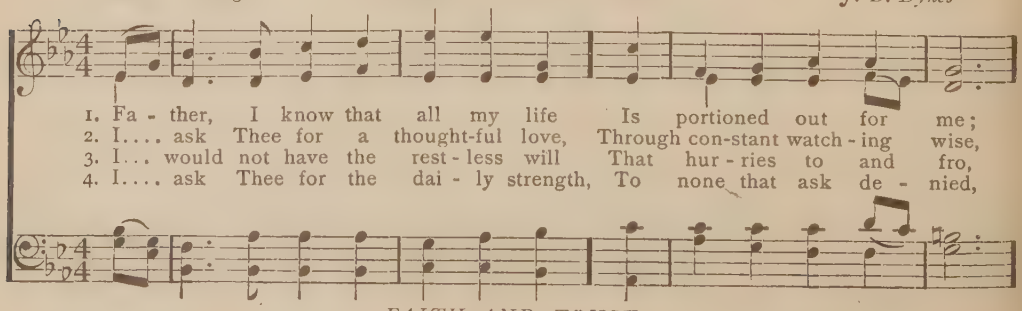

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the chase;
2. For Thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirst - y soul doth pine;
3. Why rest - less, why cast down, my soul? Trust God; Who will em - ploy
4. God of my strength, how long shall I, Like one for - got - ten, mourn,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace.
O when shall I be - hold Thy face, Thou Maj - es - ty di - vine?
His aid for thee, and change these sighs To thank - ful hymns of joy.
For - lorn, for - sak - en, and ex - posed To my op - pres - sor's scorn? A - MEN.

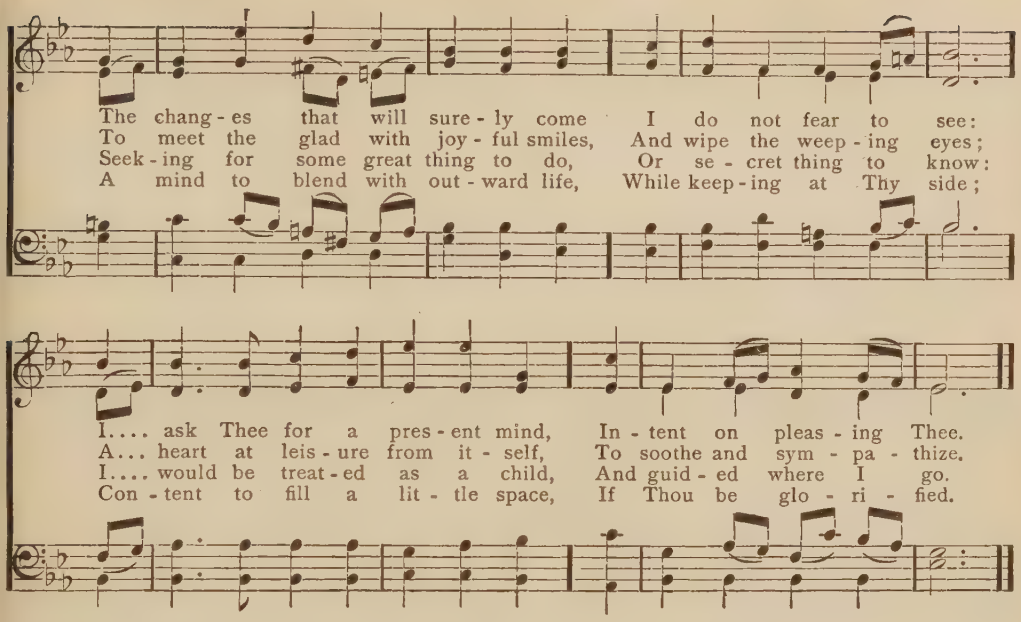
5 My heart is pierced as with a sword,
While thus my foes upbraid:
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God?
And where His promised aid?"

6 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him Who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring. AMEN.

No. 426. *Father, I Know that All My Life*

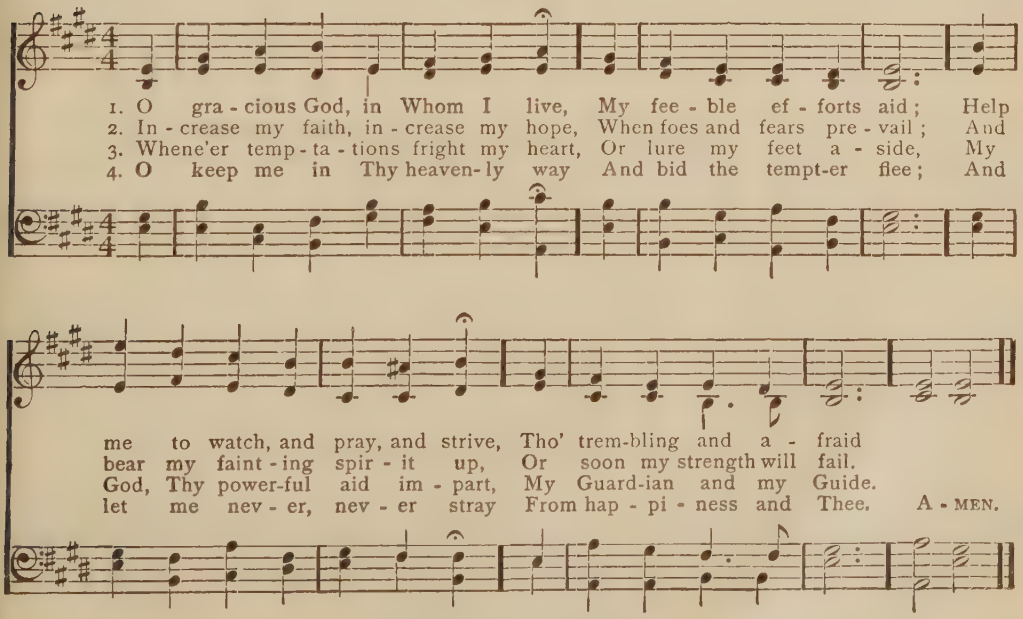
Anna L. Waring SLINGSBY. C. M. Six lines. *J. B. Dykes*


1. Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me;
2. I.... ask Thee for a thought-ful love, Through con-stant watch - ing wise,
3. I... would not have the rest - less will That hur - ries to and fro,
4. I.... ask Thee for the dai - ly strength, To none that ask de - nied,

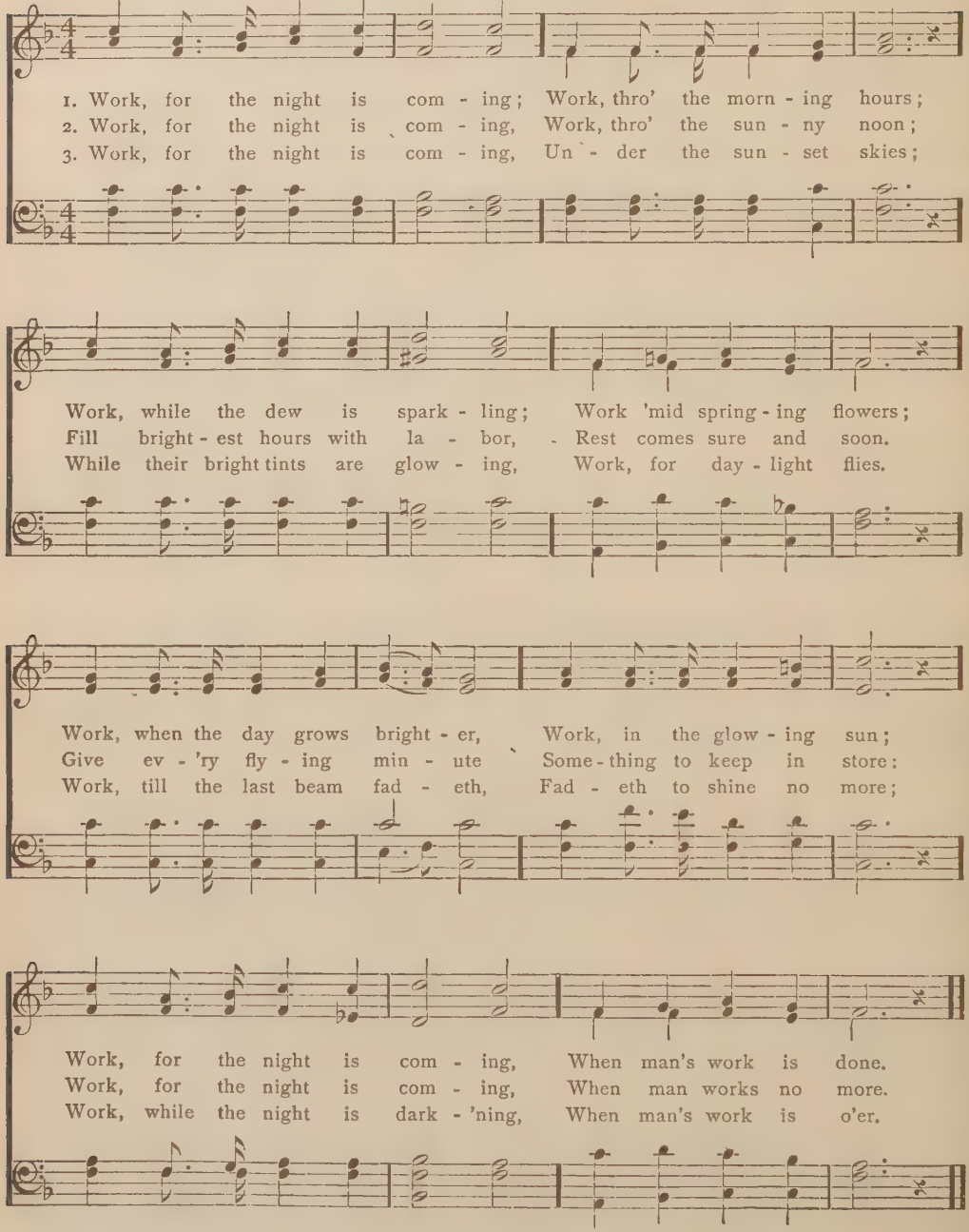

The chang - es that will sure - ly come I do not fear to see:
To meet the glad with joy - ful smiles, And wipe the weep - ing eyes;
Seek - ing for some great thing to do, Or se - cret thing to know:
A mind to blend with out - ward life, While keep - ing at Thy side;
I.... ask Thee for a pres - ent mind, In - tent on pleas - ing Thee.
A... heart at leis - ure from it - self, To soothe and sym - pa - thize.
I.... would be treat - ed as a child, And guid - ed where I go.
Con - tent to fill a lit - tle space, If Thou be glo - ri - fied.

No. 427. *O Gracious God, in Whom I Live*

Anne Steele DUNDEE. C. M. *Scotch Psalter*, 1615


1. O gra - cious God, in Whom I live, My fee - ble ef - forts aid; Help
2. In - crease my faith, in - crease my hope, When foes and fears pre - vail; And
3. Whene'er temp - ta - tions fright my heart, Or lure my feet a - side, My
4. O keep me in Thy heaven - ly way And bid the tempt-er flee; And
me to watch, and pray, and strive, Tho' trem-bling and a - fraid
bear my faint - ing spir - it up, Or soon my strength will fail.
God, Thy power-ful aid im - part, My Guard-ian and my Guide.
let me nev - er, nev - er stray From hap - pi - ness and Thee. A - MEN.

No. 428. *Work, for the Night is Coming*

Annie L. Walker, 1860 WORK SONG. P. M. *Lowell Mason*

1. Work, for the night is com - ing; Work, thro' the morn - ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work, thro' the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;
Work, while the dew is spark - ling; Work 'mid spring - ing flowers;
Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.
Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work, in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store:
Work, till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work, while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

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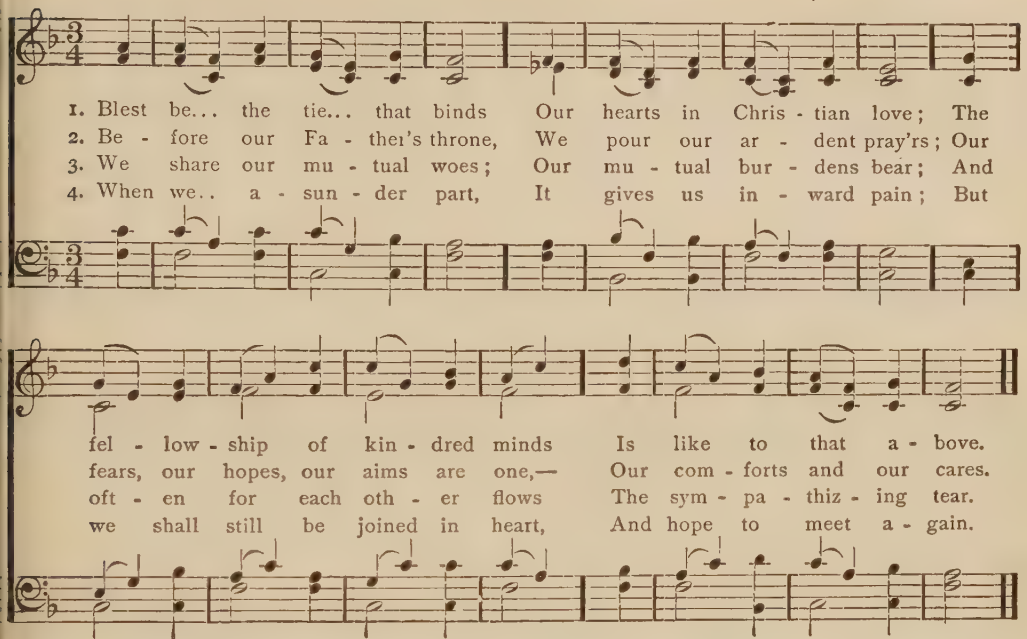
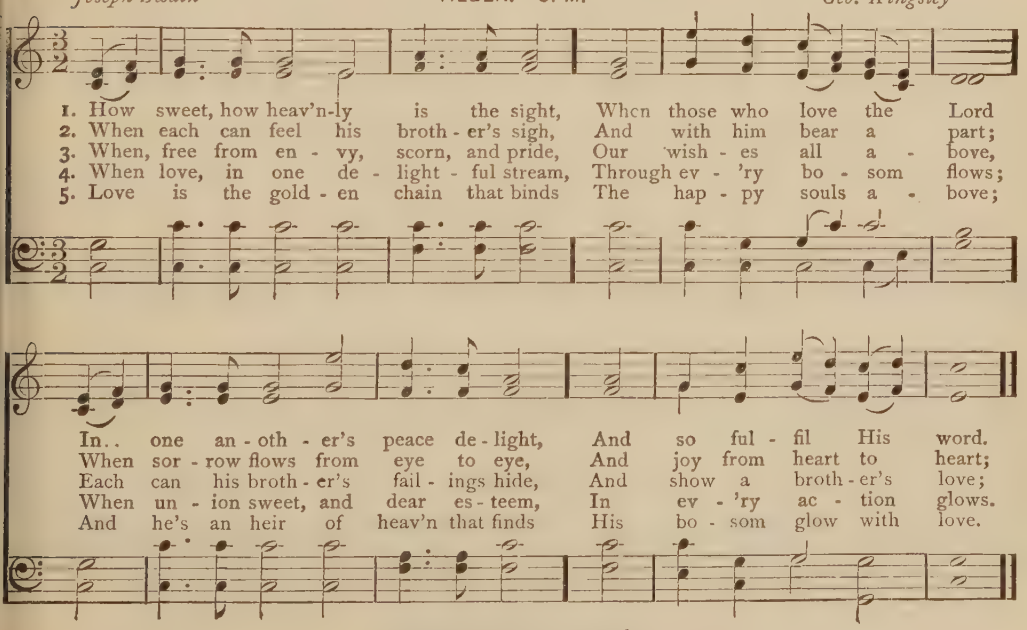
No. 429. *Blest Be the Tie That Binds*

Rev. John Fawcett, 1772 DENNIS. S. M. *H. G. Nageli*


1. Blest be... the tie... that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
4. When we.. a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But
fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one,— Our com - forts and our cares.
oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 430. *How Sweet, How Heavenly is the Sight*

Joseph Swain HEBER. C. M. *Geo. Kingsley*

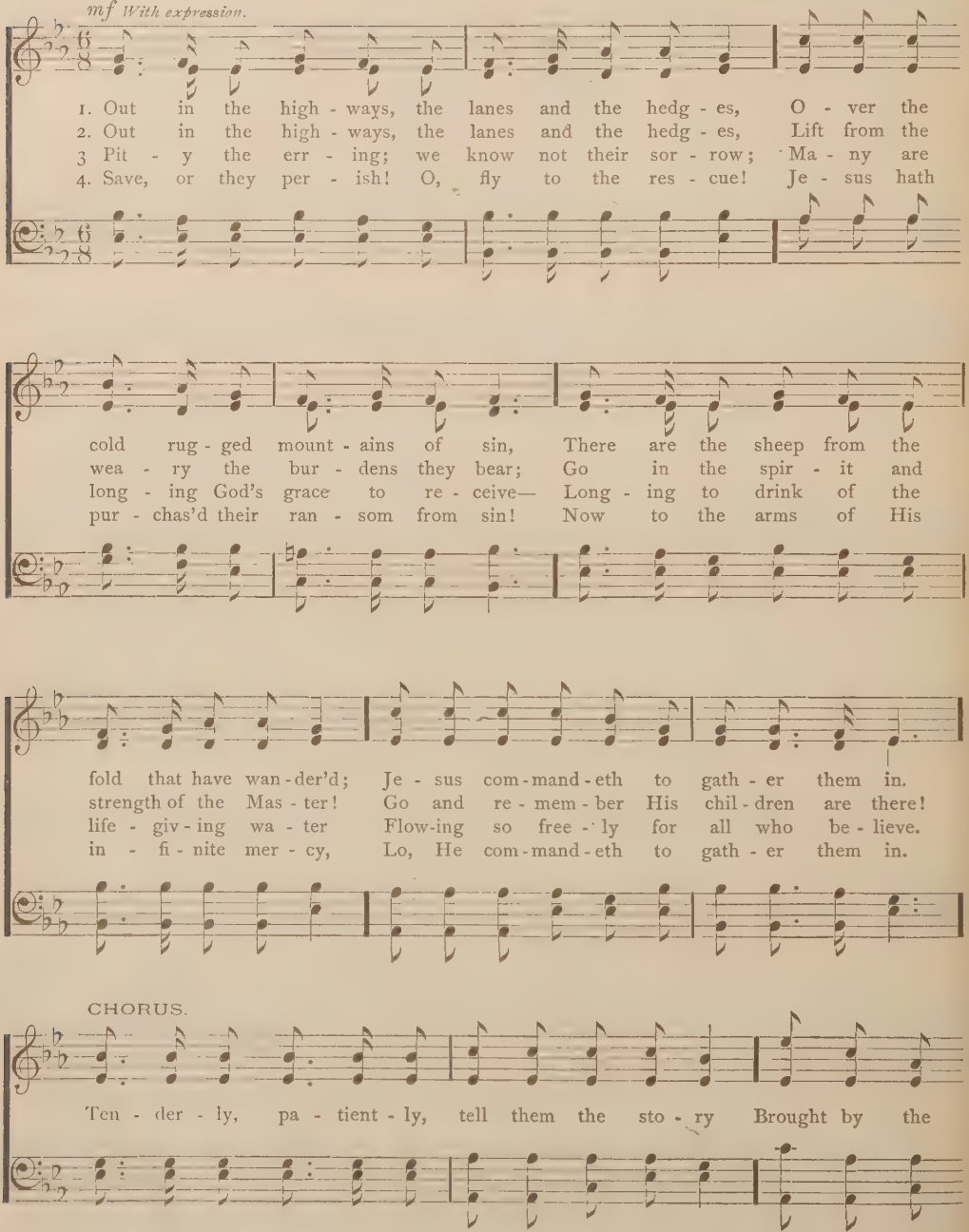

1. How sweet, how heav'n-ly is the sight, When those who love the Lord
2. When each can feel his broth - er's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. When, free from en - vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish - es all a - bove,
4. When love, in one de - light - ful stream, Through ev - 'ry bo - som flows;
5. Love is the gold - en chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove;
In.. one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fil His word.
When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart;
Each can his broth - er's fail - ings hide, And show a broth - er's love;
When un - ion sweet, and dear es - teem, In ev - 'ry ac - tion glows.
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds His bo - som glow with love.

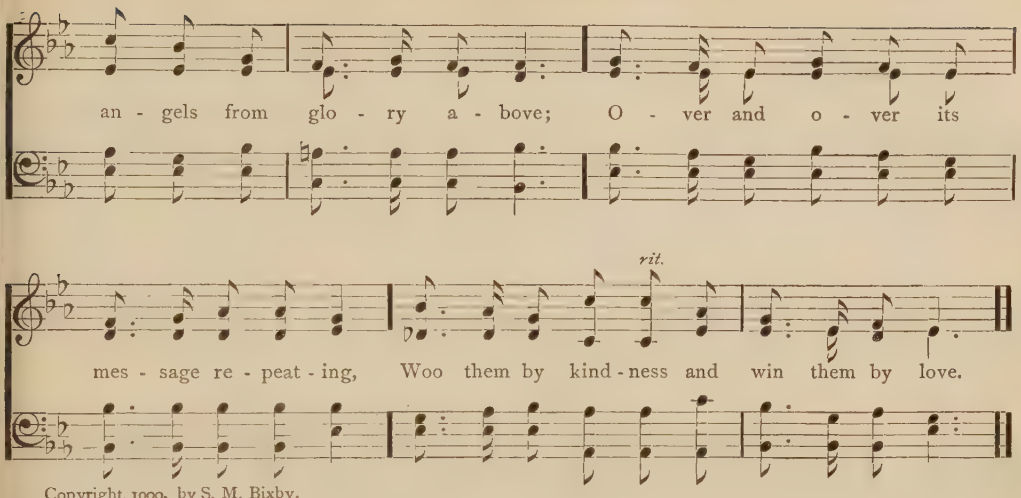
No. 431.

Out in the Highways

NOSTRAND. 11s & 10s, with Chorus

Fanny J. Crosby — *Frank N. Shepperd*

mf With expression.

1. Out in the high - ways, the lanes and the hedg - es, O - ver the
2. Out in the high - ways, the lanes and the hedg - es, Lift from the
3 Pit - y the err - ing; we know not their sor - row; Ma - ny are
4. Save, or they per - ish! O, fly to the res - cue! Je - sus hath
cold rug - ged mount - ains of sin, There are the sheep from the
wea - ry the bur - dens they bear; Go in the spir - it and
long - ing God's grace to re - ceive— Long - ing to drink of the
pur - chas'd their ran - som from sin! Now to the arms of His
fold that have wan - der'd; Je - sus com - mand - eth to gath - er them in.
strength of the Mas - ter! Go and re - mem - ber His chil - dren are there!
life - giv - ing wa - ter Flow - ing so free - ly for all who be - lieve.
in - fi - nite mer - cy, Lo, He com - mand - eth to gath - er them in.
CHORUS.
Ten - der - ly, pa - tient - ly, tell them the sto - ry Brought by the



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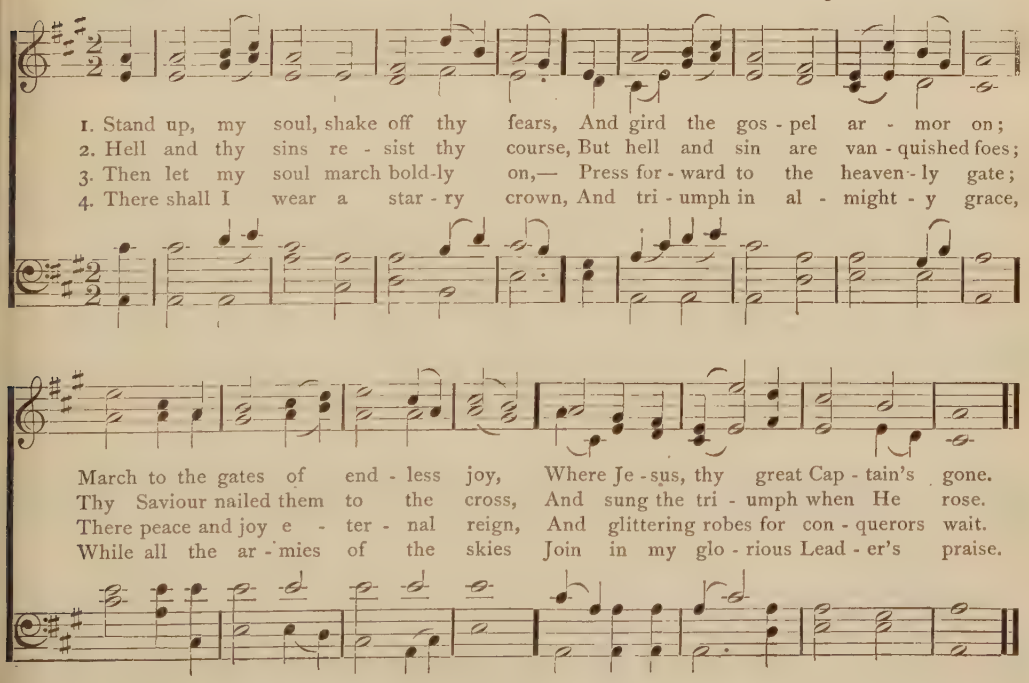
No. 432. *Stand Up, My Soul, Shake off Thy Fears*

Isaac Watts WIMBORNE. L. M. *J. Whitaker*


1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on;
2. Hell and thy sins re - sist thy course, But hell and sin are van - quished foes;
3. Then let my soul march bold-ly on,— Press for - ward to the heaven - ly gate;
4. There shall I wear a star - ry crown, And tri - umph in al - might - y grace,
March to the gates of end - less joy, Where Je - sus, thy great Cap - tain's gone.
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross, And sung the tri - umph when He rose.
There peace and joy e - ter - nal reign, And glittering robes for con - querors wait.
While all the ar - mies of the skies Join in my glo - rious Lead - er's praise.

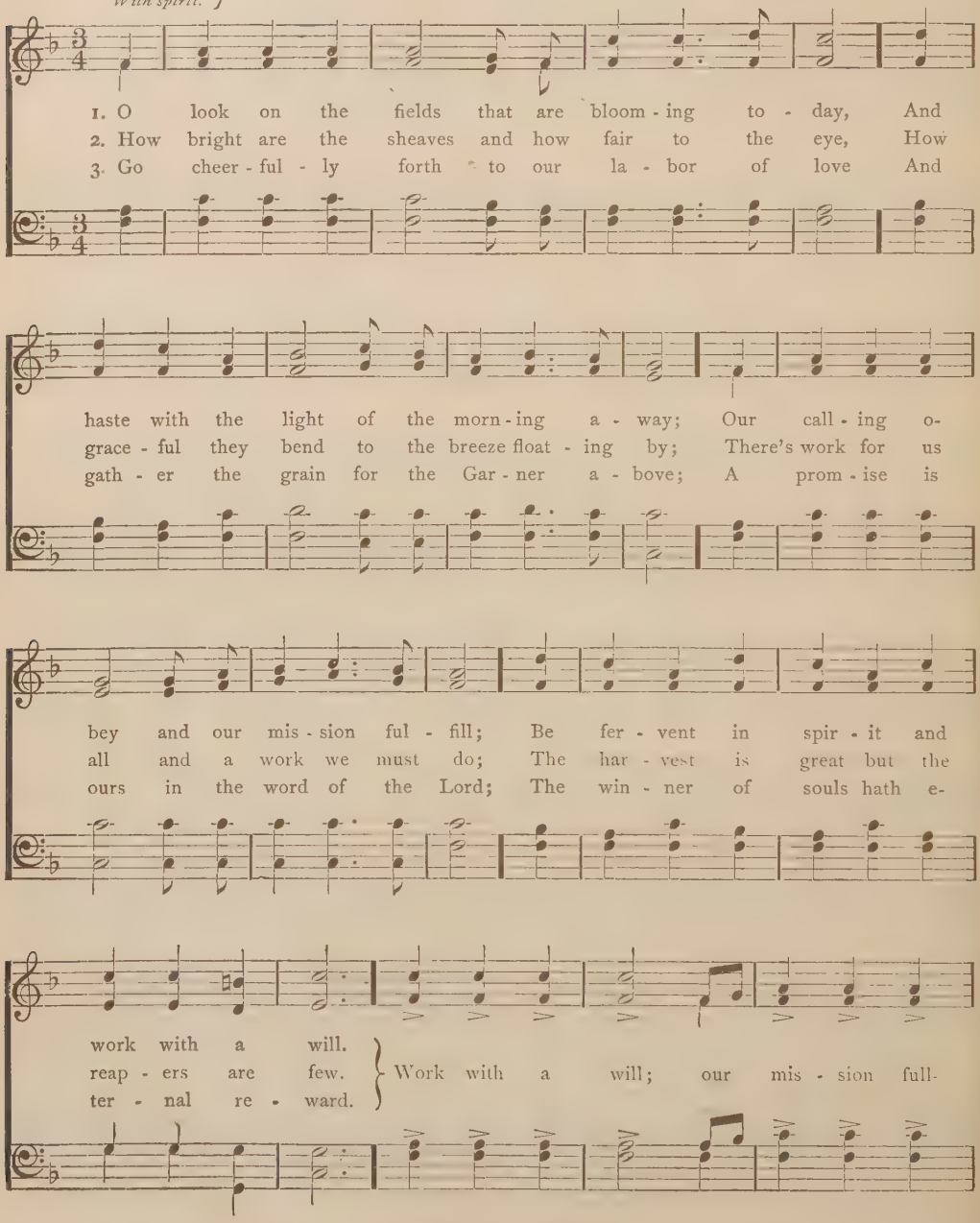
No. 433.

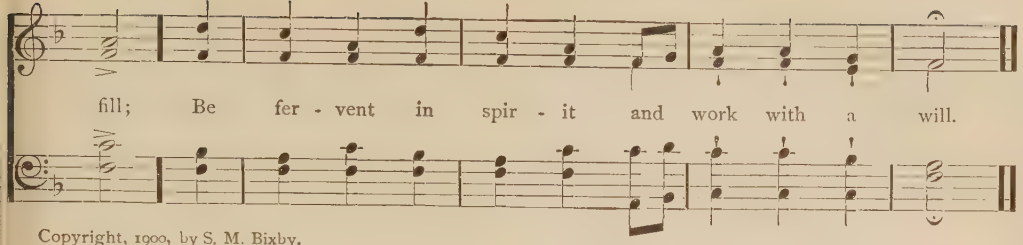
O Look on the Fields

ARCHER. 11s, with Chorus

Fanny J. Crosby

Jay Deavereaux

With spirit. *f*

1. O look on the fields that are bloom - ing to - day, And
2. How bright are the sheaves and how fair to the eye, How
3. Go cheer - ful - ly forth to our la - bor of love And
haste with the light of the morn - ing a - way; Our call - ing o-
grace - ful they bend to the breeze float - ing by; There's work for us
gath - er the grain for the Gar - ner a - bove; A prom - ise is
bey and our mis - sion ful - fill; Be fer - vent in spir - it and
all and a work we must do; The har - vest is great but the
ours in the word of the Lord; The win - ner of souls hath e-
work with a will.
reap - ers are few.
ter - nal re - ward.
Work with a will; our mis - sion full-



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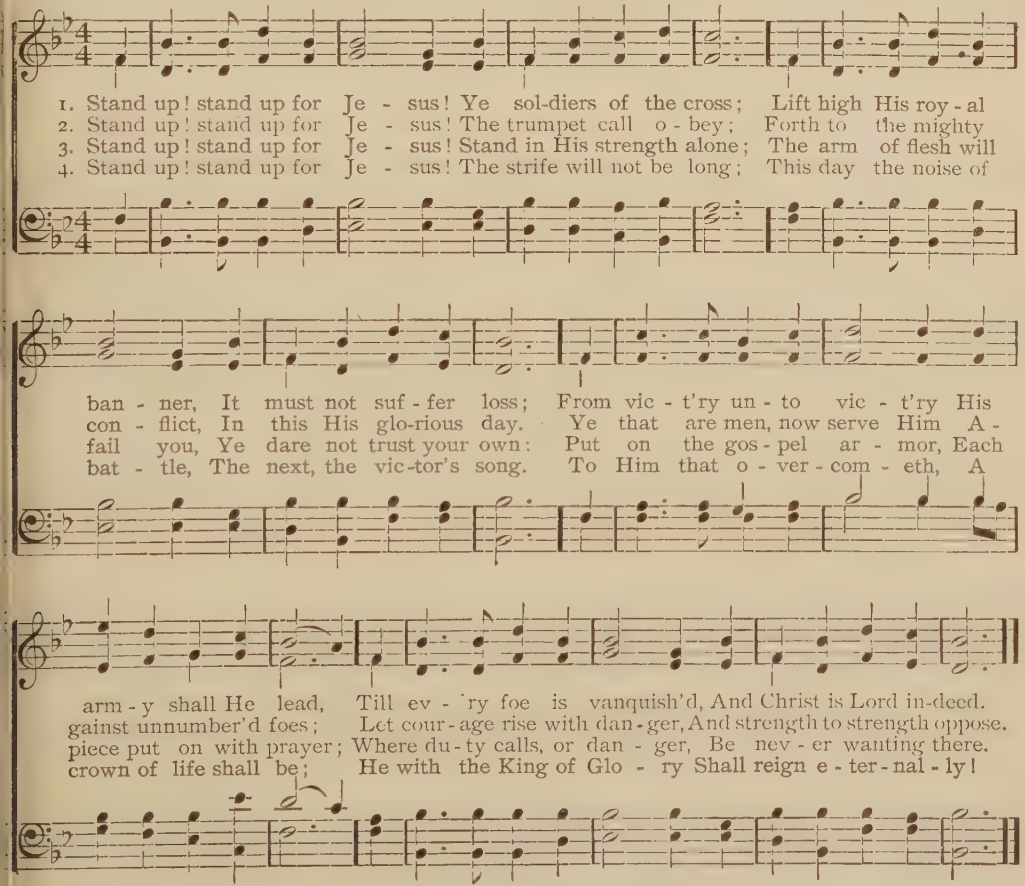
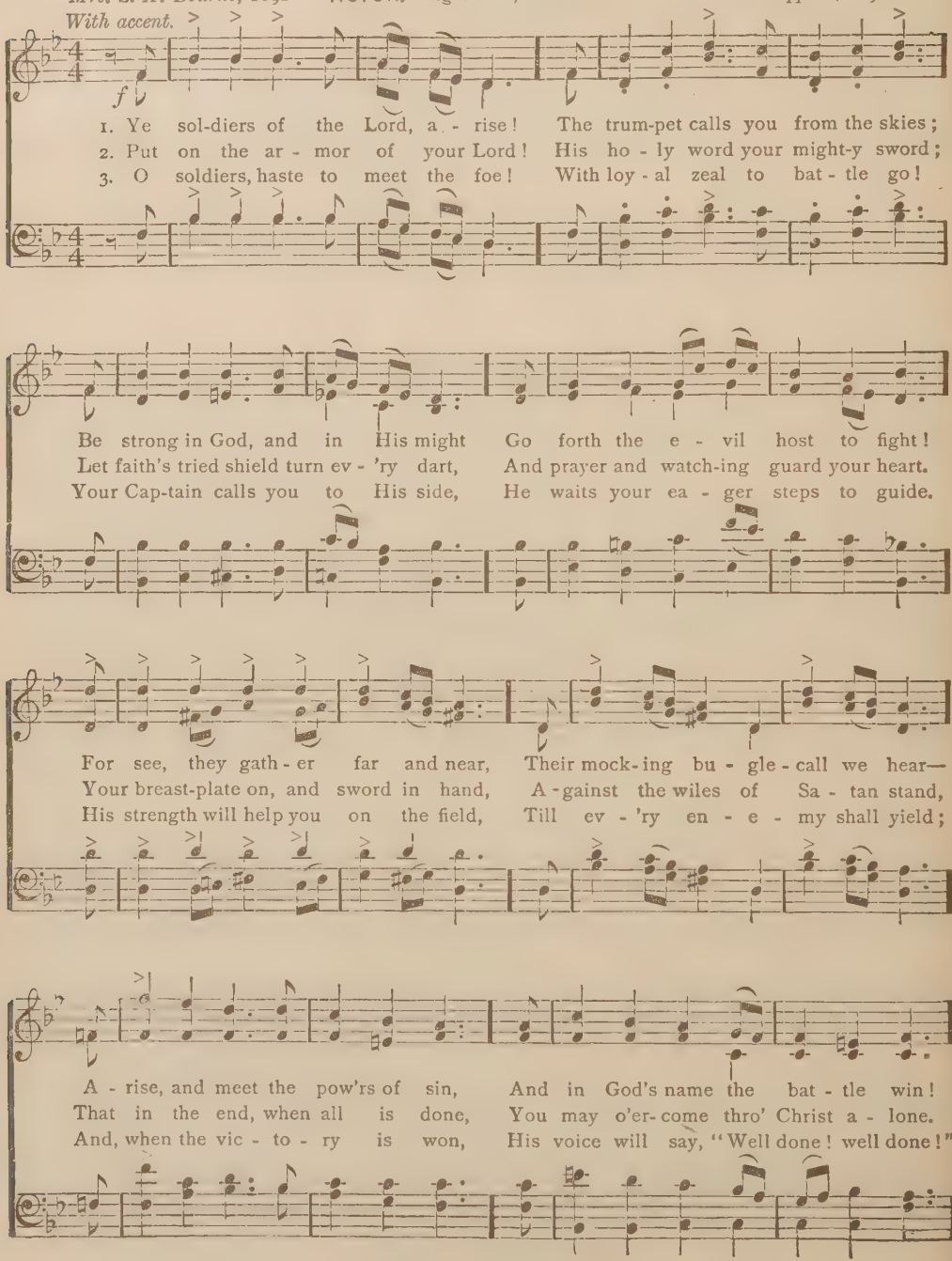
No. 434. *Stand up! Stand up for Jesus*

Rev. George Duffield . WEBB. 7s.&6s.D. *J. G. Webb*, 1830

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the mighty
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long; This day the noise of
ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss; From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
con - flict, In this His glo-rious day. Ye that are men, now serve Him A -
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each
bat - tle, The next, the vic-tor's song. To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A
arm - y shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in-deed.
gainst unnumber'd foes; Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with prayer; Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er wanting there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly!

No. 435. *Ye Soldiers of the Lord, Arise*

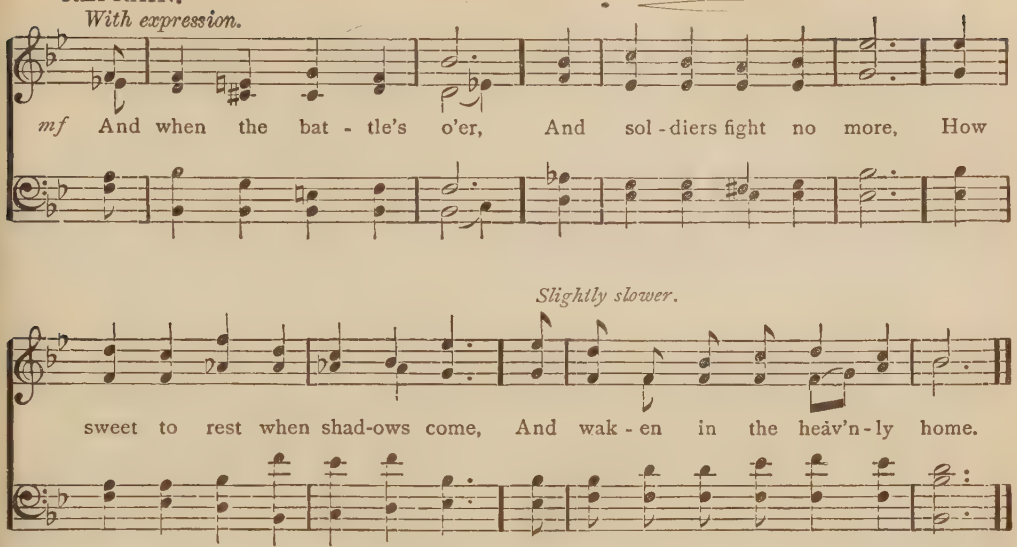
Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 VICTOR. Eight lines, with Chorus. *Frank N. Shepperd*, 1892

With accent.


f
1. Ye sol-diers of the Lord, a - rise! The trum-pet calls you from the skies;
2. Put on the ar - mor of your Lord! His ho - ly word your might-y sword;
3. O soldiers, haste to meet the foe! With loy - al zeal to bat - tle go!
Be strong in God, and in His might Go forth the e - vil host to fight!
Let faith's tried shield turn ev - 'ry dart, And prayer and watch-ing guard your heart.
Your Cap-tain calls you to His side, He waits your ea - ger steps to guide.
For see, they gath - er far and near, Their mock-ing bu - gle - call we hear—
Your breast-plate on, and sword in hand, A - gainst the wiles of Sa - tan stand,
His strength will help you on the field, Till ev - 'ry en - e - my shall yield;
A - rise, and meet the pow'rs of sin, And in God's name the bat - tle win!
That in the end, when all is done, You may o'er-come thro' Christ a - lone.
And, when the vic - to - ry is won, His voice will say, "Well done! well done!"

Ye Soldiers of the Lord, Arise

REFRAIN.

With expression.

mf And when the bat - tle's o'er, And sol - diers fight no more, How
Slightly slower.
sweet to rest when shad-ows come, And wak - en in the heav'n - ly home.

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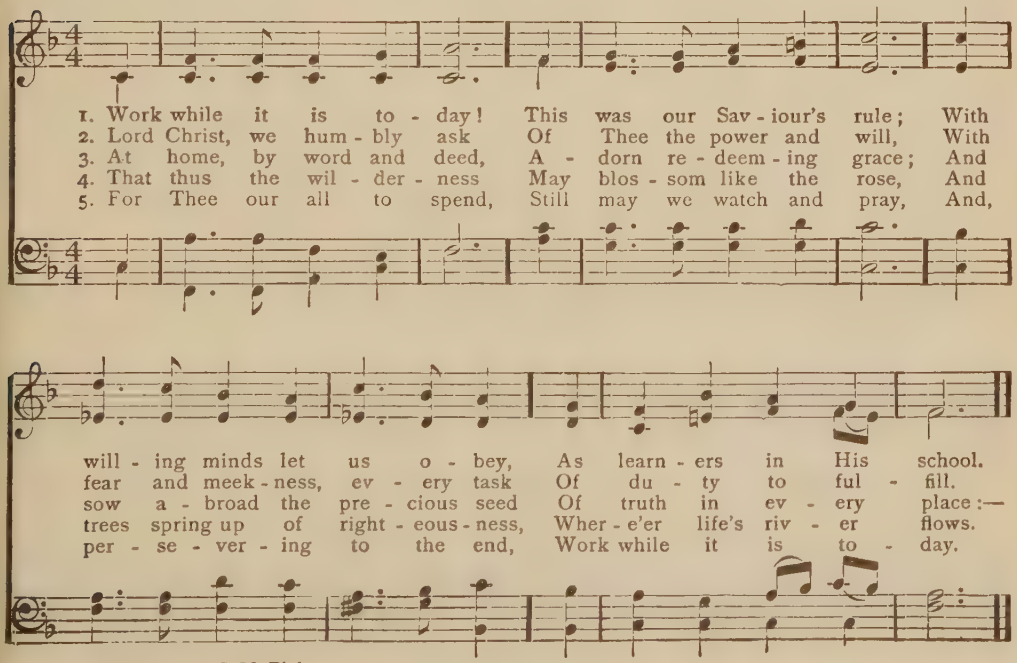
No. 436. *Work While it is To-Day*

James Montgomery SERVICE. S. M. *S. M. Bixby*


1. Work while it is to - day! This was our Sav - iour's rule; With
2. Lord Christ, we hum - bly ask Of Thee the power and will, With
3. At home, by word and deed, A - dorn re - deem - ing grace; And
4. That thus the wil - der - ness May blos - som like the rose, And
5. For Thee our all to spend, Still may we watch and pray, And,
will - ing minds let us o - bey, As learn - ers in His school.
fear and meek - ness, ev - ery task Of du - ty to ful - fill.
sow a - broad the pre - cious seed Of truth in ev - ery place:—
trees spring up of right - eous - ness, Wher - e'er life's riv - er flows.
per - se - ver - ing to the end, Work while it is to - day.

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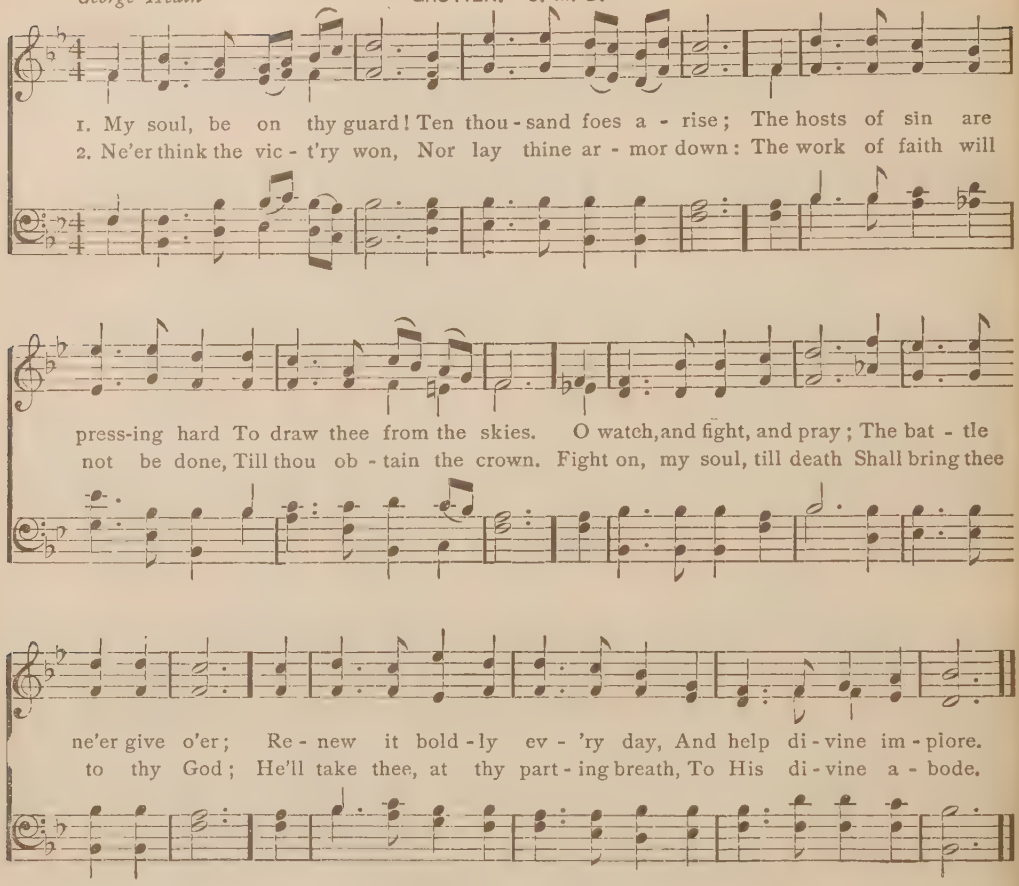
No. 437. *My Soul, Be on Thy Guard*

George Heath GAUTIER. S. M. D. *R. Menthal*


1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thou - sand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are
2. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down: The work of faith will
press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle
not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee
ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
to thy God; He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

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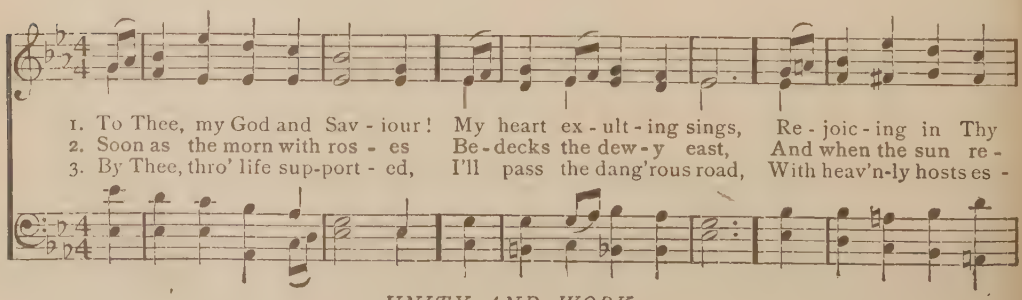
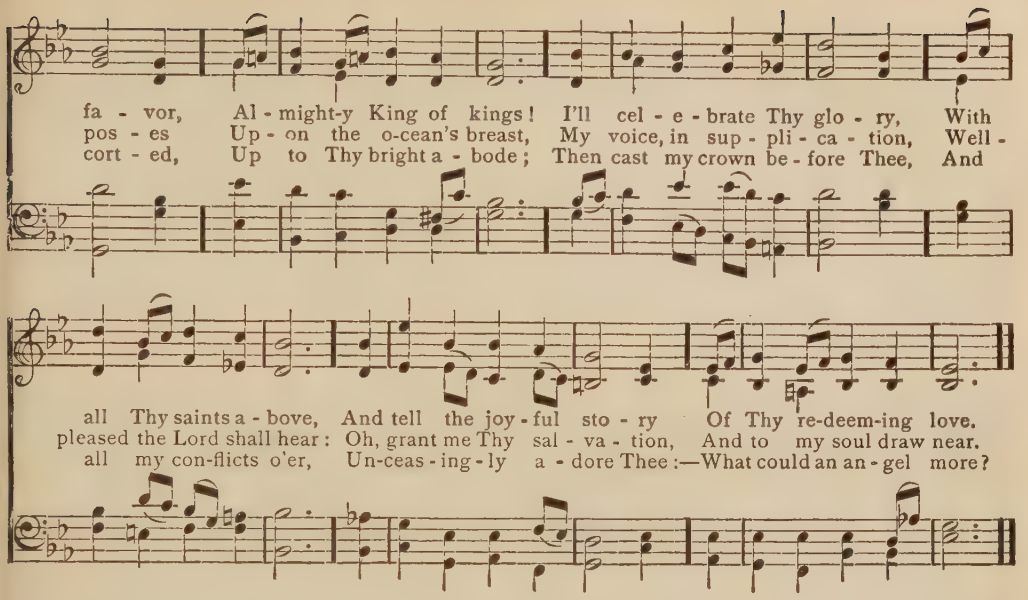
No. 438. *To Thee, My God and Saviour*

Thomas Haweis TOURAINE. 7s & 6s, D. *Berthold Tours*

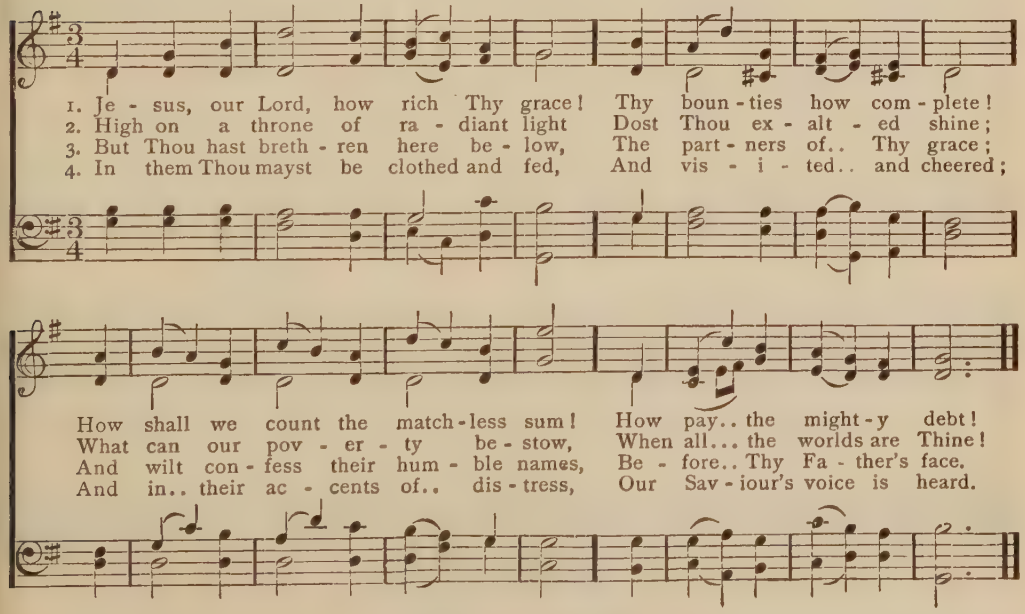

1. To Thee, my God and Sav - iour! My heart ex - ult - ing sings, Re - joic - ing in Thy
2. Soon as the morn with ros - es Be - decks the dew - y east, And when the sun re -
3. By Thee, thro' life sup-port - ed, I'll pass the dang'rous road, With heav'n-ly hosts es -

To Thee, My God and Saviour


fa - vor, Al - might-y King of kings! I'll cel - e - brate Thy glo - ry, With
pos - es Up - on the o-cean's breast, My voice, in sup - pli - ca - tion, Well -
cort - ed, Up to Thy bright a - bode; Then cast my crown be - fore Thee, And
all Thy saints a - bove, And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of Thy re-deem-ing love.
pleased the Lord shall hear: Oh, grant me Thy sal - va - tion, And to my soul draw near.
all my con-flicts o'er, Un-ceas - ing - ly a - dore Thee:—What could an an - gel more?

No. 439. *Jesus, Our Lord, How Rich Thy Grace*

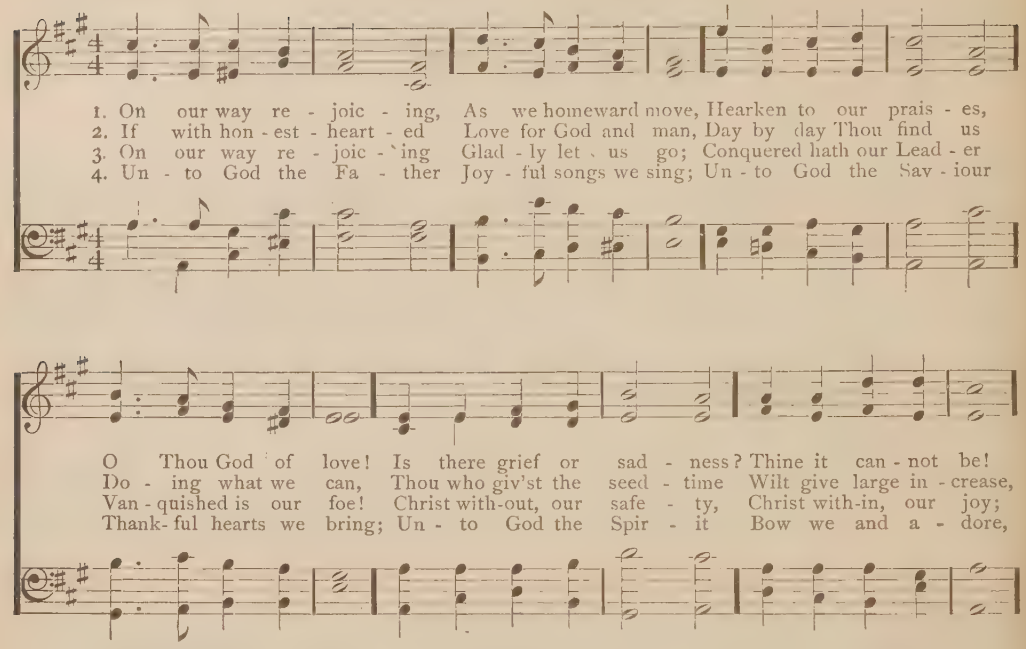
Philip Doddridge CHESTERFIELD. C. M. *T. Haweis*


1. Je - sus, our Lord, how rich Thy grace! Thy boun - ties how com - plete!
2. High on a throne of ra - diant light Dost Thou ex - alt - ed shine;
3. But Thou hast breth - ren here be - low, The part - ners of.. Thy grace;
4. In them Thou mayst be clothed and fed, And vis - i - ted.. and cheered;
How shall we count the match - less sum! How pay.. the might - y debt!
What can our pov - er - ty be - stow, When all... the worlds are Thine!
And wilt con - fess their hum - ble names, Be - fore.. Thy Fa - ther's face.
And in.. their ac - cents of.. dis - tress, Our Sav - iour's voice is heard.

No. 440.

On Our Way Rejoicing

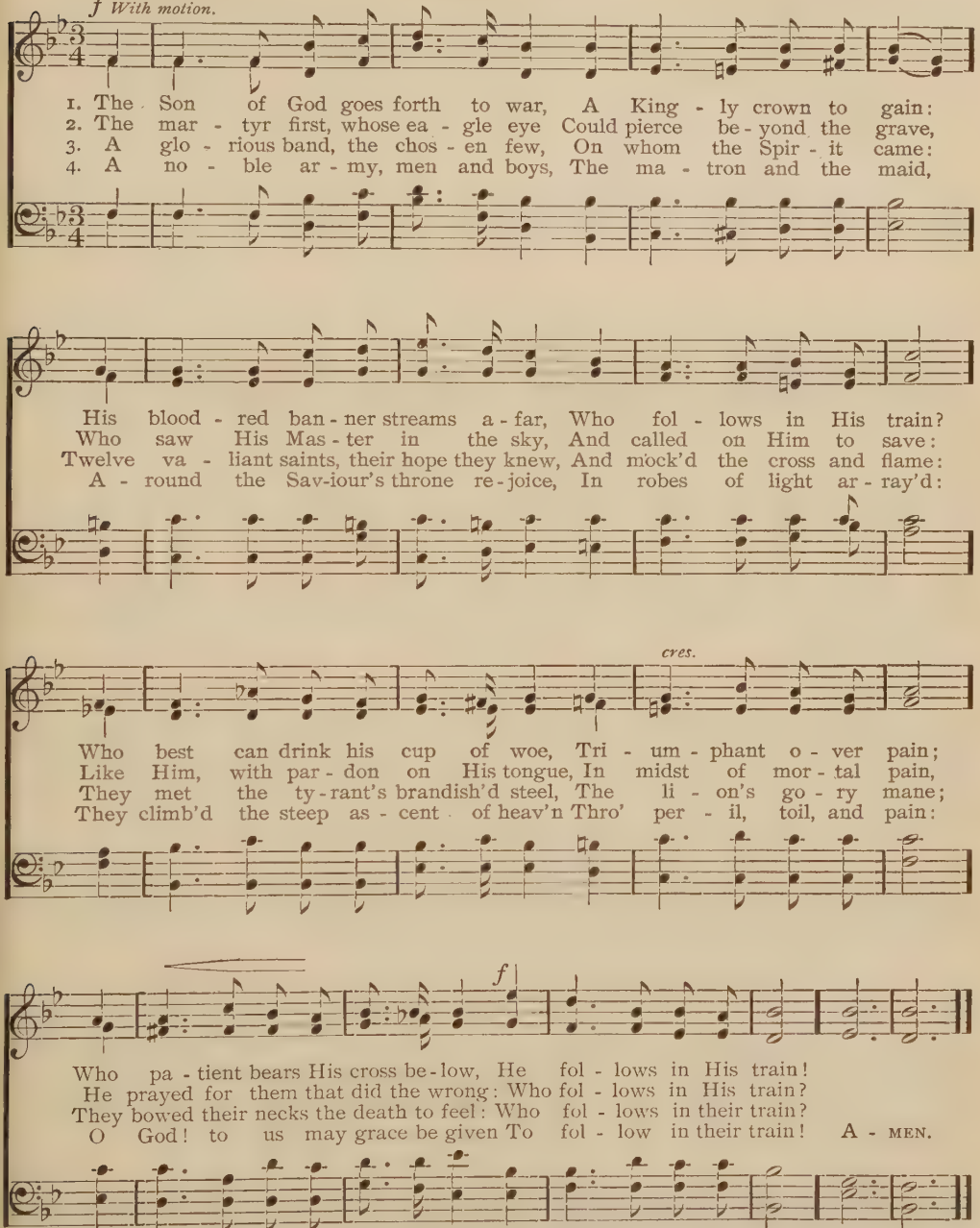
J. S. B. Monsell HERMAS. 6s & 5s, with Chorus *Francis Ridley Havergal*


1. On our way re - joic - ing, As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais - es,
2. If with hon - est - heart - ed Love for God and man, Day by day Thou find us
3. On our way re - joic - ing Glad - ly let us go; Conquered hath our Lead - er
4. Un - to God the Fa - ther Joy - ful songs we sing; Un - to God the Sav - iour
O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can - not be!
Do - ing what we can, Thou who giv'st the seed - time Wilt give large in - crease,
Van - quished is our foe! Christ with-out, our safe - ty, Christ with-in, our joy;
Thank- ful hearts we bring; Un - to God the Spir - it Bow we and a - dore,
CHORUS.
Is our sky be - cloud - ed? Clouds are not from Thee!
Crown the head with bless-ings, Fill the heart with peace.
Who, if we be faith - ful, Can our hope de - stroy?
On our way re - joic - ing Now and ev - er - more!
On our way re - joic - ing,
As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais - es, O Thou God of love! A - men.

No. 441. *The Son of God Goes Forth to War*

Reginald Heber, 1827 — LAWTON. C. M. D. — *Frank N. Shepperd, 1899*

f With motion.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A King - ly crown to gain:
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3. A glo - rious band, the chos - en few, On whom the Spir - it came:
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw His Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
Twelve va - liant saints, their hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame:
A - round the Sav-iour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - ray'd:
cres.
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain;
Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
They met the ty - rant's brandish'd steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;
They climb'd the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain:
f
Who pa - tient bears His cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train!
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
O God! to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train! A - MEN.

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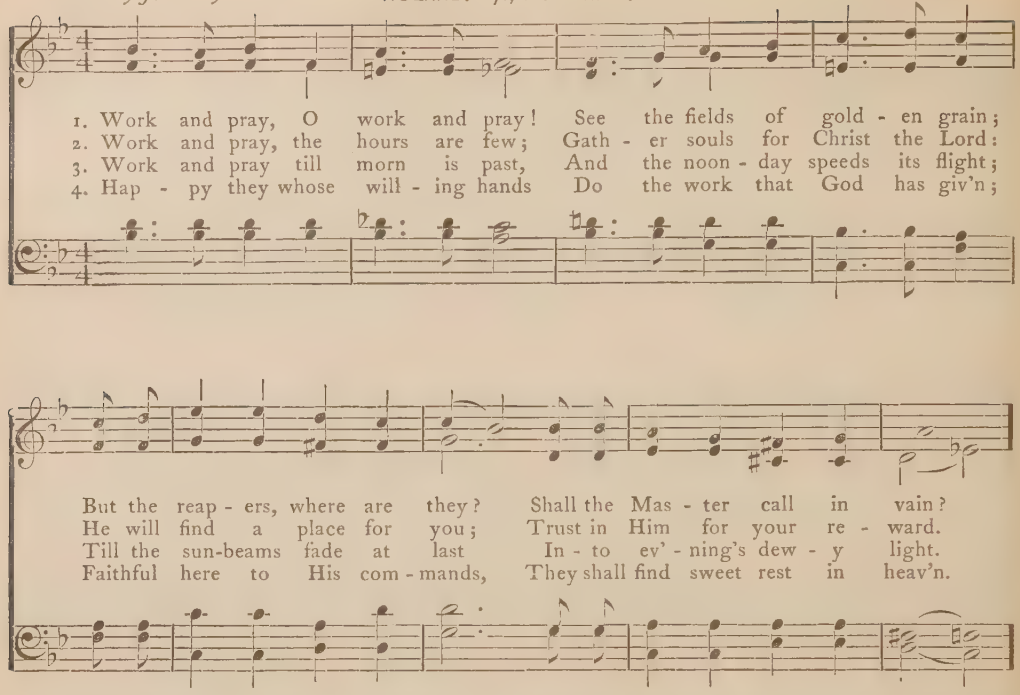
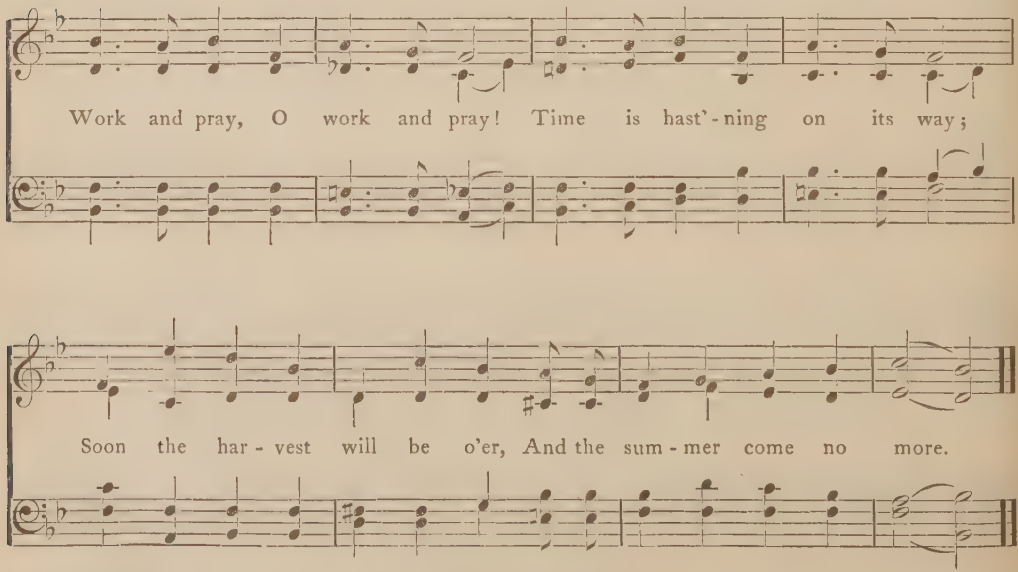
No. 442.

Work and Pray

Fanny J. Crosby ROLAND. 7s, with Refrain. *Caryl Florio*


1. Work and pray, O work and pray! See the fields of gold - en grain;
2. Work and pray, the hours are few; Gath - er souls for Christ the Lord:
3. Work and pray till morn is past, And the noon - day speeds its flight;
4. Hap - py they whose will - ing hands Do the work that God has giv'n;
But the reap - ers, where are they? Shall the Mas - ter call in vain?
He will find a place for you; Trust in Him for your re - ward.
Till the sun-beams fade at last In - to ev' - ning's dew - y light.
Faithful here to His com - mands, They shall find sweet rest in heav'n.

REFRAIN.



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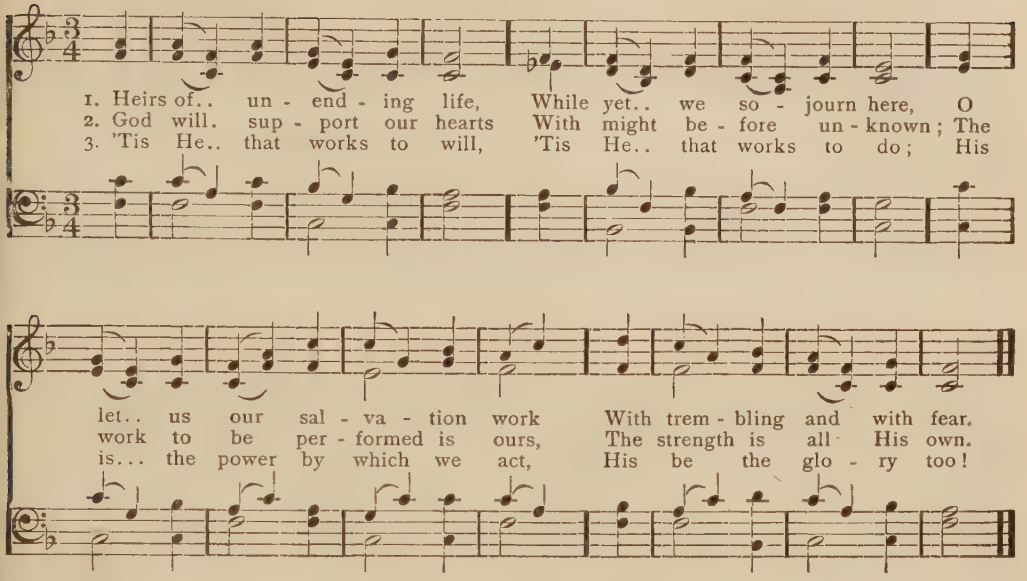
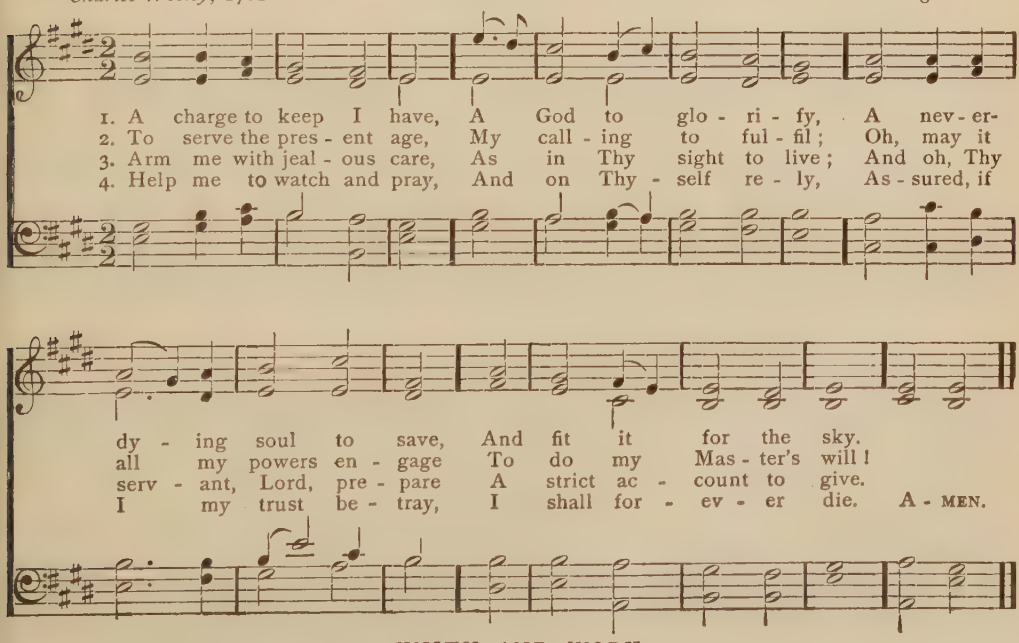
No. 443. *Heirs of Unending Life*

B. Beddome, 1795 — DENNIS. S. M. — *H. G. Nägeli*


1. Heirs of.. un - end - ing life, While yet.. we so - journ here, O
2. God will. sup - port our hearts With might be - fore un - known; The
3. 'Tis He.. that works to will, 'Tis He.. that works to do; His
let.. us our sal - va - tion work With trem - bling and with fear.
work to be per - formed is ours, The strength is all His own.
is... the power by which we act, His be the glo - ry too!

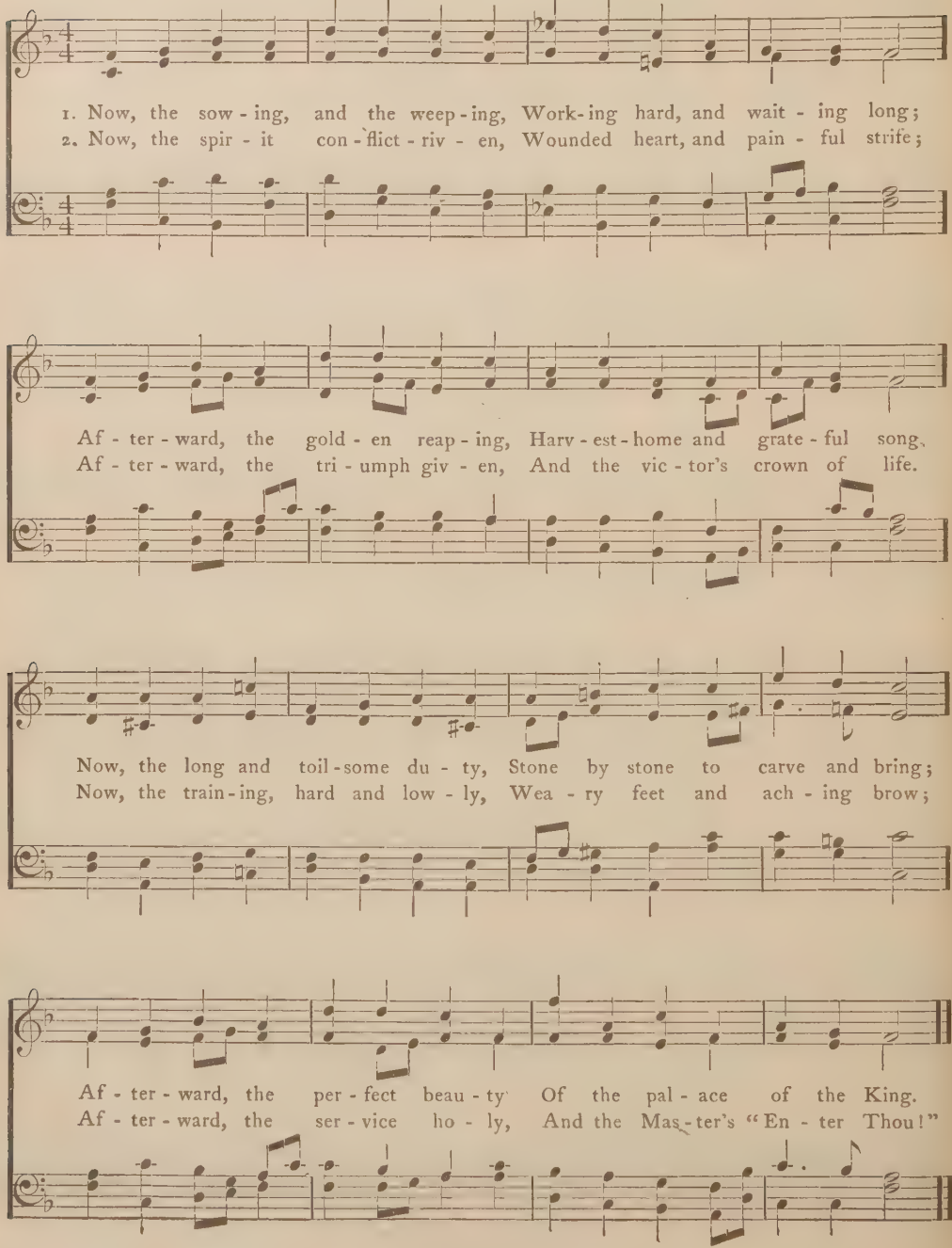
No. 444. *A Charge to Keep I Have*

Charles Wesley, 1762 — MORNINGTON. S. M. — *G. W. Mornington*


1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, A nev - er-
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil; Oh, may it
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live; And oh, Thy
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly, As - sured, if
dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
all my powers en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will!
serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.
I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die. A - MEN.

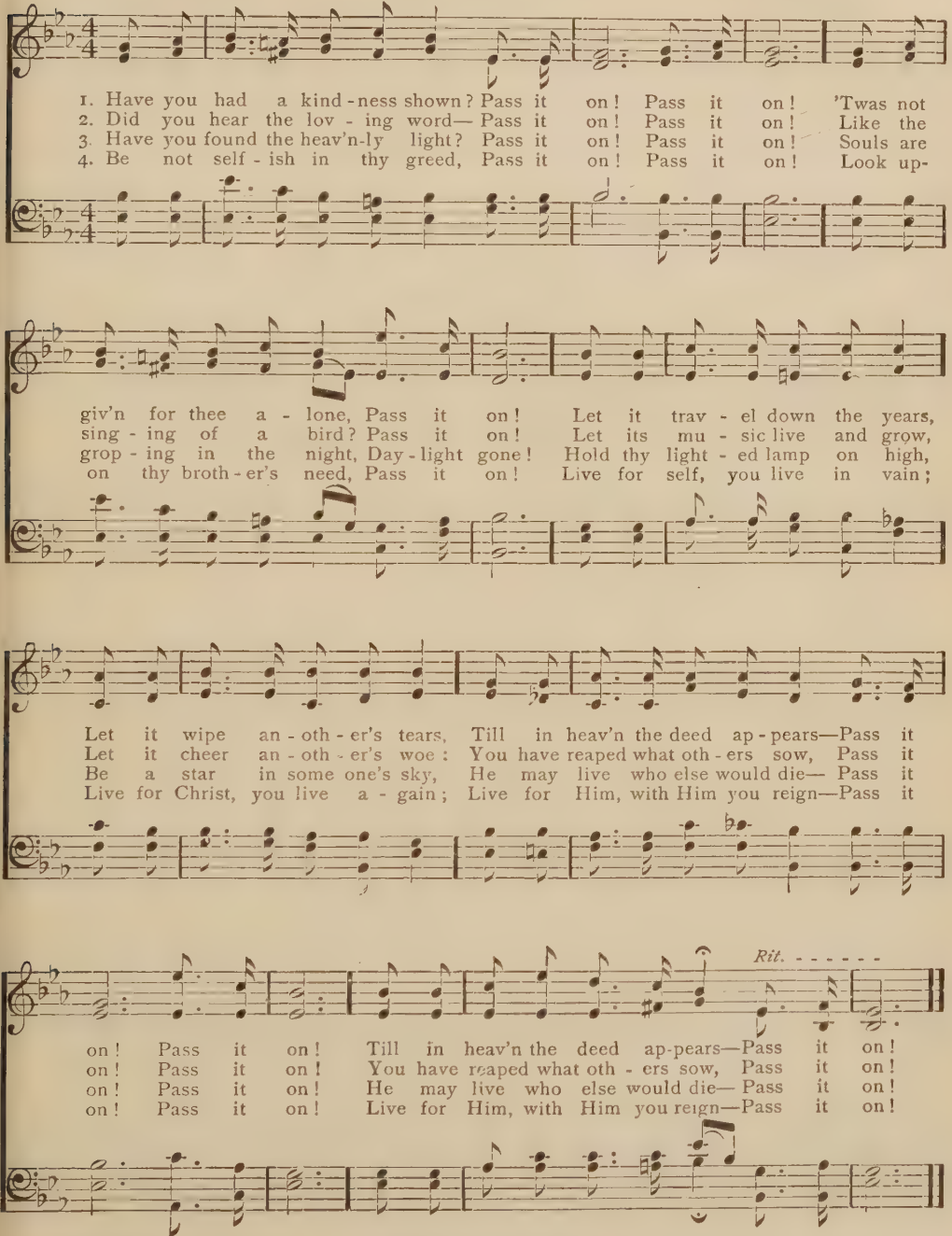
No. 445. *Now the Sowing and the Weeping*

Frances Ridley Havergal WALMISLEY. 8s & 7s D. *Dr. T. A. Walmisley*


1. Now, the sow - ing, and the weep - ing, Work - ing hard, and wait - ing long;
2. Now, the spir - it con - flict - riv - en, Wounded heart, and pain - ful strife;
Af - ter - ward, the gold - en reap - ing, Harv - est - home and grate - ful song.
Af - ter - ward, the tri - umph giv - en, And the vic - tor's crown of life.
Now, the long and toil - some du - ty, Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Now, the train - ing, hard and low - ly, Wea - ry feet and ach - ing brow;
Af - ter - ward, the per - fect beau - ty Of the pal - ace of the King.
Af - ter - ward, the ser - vice ho - ly, And the Mas - ter's "En - ter Thou!"

No. 446. *Have You Had a Kindness Shown*

Rev. Henry Burton — CLARKSON. P. M. — *Hubert P. Main*


1. Have you had a kind-ness shown? Pass it on! Pass it on! 'Twas not
2. Did you hear the lov-ing word— Pass it on! Pass it on! Like the
3. Have you found the heav'n-ly light? Pass it on! Pass it on! Souls are
4. Be not self-ish in thy greed, Pass it on! Pass it on! Look up-
giv'n for thee a-lone, Pass it on! Let it trav-el down the years,
sing-ing of a bird? Pass it on! Let its mu-sic live and grow,
grop-ing in the night, Day-light gone! Hold thy light-ed lamp on high,
on thy broth-er's need, Pass it on! Live for self, you live in vain;
Let it wipe an-oth-er's tears, Till in heav'n the deed ap-pears—Pass it
Let it cheer an-oth-er's woe: You have reaped what oth-ers sow, Pass it
Be a star in some one's sky, He may live who else would die— Pass it
Live for Christ, you live a-gain; Live for Him, with Him you reign—Pass it
Rit.
on! Pass it on! Till in heav'n the deed ap-pears—Pass it on!
on! Pass it on! You have reaped what oth-ers sow, Pass it on!
on! Pass it on! He may live who else would die— Pass it on!
on! Pass it on! Live for Him, with Him you reign—Pass it on!

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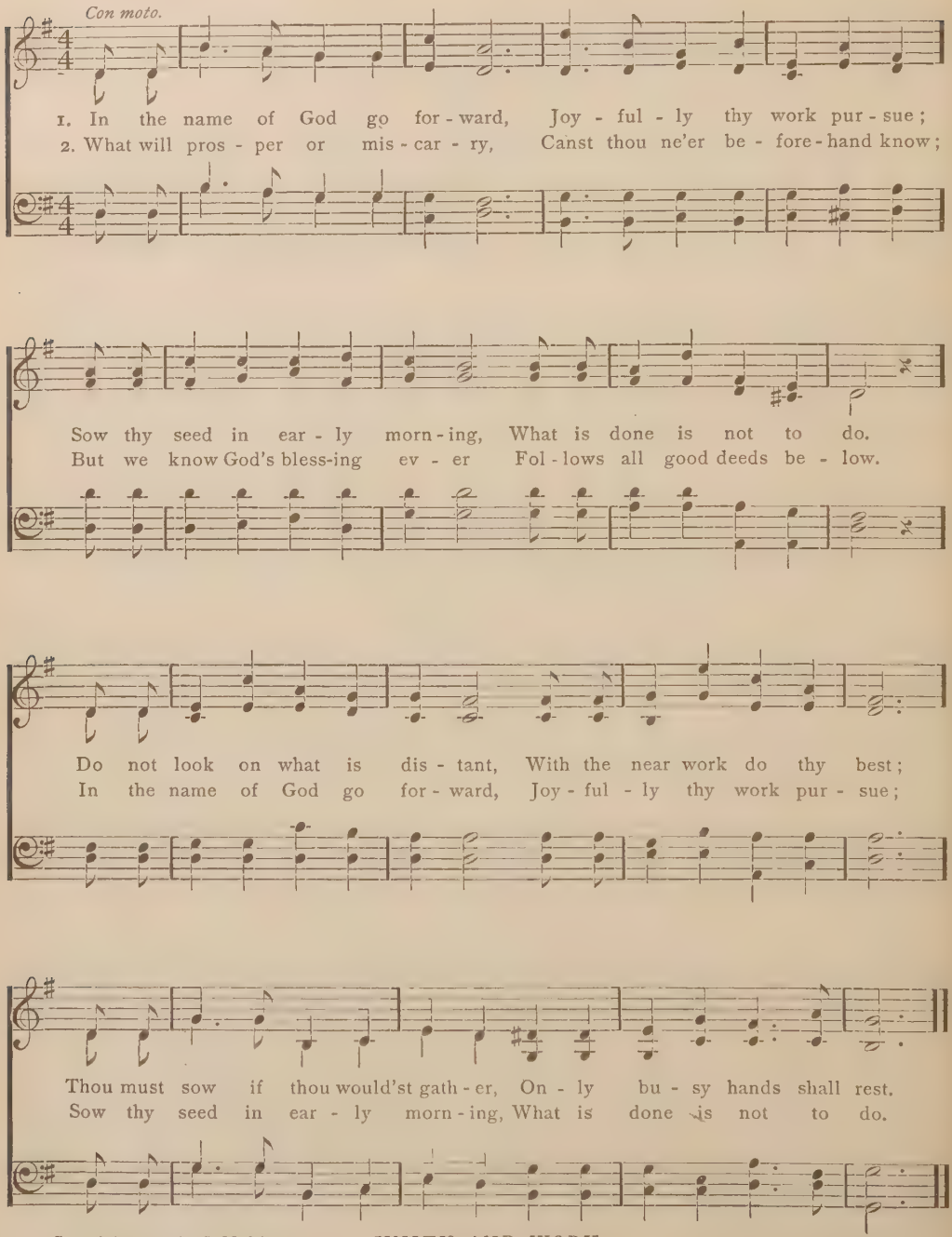
No. 447. *In the Name of God Go Forward*

K. J. P. Spitta WORKING. 8s & 7s D. *Caryl Florio*

Con moto.


1. In the name of God go for-ward, Joy-ful-ly thy work pur-sue;
2. What will pros-per or mis-car-ry, Canst thou ne'er be-fore-hand know;
Sow thy seed in ear-ly morn-ing, What is done is not to do.
But we know God's bless-ing ev-er Fol-lows all good deeds be-low.
Do not look on what is dis-tant, With the near work do thy best;
In the name of God go for-ward, Joy-ful-ly thy work pur-sue;
Thou must sow if thou would'st gath-er, On-ly bu-sy hands shall rest.
Sow thy seed in ear-ly morn-ing, What is done is not to do.

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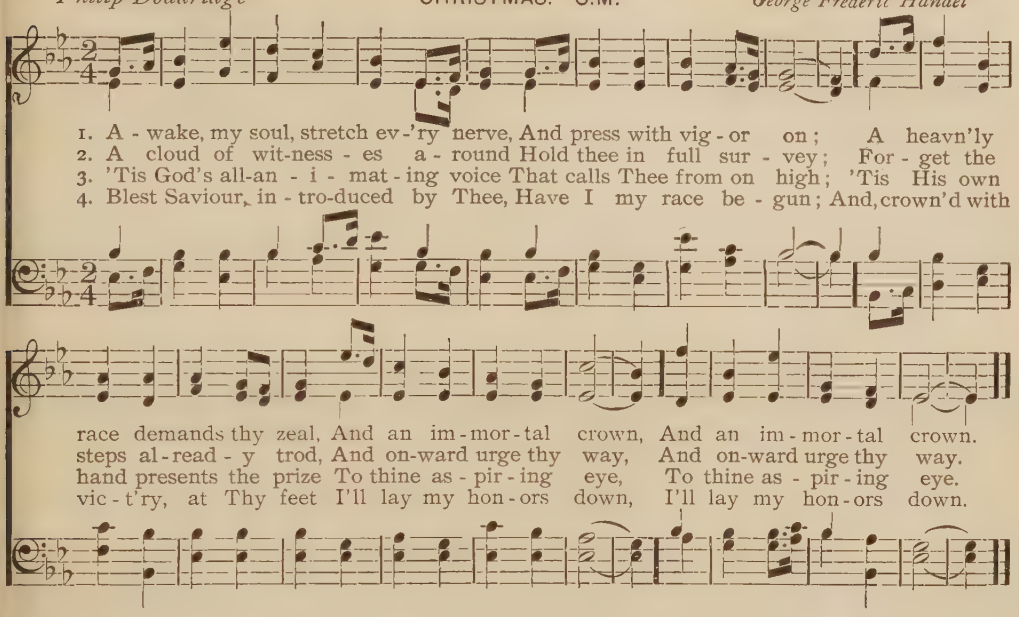
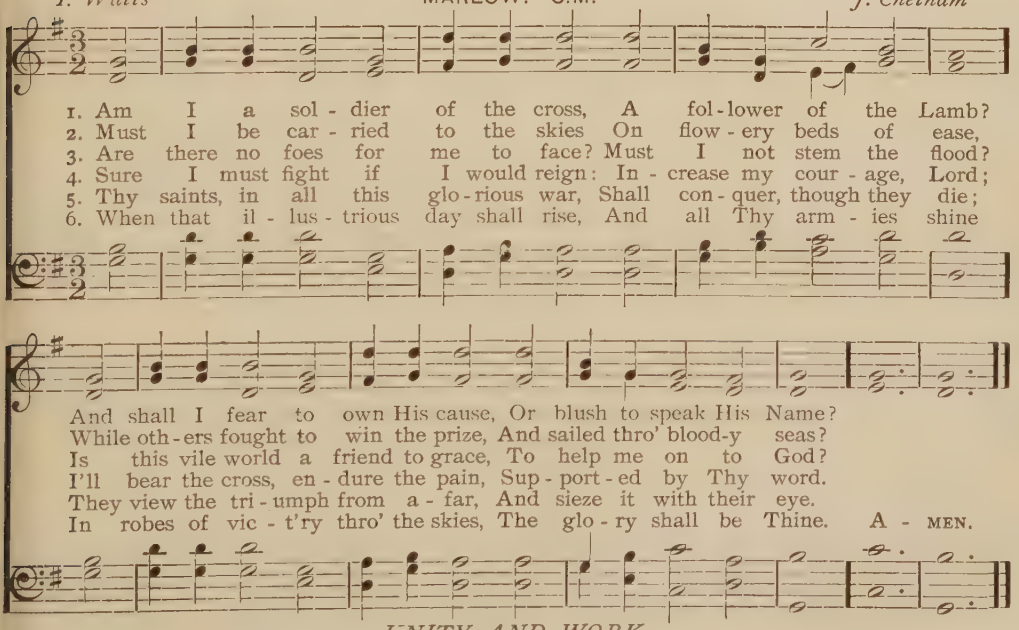
No. 448. *Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve*

Philip Doddridge CHRISTMAS. C.M. *George Frederic Handel*


1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev-'ry nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heavn'ly
2. A cloud of wit-ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey; For - get the
3. 'Tis God's all-an - i - mat - ing voice That calls Thee from on high; 'Tis His own
4. Blest Saviour, in - tro-duced by Thee, Have I my race be - gun; And, crown'd with
race demands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.
steps al - read - y trod, And on-ward urge thy way, And on-ward urge thy way.
hand presents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.
vic - t'ry, at Thy feet I'll lay my hon - ors down, I'll lay my hon - ors down.

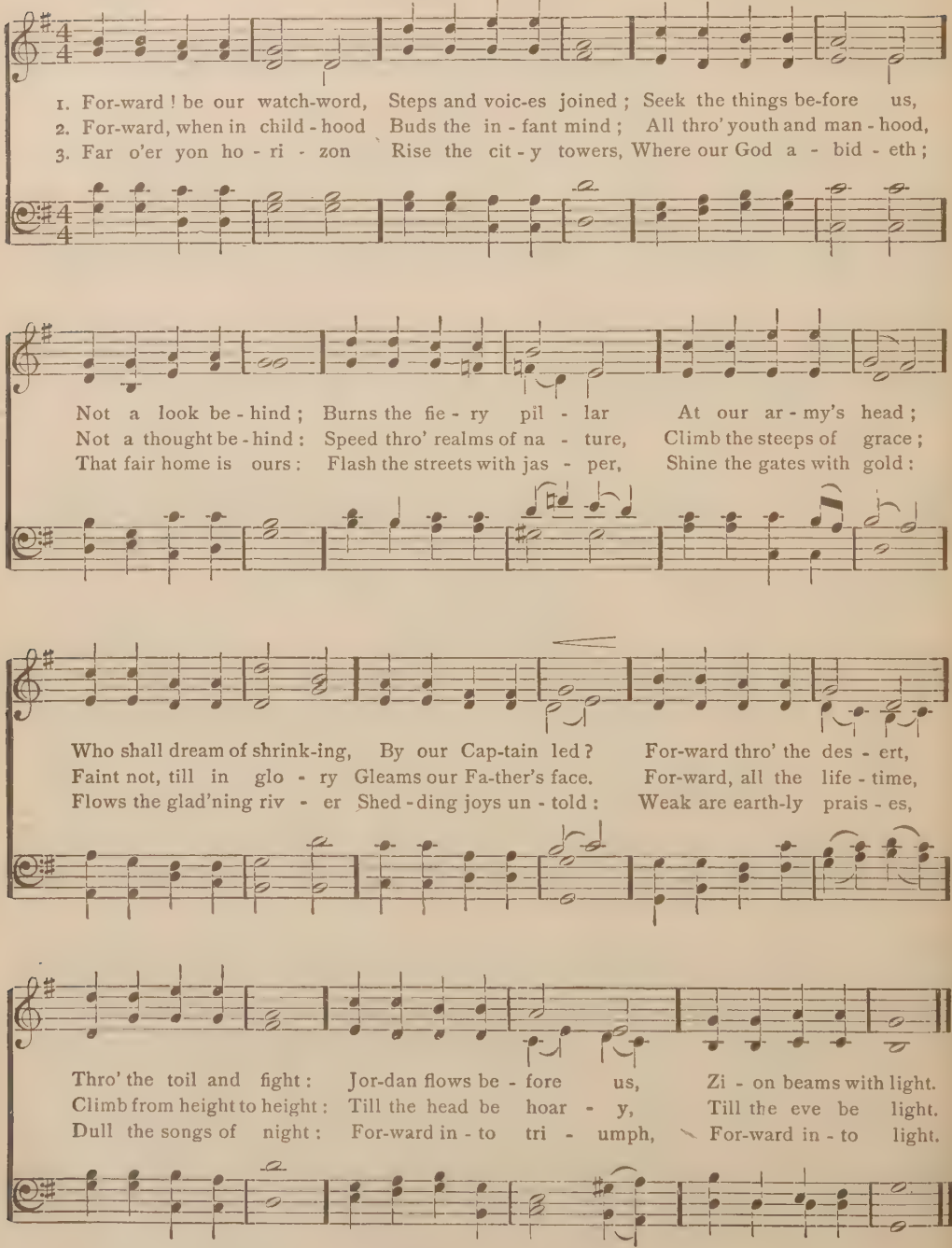
No. 449. *Am I a Soldier of the Cross*

I. Watts MARLOW. C.M. *J. Chetham*


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - ery beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign: In - crease my cour - age, Lord;
5. Thy saints, in all this glo - rious war, Shall con - quer, though they die;
6. When that il - lus - trious day shall rise, And all Thy arm - ies shine
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the cross, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.
They view the tri - umph from a - far, And sieze it with their eye.
In robes of vic - t'ry thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine. A - MEN.

No. 450. *Forward! Be Our Watchword*

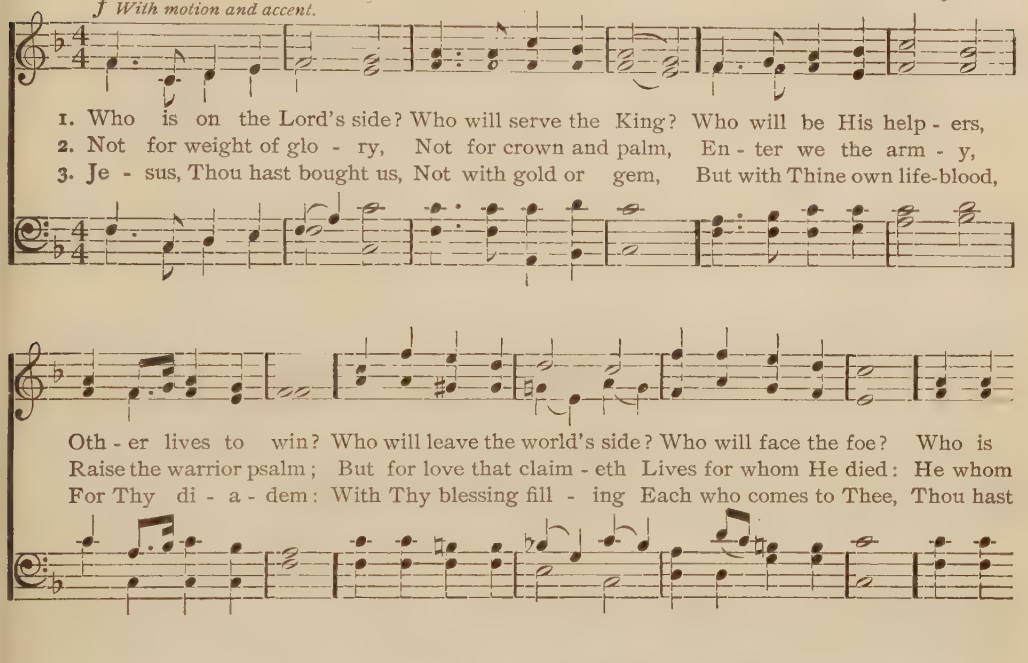
Henry Alford, 1865 — ST. ALBANS. 6s & 5s D. — *F. J. Haydn*


1. For-ward ! be our watch-word, Steps and voic-es joined ; Seek the things be-fore us,
2. For-ward, when in child - hood Buds the in - fant mind ; All thro' youth and man - hood,
3. Far o'er yon ho - ri - zon Rise the cit - y towers, Where our God a - bid - eth ;
Not a look be - hind ; Burns the fie - ry pil - lar At our ar - my's head ;
Not a thought be - hind : Speed thro' realms of na - ture, Climb the steeps of grace ;
That fair home is ours : Flash the streets with jas - per, Shine the gates with gold :
Who shall dream of shrink-ing, By our Cap-tain led ? For-ward thro' the des - ert,
Faint not, till in glo - ry Gleams our Fa-ther's face. For-ward, all the life - time,
Flows the glad'ning riv - er Shed - ding joys un - told : Weak are earth-ly prais - es,
Thro' the toil and fight : Jor-dan flows be - fore us, Zi - on beams with light.
Climb from height to height : Till the head be hoar - y, Till the eve be light.
Dull the songs of night : For-ward in - to tri - umph, For-ward in - to light.

No. 451. *Who is on the Lord's Side*

Frances Ridley Havergal ALCAN. 6.5. 12 LINES. *S. M. Bixby*

f With motion and accent.


1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers,
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the arm - y,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
Oth - er lives to win? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is
Raise the warrior psalm; But for love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died: He whom
For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy blessing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee, Thou hast
on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace Di -
Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side. By Thy love constrain-ing, By Thy grace Di -
made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand redemption, By Thy grace Di -
vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine.
vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine.
vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine. A - MEN, A - MEN.

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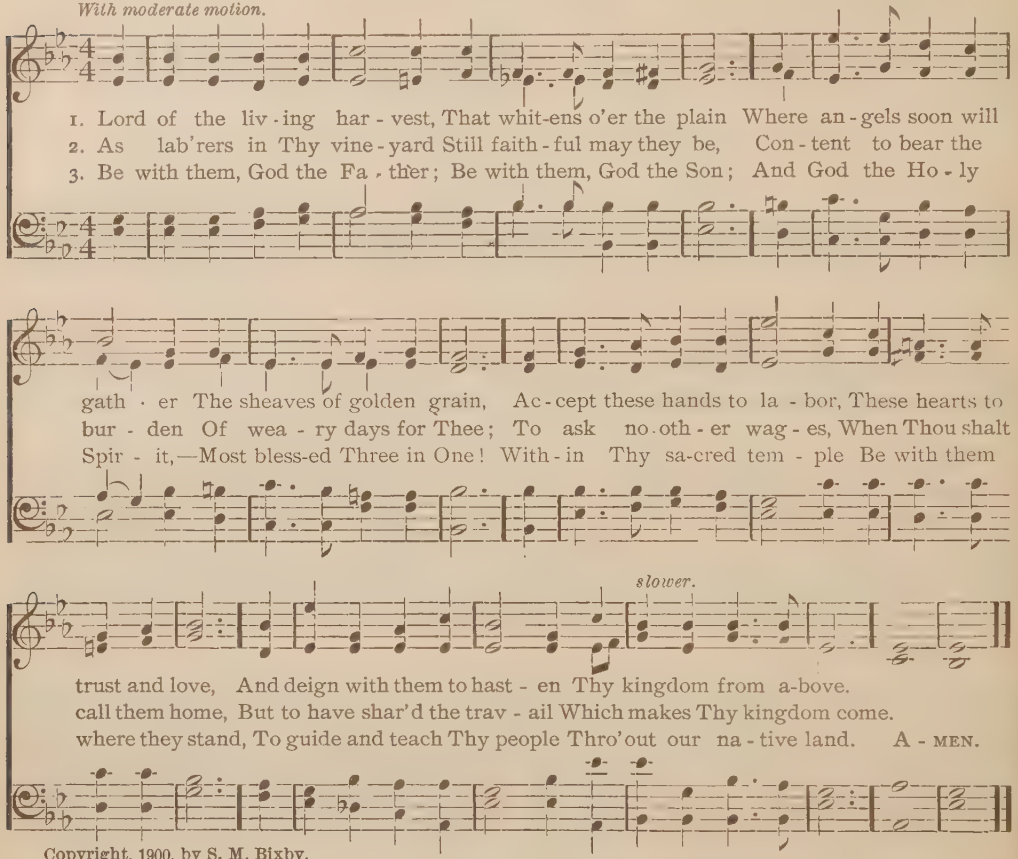
No. 452. *Lord of the Living Harvest*

J. S. B. Monsell, 1866 LIVING HARVEST. 7s.&6s.D. *R. Mentkal*

With moderate motion.


1. Lord of the liv-ing har-vest, That whit-ens o'er the plain Where an-gels soon will
2. As lab'rers in Thy vine-yard Still faith-ful may they be, Con-tent to bear the
3. Be with them, God the Fa-ther; Be with them, God the Son; And God the Ho-ly
gath-er The sheaves of golden grain, Ac-cept these hands to la-bor, These hearts to
bur-den Of wea-ry days for Thee; To ask no oth-er wag-es, When Thou shalt
Spir-it,—Most bless-ed Three in One! With-in Thy sa-cred tem-ple Be with them
slower.
trust and love, And deign with them to hast-en Thy kingdom from a-bove.
call them home, But to have shar'd the trav-ail Which makes Thy kingdom come.
where they stand, To guide and teach Thy people Thro'out our na-tive land. A-MEN.

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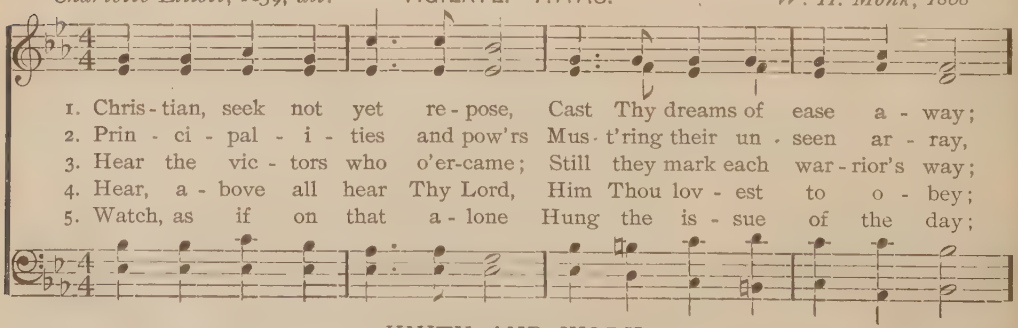
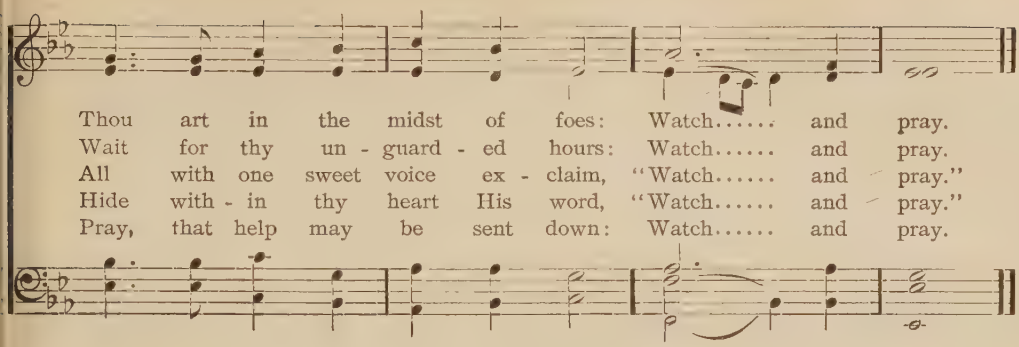
No. 453. *Christian, Seek Not Yet Repose*

Charlotte Elliott, 1839, alt. VIGILATE. 7.7.7.3. *W. H. Monk, 1868*

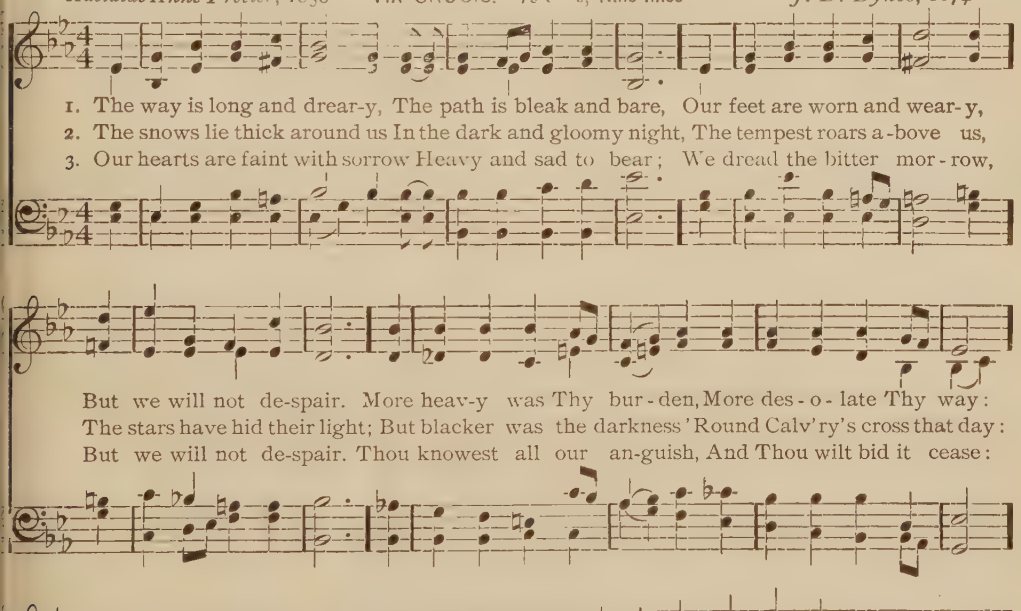

1. Chris-tian, seek not yet re-pose, Cast Thy dreams of ease a-way;
2. Prin-ci-pal-i-ties and pow'rs Mus-t'ring their un-seen ar-ray,
3. Hear the vic-tors who o'er-came; Still they mark each war-rior's way;
4. Hear, a-bove all hear Thy Lord, Him Thou lov-est to o-bey;
5. Watch, as if on that a-lone Hung the is-sue of the day;

Christian, Seek Not Yet Repose


Thou art in the midst of foes: Watch..... and pray.
Wait for thy un - guard - ed hours: Watch..... and pray.
All with one sweet voice ex - claim, "Watch..... and pray."
Hide with - in thy heart His word, "Watch..... and pray."
Pray, that help may be sent down: Watch..... and pray.

No. 454. *The Way is Long and Dreary*

Adelaide Anne Procter, 1858 VIA CRUCIS. 7s [illegible], Nine lines *J. B. Dykes, 1874*


1. The way is long and drear-y, The path is bleak and bare, Our feet are worn and wear-y,
2. The snows lie thick around us In the dark and gloomy night, The tempest roars a-bove us,
3. Our hearts are faint with sorrow Heavy and sad to bear; We dread the bitter mor-row,
But we will not de-spair. More heav-y was Thy bur-den, More des-o-late Thy way:
The stars have hid their light; But blacker was the darkness 'Round Calv'ry's cross that day:
But we will not de-spair. Thou knowest all our an-guish, And Thou wilt bid it cease:
O Lamb of God, who tak-est The sin of the world away, Have mercy up-on us.
O Lamb of God, who tak-est The sin of the world away, Have mercy up-on us.
O Lamb of God, who tak-est The sin of the world away, O give to us Thy peace.

No. 455. *Go Forward, Christian Soldier*

Rev. L. Tuttiett TUTTIETT. 7s.& 6s.D. *S. M. Bixby, 1899*

With motion and accent.

f

1. Go for - ward, Chris - tian sol - dier, Be - neath His ban - ner true!
2. Go for - ward, Chris - tian sol - dier! Fear not the se - cret foe;
3. Go for - ward, Chris - tian sol - dier! Nor dream of peace - ful rest,
4. Go for - ward, Chris - tian sol - dier! Fear not the gath -'ring night:

The Lord, Him - self, thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due.
Far more o'er thee are watch - ing Than hu - man eyes can know:
Till Sa - tan's host is van - quish'd And heaven is all pos - sessed;
The Lord has been thy shel - ter; The Lord will be thy light.

His love for - tells thy tri - als; He knows thy hour - ly need;
Trust on - ly Christ, thy Cap - tain; Cease not to watch and pray;
Till Christ Him - self shall call thee To lay thine ar - mor by,
When morn - His face re - veal - eth, Thy dan - gers are all past;

He can with bread of heav - en Thy faint - ing spir - it feed.
Heed not the treach'rous voi - ces That lure thy soul a - stray.
And wear in end - less glo - ry The crown of vic - to - ry.
O pray that faith and vir - tue May keep thee to the last. A - MEN.

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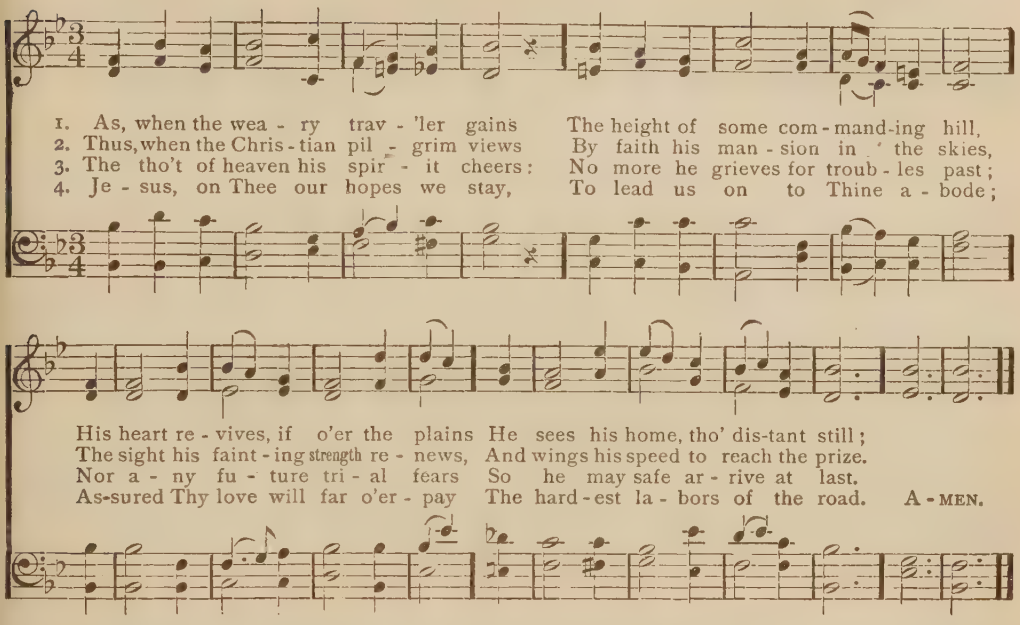
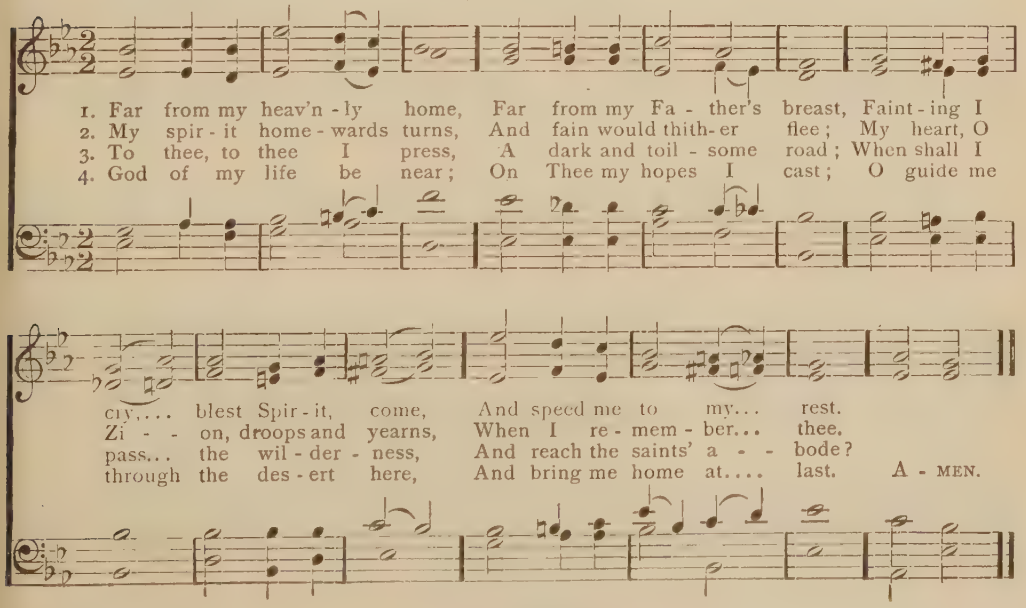
No. 456. *As, When the Weary Traveller Gains*

John Newton GERMANY. L. M. *Beethoven*


1. As, when the wea - ry trav - 'ler gains The height of some com - mand-ing hill,
2. Thus, when the Chris - tian pil - grim views By faith his man - sion in the skies,
3. The tho't of heaven his spir - it cheers: No more he grieves for troub - les past;
4. Je - sus, on Thee our hopes we stay, To lead us on to Thine a - bode;
His heart re - vives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, tho' dis-tant still;
The sight his faint - ing strength re - news, And wings his speed to reach the prize.
Nor a - ny fu - ture tri - al fears So he may safe ar - rive at last.
As-sured Thy love will far o'er - pay The hard - est la - bors of the road. A - MEN.

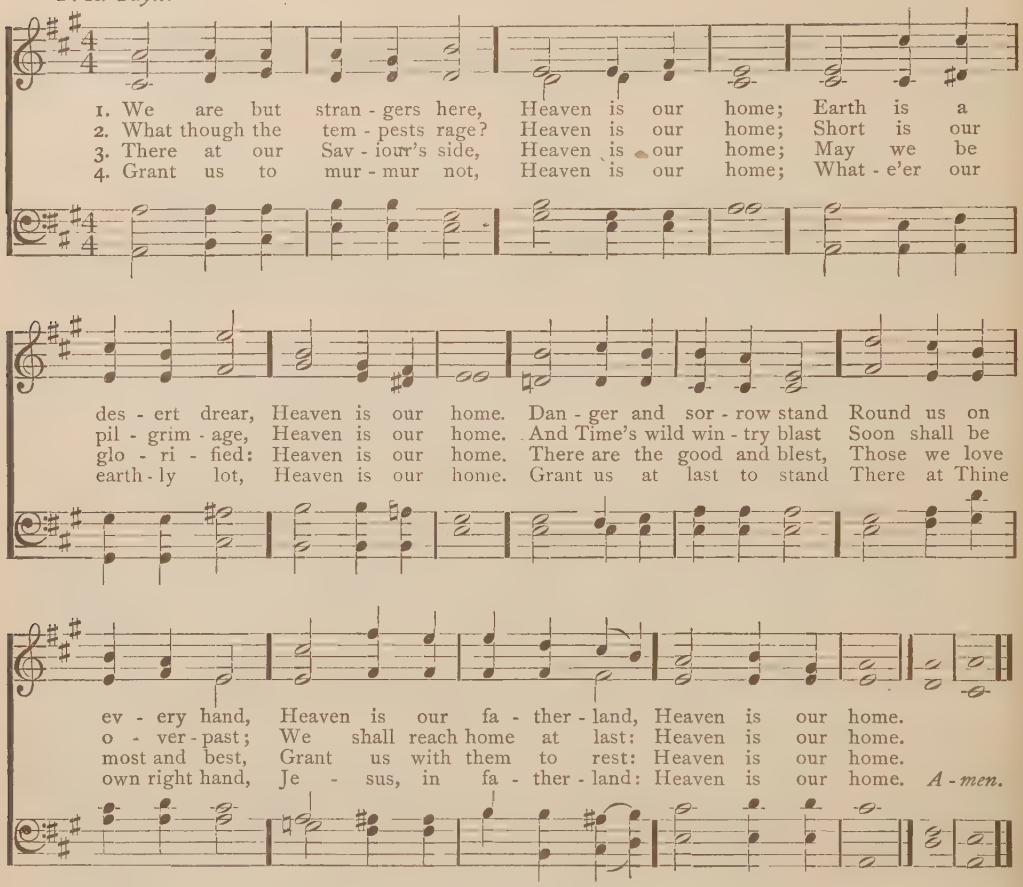
No. 457. *Far from My Heavenly Home*

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834 SIENNA. S. M. *W. H. Doane*


1. Far from my heav'n - ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast, Faint - ing I
2. My spir - it home - wards turns, And fain would thith - er flee; My heart, O
3. To thee, to thee I press, A dark and toil - some road; When shall I
4. God of my life be near; On Thee my hopes I cast; O guide me
cry.... blest Spir - it, come, And speed me to my... rest.
Zi - - on, droops and yearns, When I re - mem - ber... thee.
pass... the wil - der - ness, And reach the saints' a - - bode?
through the des - ert here, And bring me home at.... last. A - MEN.

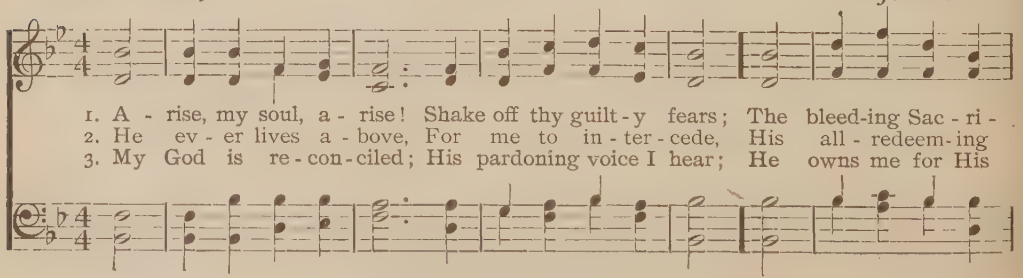
No. 458. *We are but Strangers Here*

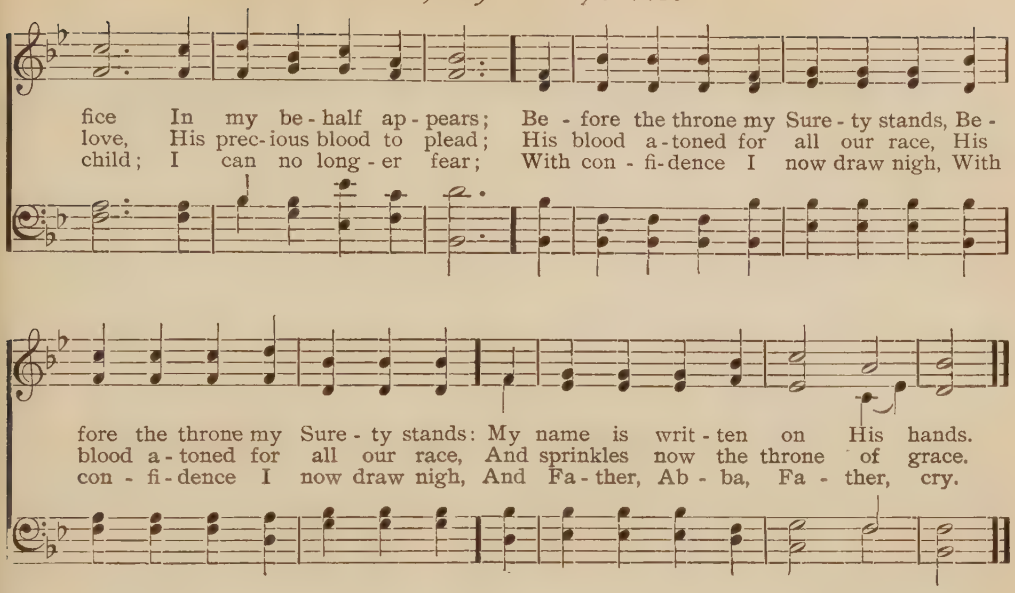
T. R. Taylor — ST. EDMUND. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. — *A. S. Sullivan*


1. We are but stran - gers here, Heaven is our home; Earth is a
2. What though the tem - pests rage? Heaven is our home; Short is our
3. There at our Sav - iour's side, Heaven is our home; May we be
4. Grant us to mur - mur not, Heaven is our home; What - e'er our
des - ert drear, Heaven is our home. Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round us on
pil - grim - age, Heaven is our home. And Time's wild win - try blast Soon shall be
glo - ri - fied: Heaven is our home. There are the good and blest, Those we love
earth - ly lot, Heaven is our home. Grant us at last to stand There at Thine
ev - ery hand, Heaven is our fa - ther - land, Heaven is our home.
o - ver - past; We shall reach home at last: Heaven is our home.
most and best, Grant us with them to rest: Heaven is our home.
own right hand, Je - sus, in fa - ther - land: Heaven is our home. A - men.

No. 459. *Arise, My Soul, Arise*

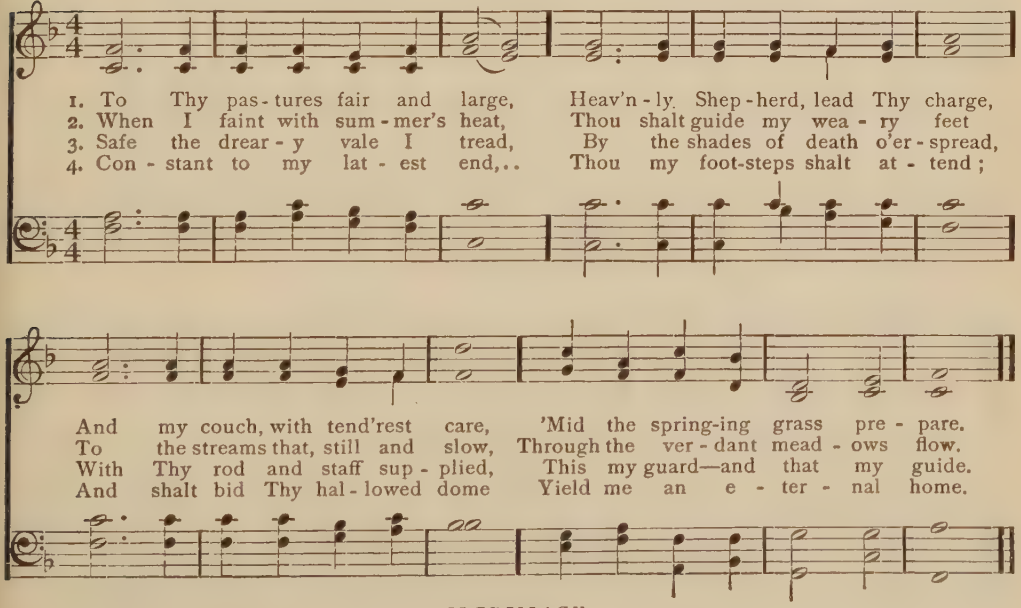
Charles Wesley — LENOX. H. M. — *J. Edson*


1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise! Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleed-ing Sac - ri -
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede, His all - redeem - ing
3. My God is re - con - ciled; His pardoning voice I hear; He owns me for His


fice In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be -
love, His prec - ious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race, His
child; I can no long - er fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With
fore the throne my Sure - ty stands: My name is writ - ten on His hands.
blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry.

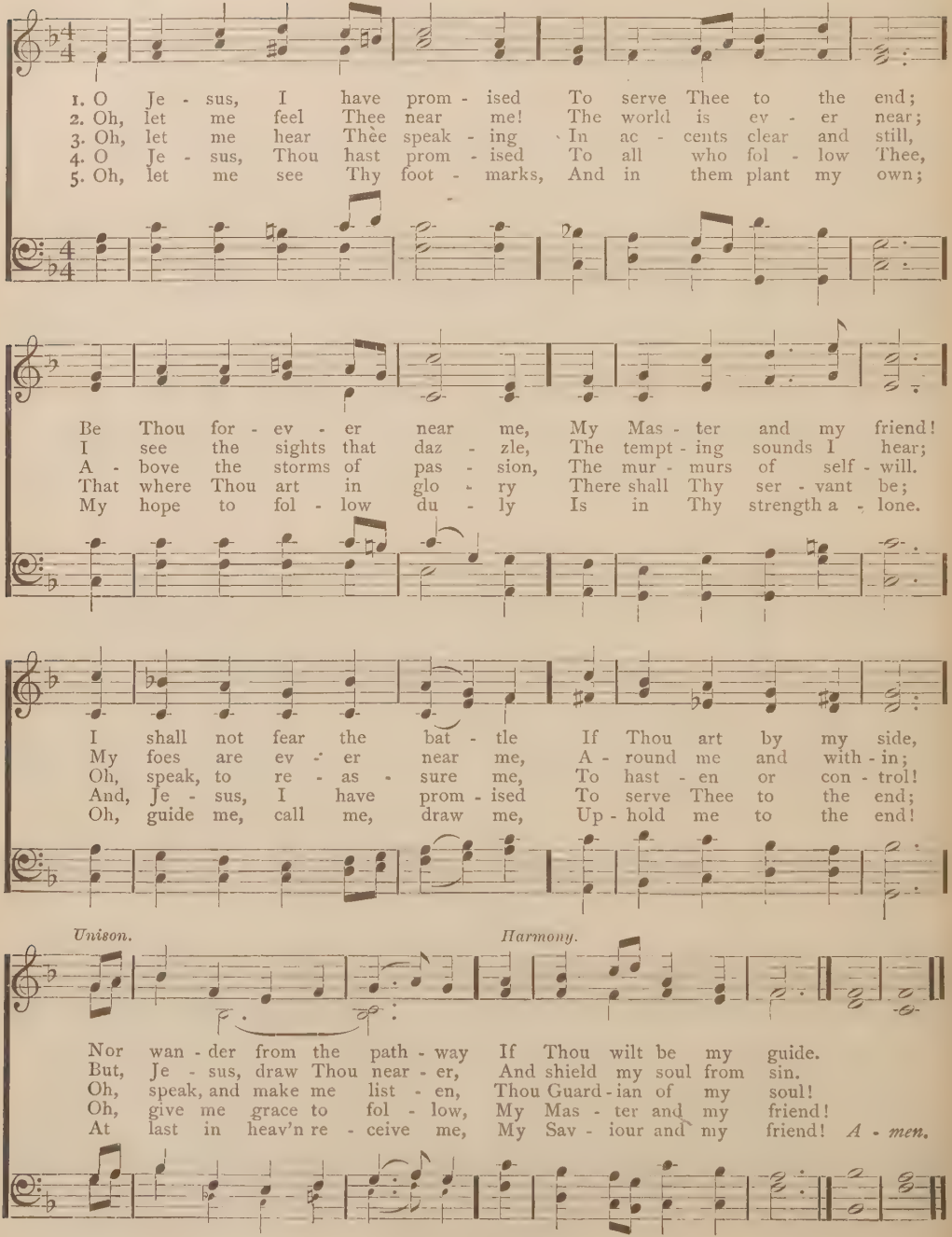
No. 460. *To Thy Pastures Fair and Large*

James Merrick DIJON. 7s. *J. G. Bitthauer*, 1785


1. To Thy pas - tures fair and large, Heav'n - ly Shep - herd, lead Thy charge,
2. When I faint with sum - mer's heat, Thou shalt guide my wea - ry feet
3. Safe the drear - y vale I tread, By the shades of death o'er - spread,
4. Con - stant to my lat - est end,.. Thou my foot-steps shalt at - tend;
And my couch, with tend'rest care, 'Mid the spring-ing grass pre - pare.
To the streams that, still and slow, Through the ver - dant mead - ows flow.
With Thy rod and staff sup - plied, This my guard—and that my guide.
And shalt bid Thy hal - lowed dome Yield me an e - ter - nal home.

No. 461. *O Jesus, I Have Promised*

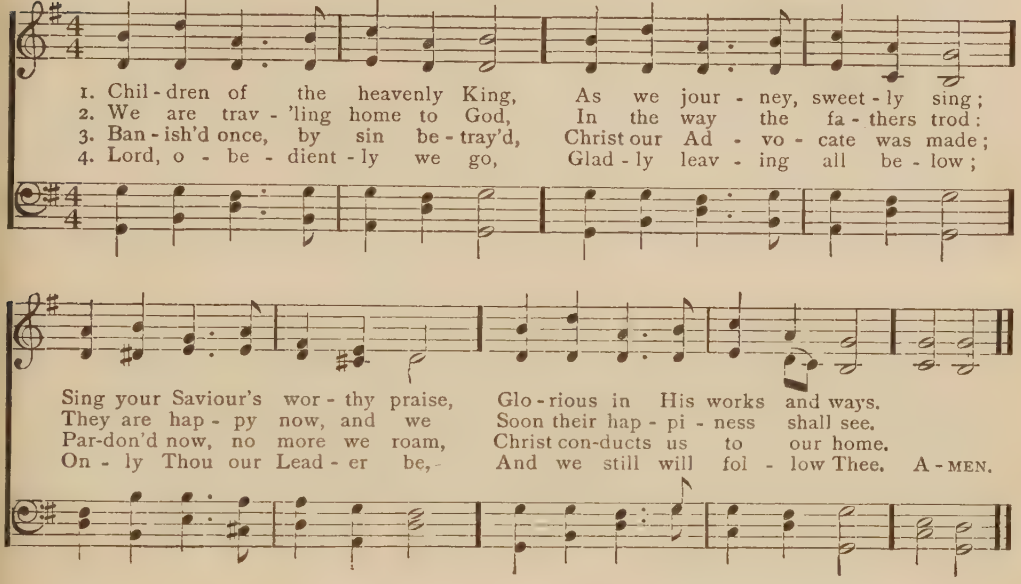
J. E. Bode — DAY OF REST. 7s & 6s, D. — *J. W. Elliott*


1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
2. Oh, let me feel Thee near me! The world is ev - er near;
3. Oh, let me hear Thee speak - ing In ac - cents clear and still,
4. O Je - sus, Thou hast prom - ised To all who fol - low Thee,
5. Oh, let me see Thy foot - marks, And in them plant my own;
Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my friend!
I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempt - ing sounds I hear;
A - bove the storms of pas - sion, The mur - murs of self - will.
That where Thou art in glo - ry There shall Thy ser - vant be;
My hope to fol - low du - ly Is in Thy strength a - lone.
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;
Oh, speak, to re - as - sure me, To hast - en or con - trol!
And, Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me, Up - hold me to the end!
Unison.
Harmony.
Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my guide.
But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.
Oh, speak, and make me list - en, Thou Guard - ian of my soul!
Oh, give me grace to fol - low, My Mas - ter and my friend!
At last in heav'n re - ceive me, My Sav - iour and my friend! A - men.

PILGRIMAGE

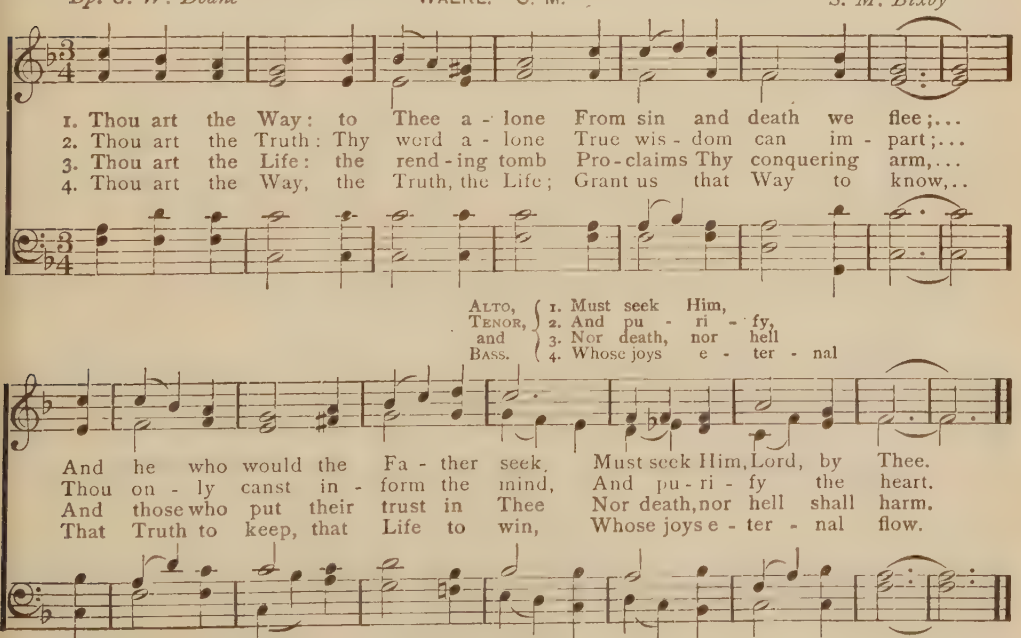
No. 462. *Children of the Heavenly King*

John Cennick, 1742 — PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. — *Ignace Pleyel*, 1790


1. Chil - dren of the heavenly King, As we jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;
2. We are trav - 'ling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod:
3. Ban - ish'd once, by sin be - tray'd, Christ our Ad - vo - cate was made;
4. Lord, o - be - dient - ly we go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low;
Sing your Saviour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.
They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
Par-don'd now, no more we roam, Christ con-ducts us to our home.
On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee. A - MEN.

No. 463. *Thou Art the Way: to Thee Alone*

Bp. G. W. Doane — WALKE. C. M. — *S. M. Bixby*


1. Thou art the Way: to Thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;...
2. Thou art the Truth: Thy word a - lone True wis - dom can im - part;...
3. Thou art the Life: the rend - ing tomb Pro - claims Thy conquering arm,...
4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us that Way to know,..
Alto, Tenor, and Bass. 1. Must seek Him, 2. And pu - ri - fy, 3. Nor death, nor hell 4. Whose joys e - ter - nal
And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
Thou on - ly canst in - form the mind, And pu - ri - fy the heart.
And those who put their trust in Thee Nor death, nor hell shall harm.
That Truth to keep, that Life to win, Whose joys e - ter - nal flow.

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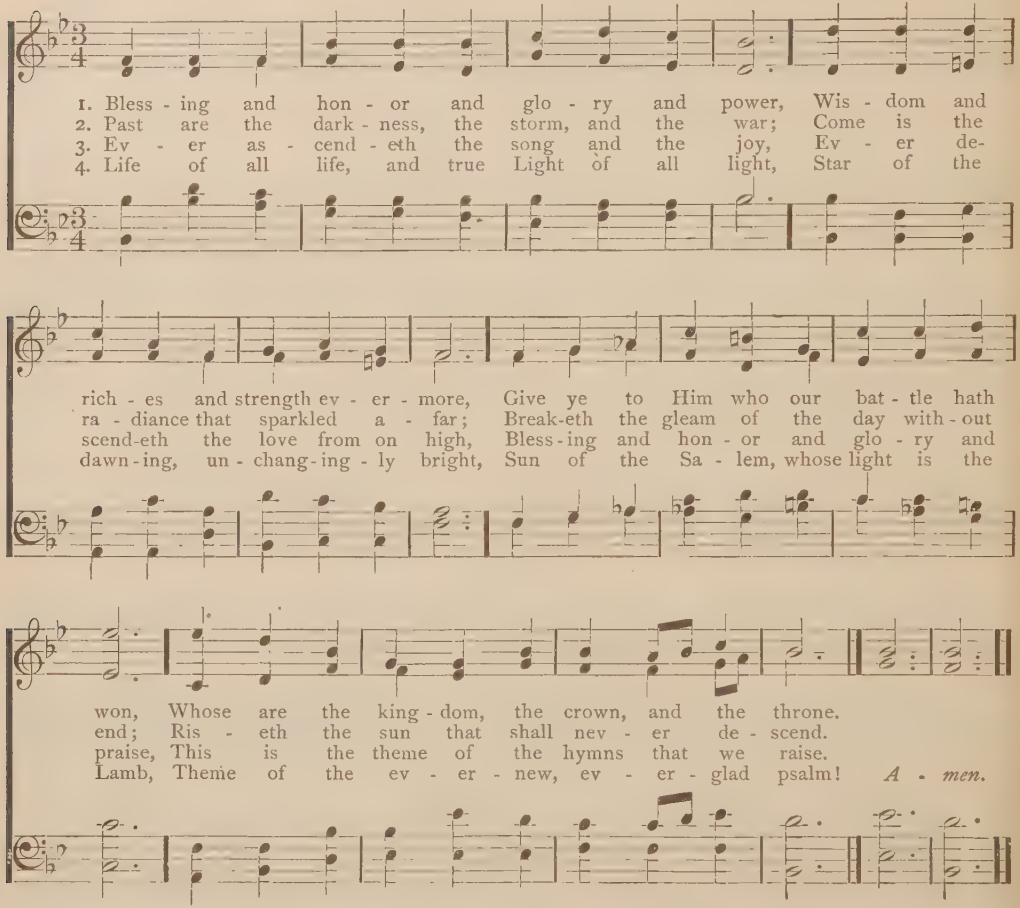
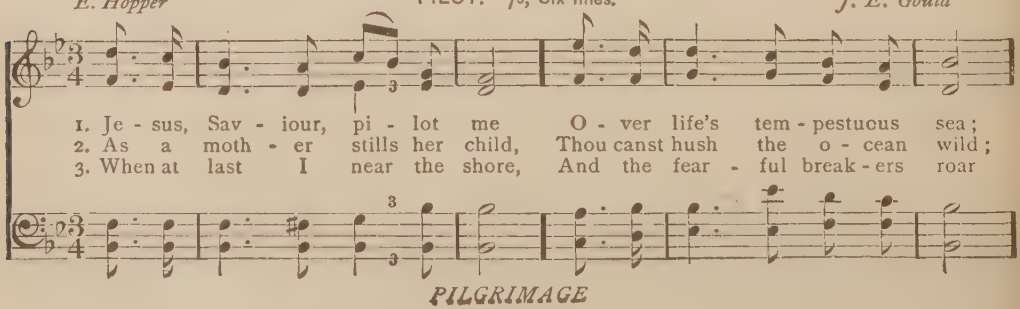
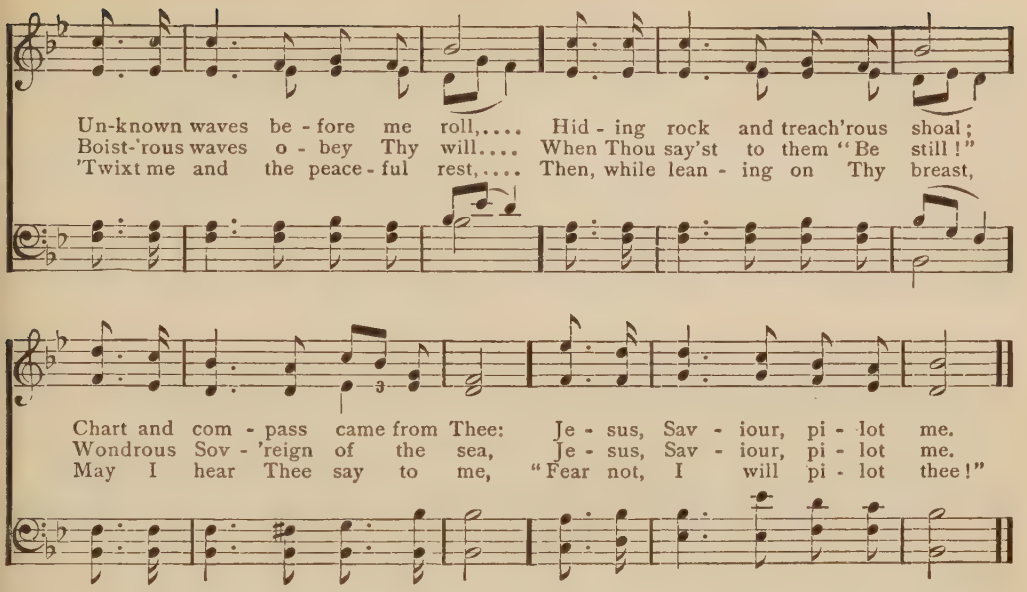
No. 464. *Blessing and Honor and Glory and Power*

Horatius Bonar CHRIST CHURCH. 10s. *J. Barnby*

1. Bless - ing and hon - or and glo - ry and power, Wis - dom and
2. Past are the dark - ness, the storm, and the war; Come is the
3. Ev - er as - cend - eth the song and the joy, Ev - er de-
4. Life of all life, and true Light of all light, Star of the
rich - es and strength ev - er - more, Give ye to Him who our bat - tle hath
ra - diance that sparkled a - far; Break-eth the gleam of the day with - out
scend-eth the love from on high, Bless - ing and hon - or and glo - ry and
dawn - ing, un - chang - ing - ly bright, Sun of the Sa - lem, whose light is the
won, Whose are the king - dom, the crown, and the throne.
end; Ris - eth the sun that shall nev - er de - scend.
praise, This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.
Lamb, Theme of the ev - er - new, ev - er - glad psalm! A - men.

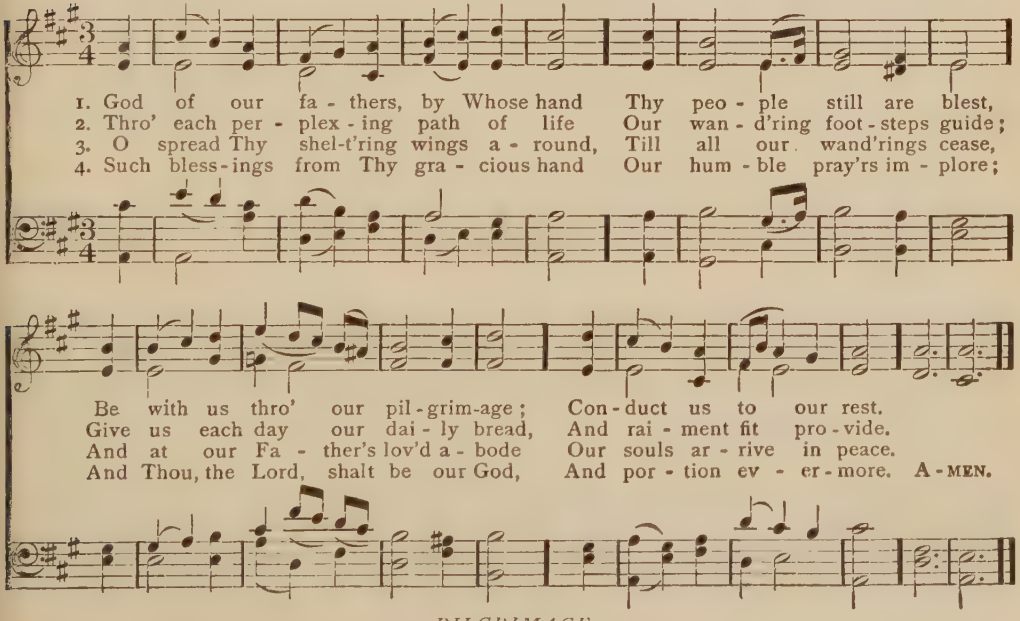
No. 465. *Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me*

E. Hopper PILOT. 7s, Six lines. *J. E. Gould*

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pestuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

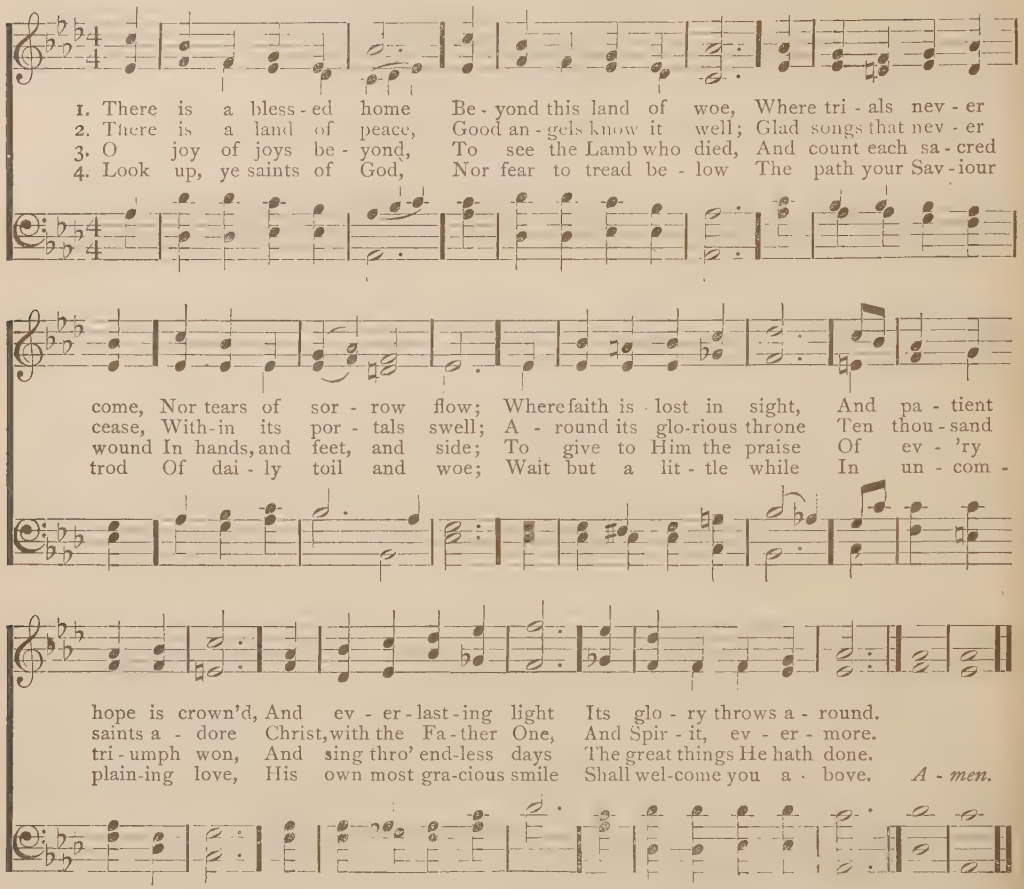
PILGRIMAGE


Un-known waves be - fore me roll,.... Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist-'rous waves o - bey Thy will.... When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest,.... Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

No. 466. *God of Our Fathers, by Whose Hand*

Philip Doddridge ASYLUM. C. M. *W. Horsley, Mus. B.*

1. God of our fa - thers, by Whose hand Thy peo - ple still are blest,
2. Thro' each per - plex - ing path of life Our wan - d'ring foot - steps guide;
3. O spread Thy shel-t'ring wings a - round, Till all our wand'rings cease,
4. Such bless - ings from Thy gra - cious hand Our hum - ble pray'rs im - plore;
Be with us thro' our pil - grim-age; Con - duct us to our rest.
Give us each day our dai - ly bread, And rai - ment fit pro - vide.
And at our Fa - ther's lov'd a - bode Our souls ar - rive in peace.
And Thou, the Lord, shalt be our God, And por - tion ev - er - more. A - MEN.

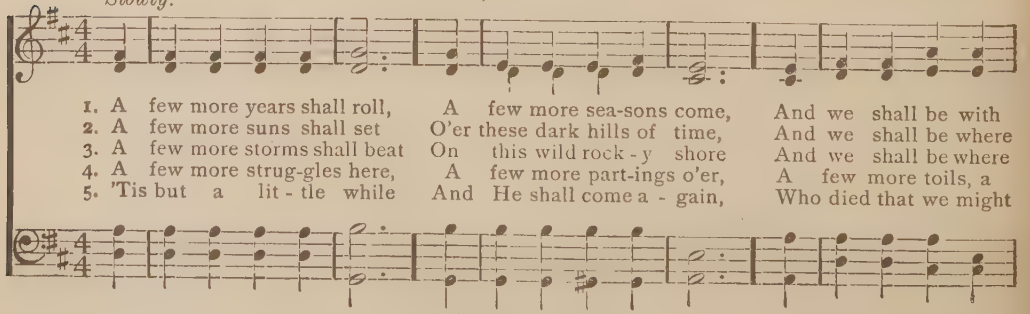
No. 467. *There is a Blessed Home*

Rev. Sir H. W. Baker BLESSED HOME. 6s, Eight lines *J. Stainer*

1. There is a bless-ed home Be-yond this land of woe, Where tri-als nev-er
2. There is a land of peace, Good an-gels know it well; Glad songs that nev-er
3. O joy of joys be-yond, To see the Lamb who died, And count each sa-cred
4. Look up, ye saints of God, Nor fear to tread be-low The path your Sav-iour
come, Nor tears of sor-row flow; Where faith is lost in sight, And pa-tient
cease, With-in its por-tals swell; A-round its glo-rious throne Ten thou-sand
wound In hands, and feet, and side; To give to Him the praise Of ev-'ry
trod Of dai-ly toil and woe; Wait but a lit-tle while In un-com-
hope is crown'd, And ev-er-last-ing light Its glo-ry throws a-round.
saints a-dore Christ, with the Fa-ther One, And Spir-it, ev-er-more.
tri-umph won, And sing thro' end-less days The great things He hath done.
plain-ing love, His own most gra-cious smile Shall wel-come you a-bove. A-men.

No. 468. *A Few More Years Shall Roll*

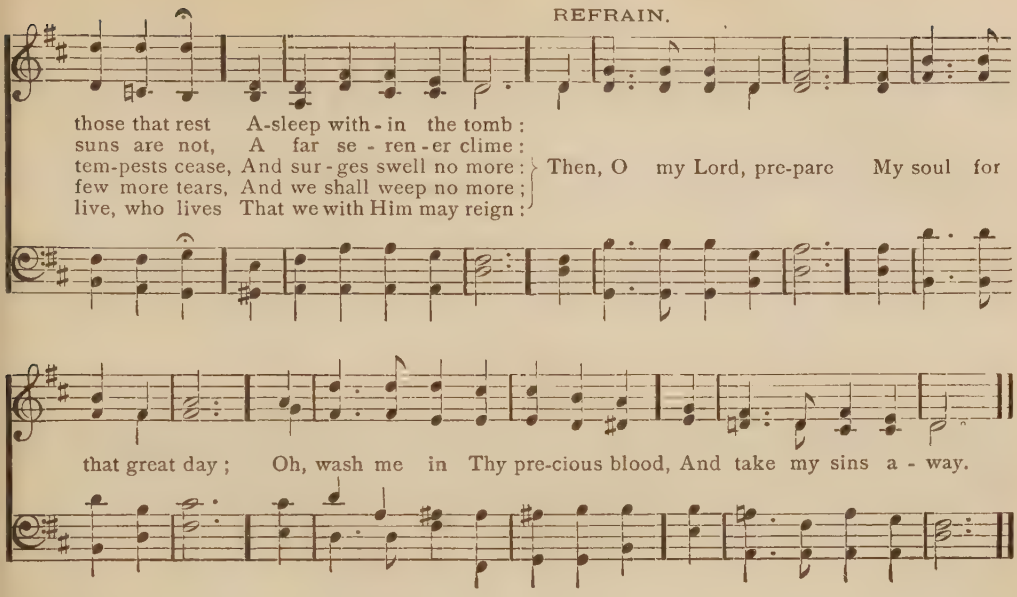
Horatius Bonar LEOMINSTER. S. M. D. *Arr. by A. S. Sullivan*

Slowly.


1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come, And we shall be with
2. A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time, And we shall be where
3. A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock-y shore And we shall be where
4. A few more strug-gles here, A few more part-ings o'er, A few more toils, a
5. 'Tis but a lit-tle while And He shall come a-gain, Who died that we might

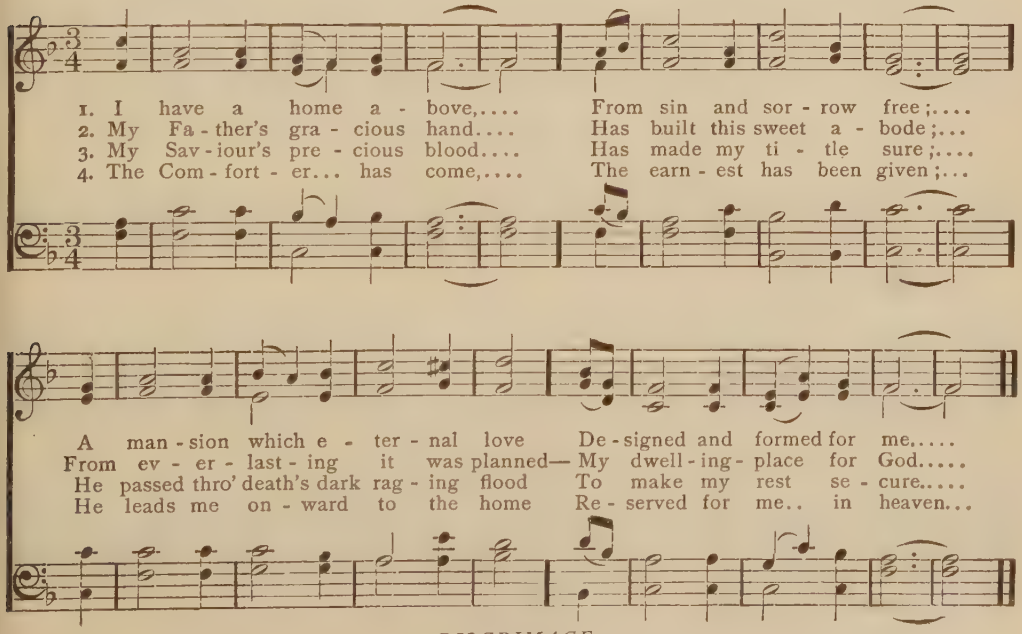
A Few More Years Shall Roll

REFRAIN.

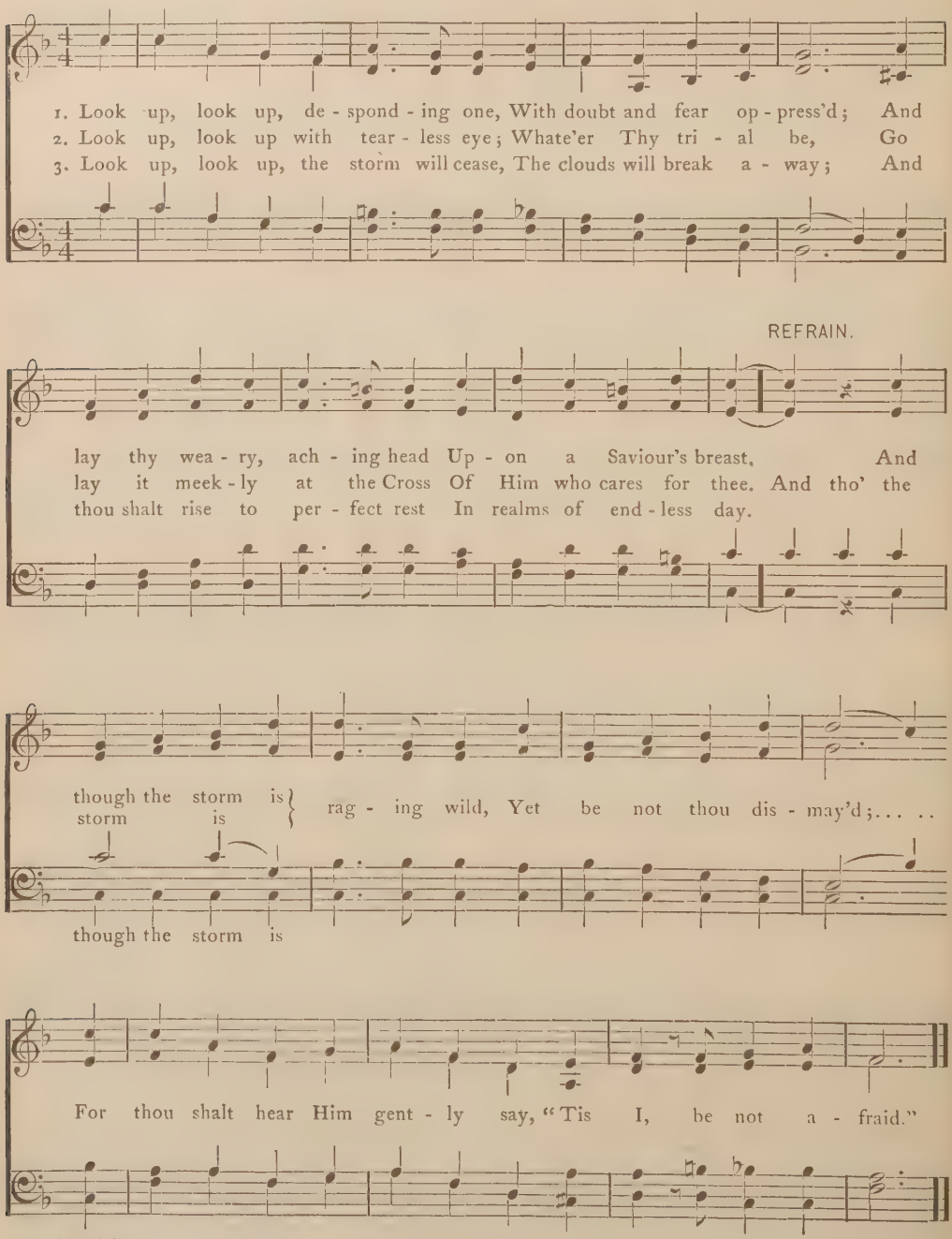

those that rest A-sleep with-in the tomb:
suns are not, A far se-ren-er clime:
tem-pests cease, And sur-ges swell no more:
few more tears, And we shall weep no more;
live, who lives That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for
that great day; Oh, wash me in Thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a-way.

No. 469. *I Have a Home Above*

Henry Bennett HOPE. S. M. *G. Paisello*, 1787


1. I have a home a-bove,.... From sin and sor-row free;....
2. My Fa-ther's gra-cious hand.... Has built this sweet a-bode;...
3. My Sav-iour's pre-cious blood.... Has made my ti-tle sure;....
4. The Com-fort-er... has come,.... The earn-est has been given;...
A man-sion which e-ter-nal love De-signed and formed for me.....
From ev-er-last-ing it was planned— My dwell-ing-place for God.....
He passed thro' death's dark rag-ing flood To make my rest se-cure.....
He leads me on-ward to the home Re-served for me.. in heaven...

No. 470. *Look Up, Look Up, Desponding One*

Fanny J. Crosby GALILEE. C. M. with Chorus. *Caryl Florio*

1. Look up, look up, de - spond - ing one, With doubt and fear op - press'd; And
2. Look up, look up with tear - less eye; Whate'er Thy tri - al be, Go
3. Look up, look up, the storm will cease, The clouds will break a - way; And
REFRAIN.
lay thy wea - ry, ach - ing head Up - on a Saviour's breast, And
lay it meek - ly at the Cross Of Him who cares for thee. And tho' the
thou shalt rise to per - fect rest In realms of end - less day.
though the storm is
storm is
rag - ing wild, Yet be not thou dis - may'd;. . . .
though the storm is
For thou shalt hear Him gent - ly say, "Tis I, be not a - fraid."

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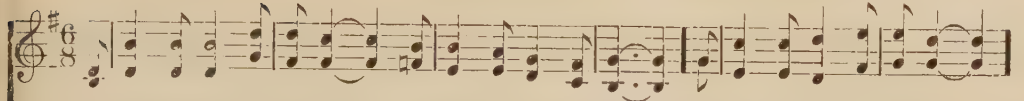
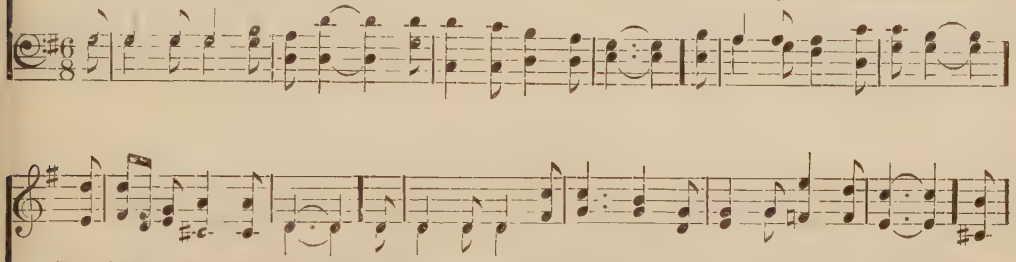
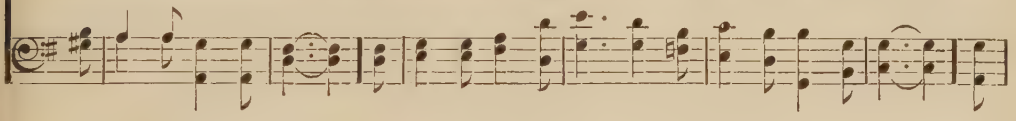
No. 471. *When Tossing on the Billows*

Fanny J. Crosby LIGHT BEYOND. 7s.&6s. WITH REFRAIN. *Hubert P. Main*

1. When tossing on the bil - lows Of life's tempestuous deep; When wild and restless waters
2. When days are dark and lonely, And all our comforts fail, When wind and storm and tempest
3. When hopes that seem to promise A future, calm and bright, Are fad-ing, like the sunshine,



For - bid our eyes to sleep: By Him who ev - er liv - eth To res - cue and to save These
Have rent our shattered sail, These words again repeat - ed Our drooping spirits cheer, And
Whose beams are veiled in night; We hear, amid the dark-ness, Tho' not a star is seen; There's



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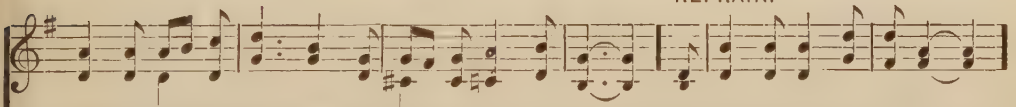
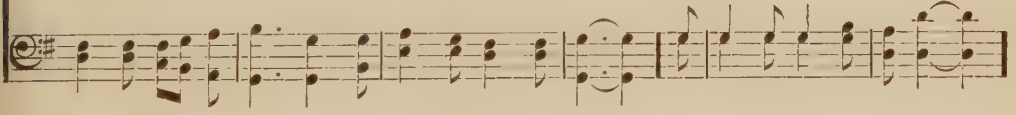
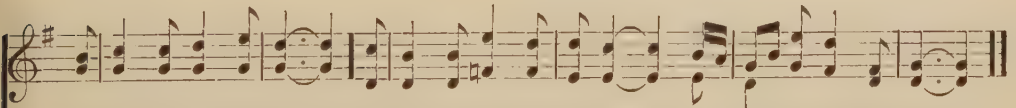
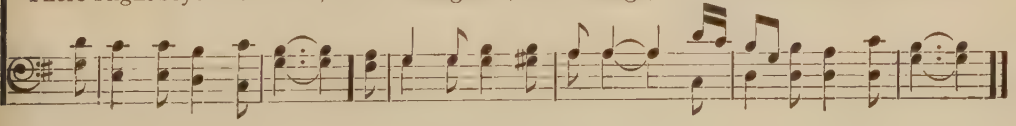

bless-ed words so pre-cious Are waft-ed o'er the wave. There's light beyond the riv-er,
in their low, soft mur-mur We lose each thought of fear.
light beyond the riv - er, Un-cloud-ed and se - rene.

There's light beyond the sea, O fainting soul, take courage, Be - hold, it shines for thee.



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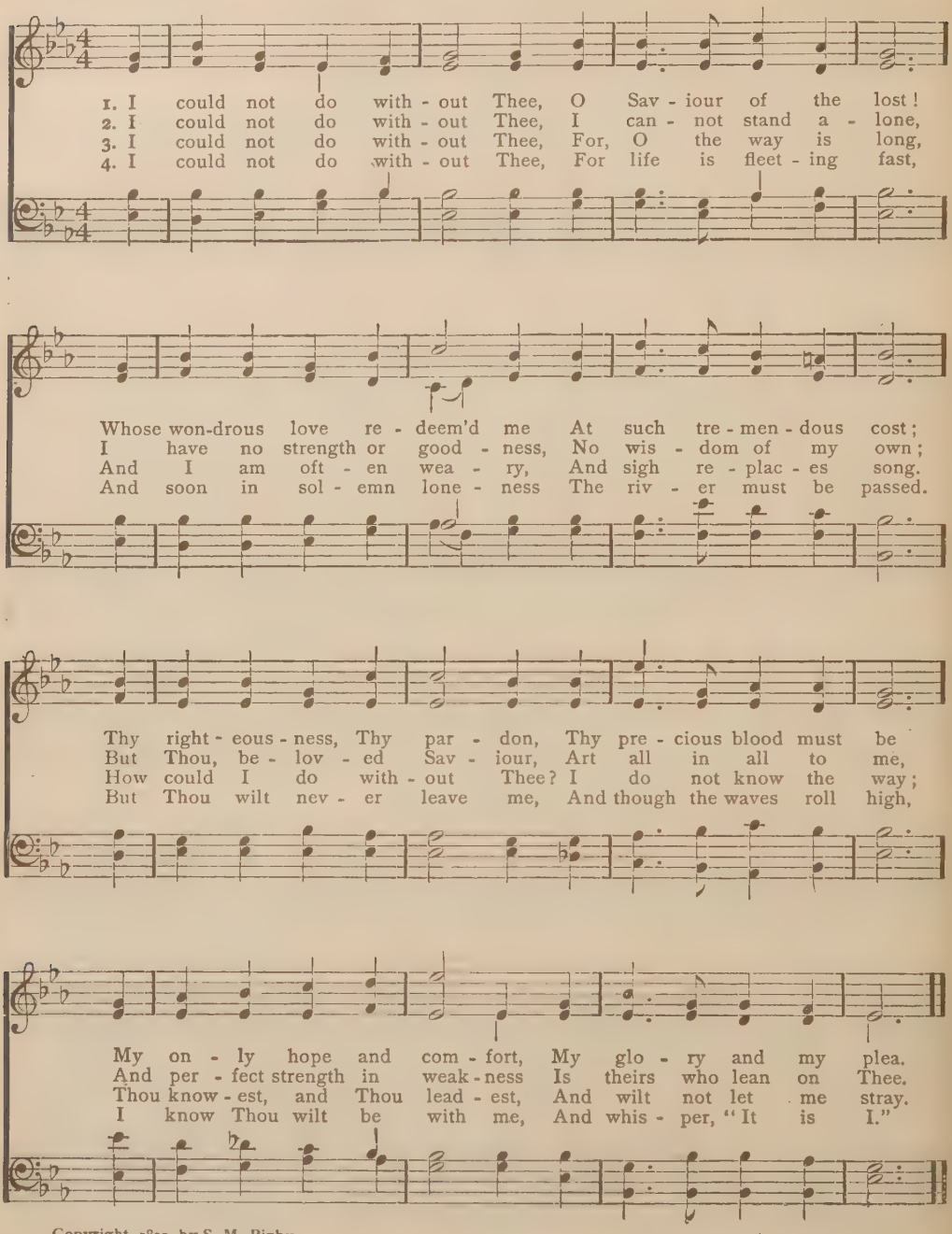
No. 472. *I Could Not Do Without Thee*

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1873 RIDLEY. 7s & 6s D. *R. Menthal*

1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost!
2. I could not do with - out Thee, I can - not stand a - lone,
3. I could not do with - out Thee, For, O the way is long,
4. I could not do with - out Thee, For life is fleet - ing fast,
Whose won-drous love re - deem'd me At such tre - men - dous cost;
I have no strength or good - ness, No wis - dom of my own;
And I am oft - en wea - ry, And sigh re - plac - es song.
And soon in sol - emn lone - ness The riv - er must be passed.
Thy right - eous - ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood must be
But Thou, be - lov - ed Sav - iour, Art all in all to me,
How could I do with - out Thee? I do not know the way;
But Thou wilt nev - er leave me, And though the waves roll high,
My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea.
And per - fect strength in weak - ness Is theirs who lean on Thee.
Thou know - est, and Thou lead - est, And wilt not let me stray.
I know Thou wilt be with me, And whis - per, "It is I."

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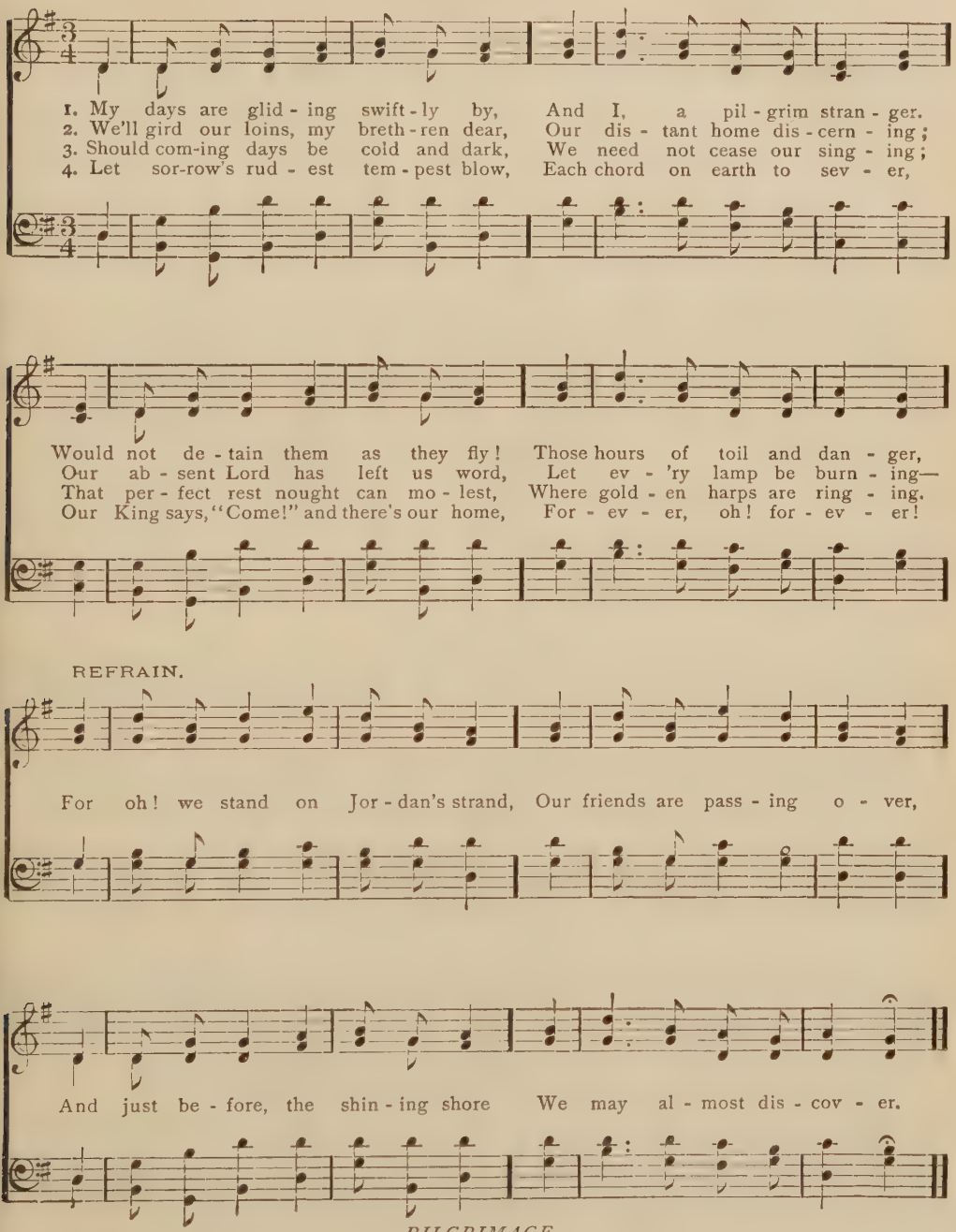
PILGRIMAGE

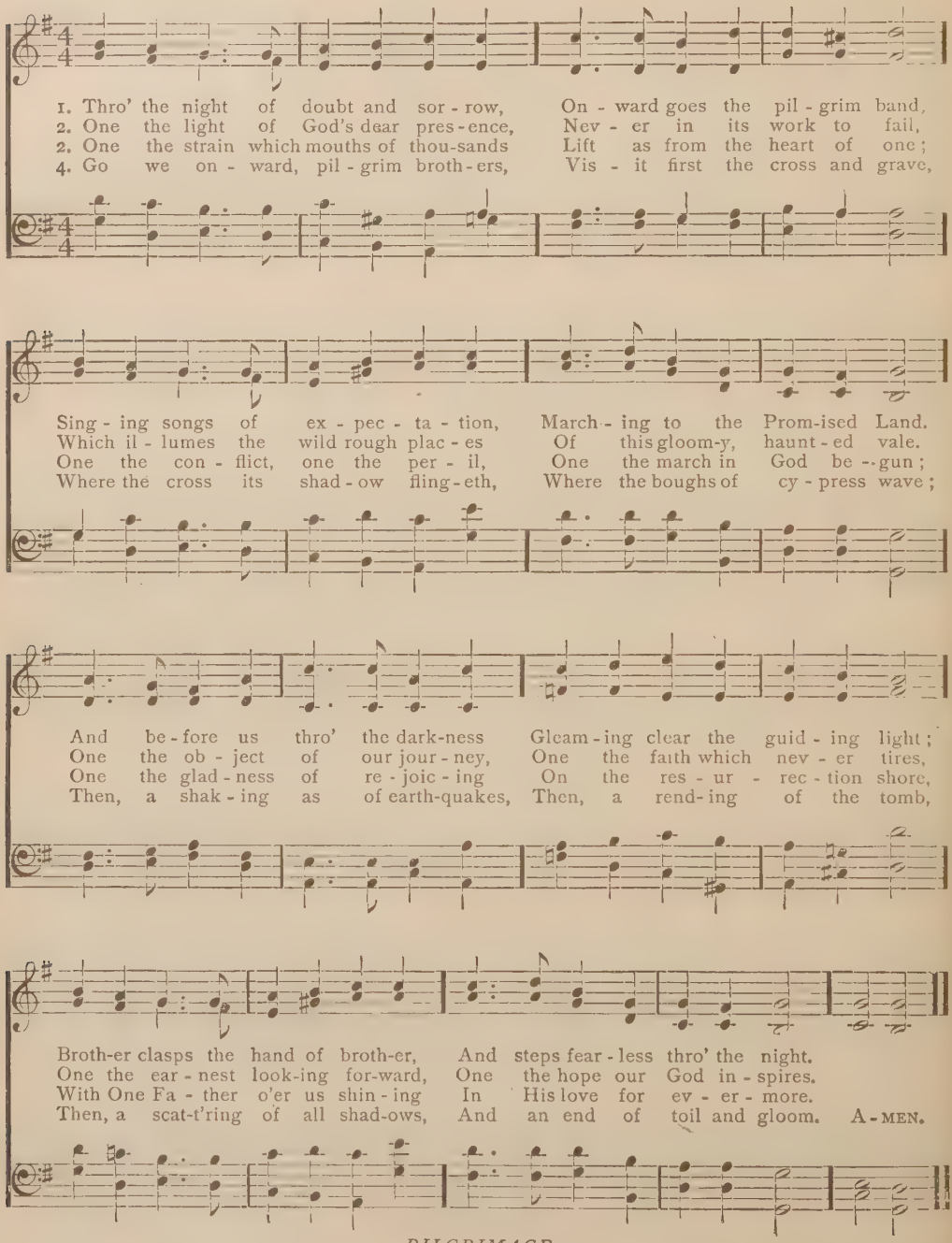
No. 473. *My Days are Gliding Swiftly By*

David Nelson SHINING SHORE. P. M. *George F. Root*, 1855

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger.
2. We'll gird our loins, my breth - ren dear, Our dis - tant home dis - cern - ing;
3. Should com-ing days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing;
4. Let sor-row's rud - est tem - pest blow, Each chord on earth to sev - er,
Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger,
Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn - ing—
That per - fect rest nought can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
Our King says, "Come!" and there's our home, For - ev - er, oh! for - ev - er!
REFRAIN.
For oh! we stand on Jor - dan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver,
And just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

No. 474. *Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow*

Bernhard Severin Ingemann,
tr. Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould

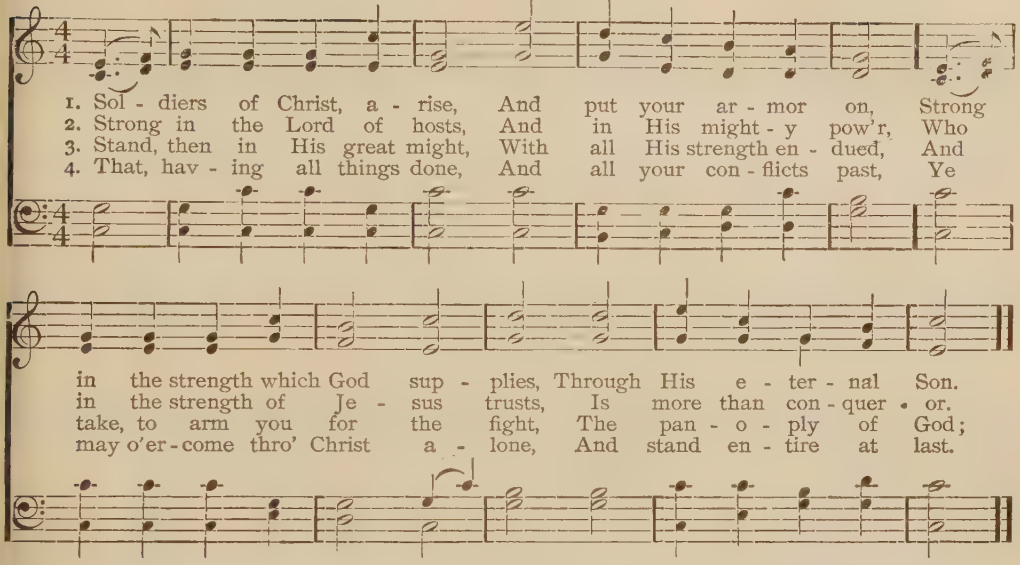
FORMOSA. 8s & 7s D.

A. S. Sullivan

1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor - row, On - ward goes the pil - grim band,
2. One the light of God's dear pres - ence, Nev - er in its work to fail,
2. One the strain which mouths of thou-sands Lift as from the heart of one;
4. Go we on - ward, pil - grim broth - ers, Vis - it first the cross and grave,
Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, March - ing to the Prom-ised Land.
Which il - lumes the wild rough plac - es Of this gloom-y, haunt - ed vale.
One the con - flict, one the per - il, One the march in God be - gun;
Where the cross its shad - ow fling - eth, Where the boughs of cy - press wave;
And be - fore us thro' the dark-ness Gleam - ing clear the guid - ing light;
One the ob - ject of our jour - ney, One the faith which nev - er tires,
One the glad - ness of re - joic - ing On the res - ur - rec - tion shore,
Then, a shak - ing as of earth-quakes, Then, a rend - ing of the tomb,
Broth-er clasps the hand of broth-er, And steps fear - less thro' the night.
One the ear - nest look-ing for-ward, One the hope our God in - spires.
With One Fa - ther o'er us shin - ing In His love for ev - er - more.
Then, a scat-t'ring of all shad-ows, And an end of toil and gloom. A - MEN.

PILGRIMAGE

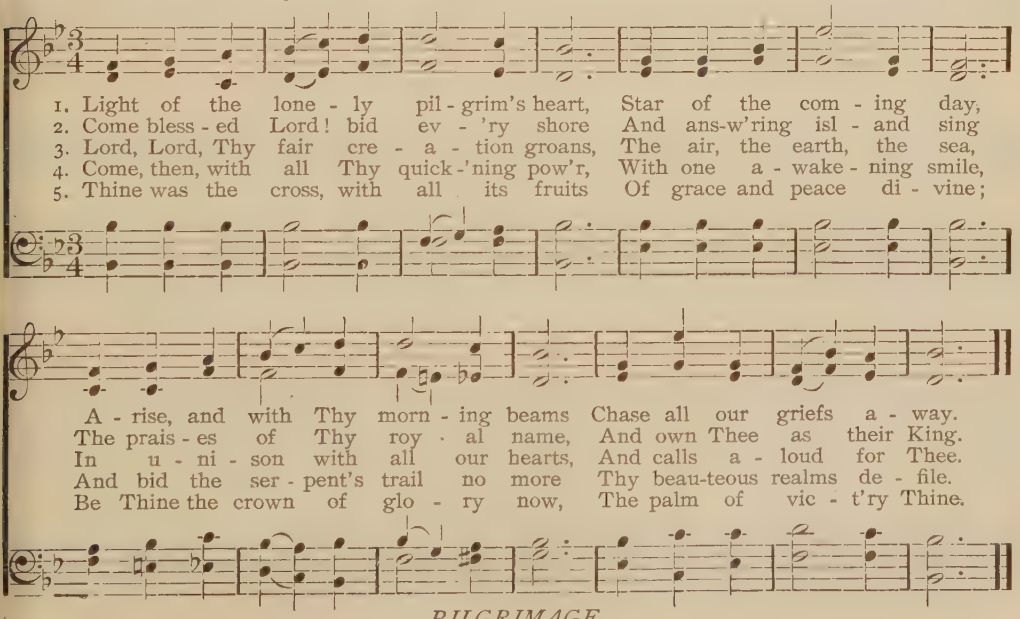
No. 475. *Soldiers of Christ, Arise*

Charles Wesley — LABAN. S.M. — *Lowell Mason*


1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on, Strong
2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might - y pow'r, Who
3. Stand, then in His great might, With all His strength en - dued, And
4. That, hav - ing all things done, And all your con - flicts past, Ye
in the strength which God sup - plies, Through His e - ter - nal Son.
in the strength of Je - sus trusts, Is more than con - quer - or.
take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God;
may o'er - come thro' Christ a - lone, And stand en - tire at last.

No. 476. *Light of the Lonely Pilgrim's Heart*

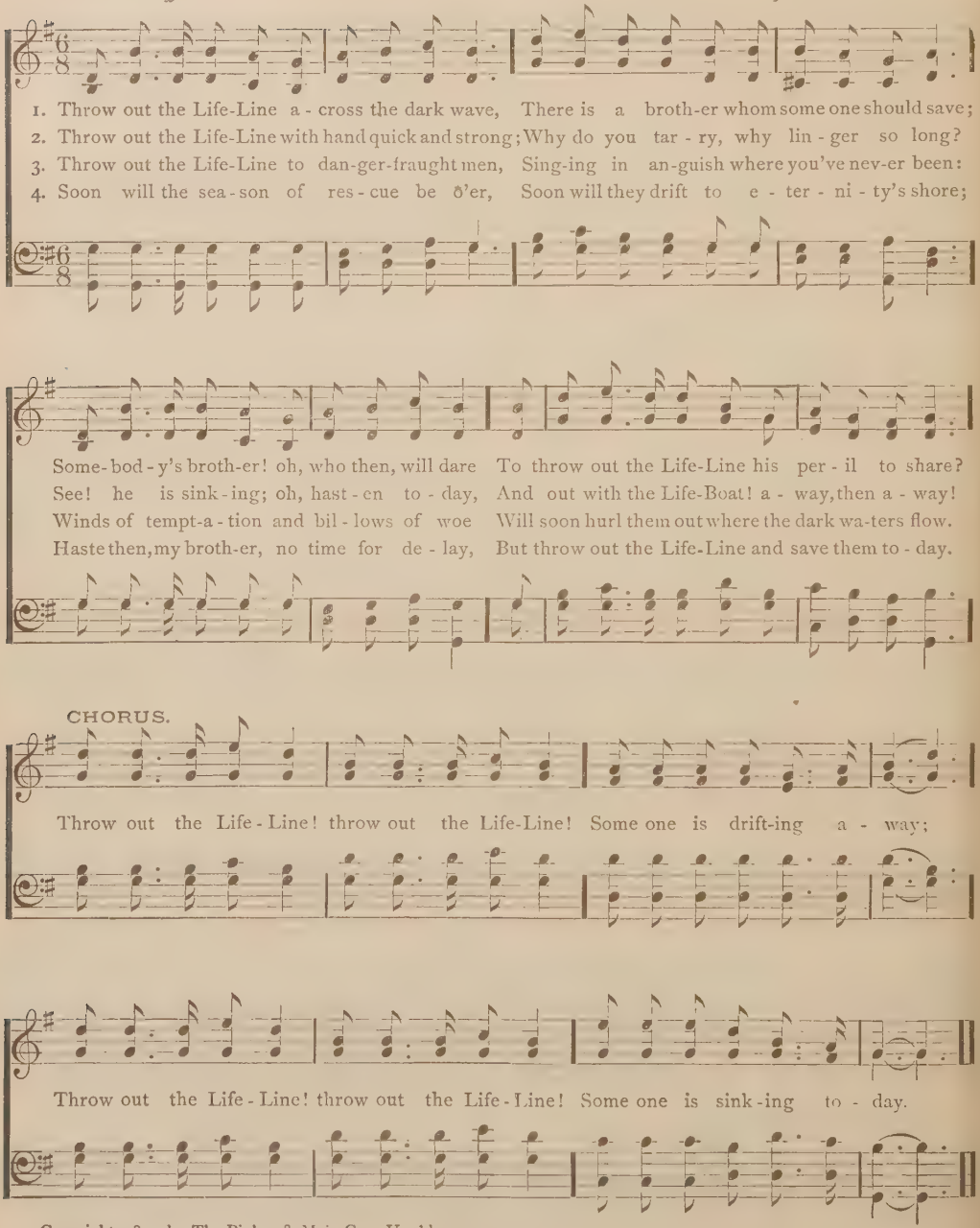
Sir E. H. Denny — EAGLEY. C.M. — *James Walch, 1860*


1. Light of the lone - ly pil - grim's heart, Star of the com - ing day,
2. Come bless - ed Lord! bid ev - 'ry shore And ans-w'ring isl - and sing
3. Lord, Lord, Thy fair cre - a - tion groans, The air, the earth, the sea,
4. Come, then, with all Thy quick-'ning pow'r, With one a - wake - ning smile,
5. Thine was the cross, with all its fruits Of grace and peace di - vine;
A - rise, and with Thy morn - ing beams Chase all our griefs a - way.
The prais - es of Thy roy - al name, And own Thee as their King.
In u - ni - son with all our hearts, And calls a - loud for Thee.
And bid the ser - pent's trail no more Thy beau-teous realms de - file.
Be Thine the crown of glo - ry now, The palm of vic - t'ry Thine.

No. 477. # *Throw Out the Life-Line*

UFFORD. 10.10.10.11, with Chorus.

Rev. E. S. Ufford *E. S. U. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins*


1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom some one should save;
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar - ry, why lin - ger so long?
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sing-ing in an-guish where you've nev-er been:
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e - ter - ni - ty's shore;
Some-bod - y's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line his per - il to share?
See! he is sink - ing; oh, hast - en to - day, And out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then a - way!
Winds of tempt-a - tion and bil - lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.
CHORUS.
Throw out the Life - Line! throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way;
Throw out the Life - Line! throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink - ing to - day.

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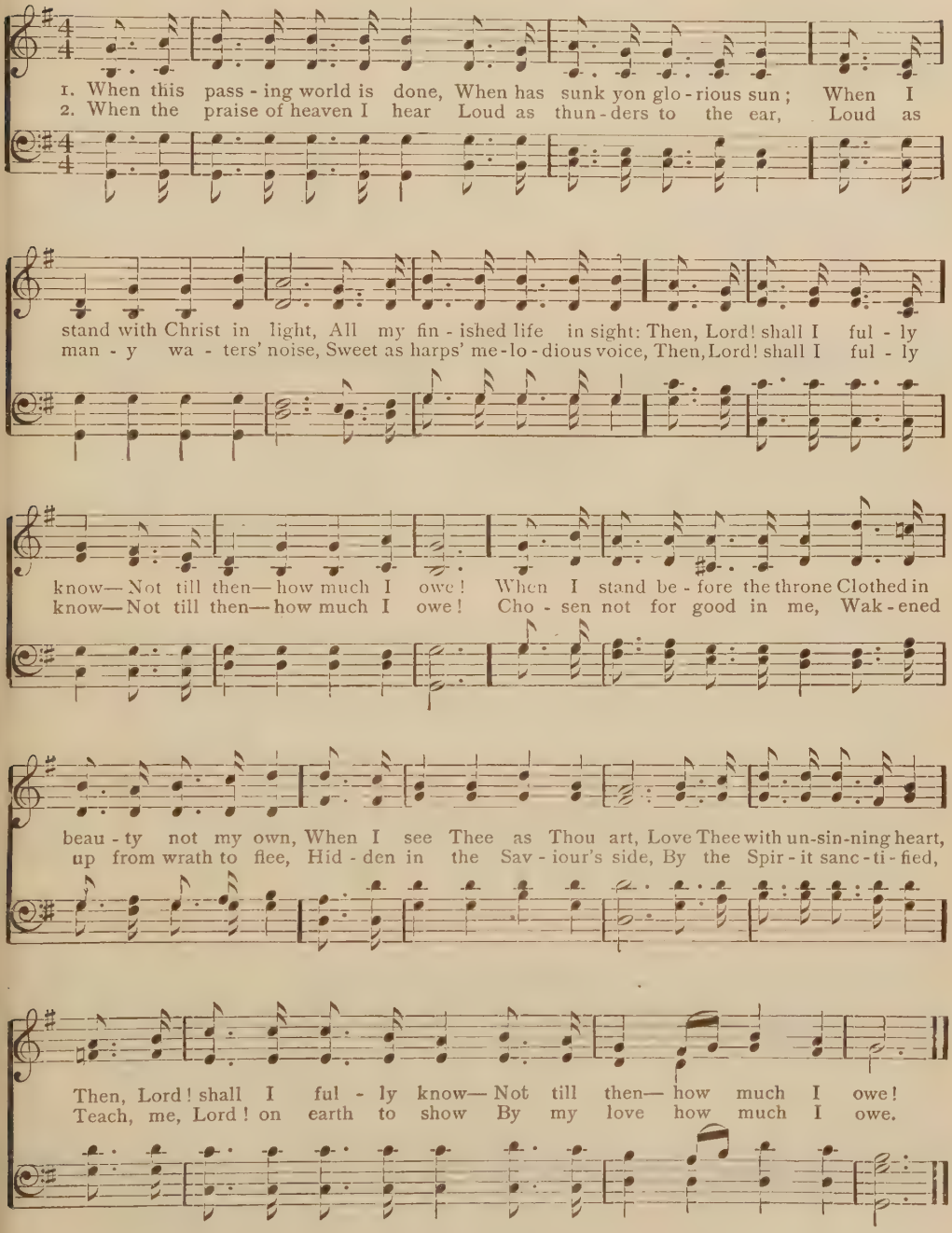
No. 478. *When this Passing World is Done*

Robert M. McCheyne, 1837. McCHEYNE. 7s D. *Jay Deavereaux*

1. When this pass - ing world is done, When has sunk yon glo - rious sun; When I
2. When the praise of heaven I hear Loud as thun - ders to the ear, Loud as
stand with Christ in light, All my fin - ished life in sight: Then, Lord! shall I ful - ly
man - y wa - ters' noise, Sweet as harps' me - lo - dious voice, Then, Lord! shall I ful - ly
know— Not till then— how much I owe! When I stand be - fore the throne Clothed in
know— Not till then— how much I owe! Cho - sen not for good in me, Wak - ened
beau - ty not my own, When I see Thee as Thou art, Love Thee with un-sin-ning heart,
up from wrath to flee, Hid - den in the Sav - iour's side, By the Spir - it sanc - ti - fied,
Then, Lord! shall I ful - ly know— Not till then— how much I owe!
Teach, me, Lord! on earth to show By my love how much I owe.

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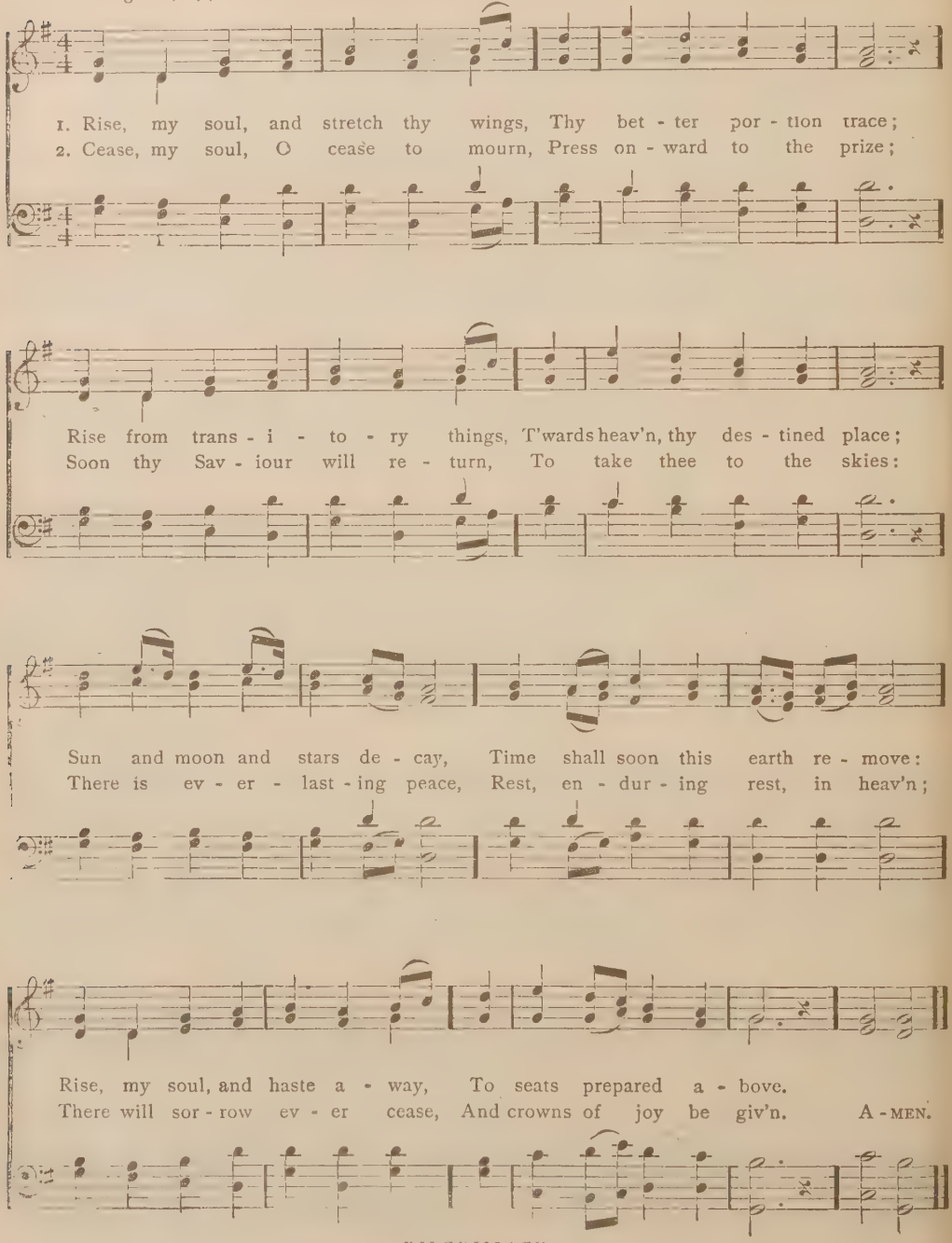
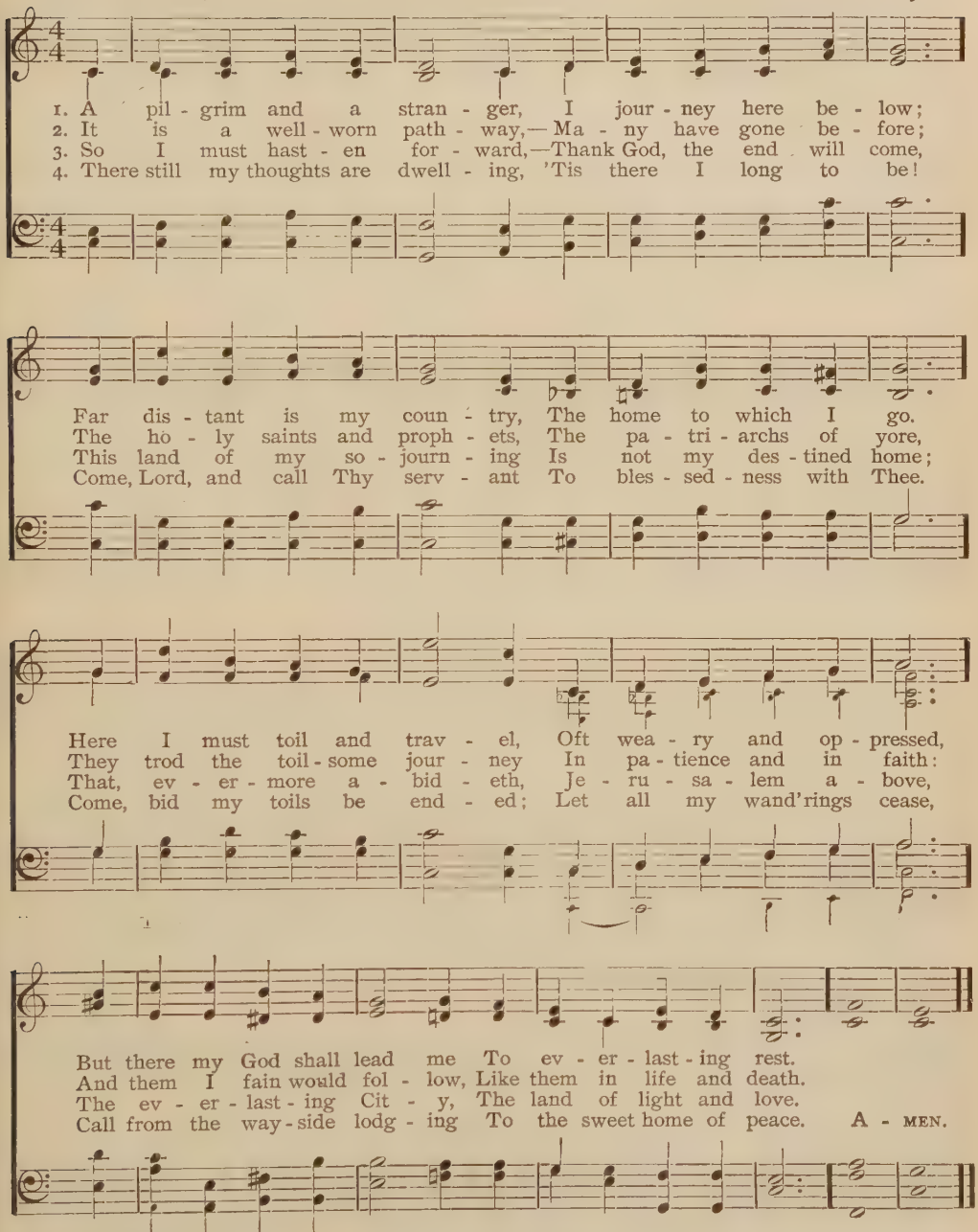
No. 479. *Rise, My Soul, and Stretch Thy Wings*

R. Seagrave, 1742 — AMSTERDAM. P. M. — *Dr. James Nares*


1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
2. Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize;
Rise from trans - i - to - ry things, T'wards heav'n, thy des - tined place;
Soon thy Sav - iour will re - turn, To take thee to the skies:
Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move:
There is ev - er - last - ing peace, Rest, en - dur - ing rest, in heav'n;
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats prepared a - bove.
There will sor - row ev - er cease, And crowns of joy be giv'n. A - MEN.

No. 480. # *A Pilgrim and a Stranger*

Paul Gerhardt, tr. SONG OF THE SOJOURNER. 7.6.D. *R. De Witt Mallary*

1. A pil - grim and a stran - ger, I jour - ney here be - low;
2. It is a well - worn path - way,— Ma - ny have gone be - fore;
3. So I must hast - en for - ward,—Thank God, the end will come,
4. There still my thoughts are dwell - ing, 'Tis there I long to be!
Far dis - tant is my coun - try, The home to which I go.
The ho - ly saints and proph - ets, The pa - tri - archs of yore,
This land of my so - journ - ing Is not my des - tined home;
Come, Lord, and call Thy serv - ant To bles - sed - ness with Thee.
Here I must toil and trav - el, Oft wea - ry and op - pressed,
They trod the toil - some jour - ney In pa - tience and in faith:
That, ev - er - more a - bid - eth, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove,
Come, bid my toils be end - ed; Let all my wand'rings cease,
But there my God shall lead me To ev - er - last - ing rest.
And them I fain would fol - low, Like them in life and death.
The ev - er - last - ing Cit - y, The land of light and love.
Call from the way - side lodg - ing To the sweet home of peace. A - MEN.

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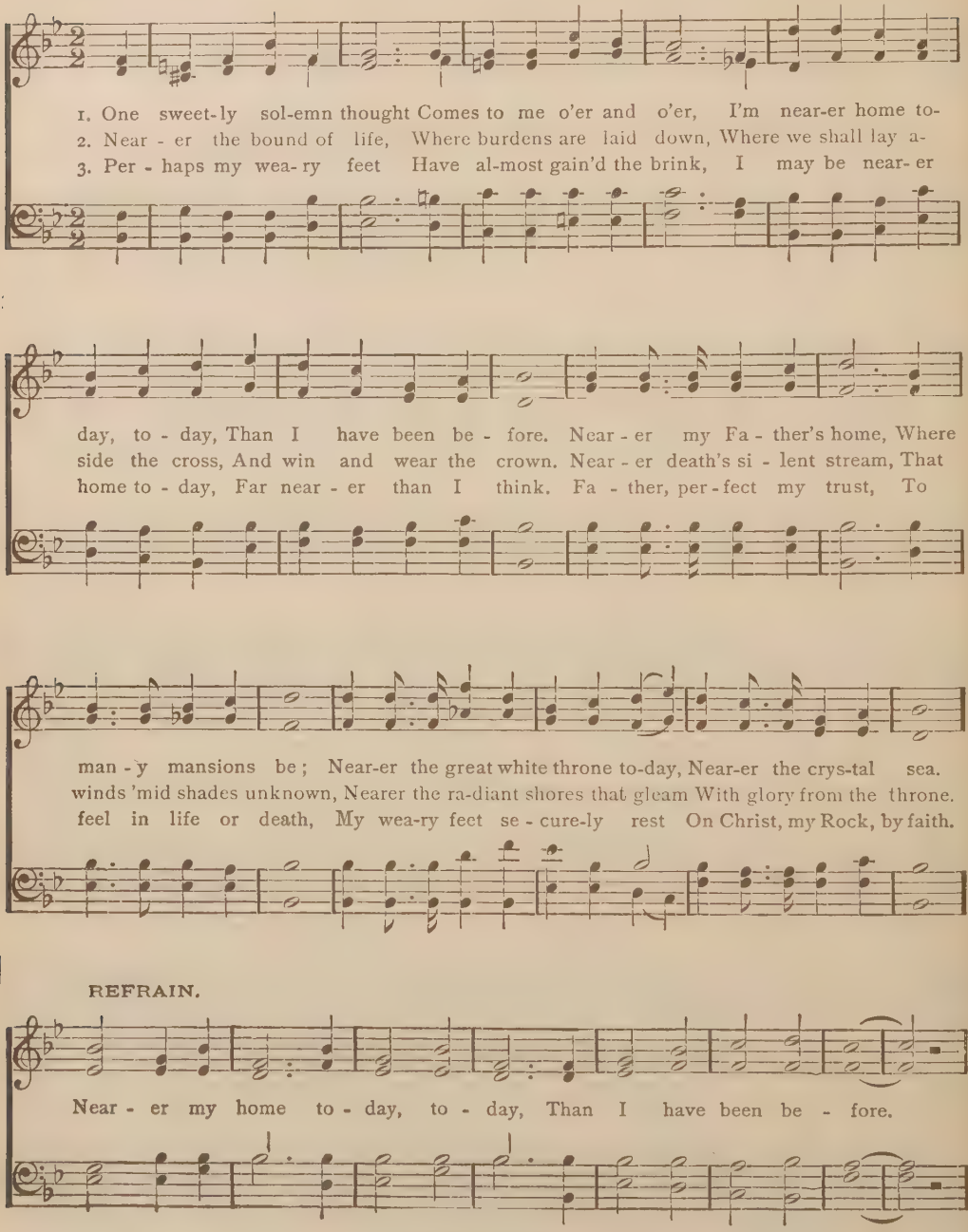
From "The Plymouth Hymnal," by per.

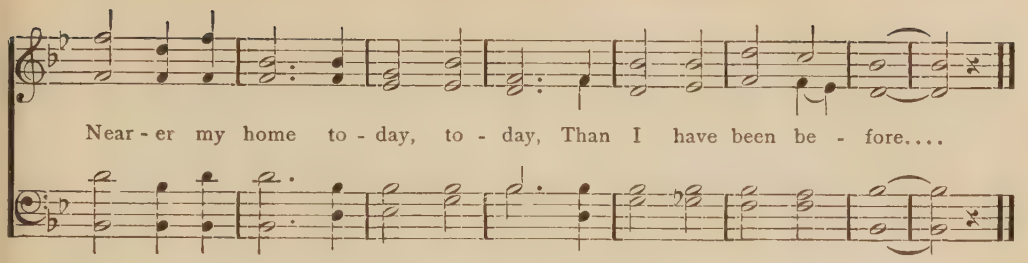
PILGRIMAGE

No. 481. *One Sweetly Solemn Thought*

Phoebe Cary CARY. C. M. D. with Refrain. *S. M. Bixby*


1. One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, I'm near-er home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore. Near-er my Fa-ther's home, Where
2. Near-er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down, Where we shall lay a-side the cross, And win and wear the crown. Near-er death's si-lent stream, That
3. Per-haps my wea-ry feet Have al-most gain'd the brink, I may be near-er home to-day, Far near-er than I think. Fa-ther, per-fect my trust, To
man-y mansions be; Near-er the great white throne to-day, Near-er the crys-tal sea.
winds 'mid shades unknown, Nearer the ra-diant shores that gleam With glory from the throne.
feel in life or death, My wea-ry feet se-cure-ly rest On Christ, my Rock, by faith.
REFRAIN.
Near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought



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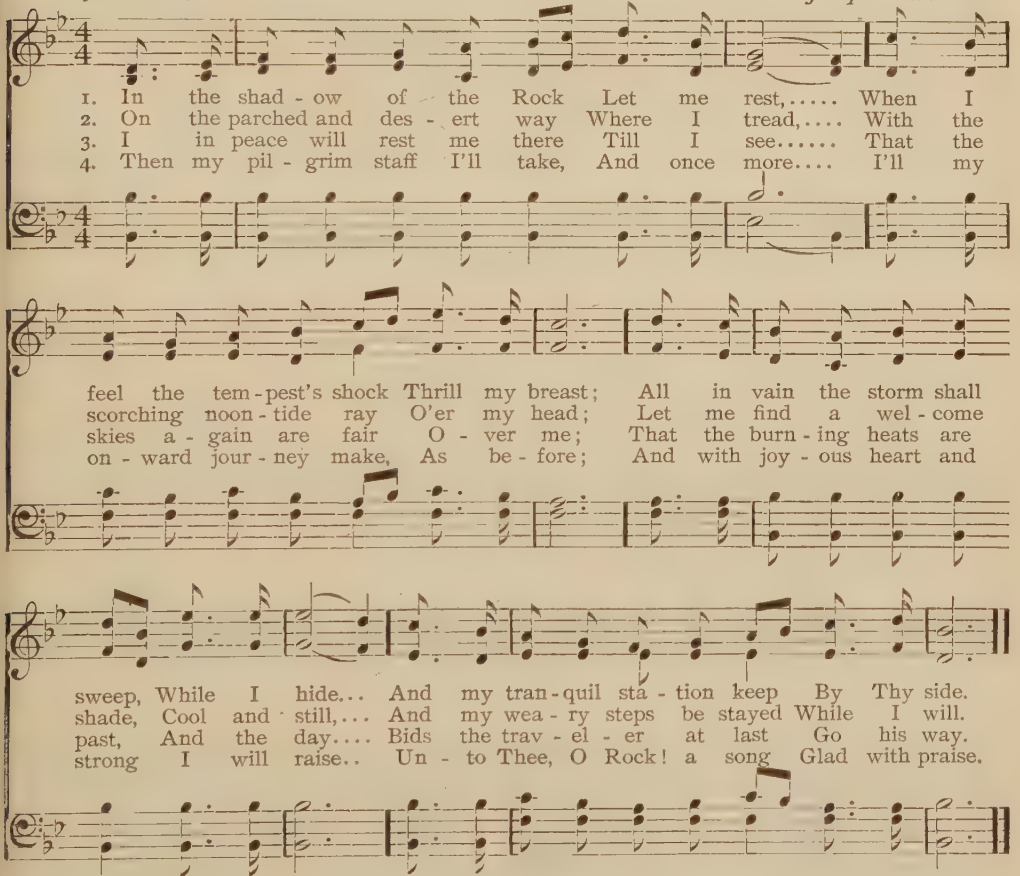
No. 482. *In the Shadow of the Rock*

Ray Palmer, 1880 THE ROCK. 7s. & 3s. *Joseph Martine*

1. In the shad - ow of the Rock Let me rest,..... When I feel the tem - pest's shock Thrill my breast; All in vain the storm shall sweep, While I hide... And my tran - quil sta - tion keep By Thy side.
2. On the parched and des - ert way Where I tread,..... With the scorching noon - tide ray O'er my head; Let me find a wel - come shade, Cool and still,.... And my wea - ry steps be stayed While I will.
3. I in peace will rest me there Till I see..... That the skies a - gain are fair O - ver me; That the burn - ing heats are past, And the day.... Bids the trav - el - er at last Go his way.
4. Then my pil - grim staff I'll take, And once more.... I'll my on - ward jour - ney make, As be - fore; And with joy - ous heart and strong I will raise.. Un - to Thee, O Rock! a song Glad with praise.

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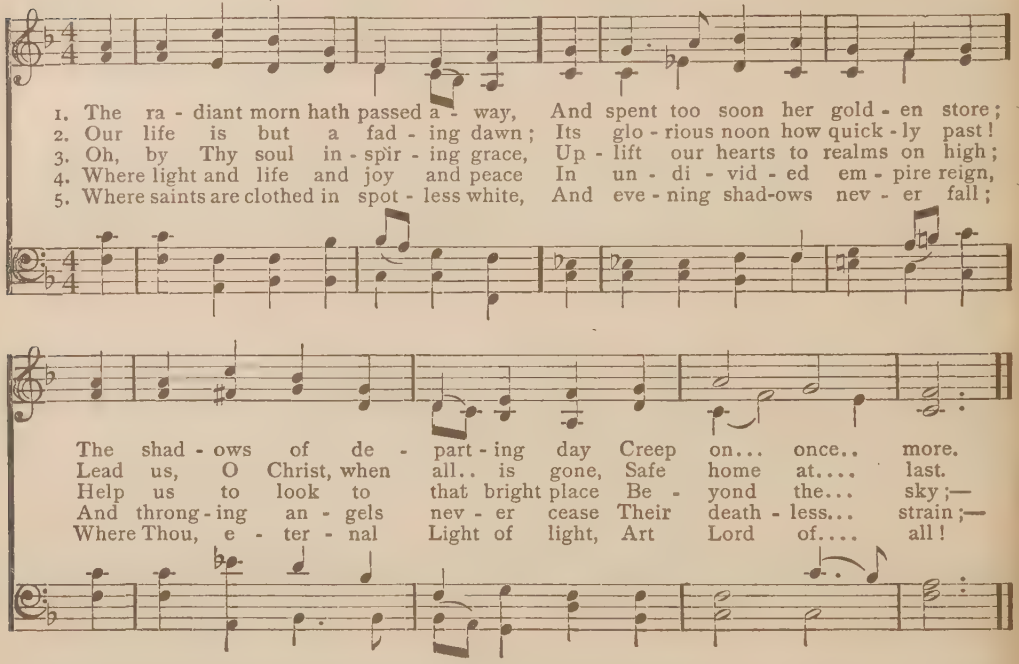
PILGRIMAGE

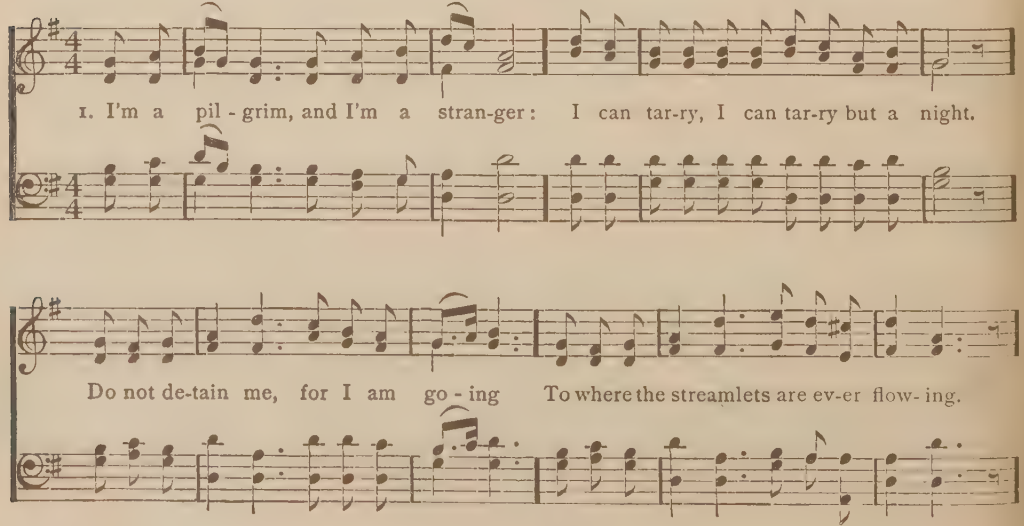
No. 483. *The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away*

Godfrey Thring — HULLAH. 8.8.8 4. — *John Hullah*

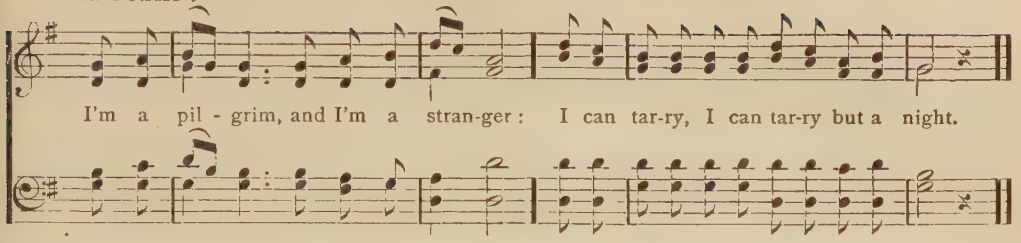

1. The ra - diant morn hath passed a - way, And spent too soon her gold - en store;
2. Our life is but a fad - ing dawn; Its glo - rious noon how quick - ly past!
3. Oh, by Thy soul in - spir - ing grace, Up - lift our hearts to realms on high;
4. Where light and life and joy and peace In un - di - vid - ed em - pire reign,
5. Where saints are clothed in spot - less white, And eve - ning shad-ows nev - er fall;
The shad - ows of de - part - ing day Creep on... once.. more.
Lead us, O Christ, when all.. is gone, Safe home at.... last.
Help us to look to that bright place Be - yond the... sky;—
And throng - ing an - gels nev - er cease Their death - less... strain;—
Where Thou, e - ter - nal Light of light, Art Lord of.... all!

No. 484. *I'm a Pilgrim*

Mrs. M. S. B. Dana, 1841 — BUONA NOTTE. P. M. — *Italian Melody*


1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger: I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.
Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the streamlets are ev-er flow- ing.

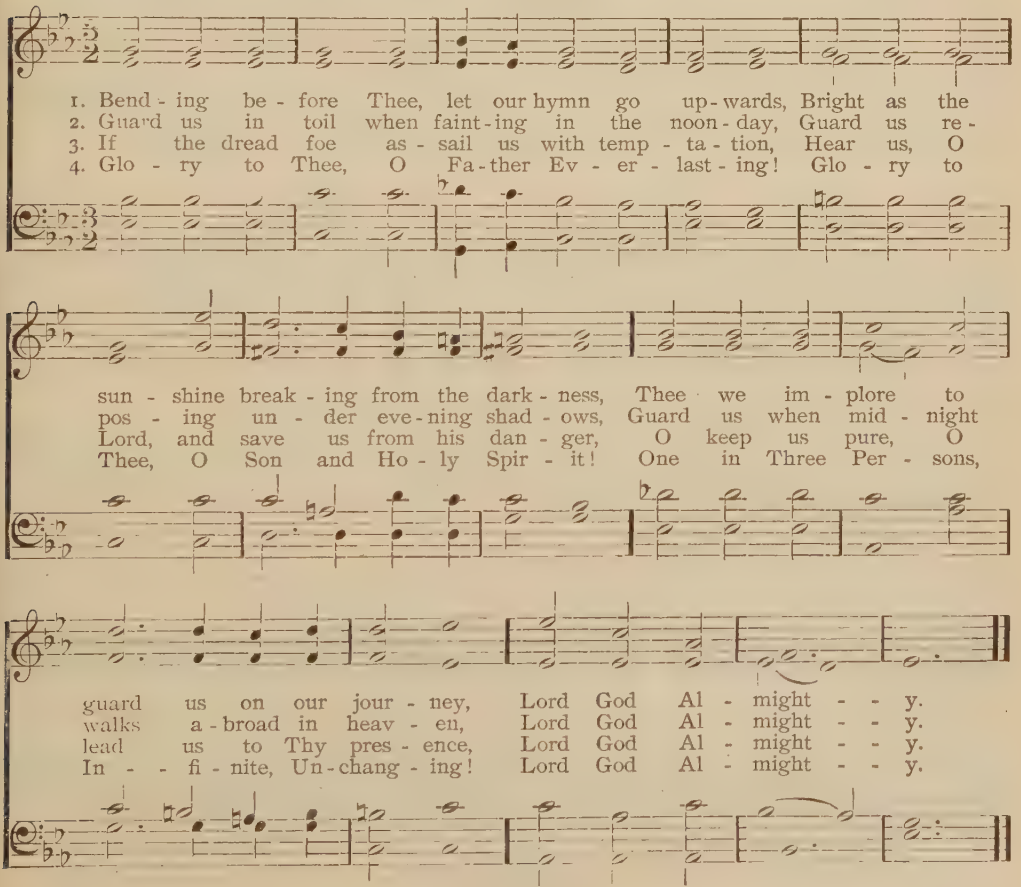
I'm a Pilgrim

REFRAIN.

2 Of that country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light:
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.

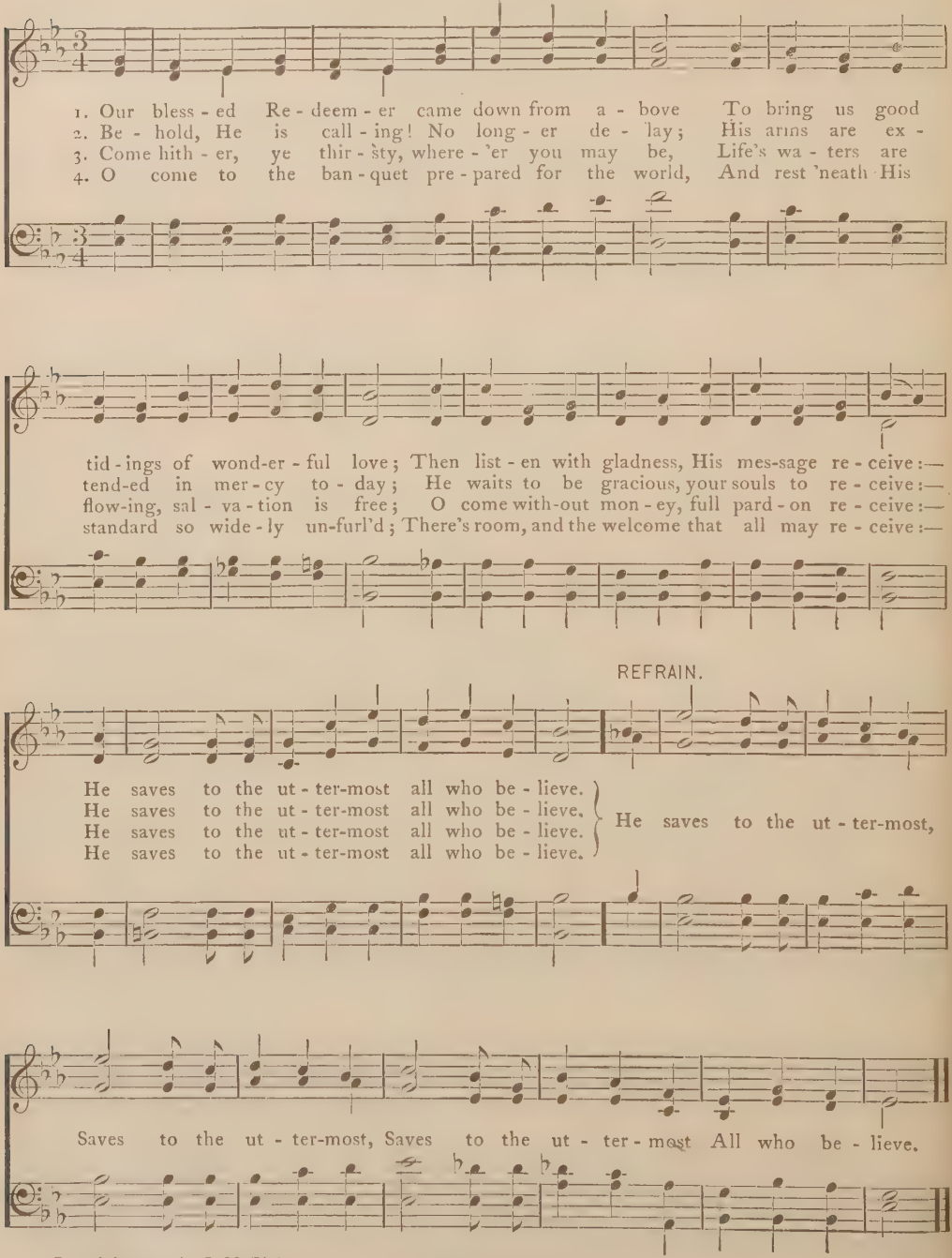
3 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
And I'm longing, I am longing for the sight;
Within a country, unknown and dreary,
I have been wand'ring, forlorn and weary.

No. 485. *Bending Before Thee*

John Coleridge CLOISTERS. 11s.5. *J. Barnby*


1. Bend - ing be - fore Thee, let our hymn go up - wards, Bright as the
2. Guard us in toil when faint - ing in the noon - day, Guard us re -
3. If the dread foe as - sail us with temp - ta - tion, Hear us, O
4. Glo - ry to Thee, O Fa - ther Ev - er - last - ing! Glo - ry to
sun - shine break - ing from the dark - ness, Thee we im - plore to
pos - ing un - der eve - ning shad - ows, Guard us when mid - night
Lord, and save us from his dan - ger, O keep us pure, O
Thee, O Son and Ho - ly Spir - it! One in Three Per - sons,
guard us on our jour - ney, Lord God Al - might - - y.
walks a - broad in heav - en, Lord God Al - might - - y.
lead us to Thy pres - ence, Lord God Al - might - - y.
In - - fi - nite, Un - chang - ing! Lord God Al - might - - y.

No. 486. *Our Blessed Redeemer Came Down*

Fanny J. Crosby CORNELLE. 11s, with Chorus. *Caryl Florio*

1. Our bless - ed Re - deem - er came down from a - bove To bring us good
2. Be - hold, He is call - ing! No long - er de - lay; His arms are ex -
3. Come hith - er, ye thir - sty, where - 'er you may be, Life's wa - ters are
4. O come to the ban - quet pre - pared for the world, And rest 'neath His
tid - ings of wond-er - ful love; Then list - en with gladness, His mes-sage re - ceive:—
tend-ed in mer - cy to - day; He waits to be gracious, your souls to re - ceive:—
flow-ing, sal - va - tion is free; O come with-out mon - ey, full pard - on re - ceive:—
standard so wide - ly un-furl'd; There's room, and the welcome that all may re - ceive:—
REFRAIN.
He saves to the ut - ter-most all who be - lieve.
He saves to the ut - ter-most all who be - lieve.
He saves to the ut - ter-most all who be - lieve.
He saves to the ut - ter-most all who be - lieve.
He saves to the ut - ter-most,
Saves to the ut - ter-most, Saves to the ut - ter - most All who be - lieve.

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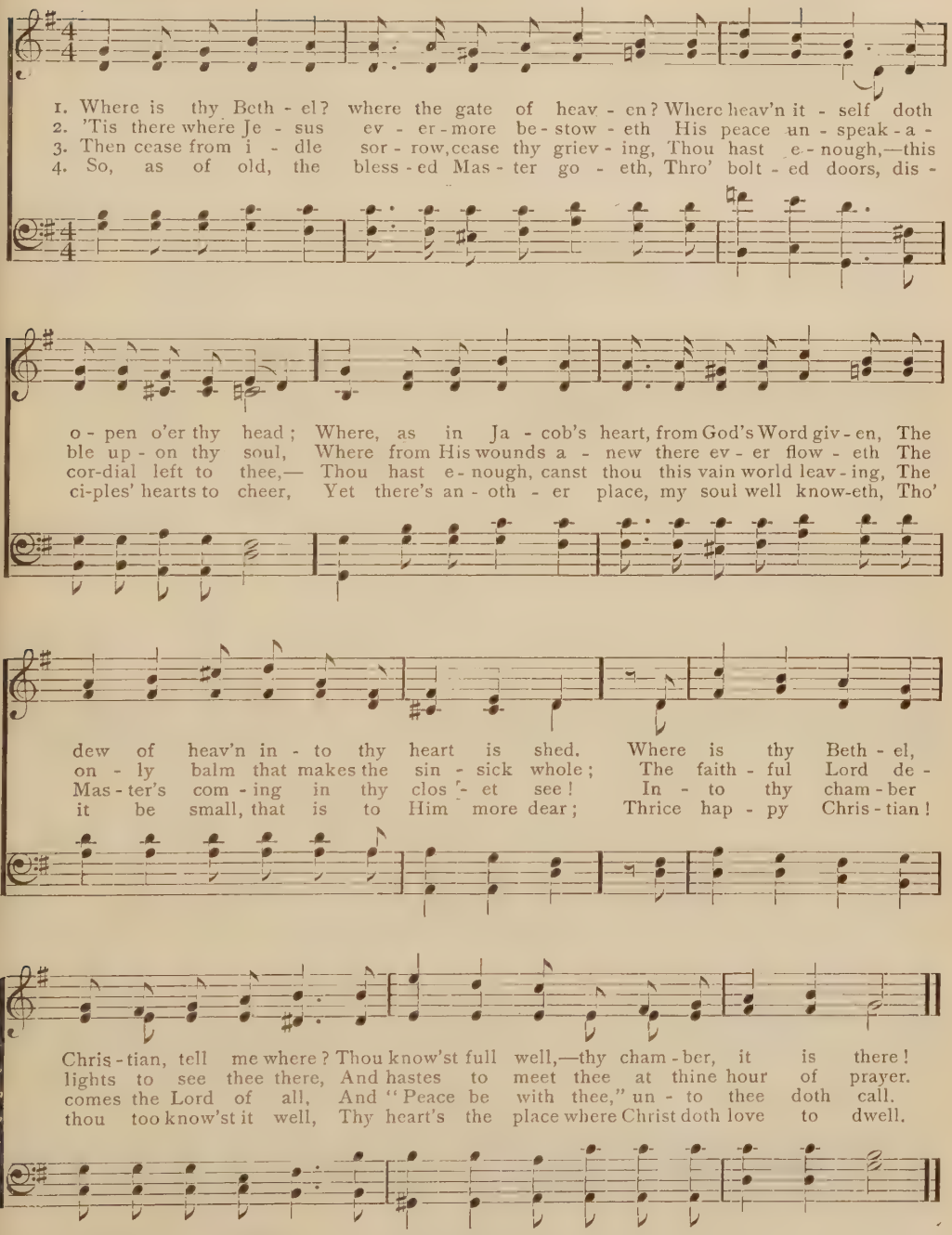
No. 487.

Where is Thy Bethel?

Adolf Moraht MORSE. P. M. *Caryl Florio*


1. Where is thy Beth - el? where the gate of heav - en? Where heav'n it - self doth
2. 'Tis there where Je - sus ev - er - more be - stow - eth His peace un - speak - a -
3. Then cease from i - dle sor - row, cease thy griev - ing, Thou hast e - nough,—this
4. So, as of old, the bless - ed Mas - ter go - eth, Thro' bolt - ed doors, dis -
o - pen o'er thy head; Where, as in Ja - cob's heart, from God's Word giv - en, The
ble up - on thy soul, Where from His wounds a - new there ev - er flow - eth The
cor-dial left to thee,— Thou hast e - nough, canst thou this vain world leav - ing, The
ci-ples' hearts to cheer, Yet there's an - oth - er place, my soul well know-eth, Tho'
dew of heav'n in - to thy heart is shed. Where is thy Beth - el,
on - ly balm that makes the sin - sick whole; The faith - ful Lord de -
Mas - ter's com - ing in thy clos - et see! In - to thy cham - ber
it be small, that is to Him more dear; Thrice hap - py Chris - tian!
Chris - tian, tell me where? Thou know'st full well,—thy cham - ber, it is there!
lights to see thee there, And hastes to meet thee at thine hour of prayer.
comes the Lord of all, And "Peace be with thee," un - to thee doth call.
thou too know'st it well, Thy heart's the place where Christ doth love to dwell.

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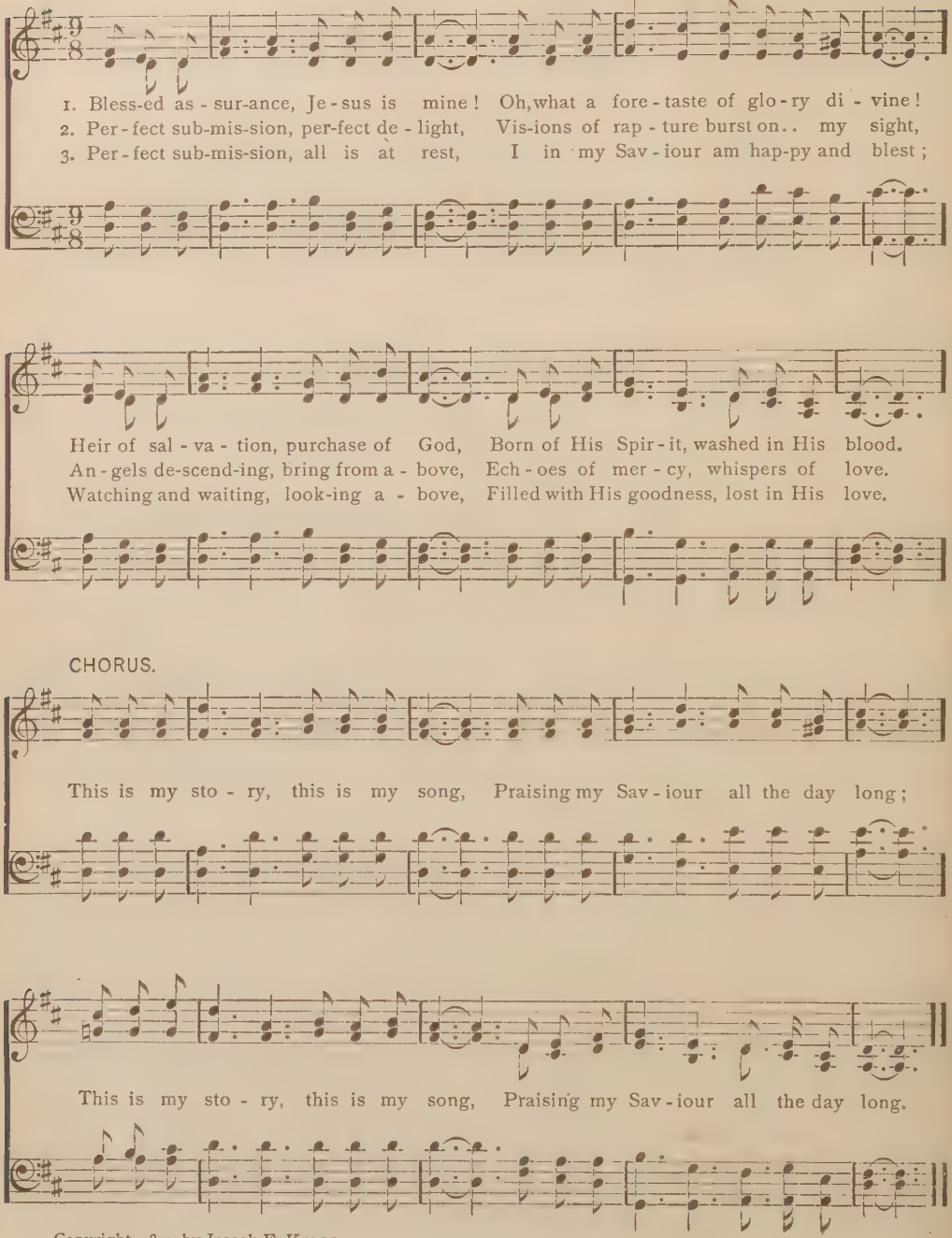
No. 488. *Blessed Assurance, Jesus is Mine*

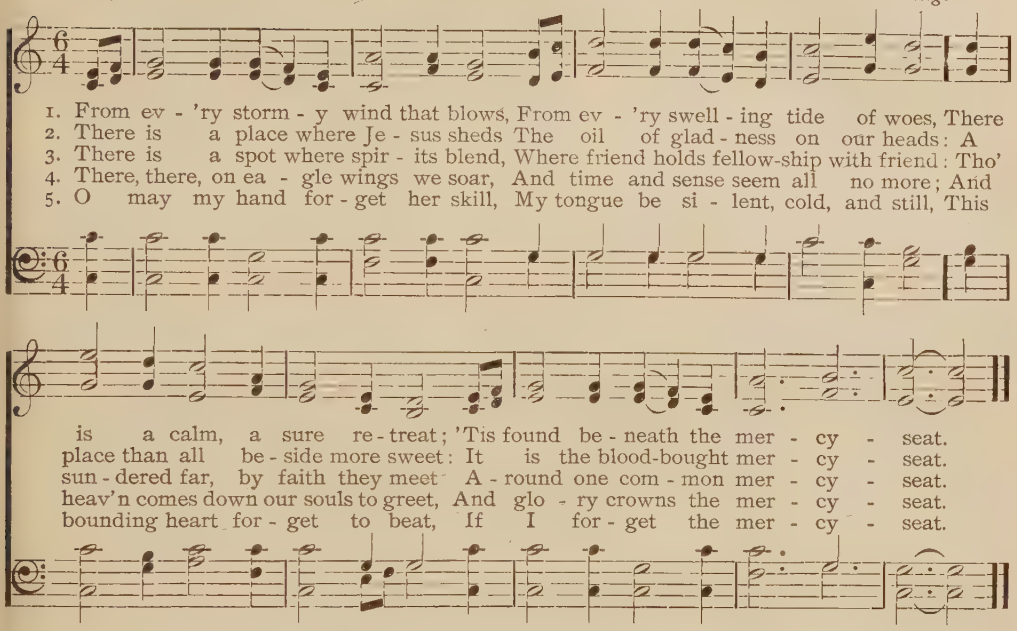
Fanny J. Crosby ASSURANCE. P. M. *Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, by per.*


1. Bless-ed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine!
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture burst on.. my sight,
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap-py and blest;
Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
An - gels de-scend-ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.
Watching and waiting, look-ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
CHORUS.
This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long;
This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.

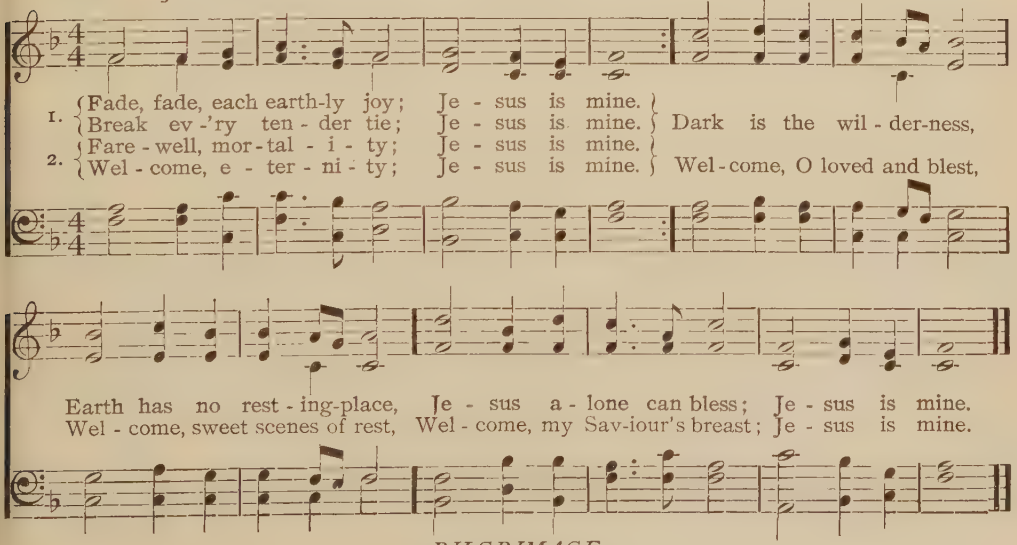
Copyright, 1873, by Joseph F. Knapp.

No. 489. *From Every Stormy Wind that Blows*

Hugh Stowell — RETREAT. L. M. — *Thomas Hastings*

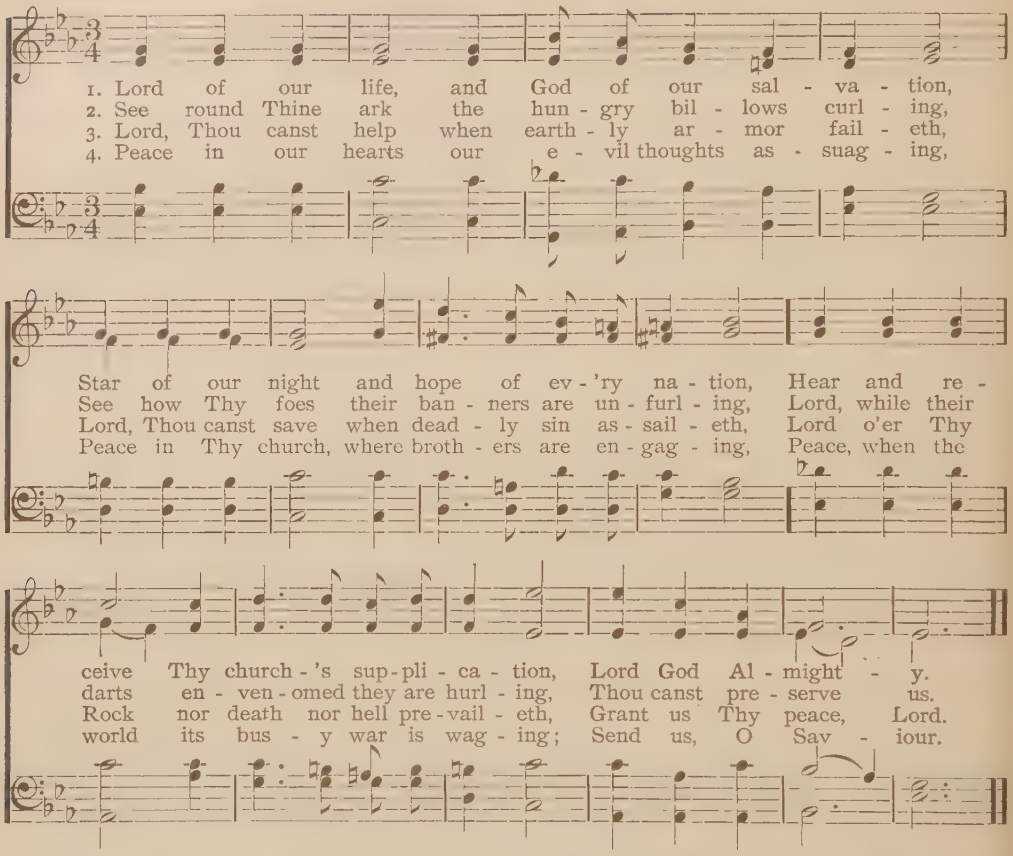

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes, There
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads: A
3. There is a spot where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fellow-ship with friend: Tho'
4. There, there, on ea - gle wings we soar, And time and sense seem all no more; And
5. O may my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be si - lent, cold, and still, This
is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
place than all be - side more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.
sun - dered far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.
bounding heart for - get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy - seat.

No. 490. *Fade, Fade Each Earthly Joy*

Catharine Jane Bonar — OAK. 6s. & 4s. — *Lowell Mason*

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy; Je - sus is mine. Break ev -'ry ten - der tie; Je - sus is mine. Dark is the wil - der-ness,
2. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty; Je - sus is mine. Wel - come, e - ter - ni - ty; Je - sus is mine. Wel - come, O loved and blest,
Earth has no rest - ing-place, Je - sus a - lone can bless; Je - sus is mine.
Wel - come, sweet scenes of rest, Wel - come, my Sav-iour's breast; Je - sus is mine.

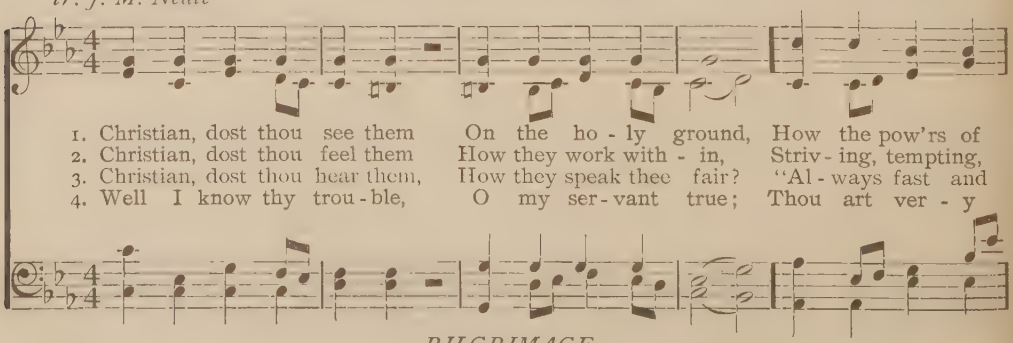
No. 491. *Lord of Our Life, and God of Our Salvation*

M. A. von Lowenstein, tr. Philip Pusey CLOISTERS. 11.11.11.5. *J. Barnby*, 1838-1896

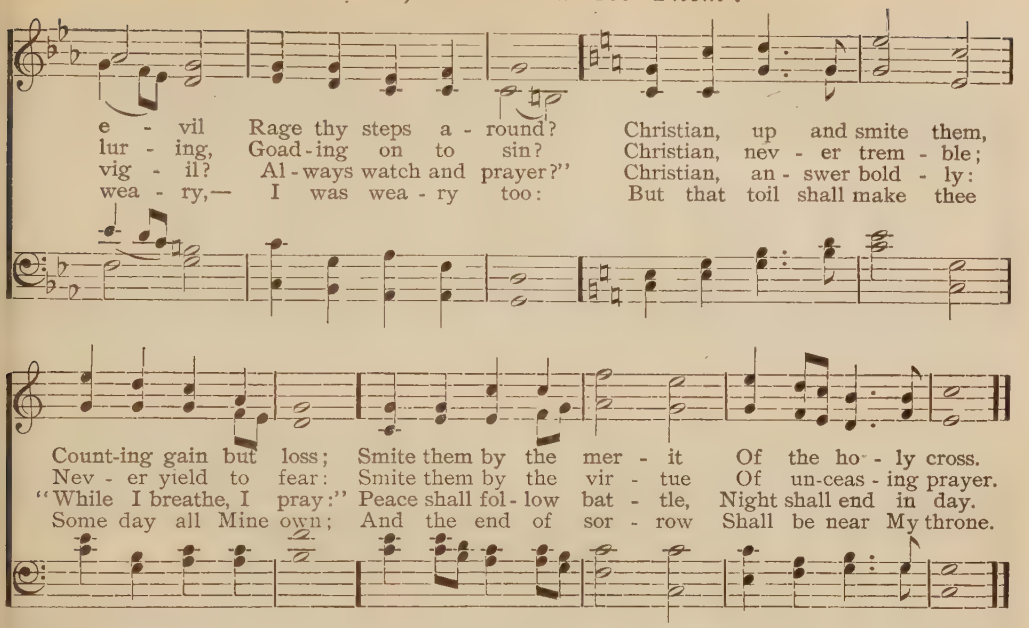

1. Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion,
2. See round Thine ark the hun - gry bil - lows curl - ing,
3. Lord, Thou canst help when earth - ly ar - mor fail - eth,
4. Peace in our hearts our e - vil thoughts as - suag - ing,
Star of our night and hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hear and re -
See how Thy foes their ban - ners are un - furl - ing, Lord, while their
Lord, Thou canst save when dead - ly sin as - sail - eth, Lord o'er Thy
Peace in Thy church, where broth - ers are en - gag - ing, Peace, when the
ceive Thy church - 's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y.
darts en - ven - omed they are hurl - ing, Thou canst pre - serve us.
Rock nor death nor hell pre - vail - eth, Grant us Thy peace, Lord.
world its bus - y war is wag - ing; Send us, O Sav - iour.

No. 492. *Christian, Dost Thou See Them?*

Andrew of Crete, 700; tr. J. M. Neale ST. ANDREW. 6s.&5s.D. *J. B. Dykes*

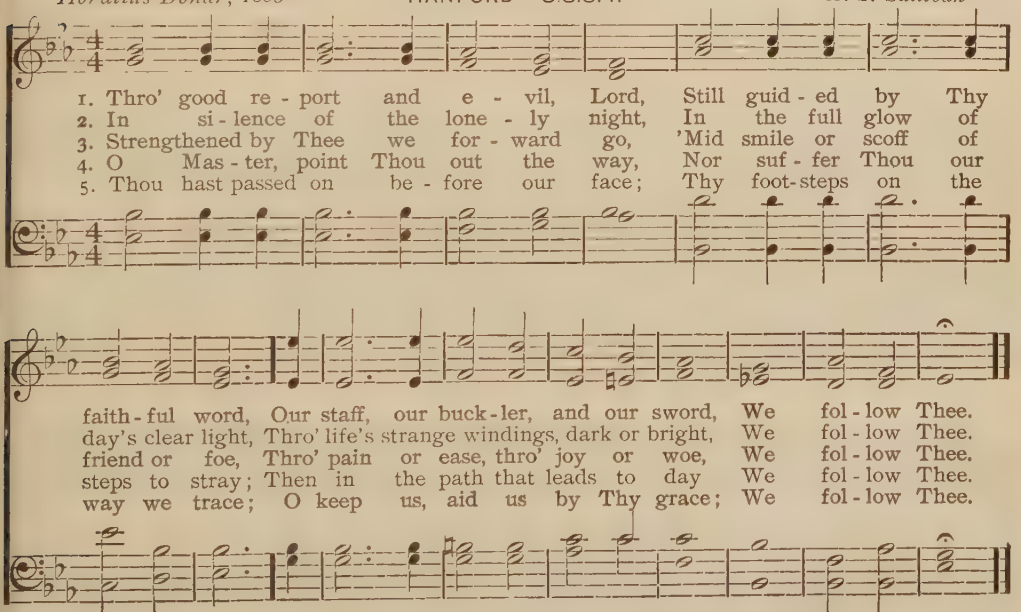

1. Christian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the pow'rs of
2. Christian, dost thou feel them How they work with - in, Striv - ing, tempting,
3. Christian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair? "Al - ways fast and
4. Well I know thy trou - ble, O my ser - vant true; Thou art ver - y

Christian, Dost Thou See Them?


e - vil Rage thy steps a - round? Christian, up and smite them,
lur - ing, Goad - ing on to sin? Christian, nev - er trem - ble;
vig - il? Al - ways watch and prayer?" Christian, an - swer bold - ly:
wea - ry,— I was wea - ry too: But that toil shall make thee
Count-ing gain but loss; Smite them by the mer - it Of the ho - ly cross.
Nev - er yield to fear: Smite them by the vir - tue Of un-ceas - ing prayer.
"While I breathe, I pray:" Peace shall fol - low bat - tle, Night shall end in day.
Some day all Mine own; And the end of sor - row Shall be near My throne.

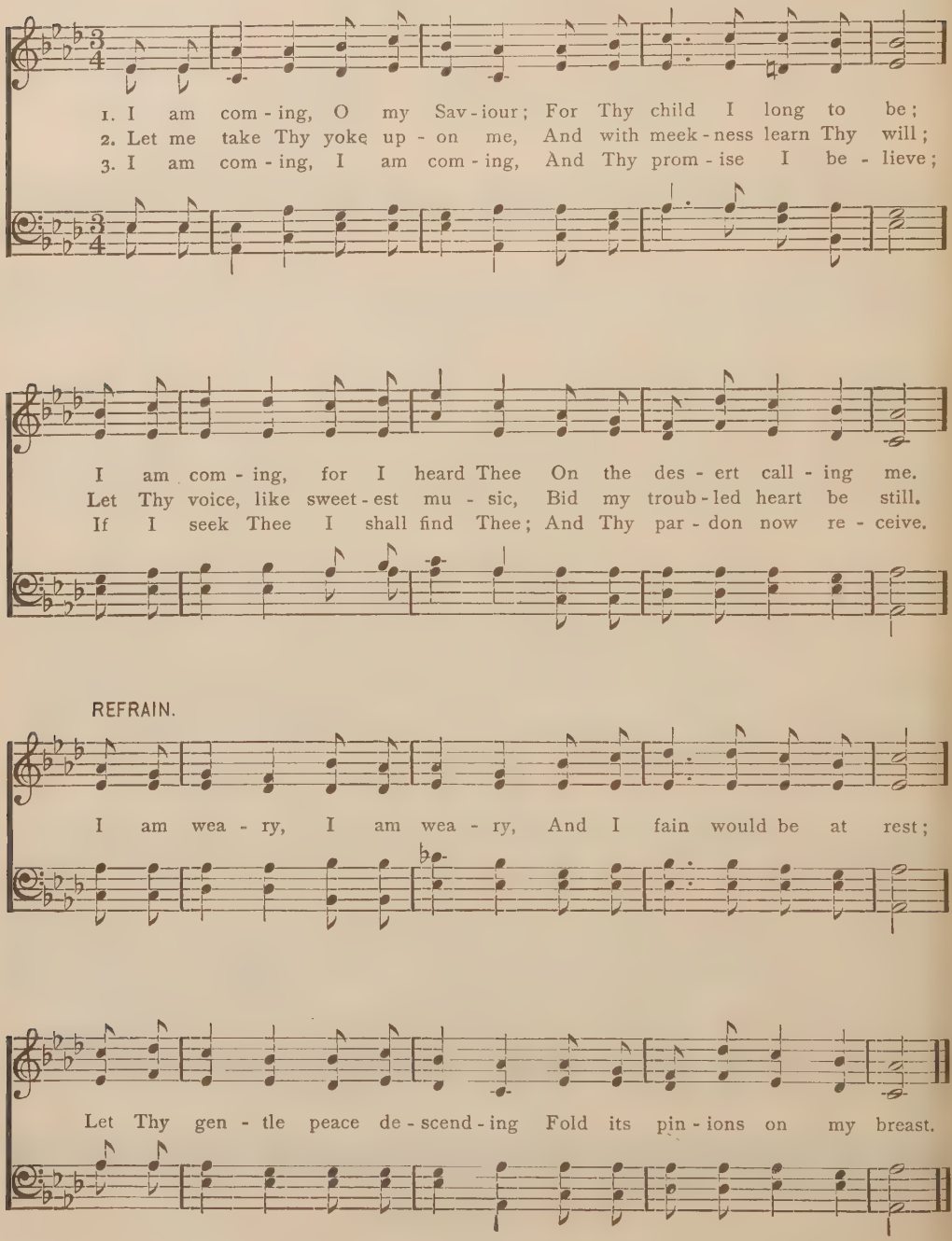
No. 493. *Through Good Report and Evil, Lord*

Horatius Bonar, 1866 HANFORD 8.8.8.4. *A. S. Sullivan*


1. Thro' good re - port and e - vil, Lord, Still guid - ed by Thy
2. In si - lence of the lone - ly night, In the full glow of
3. Strengthened by Thee we for - ward go, 'Mid smile or scoff of
4. O Mas - ter, point Thou out the way, Nor suf - fer Thou our
5. Thou hast passed on be - fore our face; Thy foot-steps on the
faith - ful word, Our staff, our buck - ler, and our sword, We fol - low Thee.
day's clear light, Thro' life's strange windings, dark or bright, We fol - low Thee.
friend or foe, Thro' pain or ease, thro' joy or woe, We fol - low Thee.
steps to stray; Then in the path that leads to day We fol - low Thee.
way we trace; O keep us, aid us by Thy grace; We fol - low Thee.

No. 494. *I Am Coming, O My Saviour*

Fanny J. Crosby ATWELL. 8s & 7s, with Refrain. *B. C. Unseld*


1. I am com - ing, O my Sav - iour; For Thy child I long to be;
2. Let me take Thy yoke up - on me, And with meek - ness learn Thy will;
3. I am com - ing, I am com - ing, And Thy prom - ise I be - lieve;
I am com - ing, for I heard Thee On the des - ert call - ing me.
Let Thy voice, like sweet - est mu - sic, Bid my troub - led heart be still.
If I seek Thee I shall find Thee; And Thy par - don now re - ceive.
REFRAIN.
I am wea - ry, I am wea - ry, And I fain would be at rest;
Let Thy gen - tle peace de - scend - ing Fold its pin - ions on my breast.

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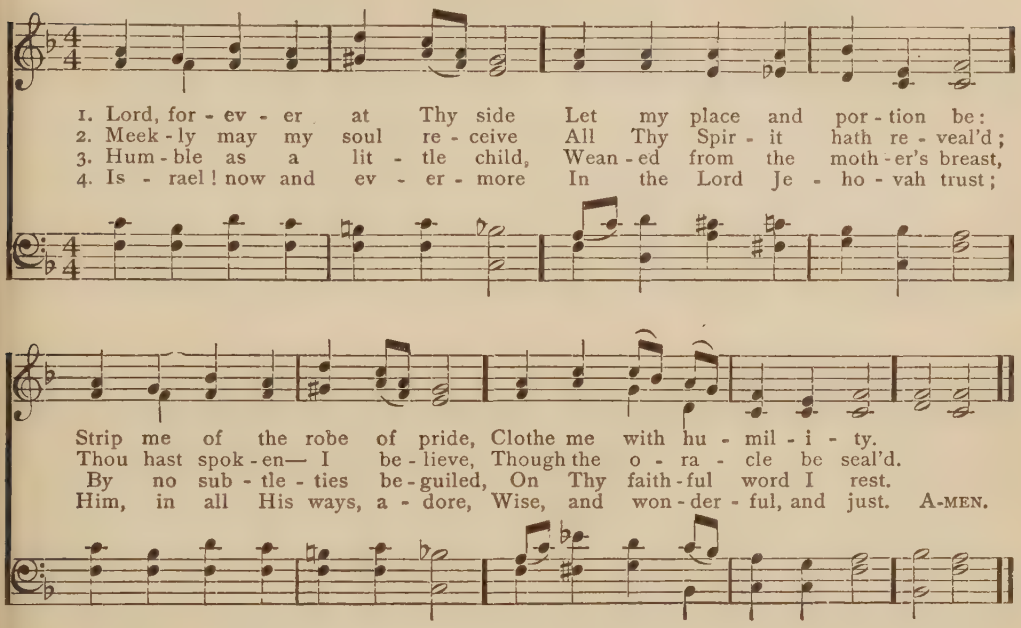
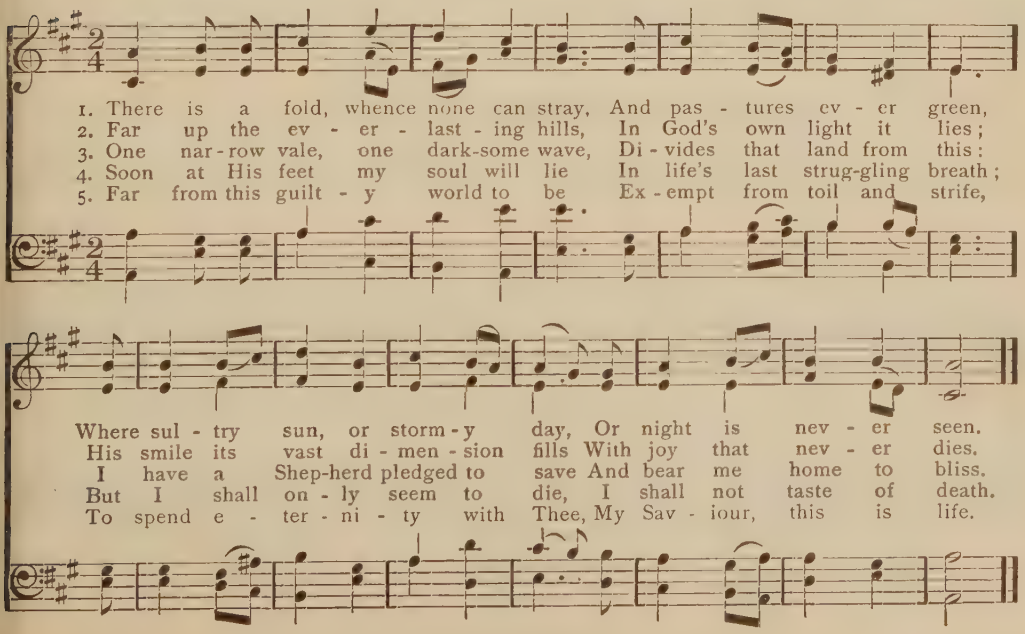
No. 495. *Lord, Forever at Thy Side*

James Montgomery, 1822 SEYMOUR. 7s. *C. M. von Weber*


1. Lord, for - ev - er at Thy side Let my place and por - tion be:
2. Meek - ly may my soul re - ceive All Thy Spir - it hath re - veal'd;
3. Hum - ble as a lit - tle child, Wean - ed from the moth - er's breast,
4. Is - rael! now and ev - er - more In the Lord Je - ho - vah trust;
Strip me of the robe of pride, Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty.
Thou hast spok - en— I be - lieve, Though the o - ra - cle be seal'd.
By no sub - tle - ties be - guiled, On Thy faith - ful word I rest.
Him, in all His ways, a - dore, Wise, and won - der - ful, and just. A-MEN.

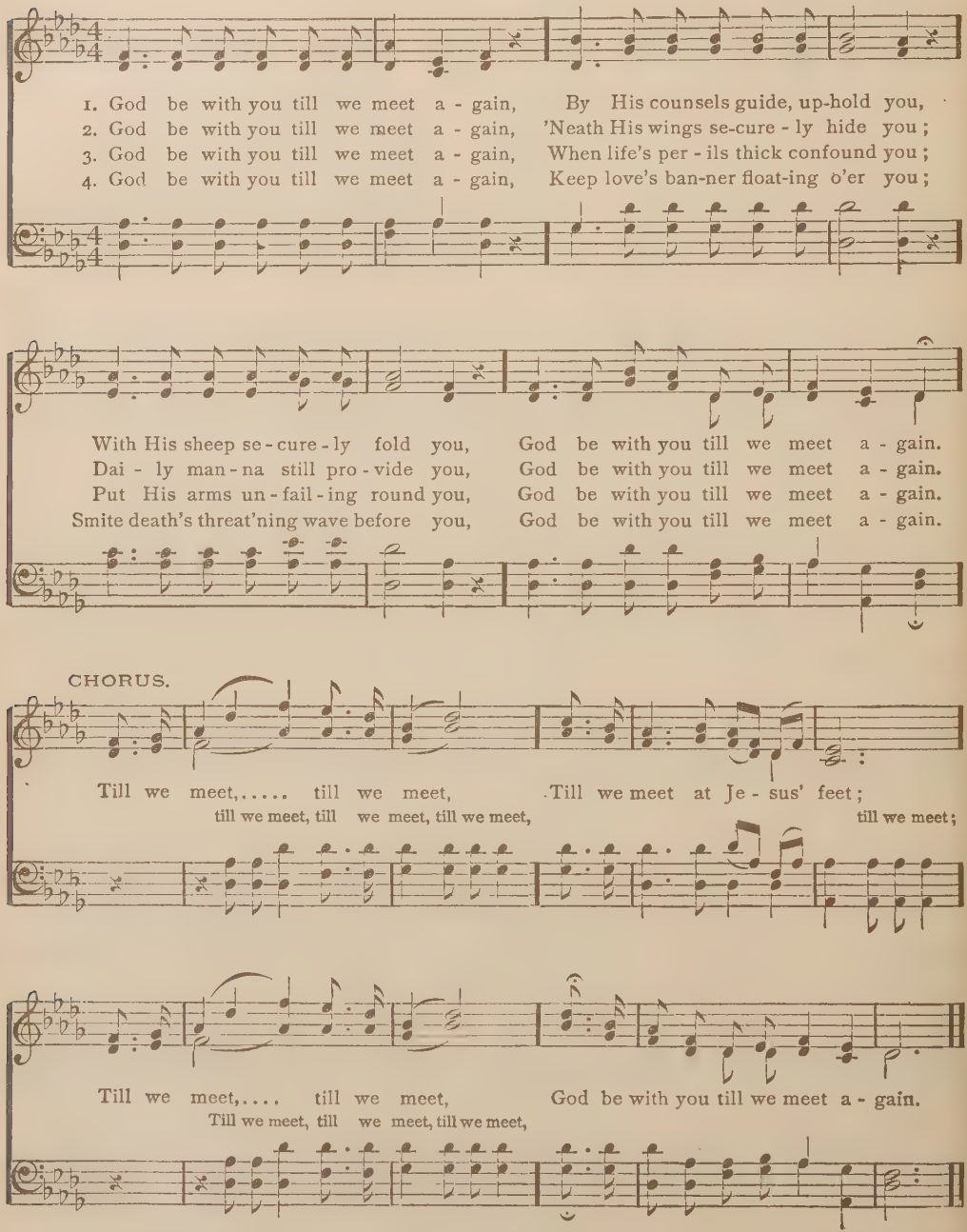
No. 496. *There is a Fold, Whence None Can Stray*

John East DEDHAM. C. M. *William Gardner*


1. There is a fold, whence none can stray, And pas - tures ev - er green,
2. Far up the ev - er - last - ing hills, In God's own light it lies;
3. One nar - row vale, one dark - some wave, Di - vides that land from this:
4. Soon at His feet my soul will lie In life's last strug - gling breath;
5. Far from this guilt - y world to be Ex - empt from toil and strife,
Where sul - try sun, or storm - y day, Or night is nev - er seen.
His smile its vast di - men - sion fills With joy that nev - er dies.
I have a Shep - herd pledged to save And bear me home to bliss.
But I shall on - ly seem to die, I shall not taste of death.
To spend e - ter - ni - ty with Thee, My Sav - iour, this is life.

No. 497. *God Be with You Till We Meet Again*

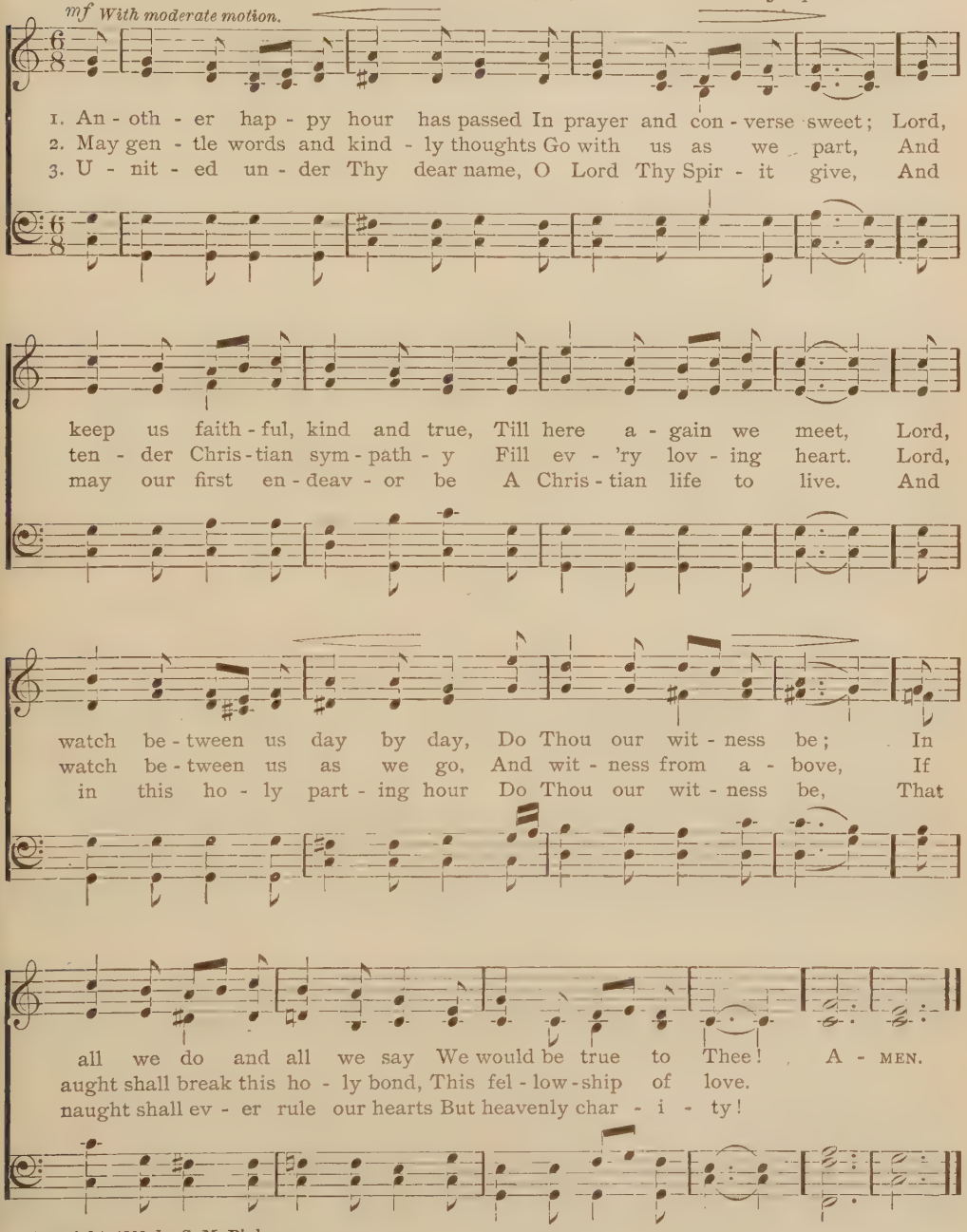
J. E. Rankin, D.D. RANKIN. 9.8.8.9. *W. G. Tomer, by per.*


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure - ly hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick confound you;
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you;
With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
CHORUS.
Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;
Till we meet,.... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

No. 498. *Another Happy Hour Has Passed*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 HAWES. 8s & 6s, Eight lines *Joseph Martine*

mf With moderate motion.


1. An - oth - er hap - py hour has passed In prayer and con - verse sweet; Lord,
2. May gen - tle words and kind - ly thoughts Go with us as we part, And
3. U - nit - ed un - der Thy dear name, O Lord Thy Spir - it give, And
keep us faith - ful, kind and true, Till here a - gain we meet, Lord,
ten - der Chris - tian sym - path - y Fill ev - 'ry lov - ing heart. Lord,
may our first en - deav - or be A Chris - tian life to live. And
watch be - tween us day by day, Do Thou our wit - ness be; In
watch be - tween us as we go, And wit - ness from a - bove, If
in this ho - ly part - ing hour Do Thou our wit - ness be, That
all we do and all we say We would be true to Thee! A - MEN.
aught shall break this ho - ly bond, This fel - low - ship of love.
naught shall ev - er rule our hearts But heavenly char - i - ty!

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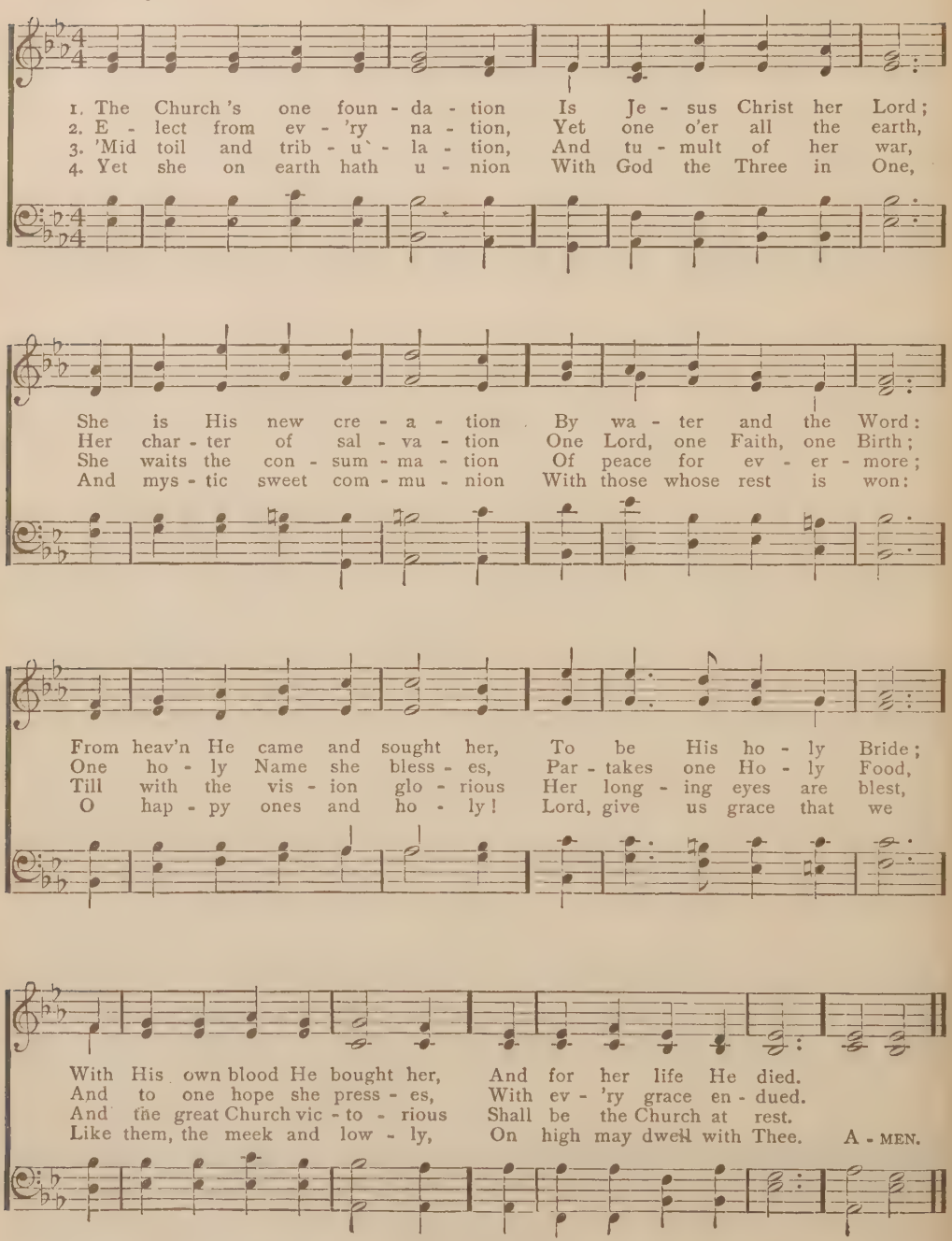
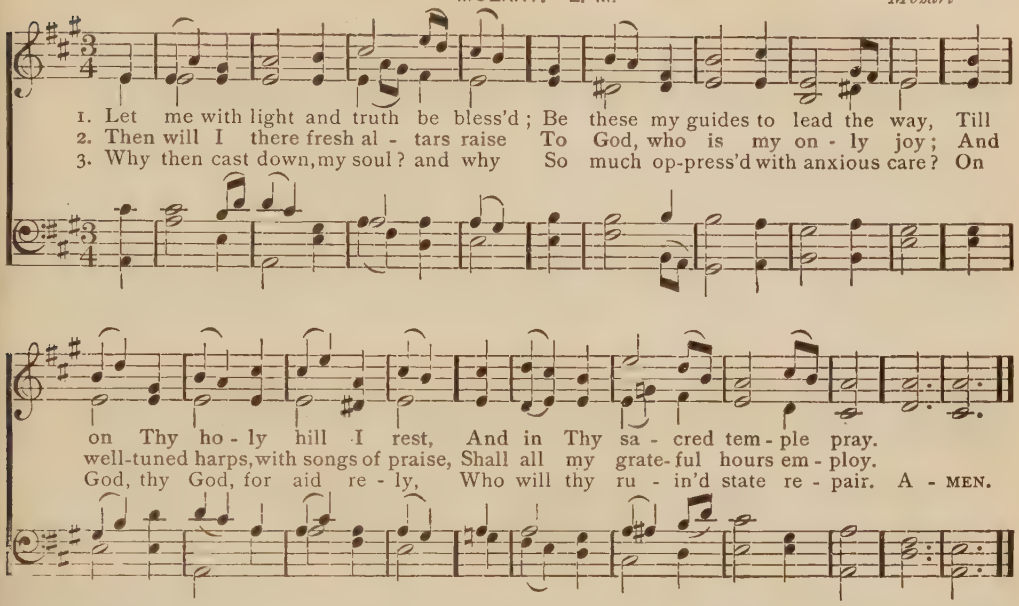
No. 499. *The Church's One Foundation*

Rev. S. J. Stone AURELIA. 7s & 6s D. *Samuel Wesley*


1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u` - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath u - nion With God the Three in One,
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the Word:
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more;
And mys - tic sweet com - mu - nion With those whose rest is won:
From heav'n He came and sought her, To be His ho - ly Bride;
One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one Ho - ly Food,
Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.
Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee. A - MEN.

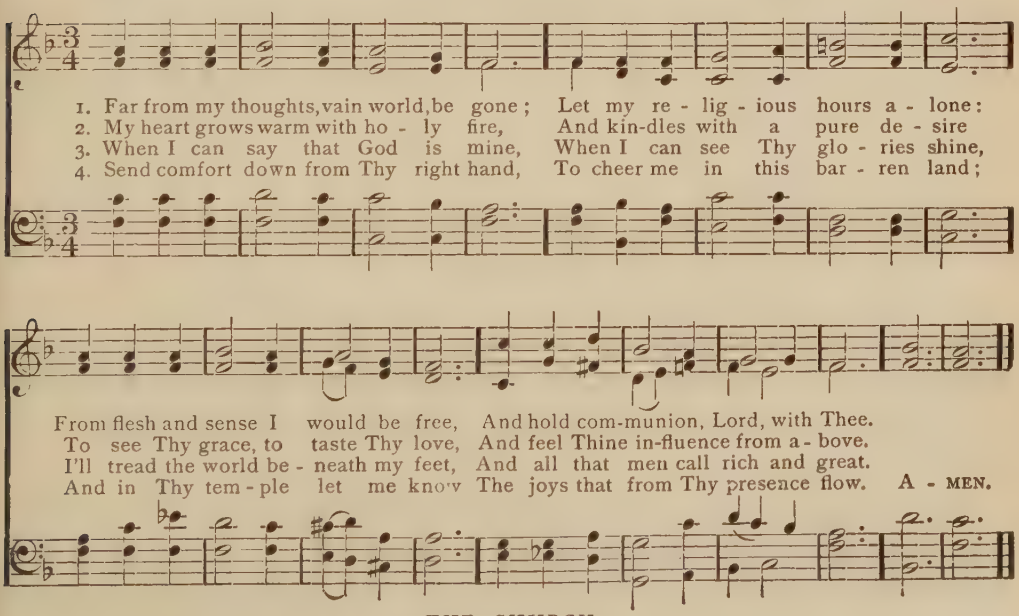
No. 500. *Let Me with Light and Truth be Bless'd*

Metrical Psalm MOZART. L. M. *Mozart*


1. Let me with light and truth be bless'd; Be these my guides to lead the way, Till
2. Then will I there fresh al - tars raise To God, who is my on - ly joy; And
3. Why then cast down, my soul? and why So much op-press'd with anxious care? On
on Thy ho - ly hill I rest, And in Thy sa - cred tem - ple pray.
well-tuned harps, with songs of praise, Shall all my grate-ful hours em - ploy.
God, thy God, for aid re - ly, Who will thy ru - in'd state re - pair. A - MEN.

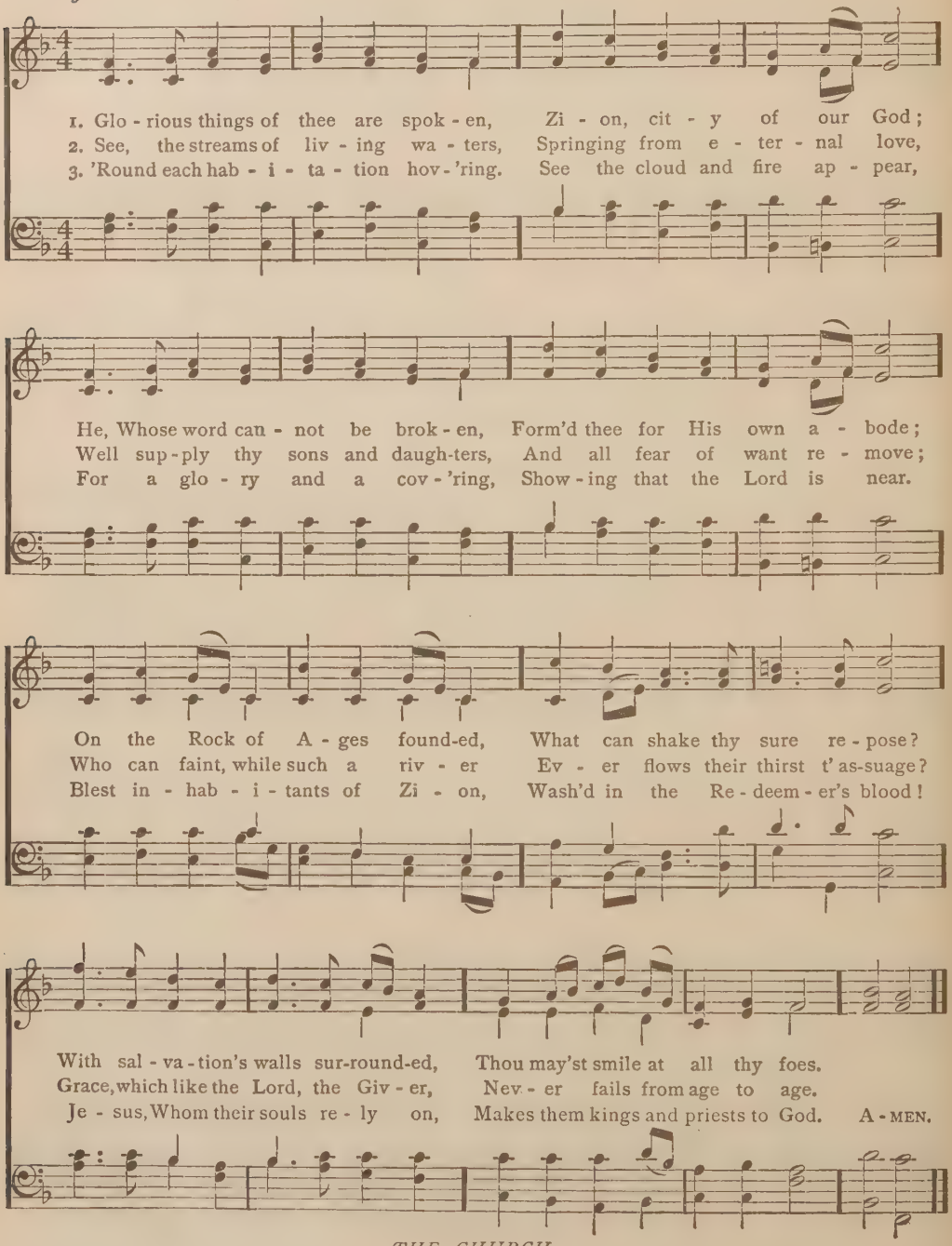
No. 501. *Far from My Thoughts, Vain World*

Dr. Watts PENITENCE. L. M. *St. Albans' Tune-book*


1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone; Let my re - lig - ious hours a - lone:
2. My heart grows warm with ho - ly fire, And kin-dles with a pure de - sire
3. When I can say that God is mine, When I can see Thy glo - ries shine,
4. Send comfort down from Thy right hand, To cheer me in this bar - ren land;
From flesh and sense I would be free, And hold com-munion, Lord, with Thee.
To see Thy grace, to taste Thy love, And feel Thine in-fluence from a - bove.
I'll tread the world be - neath my feet, And all that men call rich and great.
And in Thy tem - ple let me know The joys that from Thy presence flow. A - MEN.

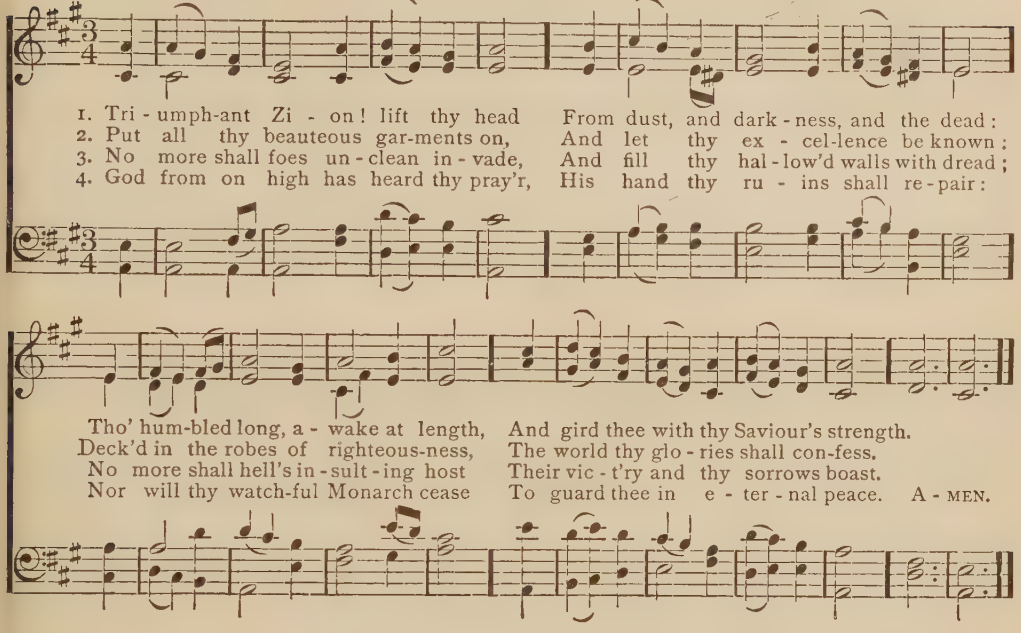
No. 502. *Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken*

John Newton, 1779 AUSTRIA. 8s & 7s D. *F. J. Haydn*


1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,
3. 'Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - 'ring. See the cloud and fire ap - pear,
He, Whose word can - not be brok - en, Form'd thee for His own a - bode;
Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh-ters, And all fear of want re - move;
For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring, Show - ing that the Lord is near.
On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t' as-suage?
Blest in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on, Wash'd in the Re - deem - er's blood!
With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
Je - sus, Whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God. A - MEN.

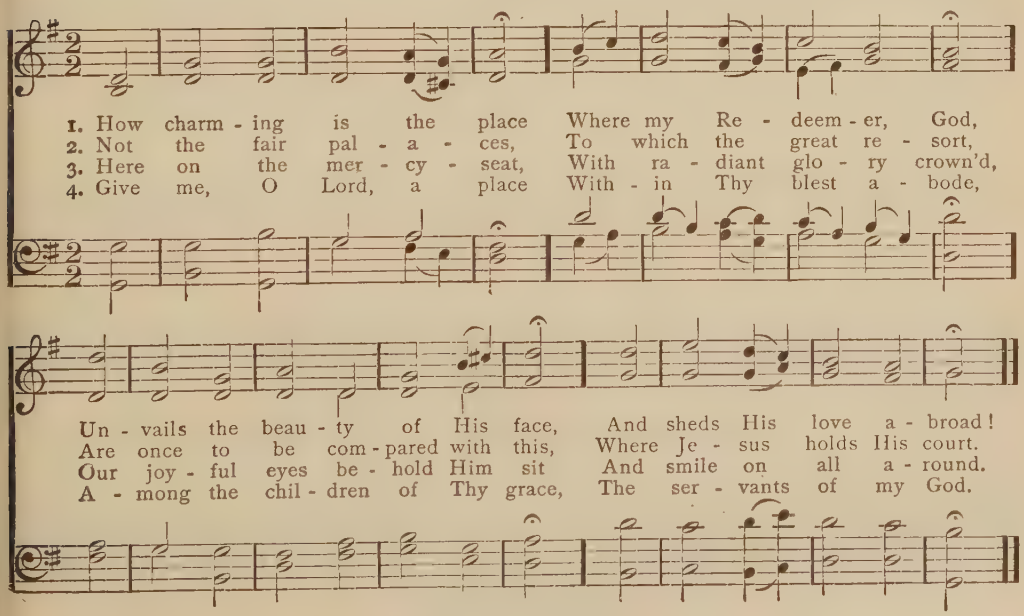
No. 503. *Triumphant Zion! Lift Thy Head*

Philip Doddridge — WAREHAM. L. M. — *Wm. Knapp, 1760*


1. Tri - umph-ant Zi - on! lift thy head From dust, and dark - ness, and the dead:
2. Put all thy beauteous gar-ments on, And let thy ex - cel-lence be known;
3. No more shall foes un - clean in - vade, And fill thy hal - low'd walls with dread;
4. God from on high has heard thy pray'r, His hand thy ru - ins shall re - pair:
Tho' hum-bled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
Deck'd in the robes of righteous-ness, The world thy glo - ries shall con-fess.
No more shall hell's in - sult - ing host Their vic - t'ry and thy sorrows boast.
Nor will thy watch-ful Monarch cease To guard thee in e - ter - nal peace. A - MEN.

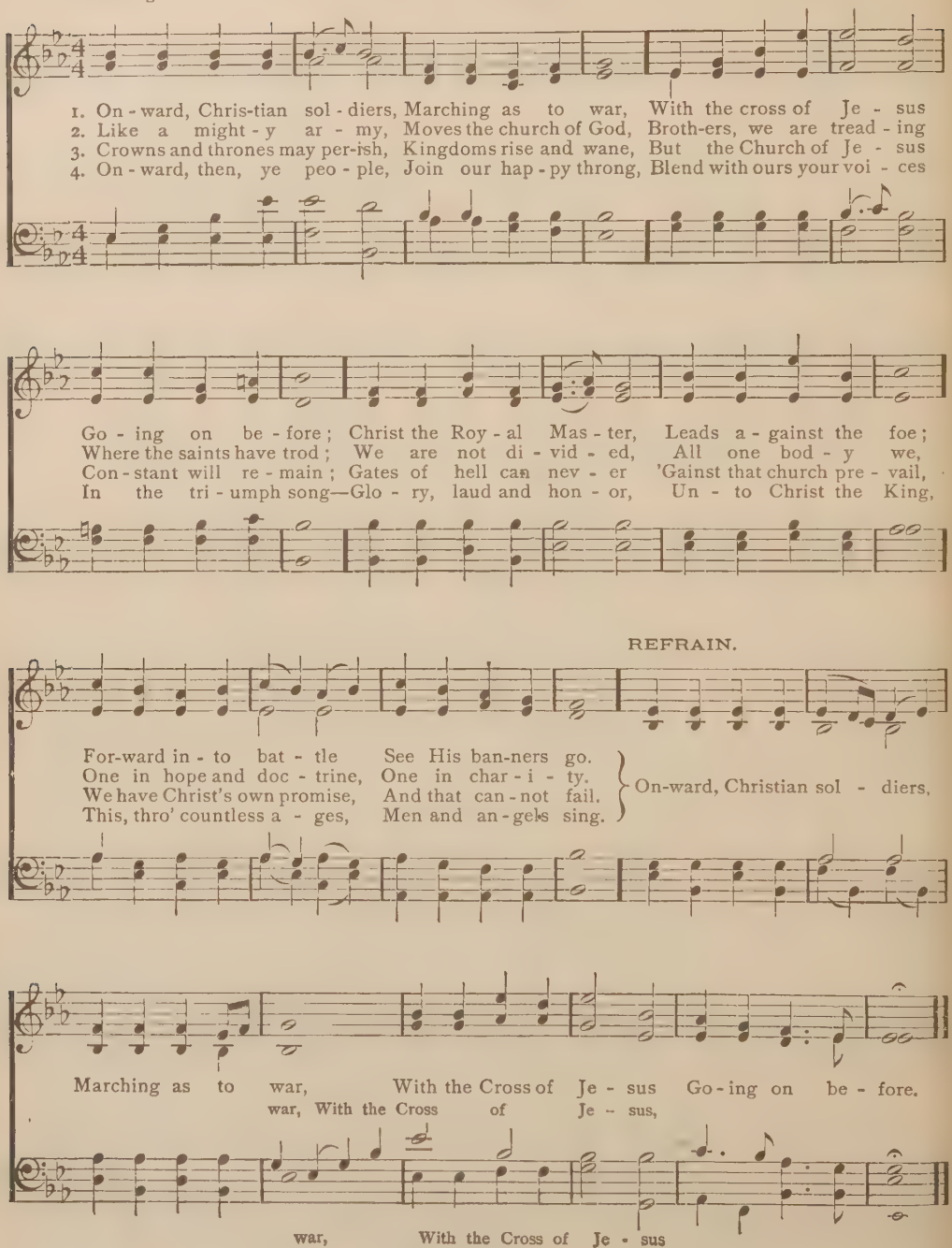
No. 504. *How Charming Is the Place*

Samuel Stennett — ST. THOMAS. S. M. — *Handel. A. Williams' Coll.*

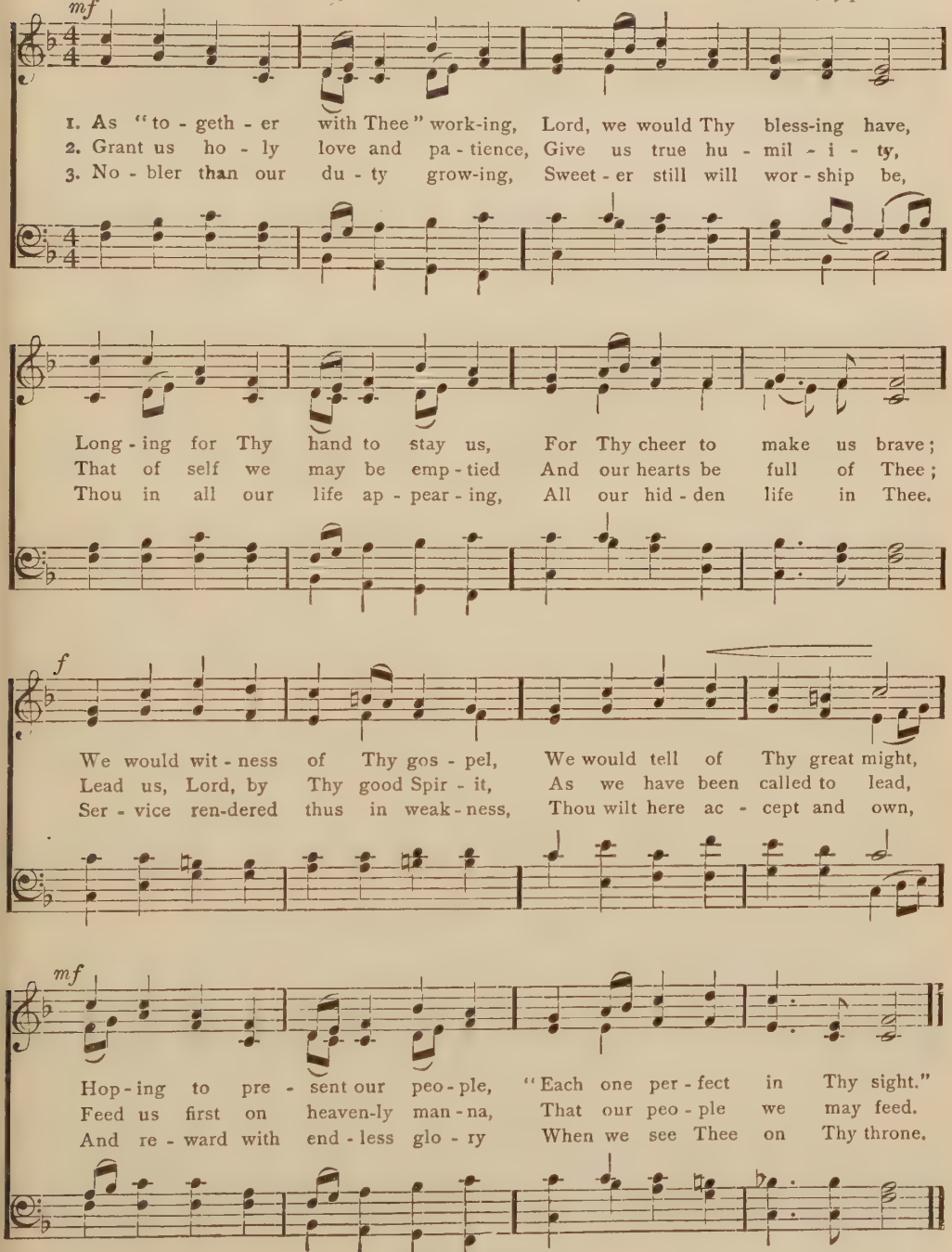

1. How charm - ing is the place Where my Re - deem - er, God,
2. Not the fair pal - a - ces, To which the great re - sort,
3. Here on the mer - cy - seat, With ra - diant glo - ry crown'd,
4. Give me, O Lord, a place With - in Thy blest a - bode,
Un - vails the beau - ty of His face, And sheds His love a - broad!
Are once to be com - pared with this, Where Je - sus holds His court.
Our joy - ful eyes be - hold Him sit And smile on all a - round.
A - mong the chil - dren of Thy grace, The ser - vants of my God.

No. 505. *Onward, Christian Soldiers*

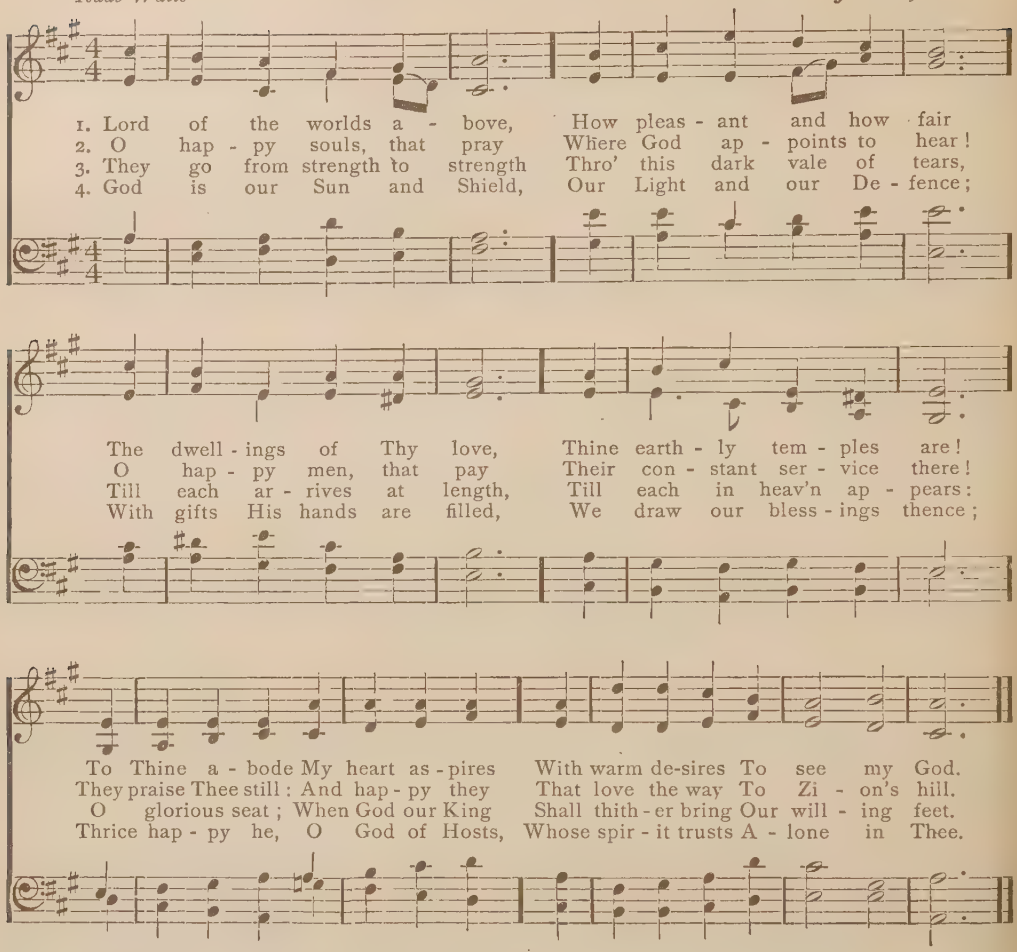
S. Baring-Gould ST. GERTRUDE. 6s & 5s D. *A. S. Sullivan*


1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus
2. Like a might-y ar-my, Moves the church of God, Broth-ers, we are tread-ing
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je-sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voi-ces
Go-ing on be-fore; Christ the Roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed, All one bod-y we,
Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er 'Gainst that church pre-vail,
In the tri-umph song—Glo-ry, laud and hon-or, Un-to Christ the King,
REFRAIN.
For-ward in-to bat-tle See His ban-ners go.
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
This, thro' countless a-ges, Men and an-gels sing.
On-ward, Christian sol-diers,
Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.
war, With the Cross of Je-sus,
war, With the Cross of Je-sus

No. 506. *As "Together with Thee" Working*

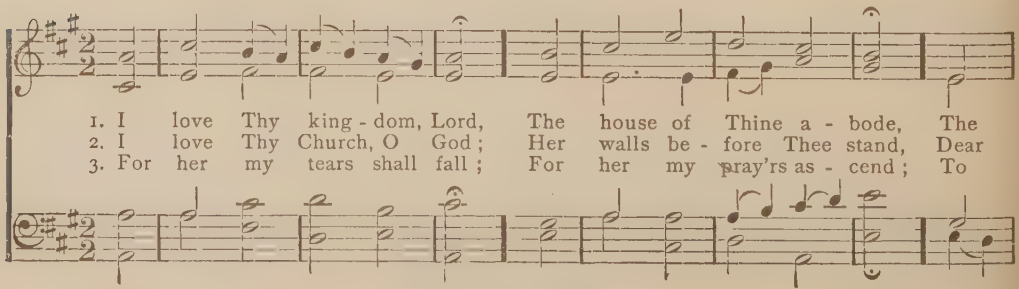
Rev. W. J. Harsha CO-LABORERS. 8s & 7s D. *C. B. Rutenber, by per.*

mf
1. As "to - geth - er with Thee" work-ing, Lord, we would Thy bless-ing have,
2. Grant us ho - ly love and pa - tience, Give us true hu - mil - i - ty,
3. No - bler than our du - ty grow-ing, Sweet - er still will wor - ship be,
Long - ing for Thy hand to stay us, For Thy cheer to make us brave;
That of self we may be emp - tied And our hearts be full of Thee;
Thou in all our life ap - pear - ing, All our hid - den life in Thee.
f
We would wit - ness of Thy gos - pel, We would tell of Thy great might,
Lead us, Lord, by Thy good Spir - it, As we have been called to lead,
Ser - vice ren-dered thus in weak - ness, Thou wilt here ac - cept and own,
mf
Hop - ing to pre - sent our peo - ple, "Each one per - fect in Thy sight."
Feed us first on heaven-ly man - na, That our peo - ple we may feed.
And re - ward with end - less glo - ry When we see Thee on Thy throne.

No. 507. *Lord of the Worlds Above*

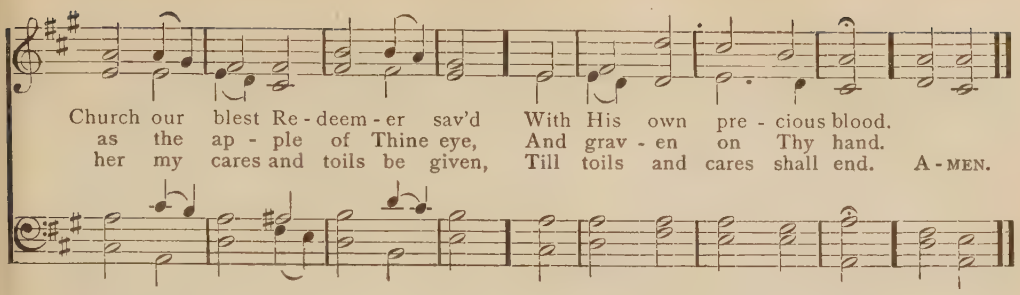
Isaac Watts ST. GODRIC. H. M. *J. B. Dykes*

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair
2. O hap - py souls, that pray Where God ap - points to hear!
3. They go from strength to strength Thro' this dark vale of tears,
4. God is our Sun and Shield, Our Light and our De - fence;
The dwell - ings of Thy love, Thine earth - ly tem - ples are!
O hap - py men, that pay Their con - stant ser - vice there!
Till each ar - rives at length, Till each in heav'n ap - pears:
With gifts His hands are filled, We draw our bless - ings thence;
To Thine a - bode My heart as - pires With warm de-sires To see my God.
They praise Thee still: And hap - py they That love the way To Zi - on's hill.
O glorious seat; When God our King Shall thith - er bring Our will - ing feet.
Thrice hap - py he, O God of Hosts, Whose spir - it trusts A - lone in Thee.

No. 508. *I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord*

Rev. J. S. Dwight, 1800 CAMBRIDGE. S. M. *Rev. R. Harrison*


1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The
2. I love Thy Church, O God; Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as - cend; To

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord


Church our blest Re - deem - er sav'd With His own pre - cious blood.
as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end. A - MEN.

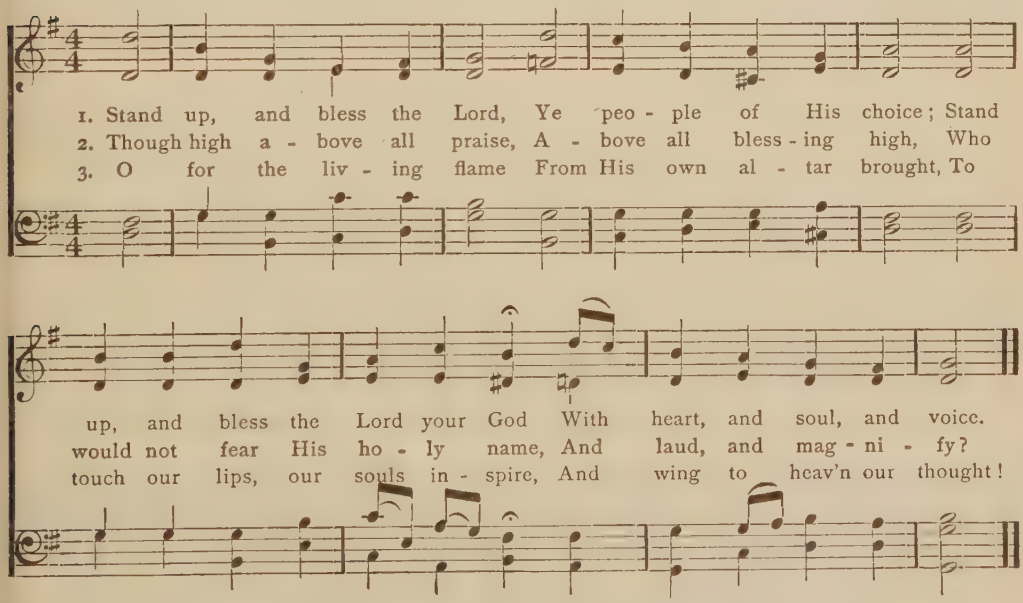
4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. AMEN.

No. 509. *Stand Up, and Bless the Lord*

James Montgomery, WALDEN. S. M. *S. M. Bixby*


1. Stand up, and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of His choice; Stand
2. Though high a - bove all praise, A - bove all bless - ing high, Who
3. O for the liv - ing flame From His own al - tar brought, To
up, and bless the Lord your God With heart, and soul, and voice.
would not fear His ho - ly name, And laud, and mag - ni - fy?
touch our lips, our souls in - spire, And wing to heav'n our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

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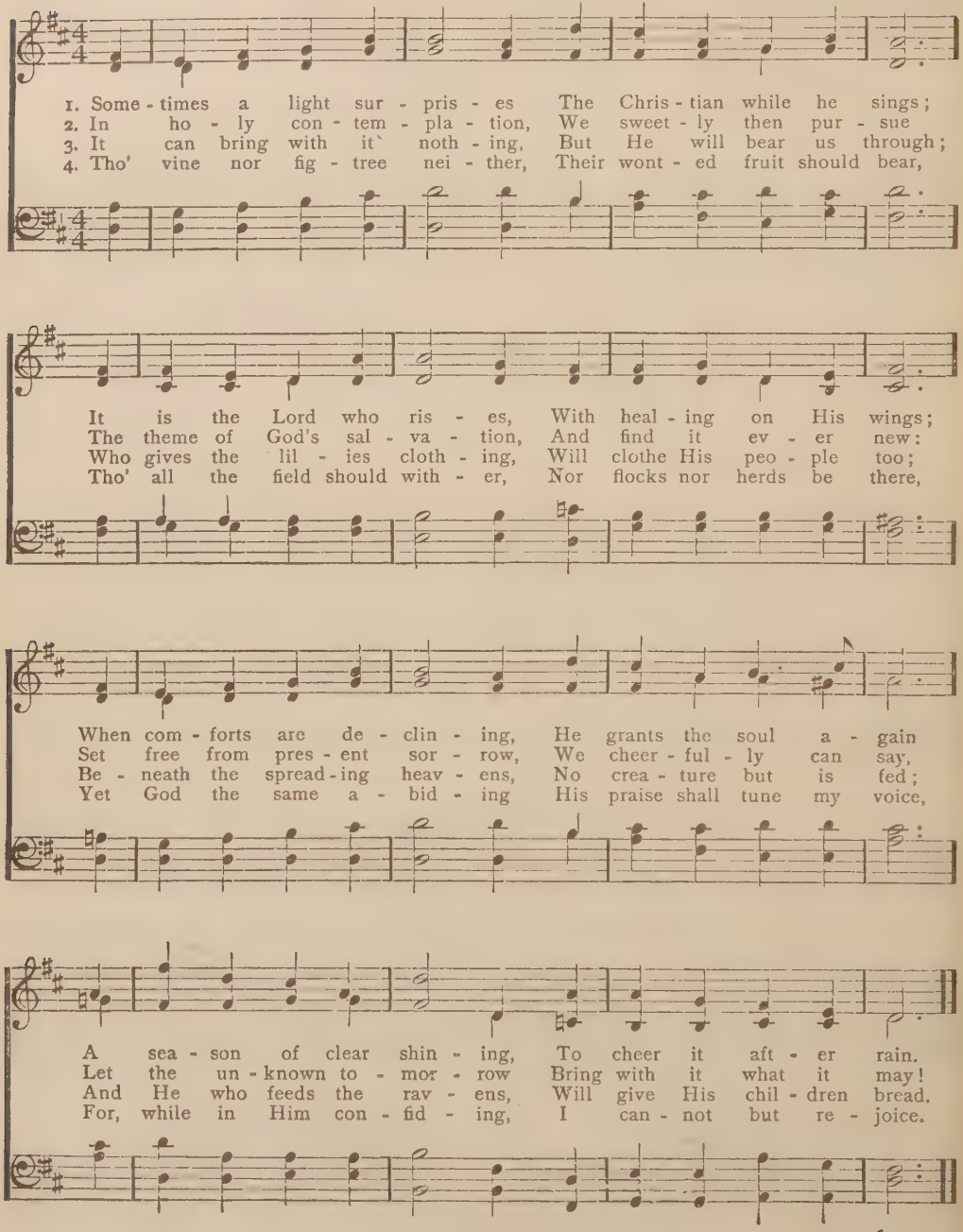
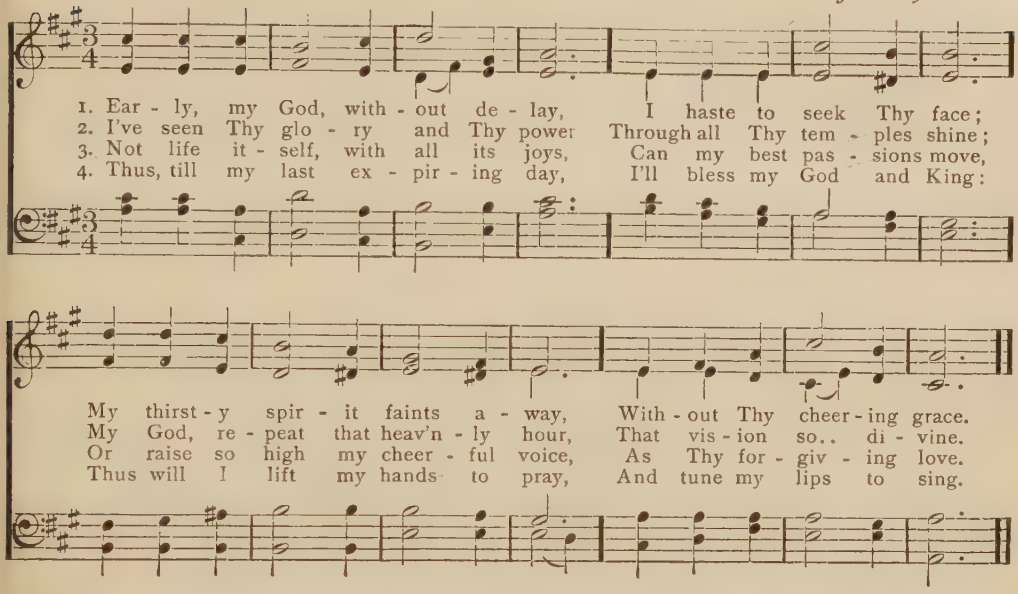
No. 510. *Sometimes a Light Surprises*

William Cowper BENTLEY. 7s & 6s D. *J. Hullah*

1. Some - times a light sur - pris - es The Chris - tian while he sings;
2. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion, We sweet - ly then pur - sue
3. It can bring with it noth - ing, But He will bear us through;
4. Tho' vine nor fig - tree nei - ther, Their wont - ed fruit should bear,
It is the Lord who ris - es, With heal - ing on His wings;
The theme of God's sal - va - tion, And find it ev - er new:
Who gives the lil - ies cloth - ing, Will clothe His peo - ple too;
Tho' all the field should with - er, Nor flocks nor herds be there,
When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain
Set free from pres - ent sor - row, We cheer - ful - ly can say,
Be - neath the spread - ing heav - ens, No crea - ture but is fed;
Yet God the same a - bid - ing His praise shall tune my voice,
A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it aft - er rain.
Let the un - known to - mor - row Bring with it what it may!
And He who feeds the rav - ens, Will give His chil - dren bread.
For, while in Him con - fid - ing, I can - not but re - joice.

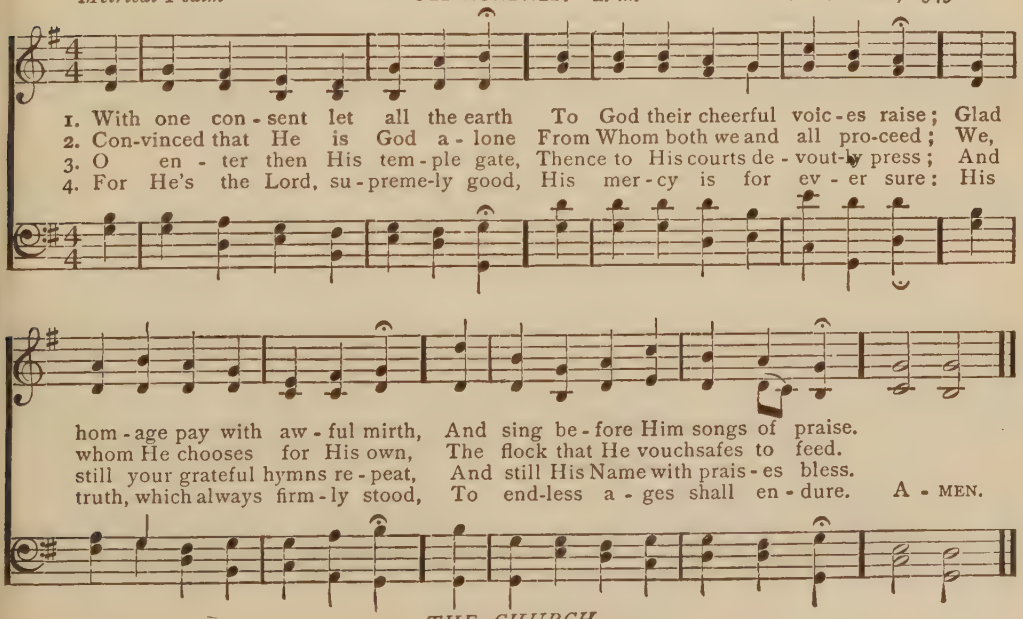
No. 511. *Early, My God, without Delay*

Isaac Watts — ST. AGNES. C. M. — *J. B. Dykes*


1. Ear - ly, my God, with - out de - lay, I haste to seek Thy face;
2. I've seen Thy glo - ry and Thy power Through all Thy tem - ples shine;
3. Not life it - self, with all its joys, Can my best pas - sions move,
4. Thus, till my last ex - pir - ing day, I'll bless my God and King:
My thirst - y spir - it faints a - way, With - out Thy cheer - ing grace.
My God, re - peat that heav'n - ly hour, That vis - ion so.. di - vine.
Or raise so high my cheer - ful voice, As Thy for - giv - ing love.
Thus will I lift my hands to pray, And tune my lips to sing.

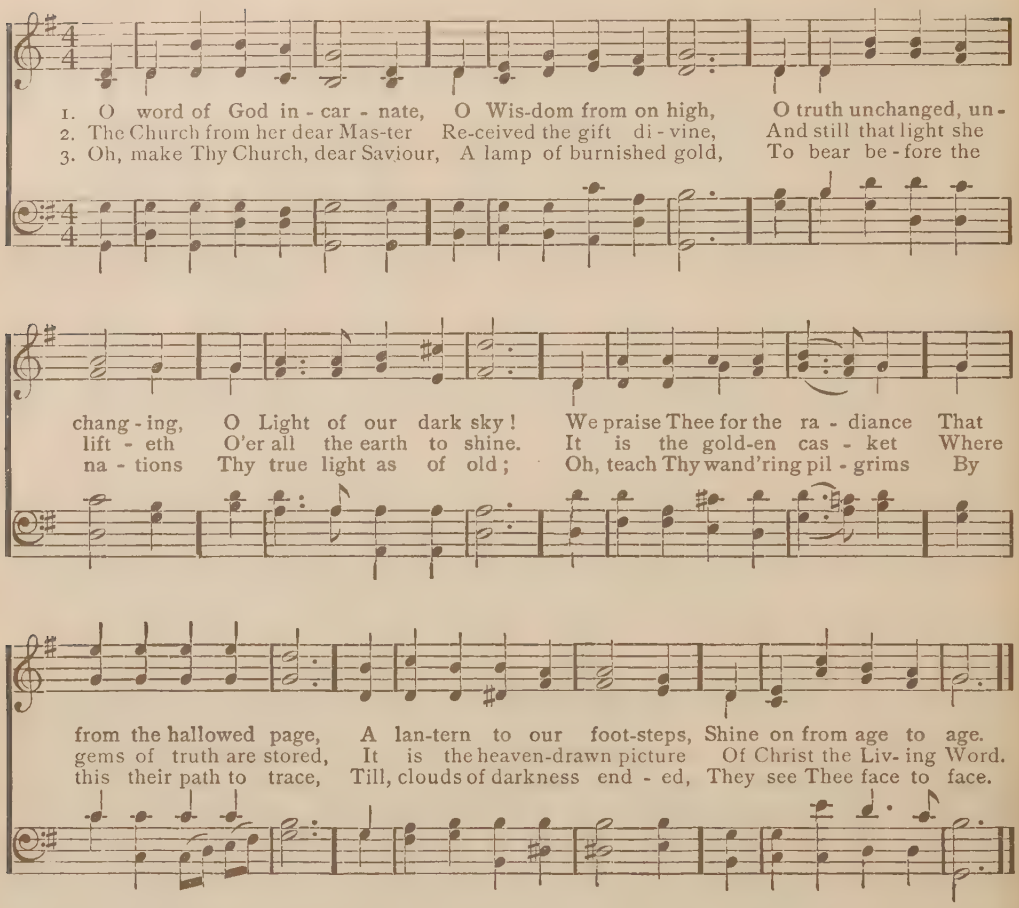
No. 512. *With One Consent Let All the Earth*

Metrical Psalm — OLD HUNDRED. L. M. — *Guil. Franc*, 1543


1. With one con - sent let all the earth To God their cheerful voic - es raise; Glad
2. Con-vinced that He is God a - lone From Whom both we and all pro-ceed; We,
3. O en - ter then His tem - ple gate, Thence to His courts de - vout - ly press; And
4. For He's the Lord, su - preme-ly good, His mer - cy is for ev - er sure: His
hom - age pay with aw - ful mirth, And sing be - fore Him songs of praise.
whom He chooses for His own, The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.
still your grateful hymns re - peat, And still His Name with prais - es bless.
truth, which always firm - ly stood, To end-less a - ges shall en - dure. A - MEN.

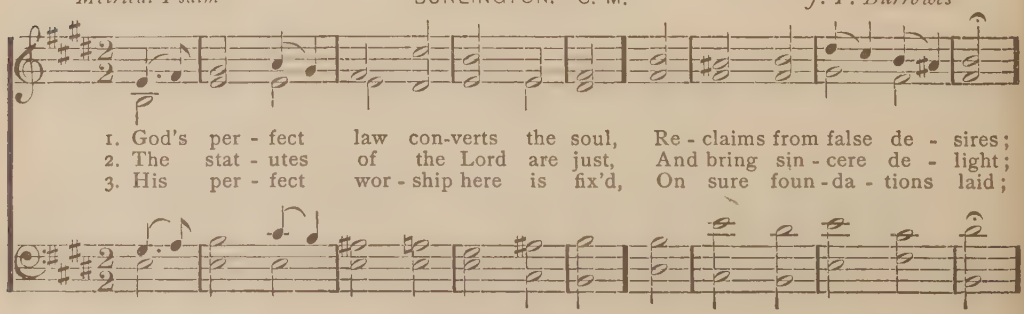
No. 513. *O Word of God Incarnate*

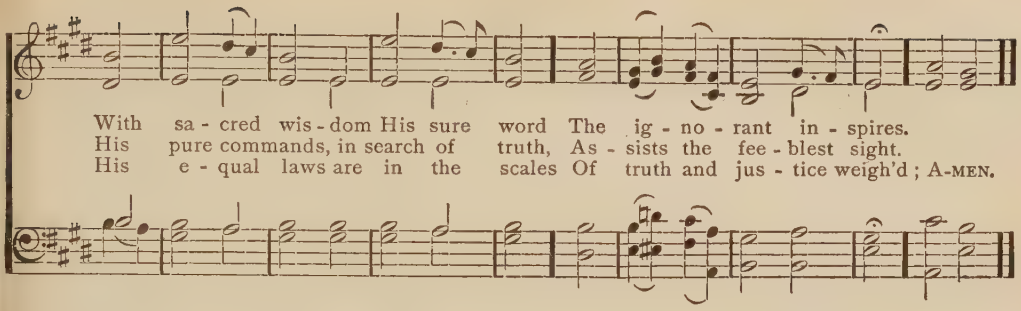
W. W. How — CHENIES. 7s & 6s D. — *T. R. Matthews*


1. O word of God in - car - nate, O Wis-dom from on high, O truth unchanged, un -
2. The Church from her dear Mas-ter Re-ceived the gift di - vine, And still that light she
3. Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour, A lamp of burnished gold, To bear be - fore the
chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky! We praise Thee for the ra - diance That
lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine. It is the gold-en cas - ket Where
na - tions Thy true light as of old; Oh, teach Thy wand'ring pil - grims By
from the hallowed page, A lan-tern to our foot-steps, Shine on from age to age.
gems of truth are stored, It is the heaven-drawn picture Of Christ the Liv- ing Word.
this their path to trace, Till, clouds of darkness end - ed, They see Thee face to face.

No. 514. *God's Perfect Law Converts the Soul*

Metrical Psalm — BURLINGTON. C. M. — *J. F. Burrowes*


1. God's per - fect law con-verts the soul, Re - claims from false de - sires;
2. The stat - utes of the Lord are just, And bring sin - cere de - light;
3. His per - fect wor - ship here is fix'd, On sure foun - da - tions laid;

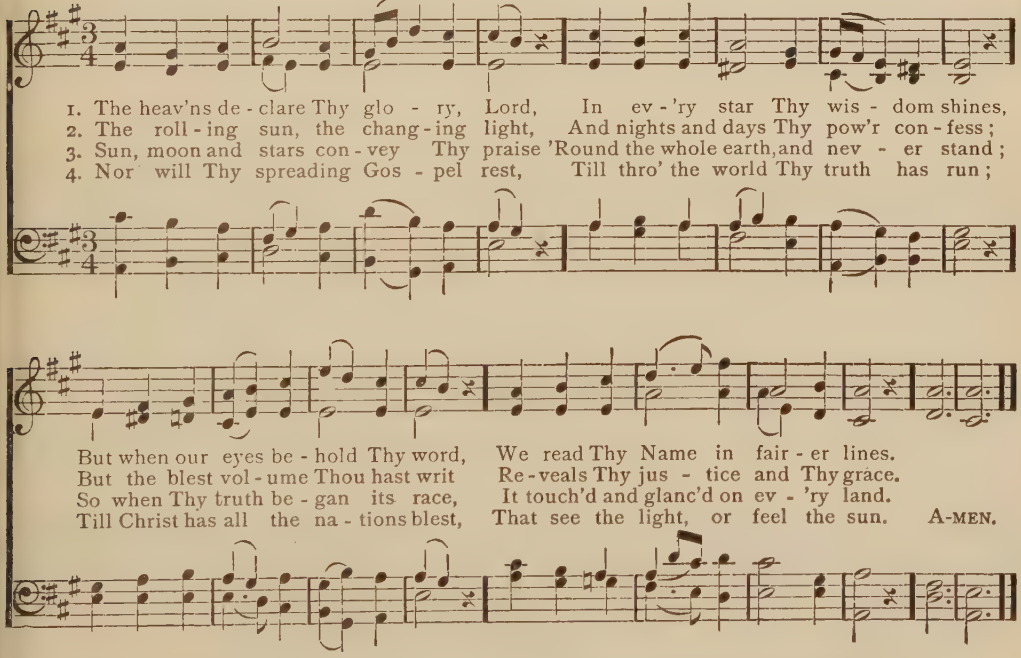

With sa - cred wis - dom His sure word The ig - no - rant in - spires.
His pure commands, in search of truth, As - sists the fee - blest sight.
His e - qual laws are in the scales Of truth and jus - tice weigh'd ; A-MEN.

4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refined with skill ;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.

5 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warning give ;
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by Thy precepts live. AMEN.

No. 515. *The Heavens Declare Thy Glory, Lord*

Isaac Watts, 1719 BOWEN. L. M. *Haydn*


1. The heav'ns de - clare Thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev - 'ry star Thy wis - dom shines,
2. The roll - ing sun, the chang - ing light, And nights and days Thy pow'r con - fess ;
3. Sun, moon and stars con - vey Thy praise 'Round the whole earth, and nev - er stand ;
4. Nor will Thy spreading Gos - pel rest, Till thro' the world Thy truth has run ;
But when our eyes be - hold Thy word, We read Thy Name in fair - er lines.
But the blest vol - ume Thou hast writ Re - veals Thy jus - tice and Thy grace.
So when Thy truth be - gan its race, It touch'd and glanc'd on ev - 'ry land.
Till Christ has all the na - tions blest, That see the light, or feel the sun. A-MEN.

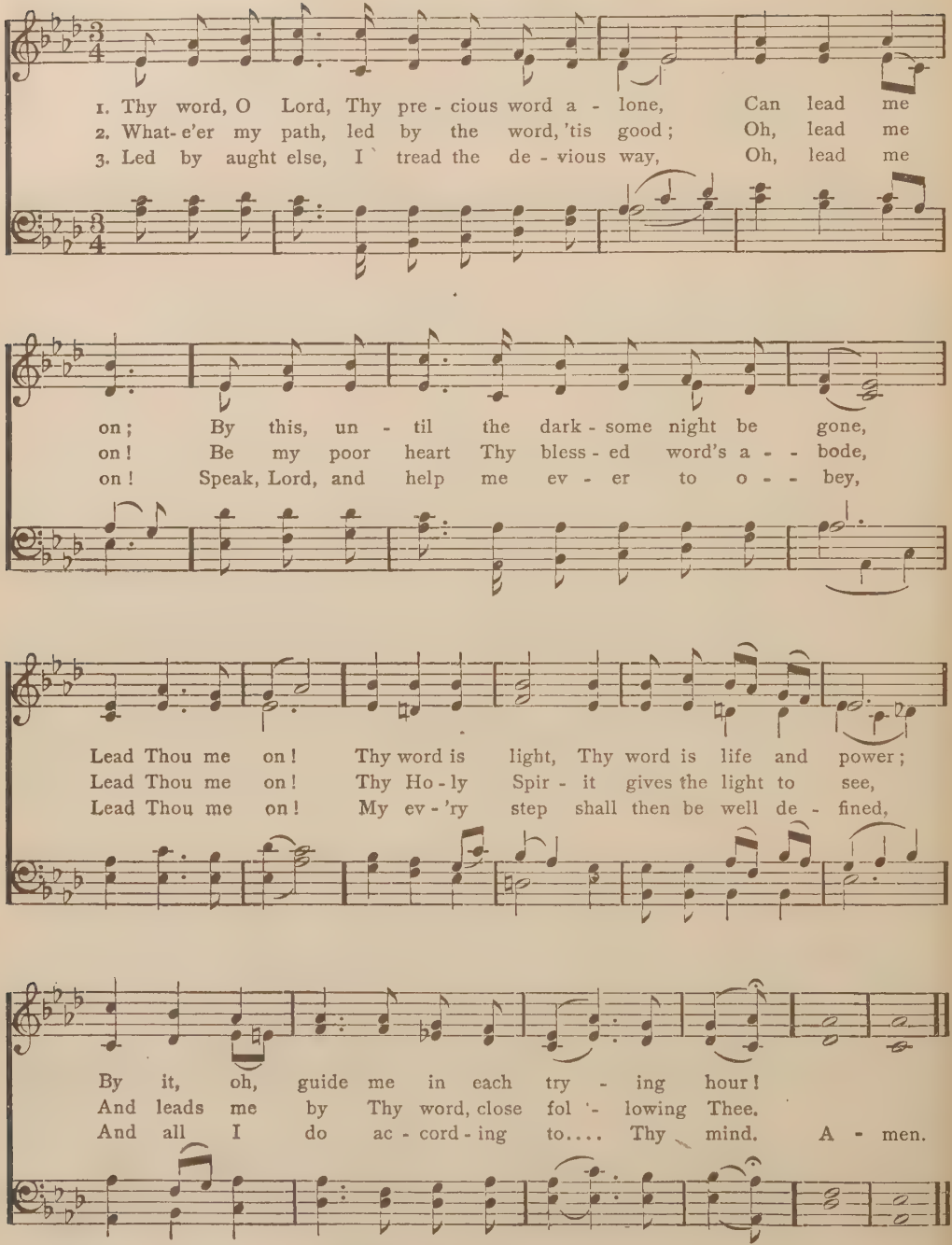
5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise ;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven :
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.
AMEN.

No. 516.

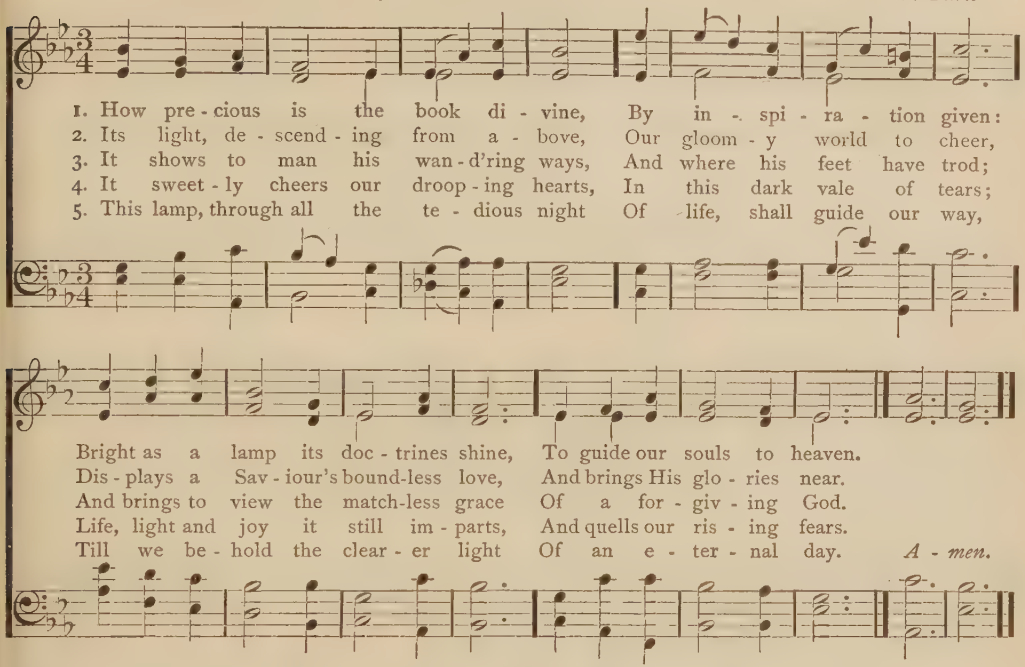
Thy Word, O Lord

Albert Midlane — LUX BENIGNA. 10s & 4s. — *J. B. Dykes*


1. Thy word, O Lord, Thy pre - cious word a - lone, Can lead me
2. What-e'er my path, led by the word, 'tis good; Oh, lead me
3. Led by aught else, I tread the de - vious way, Oh, lead me
on; By this, un - til the dark - some night be gone,
on! Be my poor heart Thy bless - ed word's a - - bode,
on! Speak, Lord, and help me ev - er to o - - bey,
Lead Thou me on! Thy word is light, Thy word is life and power;
Lead Thou me on! Thy Ho - ly Spir - it gives the light to see,
Lead Thou me on! My ev - 'ry step shall then be well de - fined,
By it, oh, guide me in each try - ing hour!
And leads me by Thy word, close fol - lowing Thee.
And all I do ac - cord - ing to.... Thy mind. A - men.

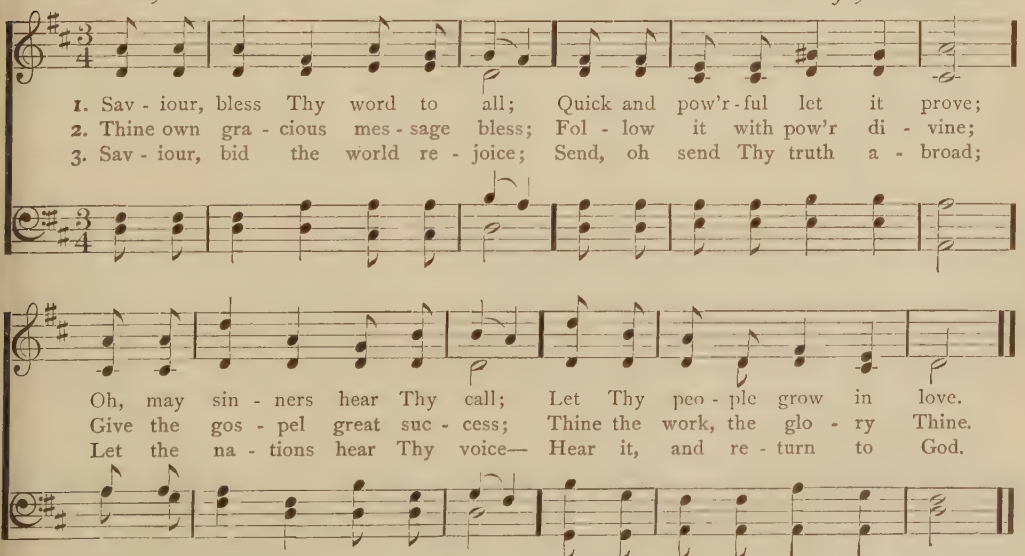
No. 517. *How Precious is the Book Divine*

Rev. John Fawcett — ARMAH. C. M. — *J. Turle*


1. How pre - cious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion given:
2. Its light, de - scend - ing from a - bove, Our gloom - y world to cheer,
3. It shows to man his wan - d'ring ways, And where his feet have trod;
4. It sweet - ly cheers our droop - ing hearts, In this dark vale of tears;
5. This lamp, through all the te - dious night Of life, shall guide our way,
Bright as a lamp its doc - trines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.
Dis - plays a Sav - iour's bound-less love, And brings His glo - ries near.
And brings to view the match-less grace Of a for - giv - ing God.
Life, light and joy it still im - parts, And quells our ris - ing fears.
Till we be - hold the clear - er light Of an e - ter - nal day. A - men.

No. 518. *Saviour, Bless Thy Word to All*

Thos. Kelly — LANSING. 7s. — *Jay Deavereaux*


1. Sav - iour, bless Thy word to all; Quick and pow'r - ful let it prove;
2. Thine own gra - cious mes - sage bless; Fol - low it with pow'r di - vine;
3. Sav - iour, bid the world re - joice; Send, oh send Thy truth a - broad;
Oh, may sin - ners hear Thy call; Let Thy peo - ple grow in love.
Give the gos - pel great suc - cess; Thine the work, the glo - ry Thine.
Let the na - tions hear Thy voice— Hear it, and re - turn to God.

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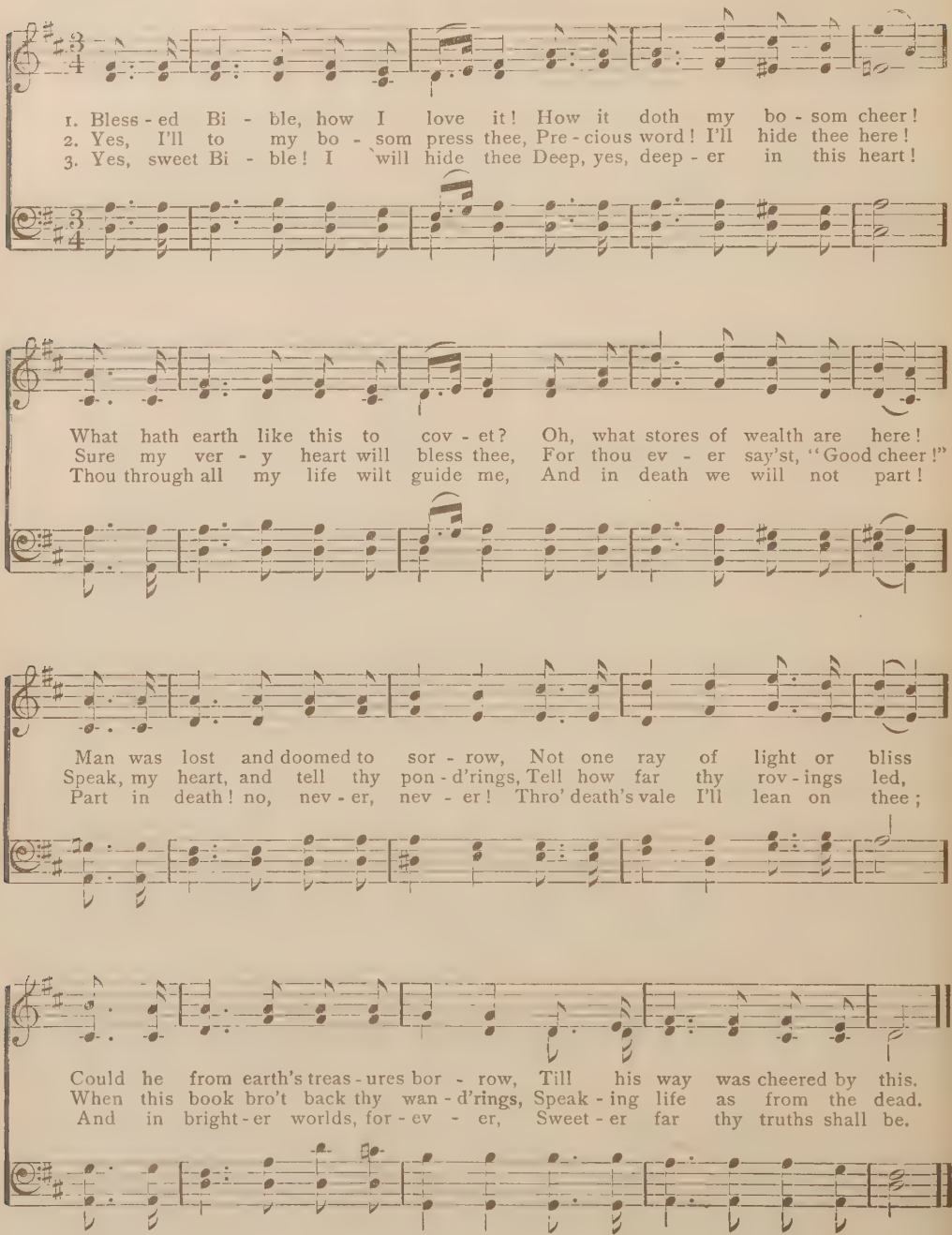
No. 538. # *Blessed Bible, How I Love It*

Phœbe Palmer GOOD CHEER. 8s & 7s D. *Jay Deavereaux*


1. Bless - ed Bi - ble, how I love it! How it doth my bo - som cheer!
2. Yes, I'll to my bo - som press thee, Pre - cious word! I'll hide thee here!
3. Yes, sweet Bi - ble! I will hide thee Deep, yes, deep - er in this heart!
What hath earth like this to cov - et? Oh, what stores of wealth are here!
Sure my ver - y heart will bless thee, For thou ev - er say'st, "Good cheer!"
Thou through all my life wilt guide me, And in death we will not part!
Man was lost and doomed to sor - row, Not one ray of light or bliss
Speak, my heart, and tell thy pon - d'rings, Tell how far thy rov - ings led,
Part in death! no, nev - er, nev - er! Thro' death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Could he from earth's treas - ures bor - row, Till his way was cheered by this.
When this book bro't back thy wan - d'rings, Speak - ing life as from the dead.
And in bright - er worlds, for - ev - er, Sweet - er far thy truths shall be.

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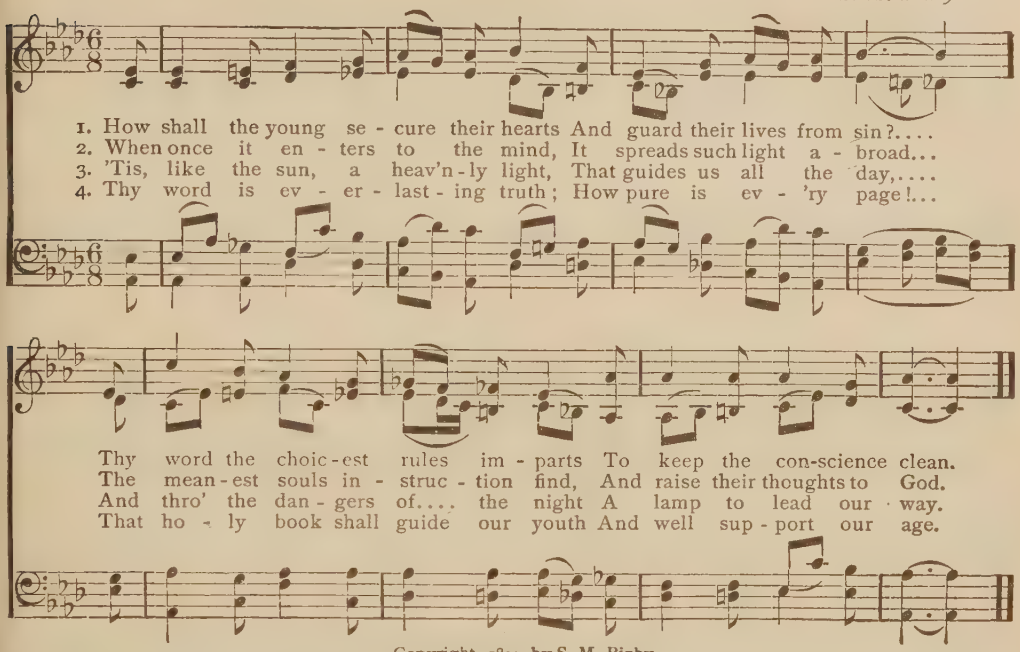
No. 520. *How Shall the Young Secure Their Hearts*

Isaac Watts SCRIPTURE. C. M. *S. M. Bixby*


1. How shall the young se - cure their hearts And guard their lives from sin?....
2. When once it en - ters to the mind, It spreads such light a - broad...
3. 'Tis, like the sun, a heav'n - ly light, That guides us all the day,....
4. Thy word is ev - er - last - ing truth; How pure is ev - 'ry page!...
Thy word the choic - est rules im - parts To keep the con-science clean.
The mean - est souls in - struc - tion find, And raise their thoughts to God.
And thro' the dan - gers of.... the night A lamp to lead our way.
That ho - ly book shall guide our youth And well sup - port our age.

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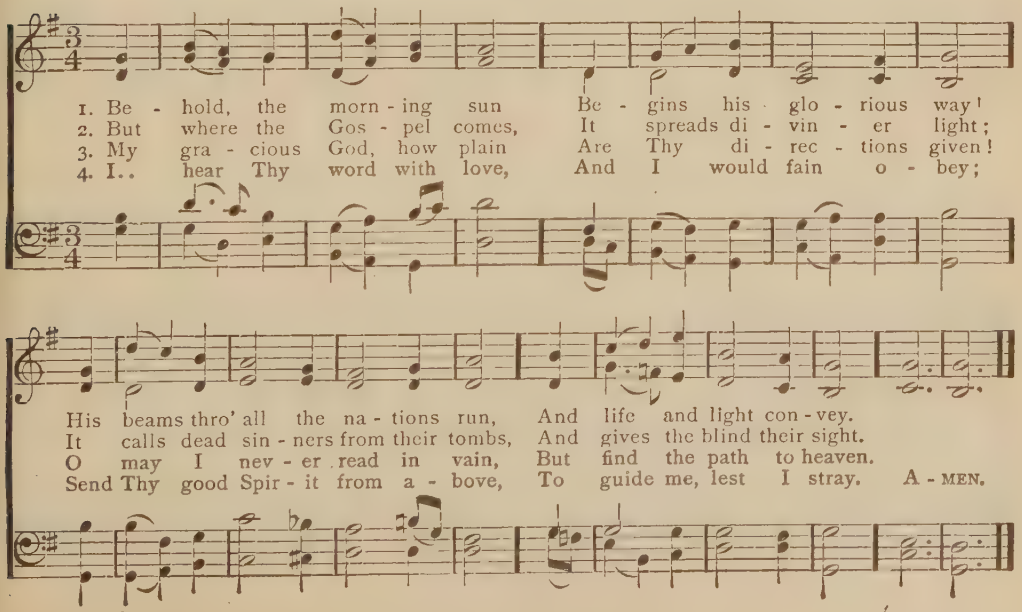
No. 521. *Behold the Morning Sun*

Isaac Watts, 1719 THACHER. S. M. *G. F. Handel*

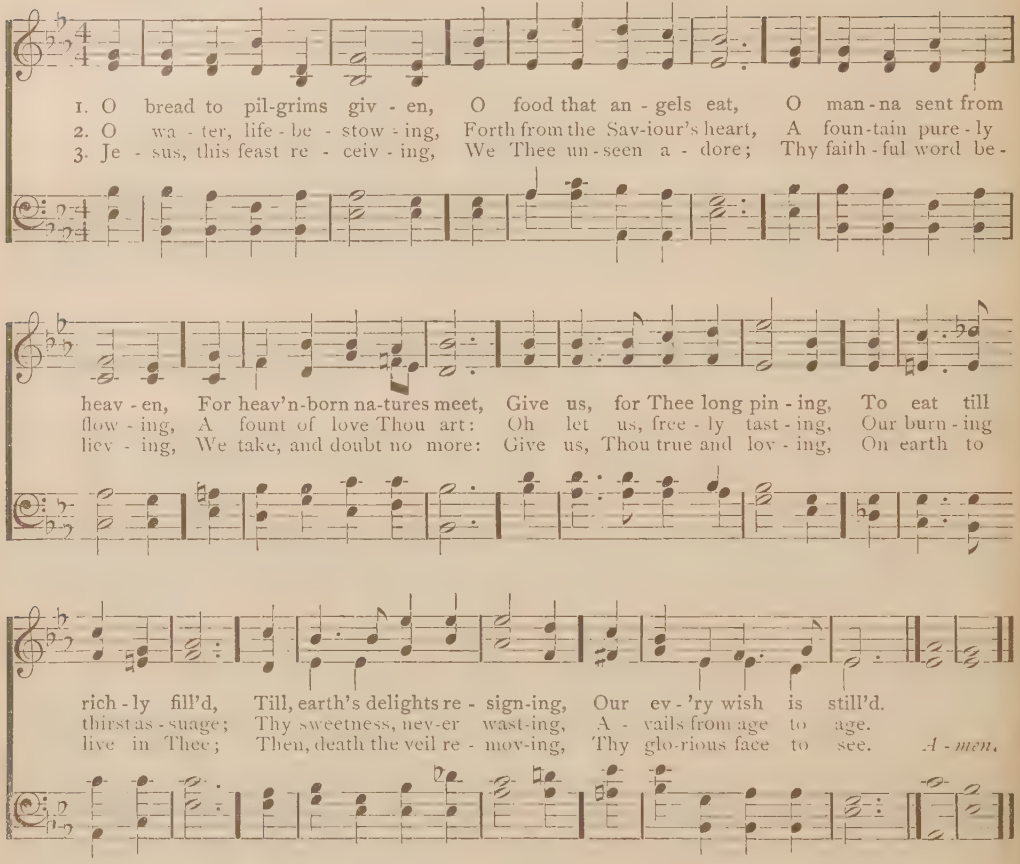

1. Be - hold, the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glo - rious way!
2. But where the Gos - pel comes, It spreads di - vin - er light;
3. My gra - cious God, how plain Are Thy di - rec - tions given!
4. I.. hear Thy word with love, And I would fain o - bey;
His beams thro' all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.
It calls dead sin - ners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.
O may I nev - er read in vain, But find the path to heaven.
Send Thy good Spir - it from a - bove, To guide me, lest I stray. A - MEN.

No. 522. *O Bread to Pilgrims Given*

Anon. (Latin, c. 17th Cent.)
Tr. Ray Palmer

ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON. 7s & 6s, D.

J. Walch

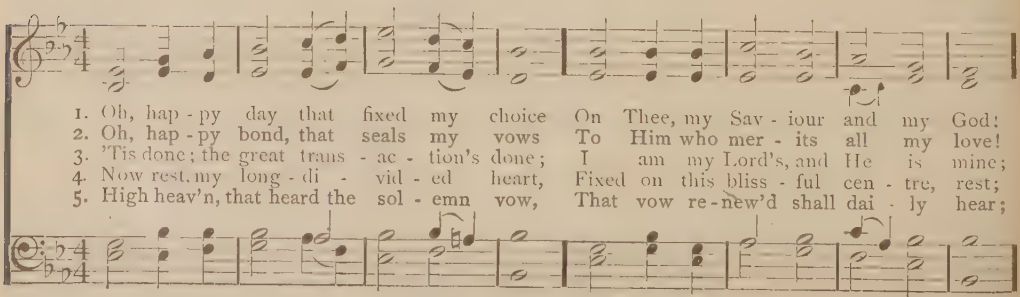

1. O bread to pil-grims giv - en, O food that an - gels eat, O man - na sent from
2. O wa - ter, life - be - stow - ing, Forth from the Sav-iour's heart, A foun-tain pure - ly
3. Je - sus, this feast re - ceiv - ing, We Thee un-seen a - dore; Thy faith - ful word be -
heav - en, For heav'n-born na-tures meet, Give us, for Thee long pin - ing, To eat till
flow - ing, A fount of love Thou art: Oh let us, free - ly tast - ing, Our burn - ing
liev - ing, We take, and doubt no more: Give us, Thou true and lov - ing, On earth to
rich - ly fill'd, Till, earth's delights re - sign-ing, Our ev - 'ry wish is still'd.
thirst as - suage; Thy sweetness, nev-er wast-ing, A - vails from age to age.
live in Thee; Then, death the veil re - mov-ing, Thy glo-rious face to see. A - men.

No. 523. *Oh, Happy Day that Fixed My Choice*

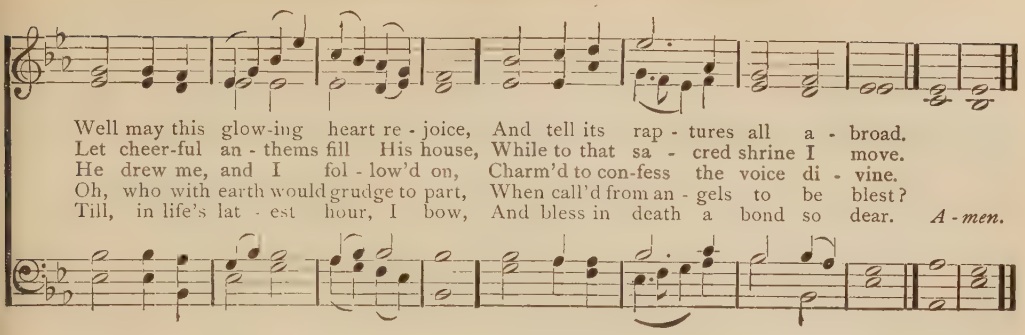
Philip Doddridge

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. Hatton

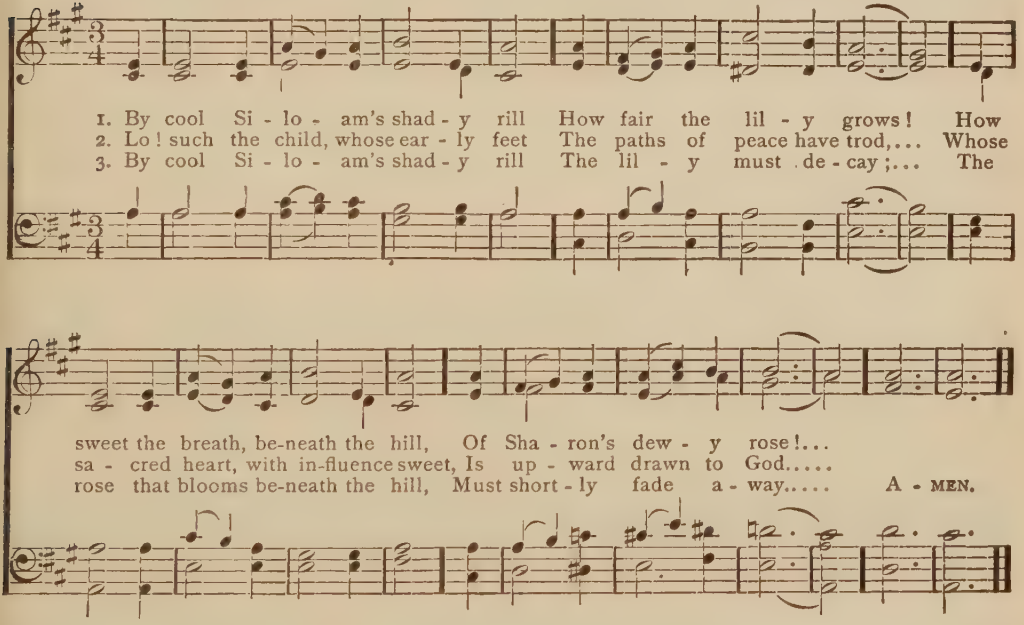

1. Oh, hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God!
2. Oh, hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
3. 'Tis done; the great trans - ac - tion's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
4. Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - tre, rest;
5. High heav'n, that heard the sol - emn vow, That vow re-new'd shall dai - ly hear;

Oh, Happy Day that Fixed My Choice


Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
Let cheer-ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
He drew me, and I fol - low'd on, Charm'd to con-fess the voice di - vine.
Oh, who with earth would grudge to part, When call'd from an - gels to be blest?
Till, in life's lat - est hour, I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. A - men.

No. 524. *By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill*

Reginald Heber, 1812 SILOAM. C. M. *St. Albans' Tune-Book*


1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill How fair the lil - y grows! How
2. Lo! such the child, whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod,... Whose
3. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill The lil - y must de - cay;... The
sweet the breath, be-neath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!...
sa - cred heart, with in-fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.....
rose that blooms be-neath the hill, Must short - ly fade a - way..... A - MEN.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

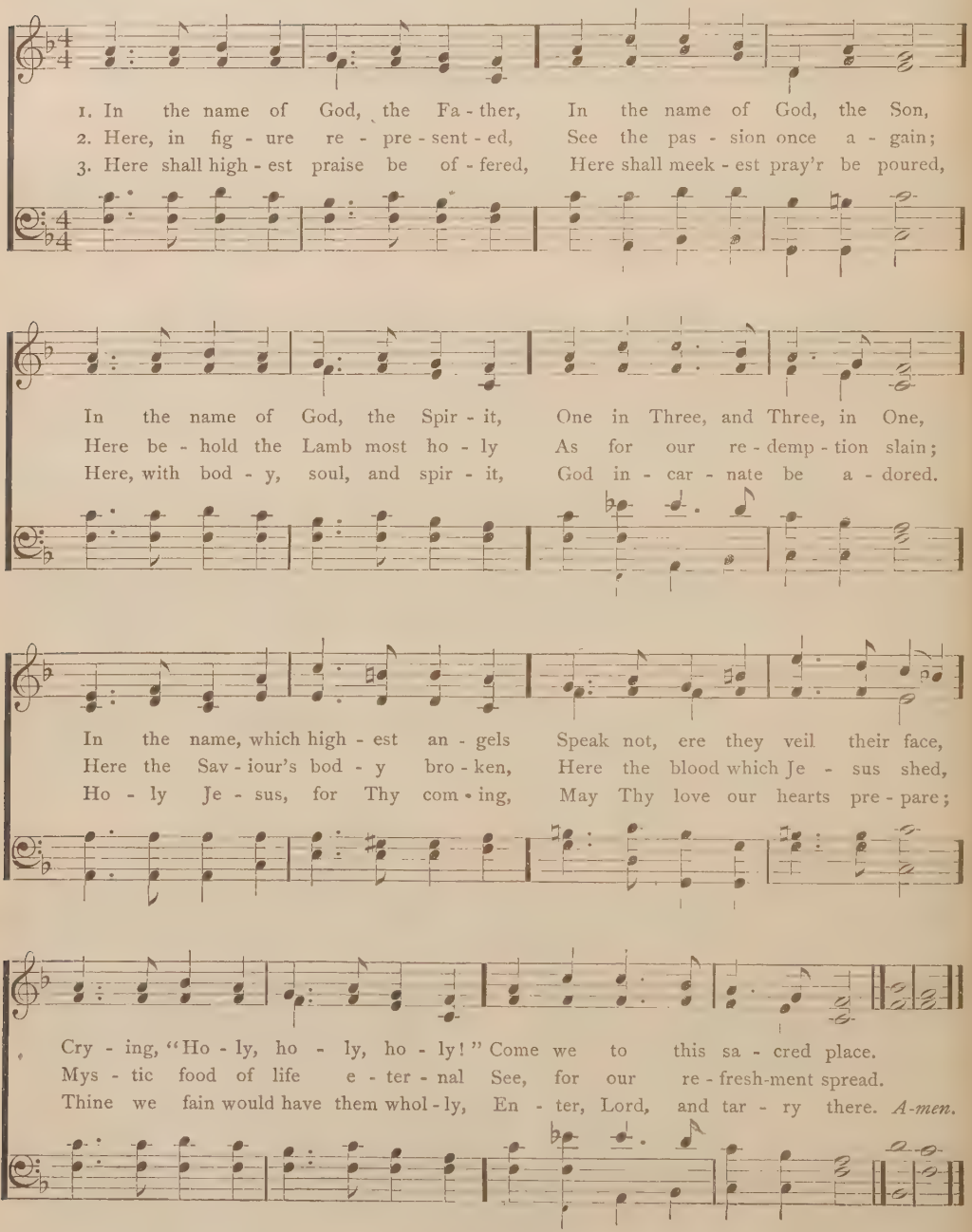
5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine;

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own. AMEN.

No. 525. *In the Name of God, the Father*

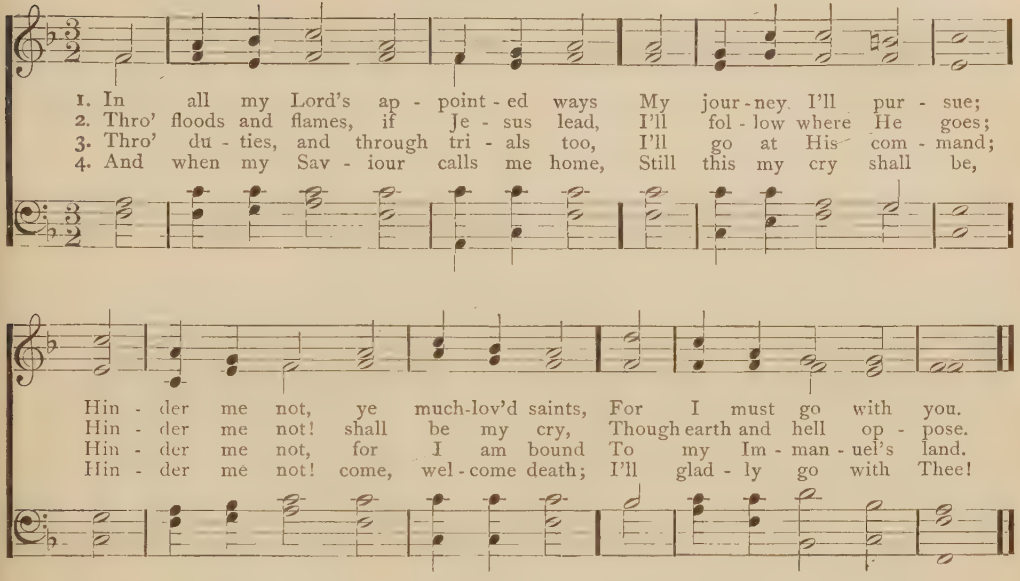
WESTON. 8s & 7s, D.

J. W. Hewett *J. E. Roe*


1. In the name of God, the Fa - ther, In the name of God, the Son,
2. Here, in fig - ure re - pre - sent - ed, See the pas - sion once a - gain;
3. Here shall high - est praise be of - fered, Here shall meek - est pray'r be poured,
In the name of God, the Spir - it, One in Three, and Three, in One,
Here be - hold the Lamb most ho - ly As for our re - demp - tion slain;
Here, with bod - y, soul, and spir - it, God in - car - nate be a - dored.
In the name, which high - est an - gels Speak not, ere they veil their face,
Here the Sav - iour's bod - y bro - ken, Here the blood which Je - sus shed,
Ho - ly Je - sus, for Thy com - ing, May Thy love our hearts pre - pare;
Cry - ing, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!" Come we to this sa - cred place.
Mys - tic food of life e - ter - nal See, for our re - fresh-ment spread.
Thine we fain would have them whol - ly, En - ter, Lord, and tar - ry there. *A-men.*

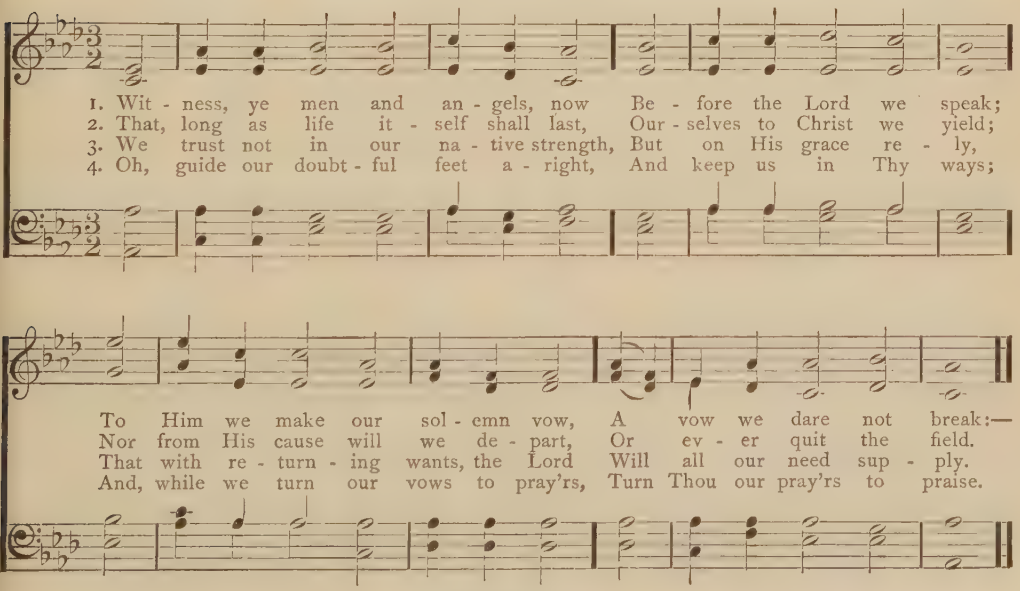
No. 526. *In All My Lord's Appointed Ways*

J. Ryland COMMUNION. C. M. *H. C. Zeuner*


1. In all my Lord's ap - point - ed ways My jour - ney I'll pur - sue;
2. Thro' floods and flames, if Je - sus lead, I'll fol - low where He goes;
3. Thro' du - ties, and through tri - als too, I'll go at His com - mand;
4. And when my Sav - iour calls me home, Still this my cry shall be,
Hin - der me not, ye much-lov'd saints, For I must go with you.
Hin - der me not! shall be my cry, Though earth and hell op - pose.
Hin - der me not, for I am bound To my Im - man - uel's land.
Hin - der me not! come, wel - come death; I'll glad - ly go with Thee!

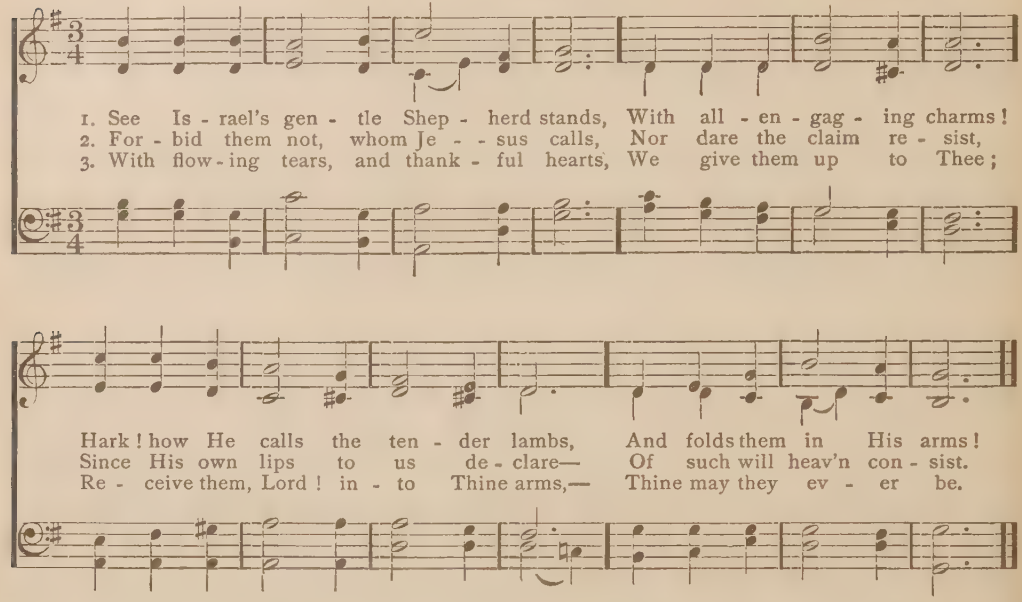
No. 527. *Witness, Ye Men and Angels, Now*

B. Beddome DENFIELD. C. M. *C. Glaser*


1. Wit - ness, ye men and an - gels, now Be - fore the Lord we speak;
2. That, long as life it - self shall last, Our - selves to Christ we yield;
3. We trust not in our na - tive strength, But on His grace re - ly,
4. Oh, guide our doubt - ful feet a - right, And keep us in Thy ways;
To Him we make our sol - emn vow, A vow we dare not break:—
Nor from His cause will we de - part, Or ev - er quit the field.
That with re - turn - ing wants, the Lord Will all our need sup - ply.
And, while we turn our vows to pray'rs, Turn Thou our pray'rs to praise.

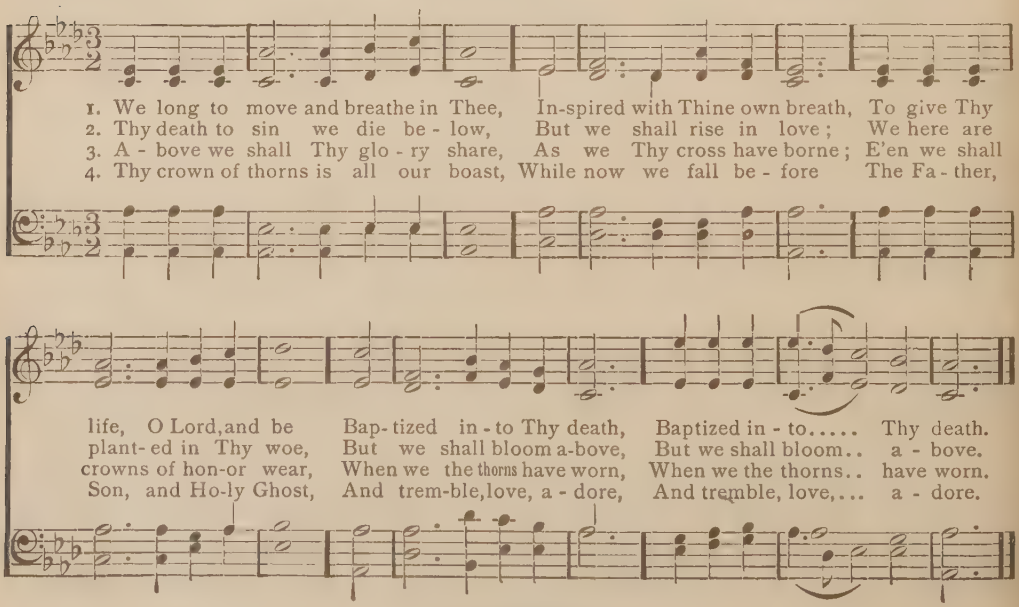
No. 528. *See Israel's Gentle Shepherd*

V. 1, *Philip Doddridge*, 1740, *V.* 2 & 3, *John Peacock*, 1776 ST. AGNES. C. M. *J. B. Dykes*, 1758


1. See Is - rael's gen - tle Shep - herd stands, With all - en - gag - ing charms!
2. For - bid them not, whom Je - - sus calls, Nor dare the claim re - sist,
3. With flow - ing tears, and thank - ful hearts, We give them up to Thee;
Hark! how He calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in His arms!
Since His own lips to us de - clare— Of such will heav'n con - sist.
Re - ceive them, Lord! in - to Thine arms,— Thine may they ev - er be.

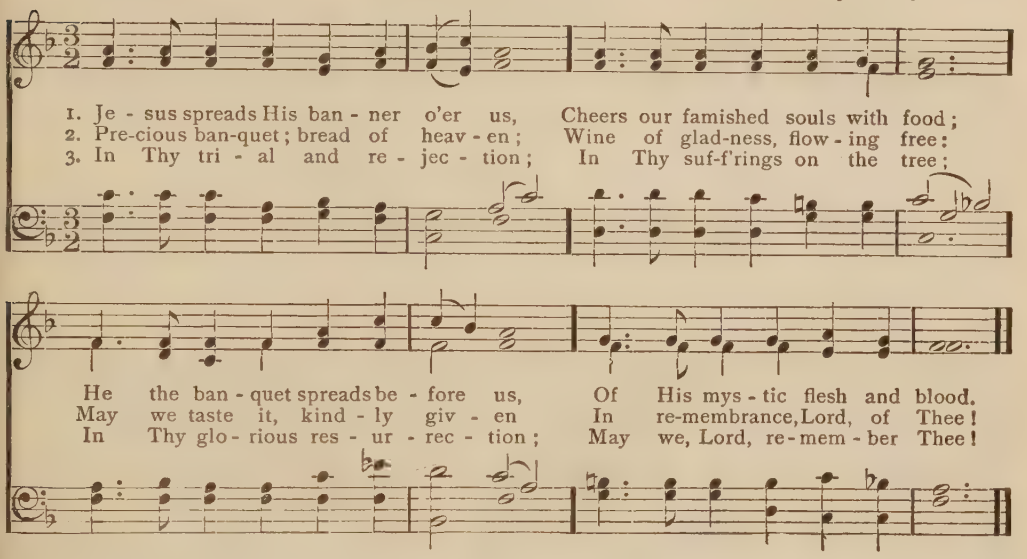
No. 529. *We Long to Move and Breathe in Thee*

Anon. ARCADIA. C. M. *Thomas Hastings*


1. We long to move and breathe in Thee, In-spired with Thine own breath, To give Thy
2. Thy death to sin we die be - low, But we shall rise in love; We here are
3. A - bove we shall Thy glo - ry share, As we Thy cross have borne; E'en we shall
4. Thy crown of thorns is all our boast, While now we fall be - fore The Fa - ther,
life, O Lord, and be Bap - tized in - to Thy death, Baptized in - to..... Thy death.
plant - ed in Thy woe, But we shall bloom a - bove, But we shall bloom.. a - bove.
crowns of hon - or wear, When we the thorns have worn, When we the thorns.. have worn.
Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, And trem - ble, love, a - dore, And tremble, love,... a - dore.

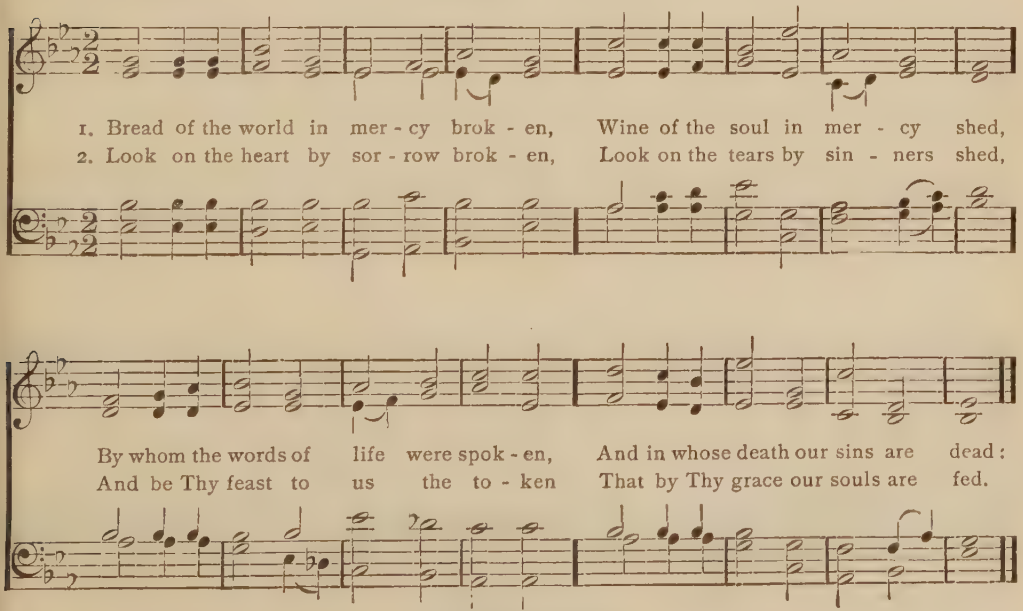
No. 530. *Jesus Spreads His Banner O'er Us*

Roswell Park — ST. SYLVESTER. 8s & 7s. — *J. B. Dykes*


1. Je - sus spreads His ban - ner o'er us, Cheers our famished souls with food;
2. Pre-cious ban-quet; bread of heav - en; Wine of glad-ness, flow - ing free:
3. In Thy tri - al and re - jec - tion; In Thy suf-f'rings on the tree;
He the ban - quet spreads be - fore us, Of His mys - tic flesh and blood.
May we taste it, kind - ly giv - en In re-membrance, Lord, of Thee!
In Thy glo - rious res - ur - rec - tion; May we, Lord, re - mem - ber Thee!

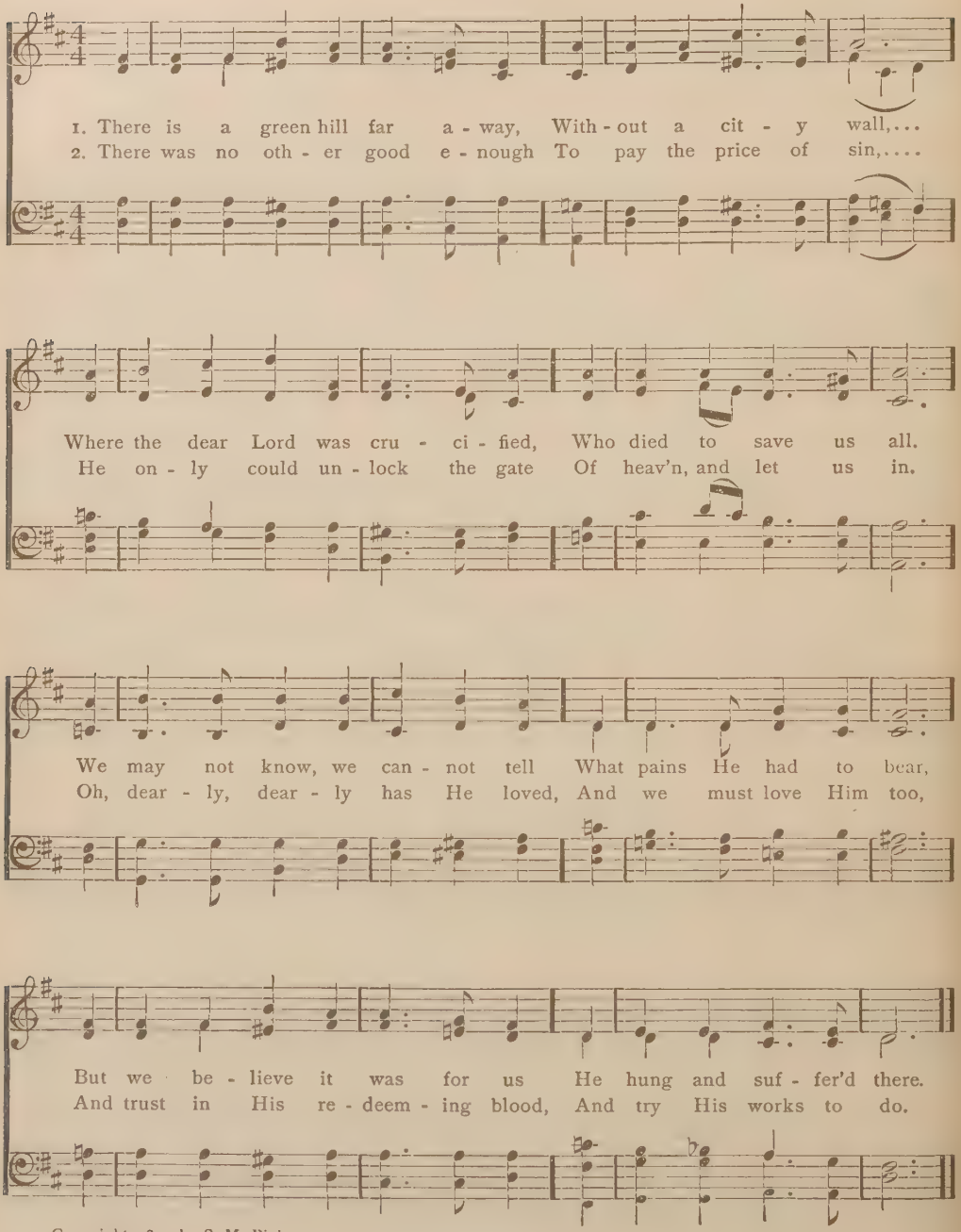
No. 531. *Bread of the World in Mercy Broken*

Reginald Heber — SACRAMENT. 9s & 8s. — *E. J. Hopkins*


1. Bread of the world in mer - cy brok - en, Wine of the soul in mer - cy shed,
2. Look on the heart by sor - row brok - en, Look on the tears by sin - ners shed,
By whom the words of life were spok - en, And in whose death our sins are dead:
And be Thy feast to us the to - ken That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

No. 532. *There is a Green Hill Far Away*

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848 ALEXANDER. C. M. D. *S. M. Bixby*


1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,...
2. There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin,....
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.
We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear,
Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too,
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fer'd there.
And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do.

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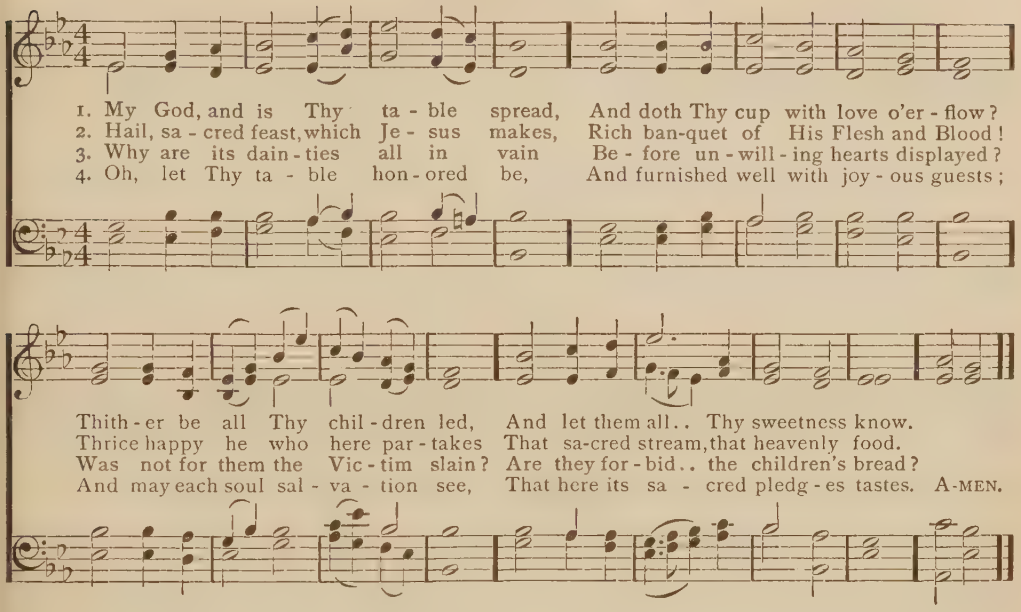
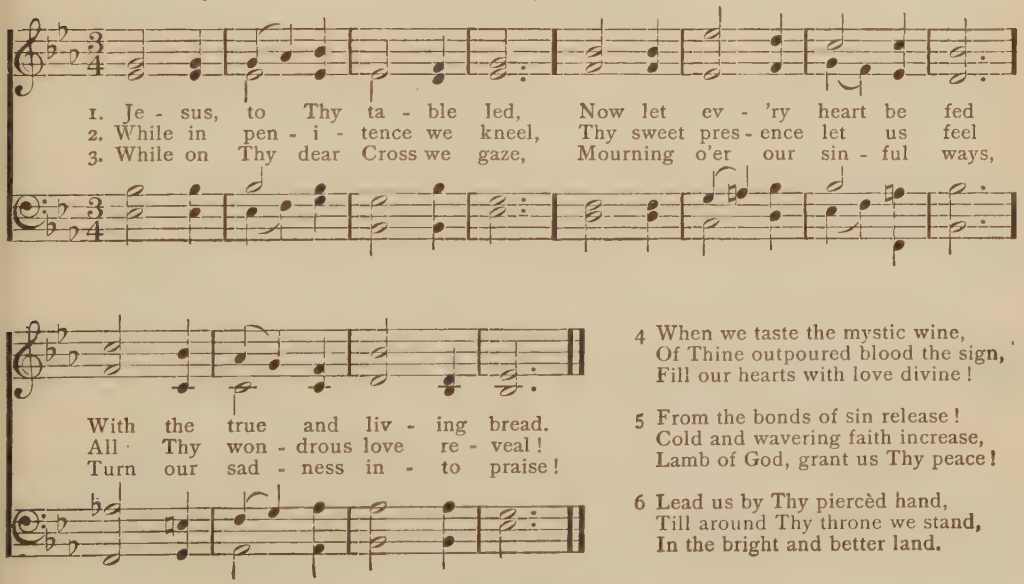
No. 533. *My God, and is Thy Table Spread*

Dr. Doddridge DUKE STREET. L. M. *J. Hatton*


1. My God, and is Thy ta - ble spread, And doth Thy cup with love o'er - flow?
2. Hail, sa - cred feast, which Je - sus makes, Rich ban-quet of His Flesh and Blood!
3. Why are its dain - ties all in vain Be - fore un - will - ing hearts displayed?
4. Oh, let Thy ta - ble hon - ored be, And furnished well with joy - ous guests;
Thith - er be all Thy chil - dren led, And let them all.. Thy sweetness know.
Thrice happy he who here par - takes That sa-cred stream, that heavenly food.
Was not for them the Vic - tim slain? Are they for - bid.. the children's bread?
And may each soul sal - va - tion see, That here its sa - cred pledg - es tastes. A-MEN.

No. 534. *Jesus, to Thy Table Led*

Robert H. Baynes LACHRYMAE. 7s, Three lines. *A. S. Sullivan*


1. Je - sus, to Thy ta - ble led, Now let ev - 'ry heart be fed
2. While in pen - i - tence we kneel, Thy sweet pres - ence let us feel
3. While on Thy dear Cross we gaze, Mourning o'er our sin - ful ways,
With the true and liv - ing bread.
All Thy won - drous love re - veal!
Turn our sad - ness in - to praise!

4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine!

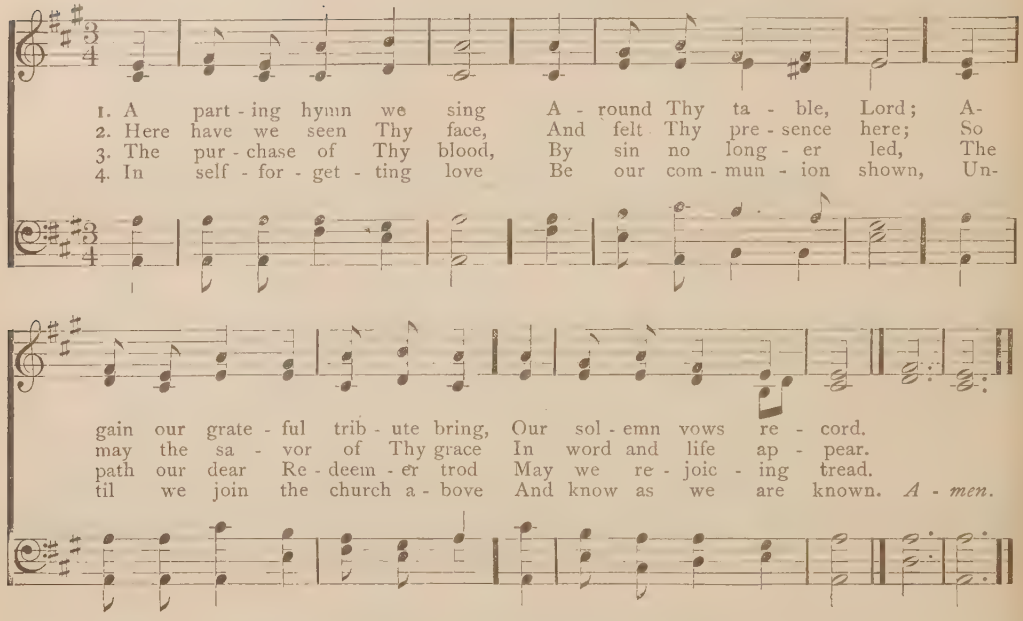
5 From the bonds of sin release!
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace!

6 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

No. 535 *A Parting Hymn We Sing*

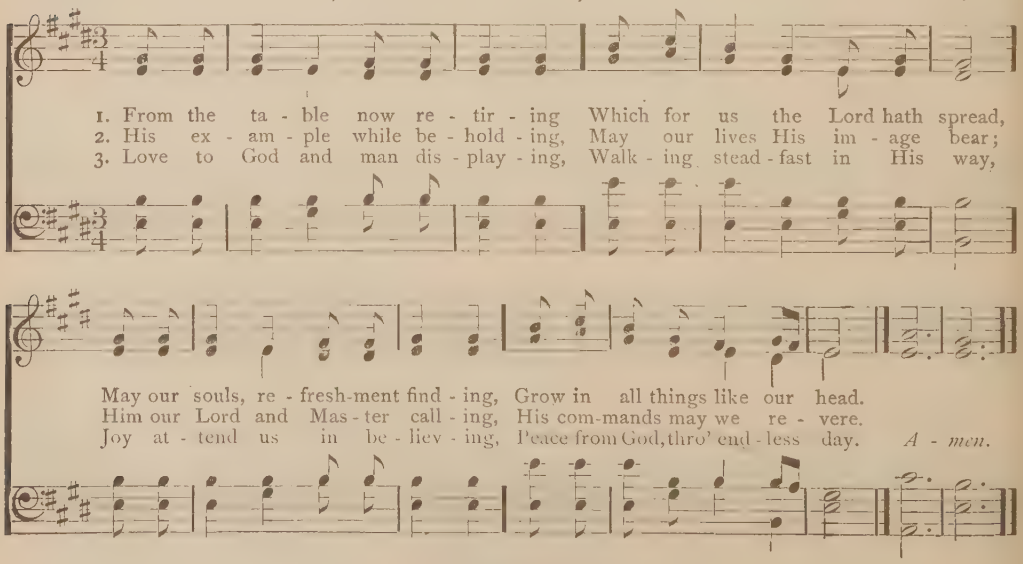
OLMUTZ. S. M.

A. R. Wolfe — *Arr. fr. a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason*

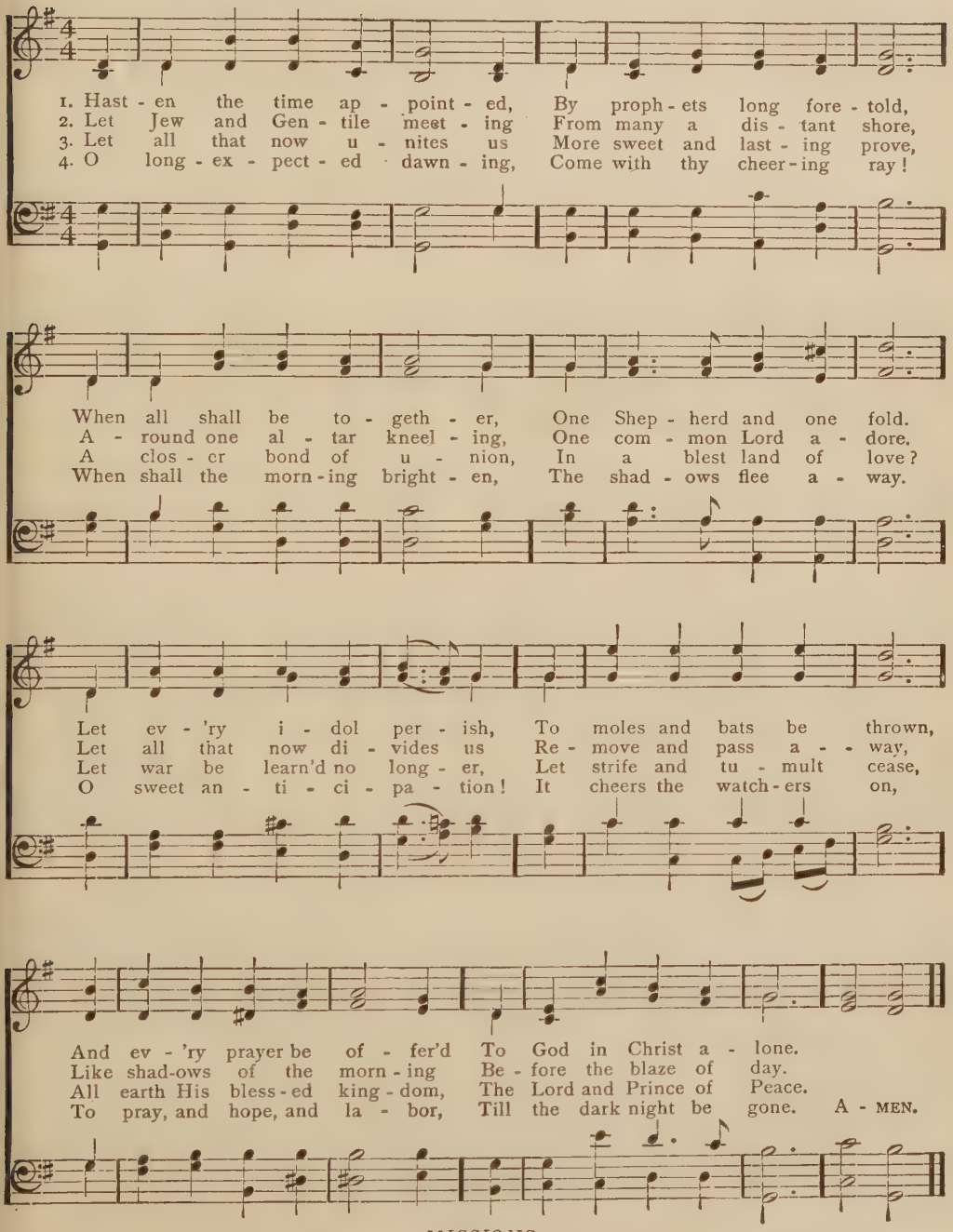

1. A part - ing hymn we sing A - round Thy ta - ble, Lord; A-
2. Here have we seen Thy face, And felt Thy pre - sence here; So
3. The pur - chase of Thy blood, By sin no long - er led, The
4. In self - for - get - ting love Be our com - mun - ion shown, Un-
gain our grate - ful trib - ute bring, Our sol - emn vows re - cord.
may the sa - vor of Thy grace In word and life ap - pear.
path our dear Re - deem - er trod May we re - joic - ing tread.
til we join the church a - bove And know as we are known. A - men.

No. 536. *From the Table Now Retiring*

J. Rowe — TALMAR. 8s & 7s. — *I. B. Woodbury*

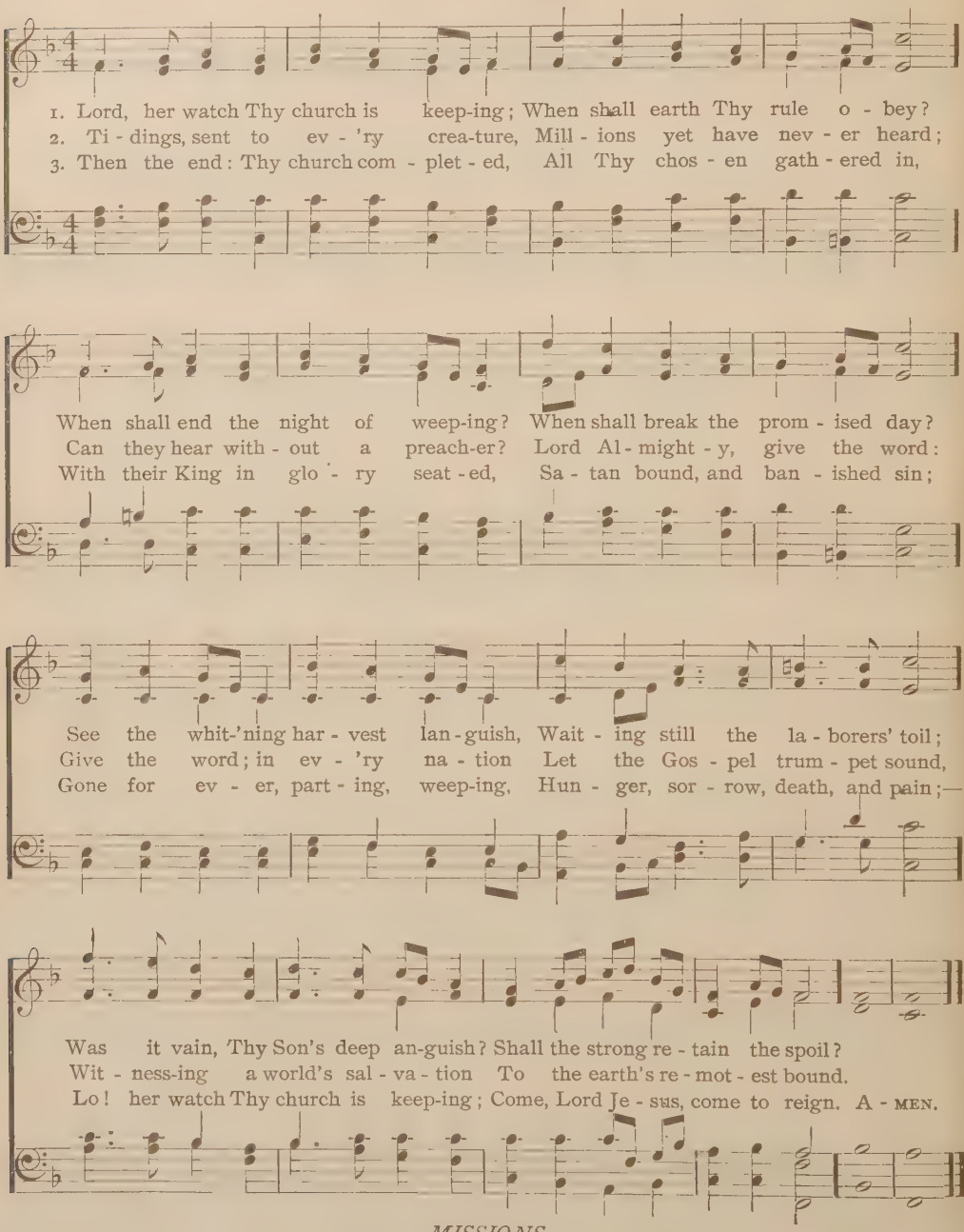

1. From the ta - ble now re - tir - ing Which for us the Lord hath spread,
2. His ex - am - ple while be - hold - ing, May our lives His im - age bear;
3. Love to God and man dis - play - ing, Walk - ing stead - fast in His way,
May our souls, re - fresh-ment find - ing, Grow in all things like our head.
Him our Lord and Mas - ter call - ing, His com-mands may we re - vere.
Joy at - tend us in be - liev - ing, Peace from God, thro' end - less day. A - men.

No. 537. *Hasten the Time Appointed*

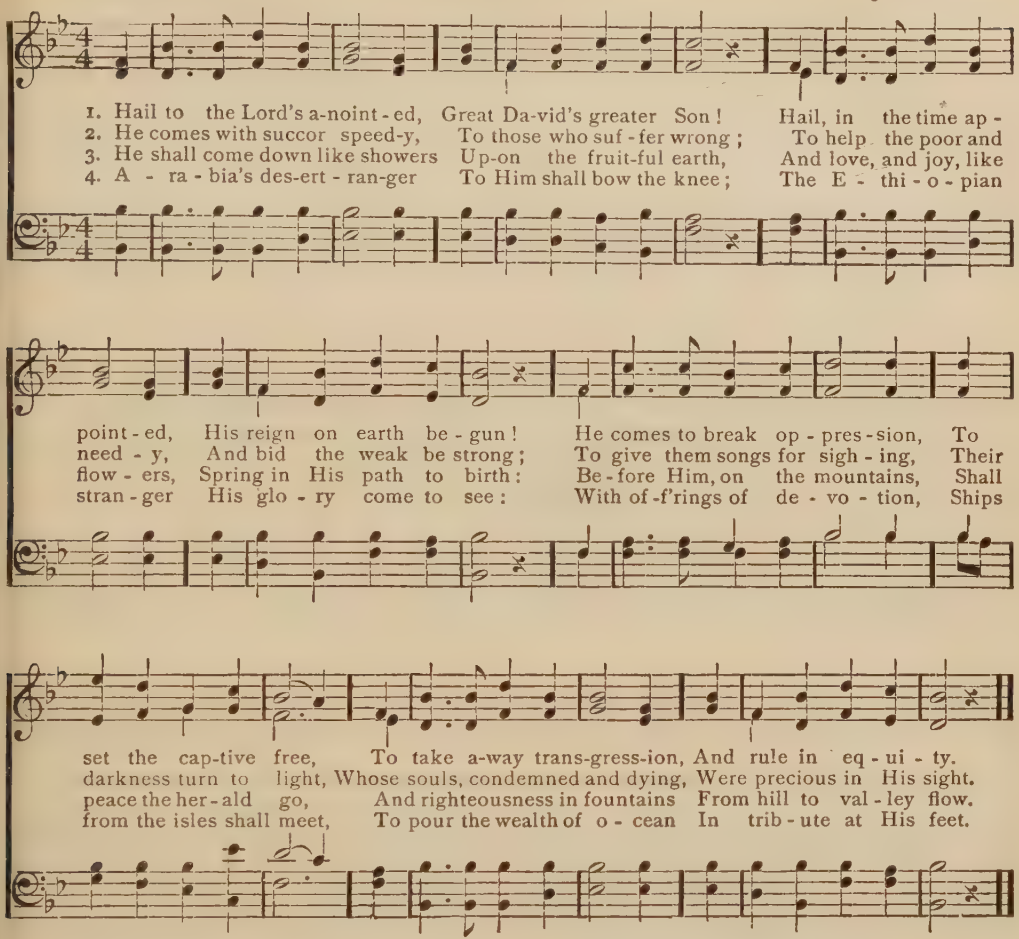
Jane Borthwick, 1859 CHENIES. 7s & 6s D. *T. R. Matthews*

1. Hast - en the time ap - point - ed, By proph - ets long fore - told,
2. Let Jew and Gen - tile meet - ing From many a dis - tant shore,
3. Let all that now u - nites us More sweet and last - ing prove,
4. O long - ex - pect - ed dawn - ing, Come with thy cheer - ing ray!
When all shall be to - geth - er, One Shep - herd and one fold.
A - round one al - tar kneel - ing, One com - mon Lord a - dore.
A clos - er bond of u - nion, In a blest land of love?
When shall the morn - ing bright - en, The shad - ows flee a - way.
Let ev - 'ry i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be thrown,
Let all that now di - vides us Re - move and pass a - - way,
Let war be learn'd no long - er, Let strife and tu - mult cease,
O sweet an - ti - ci - pa - tion! It cheers the watch - ers on,
And ev - 'ry prayer be of - fer'd To God in Christ a - lone.
Like shad-ows of the morn - ing Be - fore the blaze of day.
All earth His bless - ed king - dom, The Lord and Prince of Peace.
To pray, and hope, and la - bor, Till the dark night be gone. A - MEN.

No. 538. *Lord, Her Watch Thy Church is Keeping*

H. Downton AUSTRIA. 8s. & 7s. D. *F. J. Haydn*


1. Lord, her watch Thy church is keep-ing; When shall earth Thy rule o - bey?
2. Ti - dings, sent to ev - 'ry crea-ture, Mill - ions yet have nev - er heard;
3. Then the end: Thy church com - plet - ed, All Thy chos - en gath - ered in,
When shall end the night of weep-ing? When shall break the prom - ised day?
Can they hear with - out a preach-er? Lord Al - might - y, give the word:
With their King in glo - ry seat - ed, Sa - tan bound, and ban - ished sin;
See the whit-'ning har - vest lan - guish, Wait - ing still the la - borers' toil;
Give the word; in ev - 'ry na - tion Let the Gos - pel trum - pet sound,
Gone for ev - er, part - ing, weep-ing, Hun - ger, sor - row, death, and pain;—
Was it vain, Thy Son's deep an-guish? Shall the strong re - tain the spoil?
Wit - ness-ing a world's sal - va - tion To the earth's re - mot - est bound.
Lo! her watch Thy church is keep-ing; Come, Lord Je - sus, come to reign. A - MEN.

No. 539. *Hail to the Lord's Anointed*

James Montgomery WEBB. 7s & 6s D. *G. J. Webb*

1. Hail to the Lord's a-noint-ed, Great Da-vid's greater Son! Hail, in the time ap-
2. He comes with succor speed-y, To those who suf-fer wrong; To help the poor and
3. He shall come down like showers Up-on the fruit-ful earth, And love, and joy, like
4. A-ra-bia's des-ert-ran-ger To Him shall bow the knee; The E-thi-o-pian
point-ed, His reign on earth be-gun! He comes to break op-pres-sion, To
need-y, And bid the weak be strong; To give them songs for sigh-ing, Their
flow-ers, Spring in His path to birth: Be-fore Him, on the mountains, Shall
stran-ger His glo-ry come to see: With of-f'rings of de-vo-tion, Ships
set the cap-tive free, To take a-way trans-gress-ion, And rule in eq-ui-ty.
darkness turn to light, Whose souls, condemned and dying, Were precious in His sight.
peace the her-ald go, And righteousness in fountains From hill to val-ley flow.
from the isles shall meet, To pour the wealth of o-cean In trib-ute at His feet.

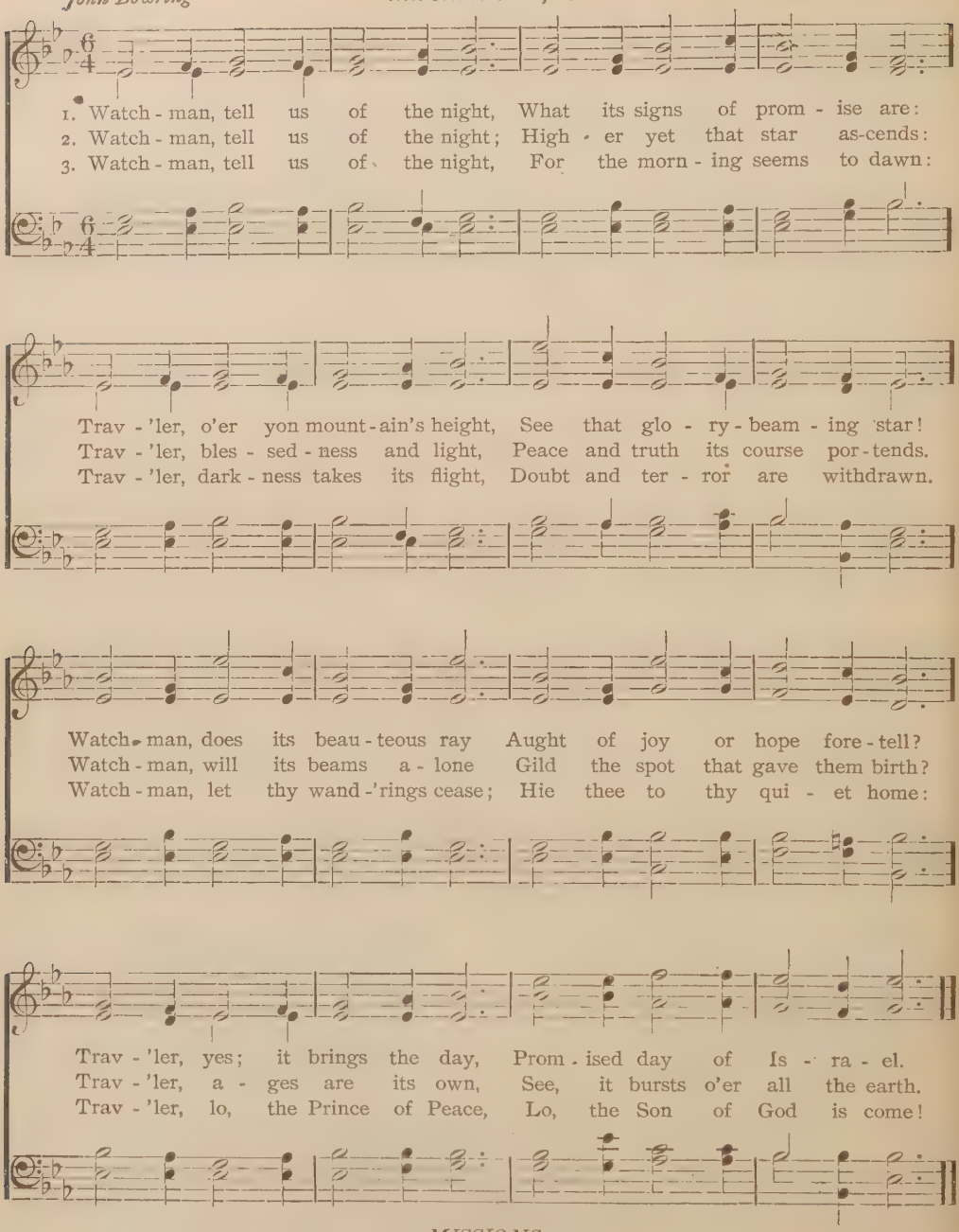
5 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring:
All nations shall adore Him;
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

6 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The heavenly dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

7 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
His great, best name of Love!

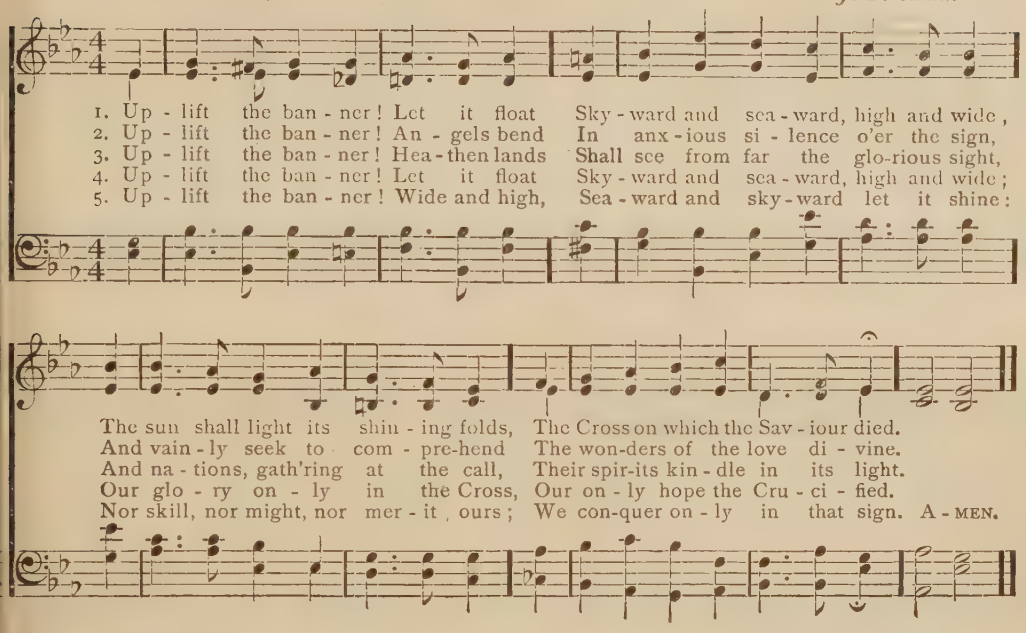
No. 540. *Watchman, Tell Us of the Night*

John Bowring WATCHMAN. 7s, D. *Lowell Mason*


1. Watch - man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are:
2. Watch - man, tell us of the night; High - er yet that star as-cends:
3. Watch - man, tell us of the night, For the morn - ing seems to dawn:
Trav - 'ler, o'er yon mount - ain's height, See that glo - ry - beam - ing star!
Trav - 'ler, bles - sed - ness and light, Peace and truth its course por - tends.
Trav - 'ler, dark - ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are withdrawn.
Watch - man, does its beau - teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore - tell?
Watch - man, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watch - man, let thy wand - 'rings cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home:
Trav - 'ler, yes; it brings the day, Prom - ised day of Is - ra - el.
Trav - 'ler, a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
Trav - 'ler, lo, the Prince of Peace, Lo, the Son of God is come!

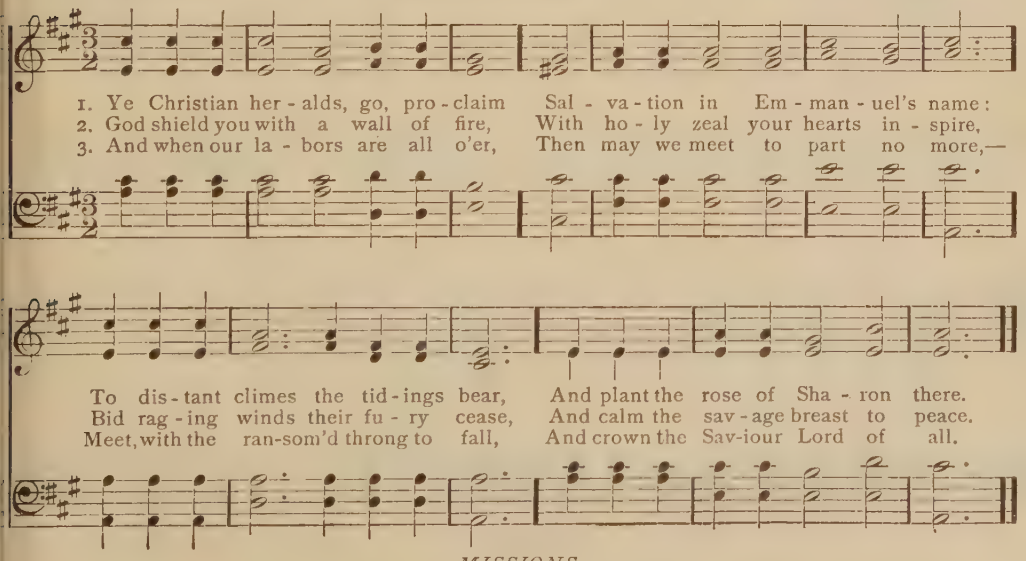
No. 541. *Uplift the Banner! Let it Float*

Rev. G. W. Doane, D.D. CALKIN. L. M. *J. B. Calkin*

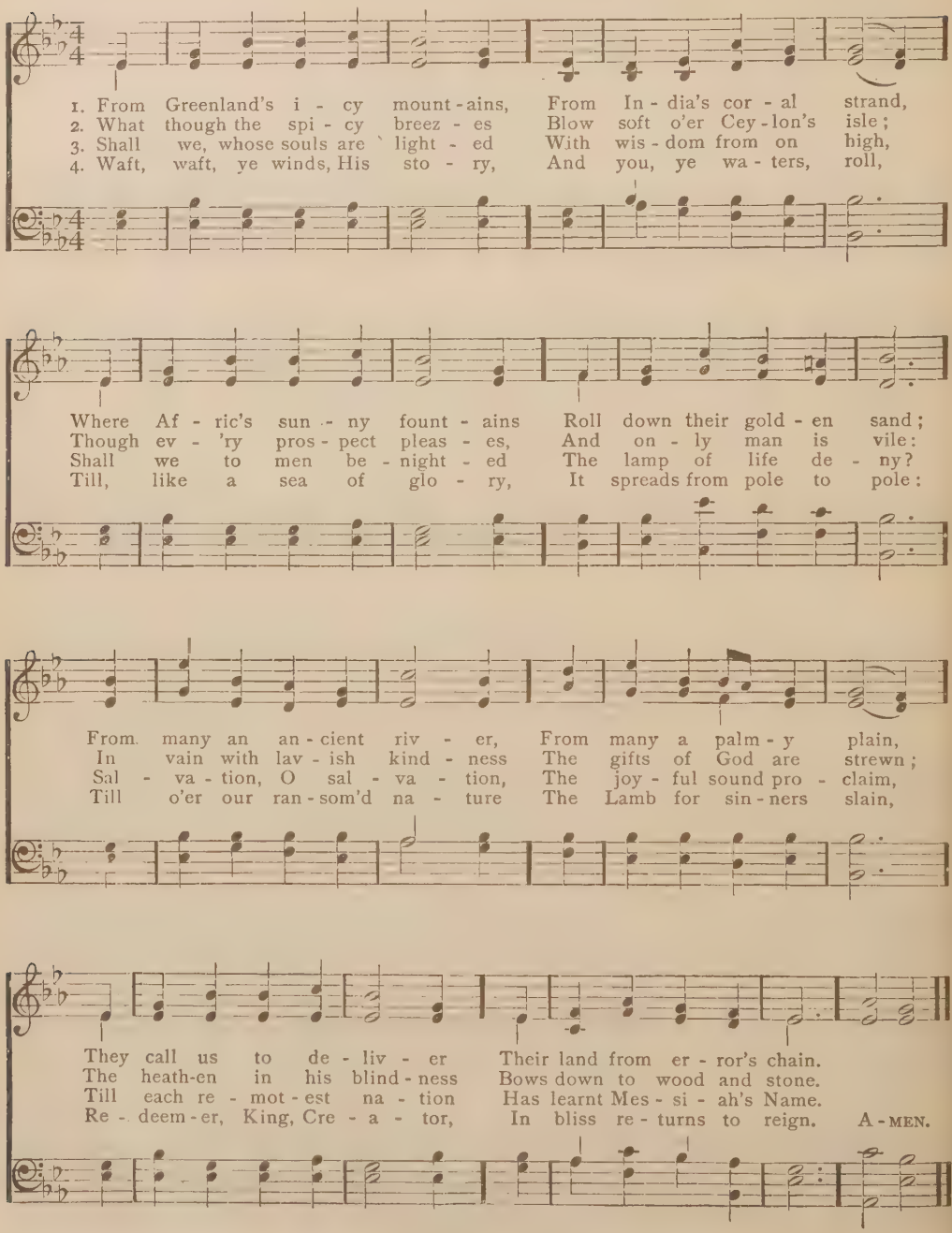

1. Up - lift the ban - ner! Let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide,
2. Up - lift the ban - ner! An - gels bend In anx - ious si - lence o'er the sign,
3. Up - lift the ban - ner! Hea - then lands Shall see from far the glo - rious sight,
4. Up - lift the ban - ner! Let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide;
5. Up - lift the ban - ner! Wide and high, Sea - ward and sky - ward let it shine:
The sun shall light its shin - ing folds, The Cross on which the Sav - iour died.
And vain - ly seek to com - pre - hend The won - ders of the love di - vine.
And na - tions, gath'ring at the call, Their spir - its kin - dle in its light.
Our glo - ry on - ly in the Cross, Our on - ly hope the Cru - ci - fied.
Nor skill, nor might, nor mer - it, ours; We con - quer on - ly in that sign. A - MEN.

No. 542. *Ye Christian Heralds, Go, Proclaim*

B. H. Draper MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. *H. C. Zeuner*

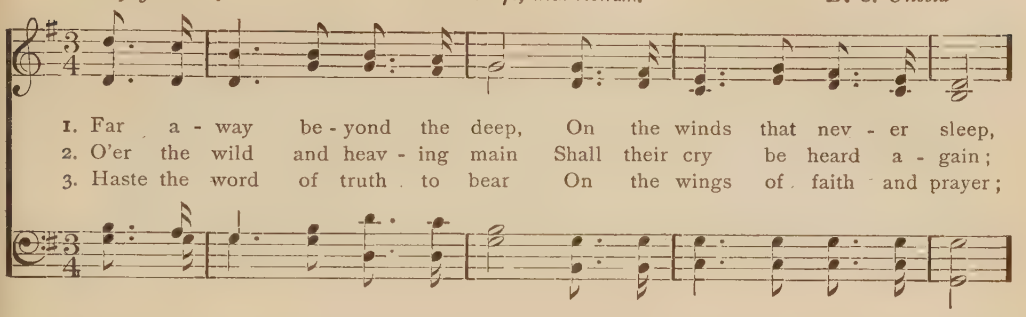

1. Ye Christian her - alds, go, pro - claim Sal - va - tion in Em - man - uel's name:
2. God shield you with a wall of fire, With ho - ly zeal your hearts in - spire,
3. And when our la - bors are all o'er, Then may we meet to part no more,—
To dis - tant climes the tid - ings bear, And plant the rose of Sha - ron there.
Bid rag - ing winds their fu - ry cease, And calm the sav - age breast to peace.
Meet, with the ran - som'd throng to fall, And crown the Sav - iour Lord of all.

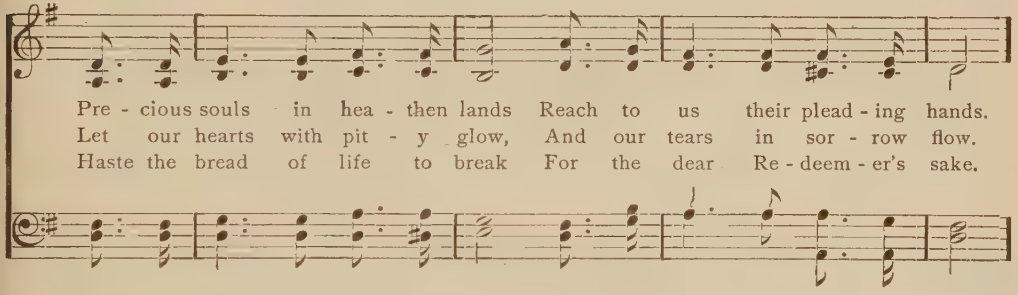
No. 543. *From Greenland's Icy Mountains*

Bp. Heber, 1819 — MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s D. — *Dr. Lowell Mason*

1. From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand;
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile:
Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strewn;
Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion, The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran - som'd na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The heath-en in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
Till each re - mot - est na - tion Has learnt Mes - si - ah's Name.
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A - MEN.

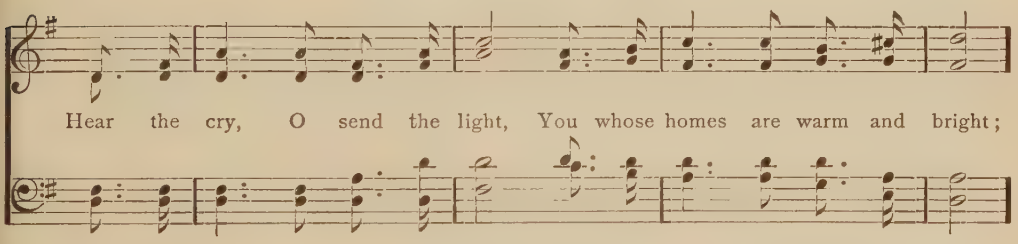
No. 544. *Far Away Beyond the Deep*

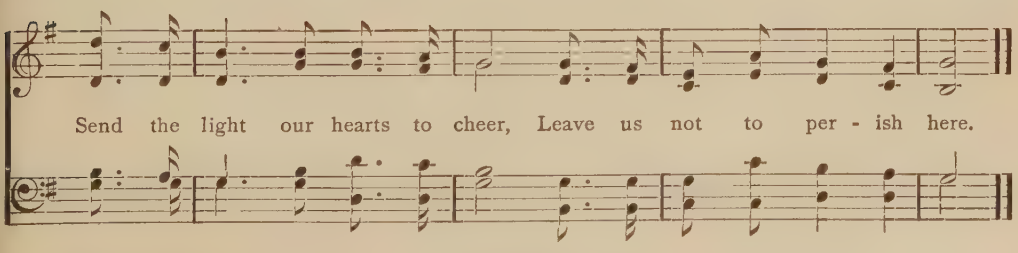
Fanny J. Crosby OXFORD. 7s, with Refrain. *B. C. Unseld*


1. Far a - way be - yond the deep, On the winds that nev - er sleep,
2. O'er the wild and heav - ing main Shall their cry be heard a - gain;
3. Haste the word of truth to bear On the wings of faith and prayer;


Pre - cious souls in hea - then lands Reach to us their plead - ing hands.
Let our hearts with pit - y glow, And our tears in sor - row flow.
Haste the bread of life to break For the dear Re - deem - er's sake.

REFRAIN.





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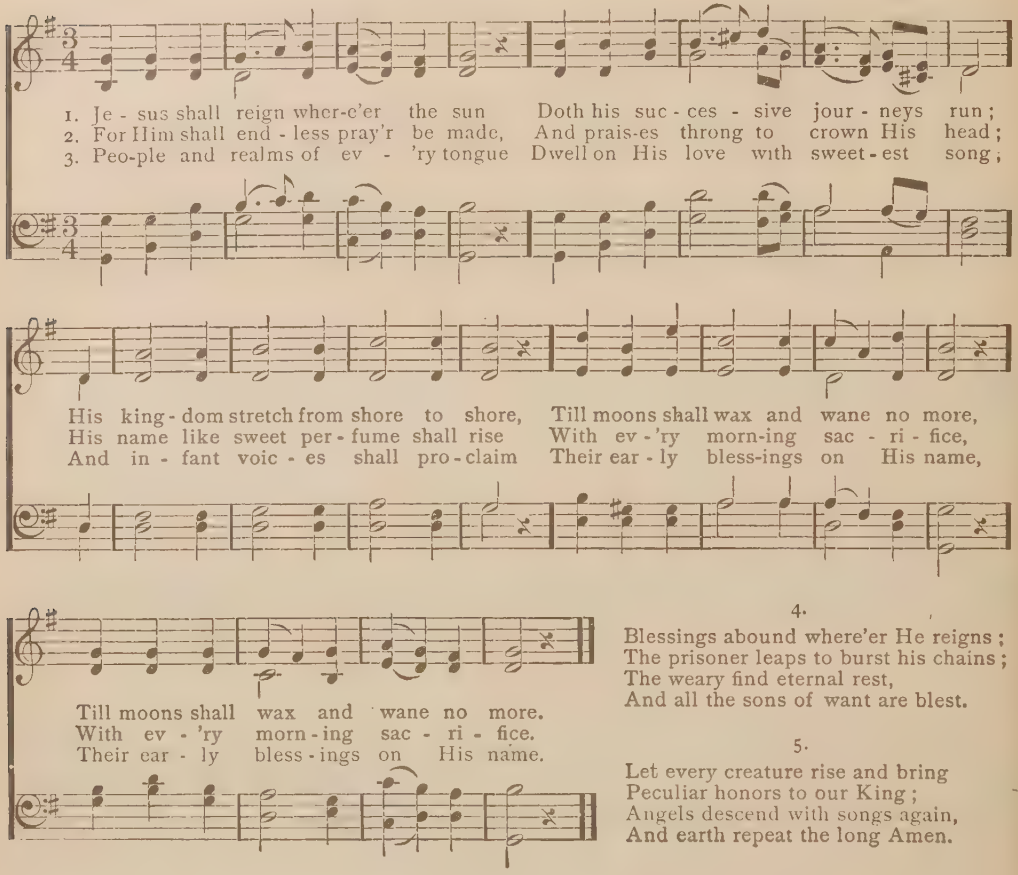
No. 545. *Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun*

Isaac Watts PARK STREET. L. M. *F. M. A. Venua*


1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Doth his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
2. For Him shall end - less pray'r be made, And prais-es throng to crown His head;
3. Peo-ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet - est song;
His king - dom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more,
His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice,
And in - fant voic - es shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless-ings on His name,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.

4.

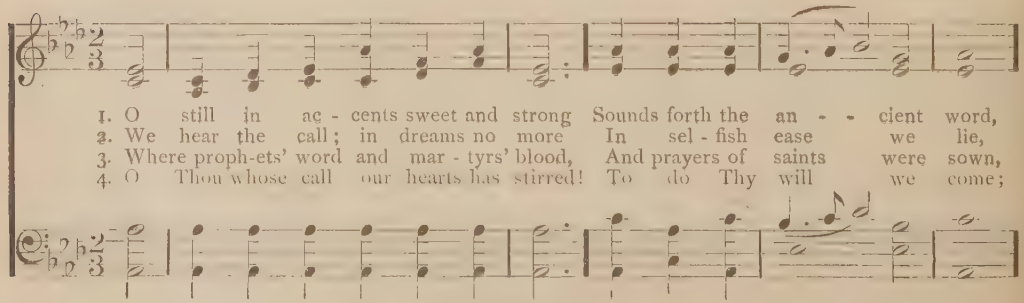
Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5.

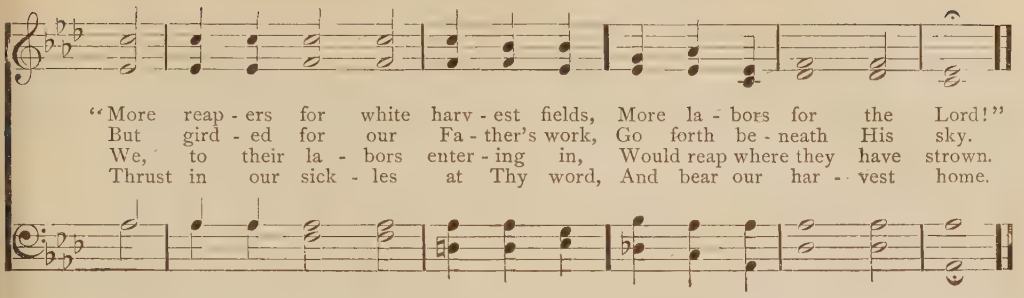
Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

No. 546. *O Still in Accents Sweet and Strong*

Samuel Longfellow HERMON. C. M. *Lowell Mason*

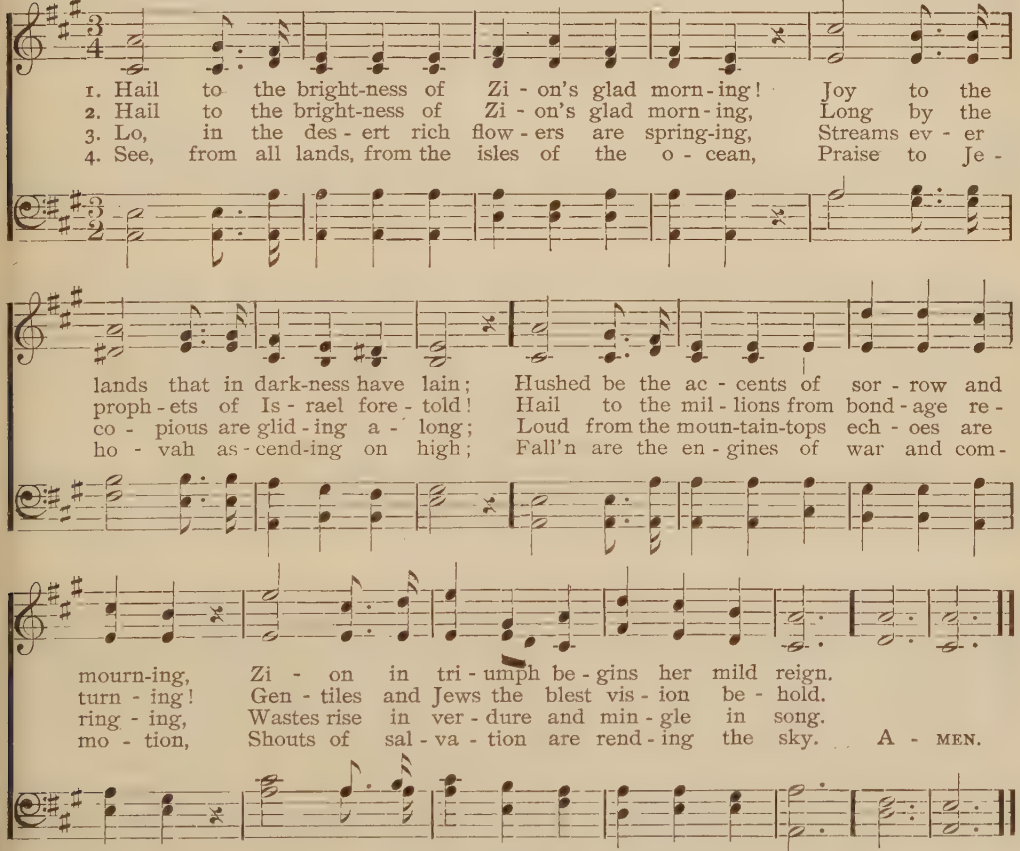

1. O still in ac - cents sweet and strong Sounds forth the an - - cient word,
2. We hear the call; in dreams no more In sel - fish ease we lie,
3. Where proph-ets' word and mar - tyrs' blood, And prayers of saints were sown,
4. O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred! To do Thy will we come;

O Still in Accents Sweet and Strong

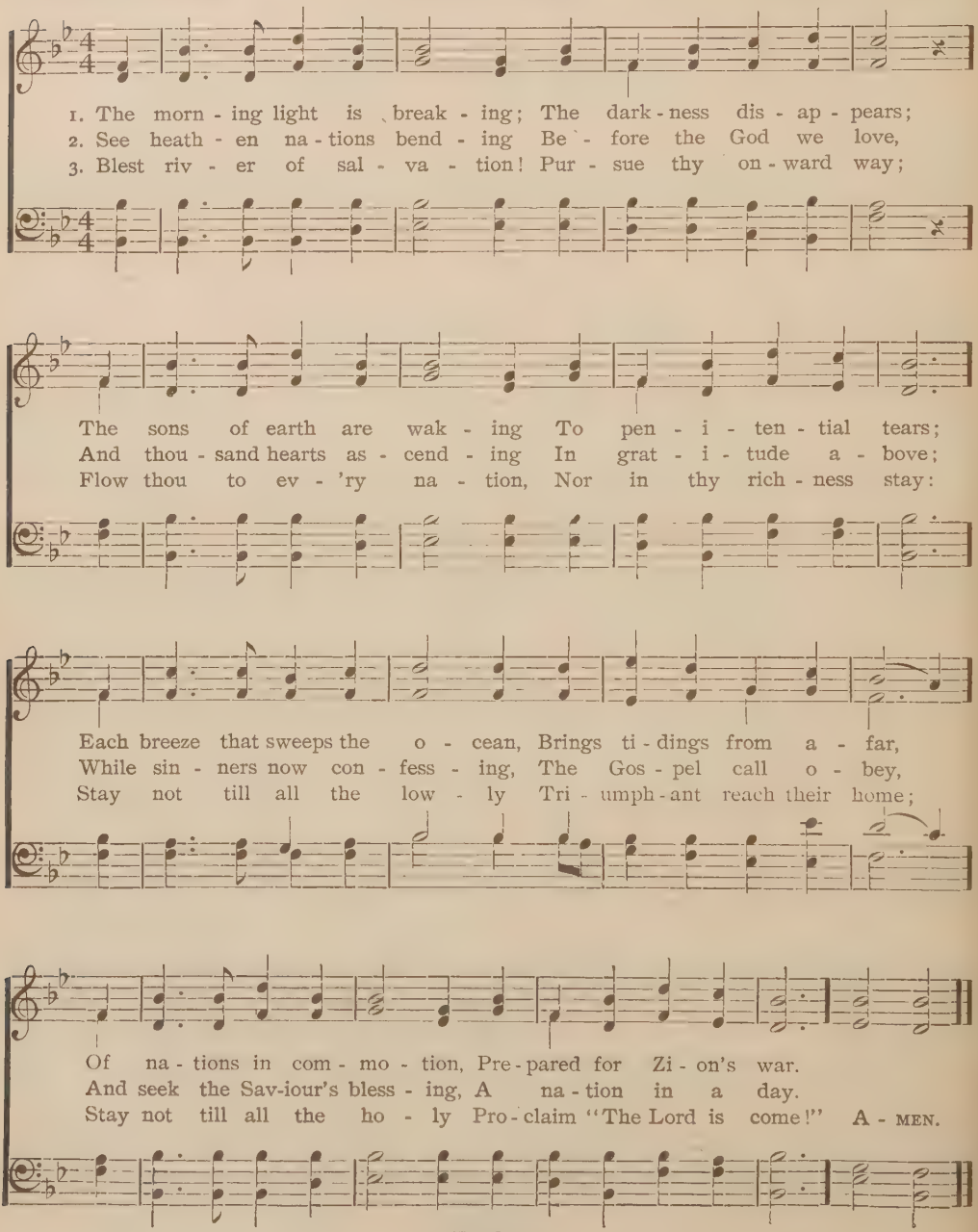

"More reap - ers for white harv - est fields, More la - bors for the Lord!"
But gird - ed for our Fa - ther's work, Go forth be - neath His sky.
We, to their la - bors enter - ing in, Would reap where they have strown.
Thrust in our sick - les at Thy word, And bear our har - vest home.

No. 547. *Hail to the Brightness*

Thomas Hastings HALE. 11s.&10s. *Lowell Mason*

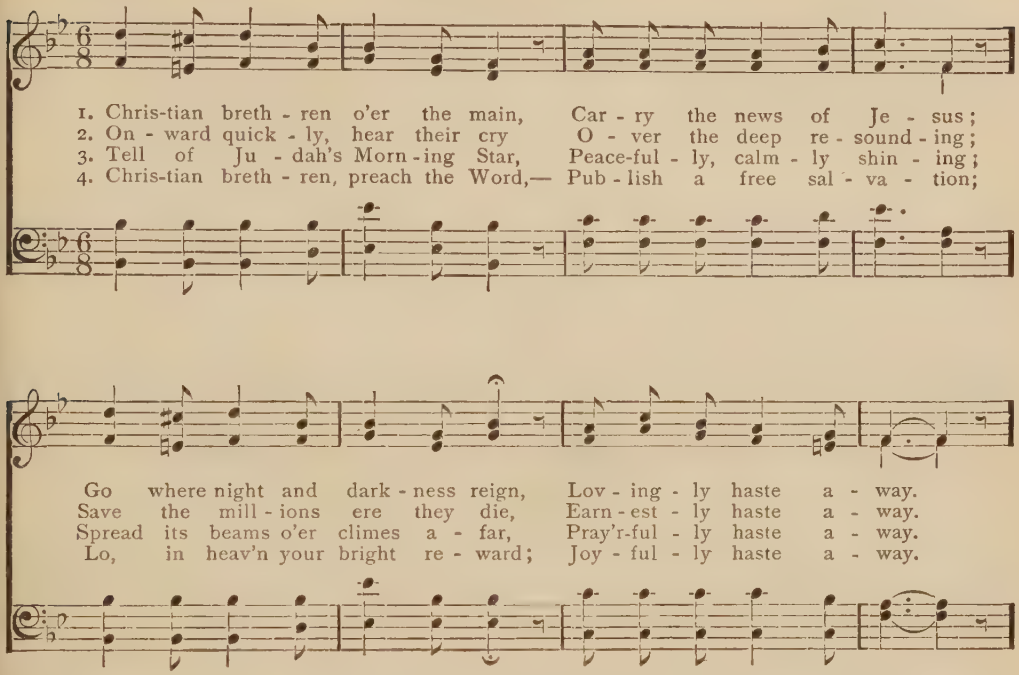

1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing! Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing, Long by the
3. Lo, in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je -
lands that in dark-ness have lain; Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and
proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told! Hail to the mil - lions from bond - age re -
co - pious are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the moun-tain-tops ech - oes are
ho - vah as - cend-ing on high; Fall'n are the en - gines of war and com -
mourn-ing, Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign.
turn - ing! Gen - tiles and Jews the blest vis - ion be - hold.
ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.
mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky. A - MEN.

No. 548. *The Morning Light is Breaking*

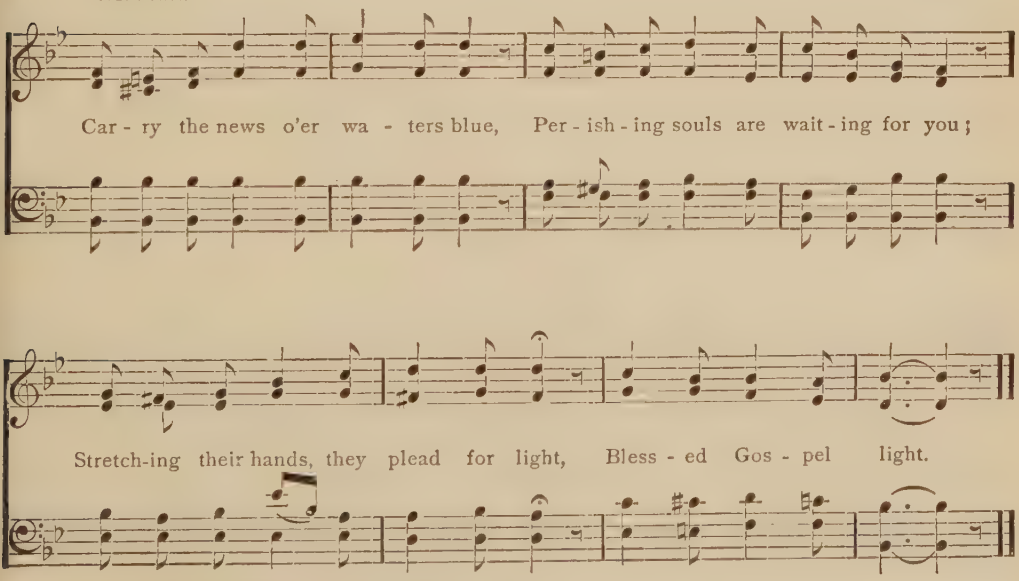
Samuel F. Smith WEBB. 7s & 6s, D. *George J. Webb*

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See heath - en na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion! Pur - sue thy on - ward way;
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay:
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean, Brings ti - dings from a - far,
While sin - ners now con - fess - ing, The Gos - pel call o - bey,
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umph - ant reach their home;
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
And seek the Sav-iour's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro - claim "The Lord is come!" A - MEN.

No. 549. *Christian Brethren o'er the Main*

Fanny J. Crosby BURMAH. 7s & 6s, with Refrain. *W. H. Doane*


1. Chris-tian breth - ren o'er the main, Car - ry the news of Je - sus;
2. On - ward quick - ly, hear their cry O - ver the deep re - sound - ing;
3. Tell of Ju - dah's Morn - ing Star, Peace-ful - ly, calm - ly shin - ing;
4. Chris-tian breth - ren, preach the Word,— Pub - lish a free sal - va - tion;
Go where night and dark - ness reign, Lov - ing - ly haste a - way.
Save the mill - ions ere they die, Earn - est - ly haste a - way.
Spread its beams o'er climes a - far, Pray'r-ful - ly haste a - way.
Lo, in heav'n your bright re - ward; Joy - ful - ly haste a - way.

REFRAIN.


Car - ry the news o'er wa - ters blue, Per - ish - ing souls are wait - ing for you;
Stretch-ing their hands, they plead for light, Bless - ed Gos - pel light.

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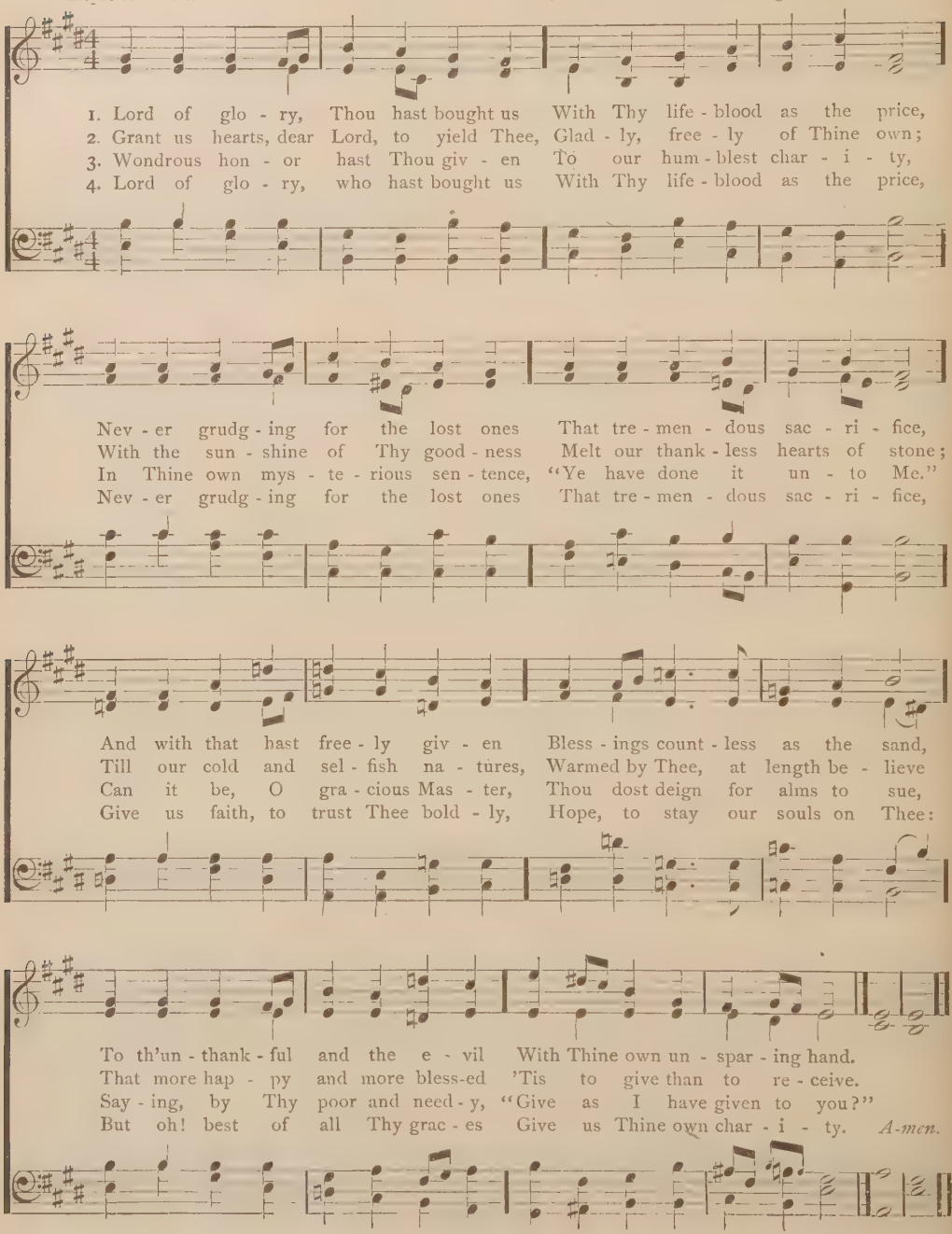
No. 550. *Lord of Glory, Thou Hast Bought Us*

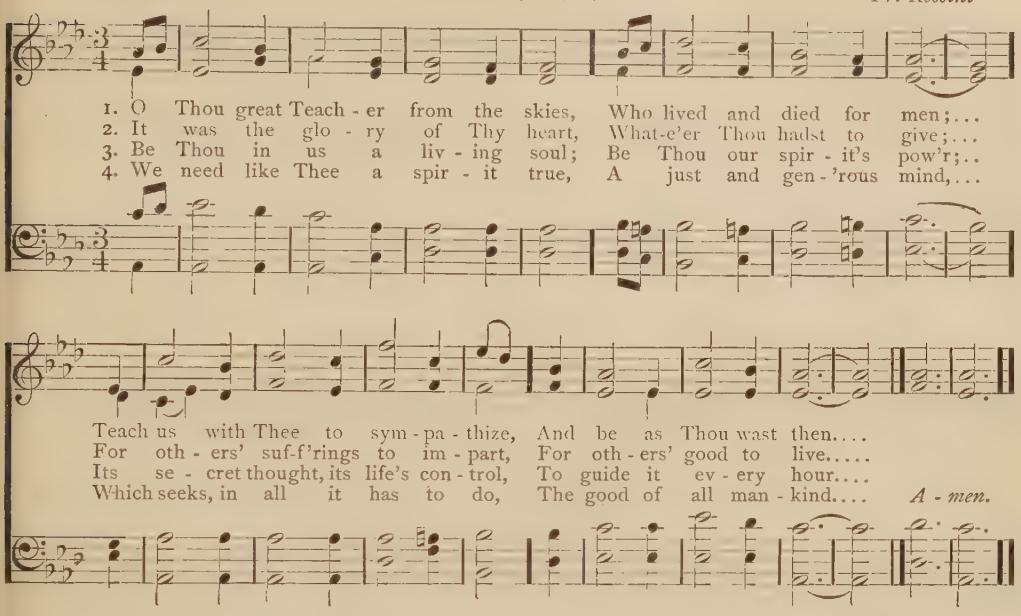
E. S. Alderson CHARITAS. 8s & 7s, D. *J. B. Dykes*


1. Lord of glo - ry, Thou hast bought us With Thy life - blood as the price,
2. Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee, Glad - ly, free - ly of Thine own;
3. Wondrous hon - or hast Thou giv - en To our hum - blest char - i - ty,
4. Lord of glo - ry, who hast bought us With Thy life - blood as the price,
Nev - er grudg - ing for the lost ones That tre - men - dous sac - ri - fice,
With the sun - shine of Thy good - ness Melt our thank - less hearts of stone;
In Thine own mys - te - rious sen - tence, "Ye have done it un - to Me."
Nev - er grudg - ing for the lost ones That tre - men - dous sac - ri - fice,
And with that hast free - ly giv - en Bless - ings count - less as the sand,
Till our cold and sel - fish na - tures, Warmed by Thee, at length be - lieve
Can it be, O gra - cious Mas - ter, Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Give us faith, to trust Thee bold - ly, Hope, to stay our souls on Thee:
To th'un - thank - ful and the e - vil With Thine own un - spar - ing hand.
That more hap - py and more bless-ed 'Tis to give than to re - ceive.
Say - ing, by Thy poor and need - y, "Give as I have given to you?"
But oh! best of all Thy grac - es Give us Thine own char - i - ty. *A-men.*

ALMSGIVING

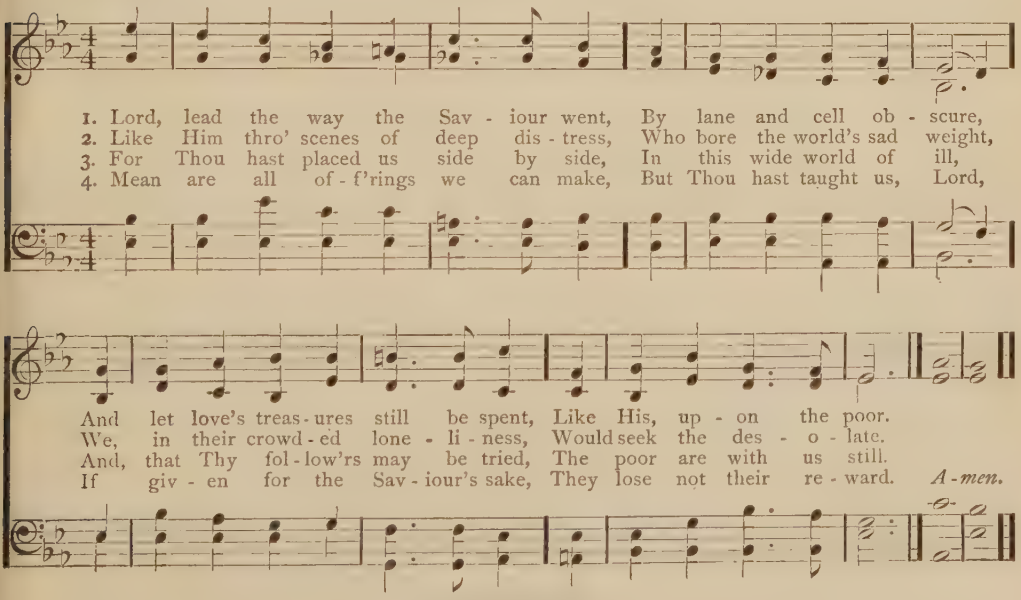
No. 551. *O Thou Great Teacher from the Skies*

T. C. Upham — MANOAH. C. M. — *Fr. Rossini*


1. O Thou great Teach - er from the skies, Who lived and died for men;...
2. It was the glo - ry of Thy heart, What-e'er Thou hadst to give;...
3. Be Thou in us a liv - ing soul; Be Thou our spir - it's pow'r;..
4. We need like Thee a spir - it true, A just and gen - 'rous mind,...
Teach us with Thee to sym - pa - thize, And be as Thou wast then....
For oth - ers' suf-f'rings to im - part, For oth - ers' good to live.....
Its se - cret thought, its life's con - trol, To guide it ev - ery hour....
Which seeks, in all it has to do, The good of all man - kind.... A - men.

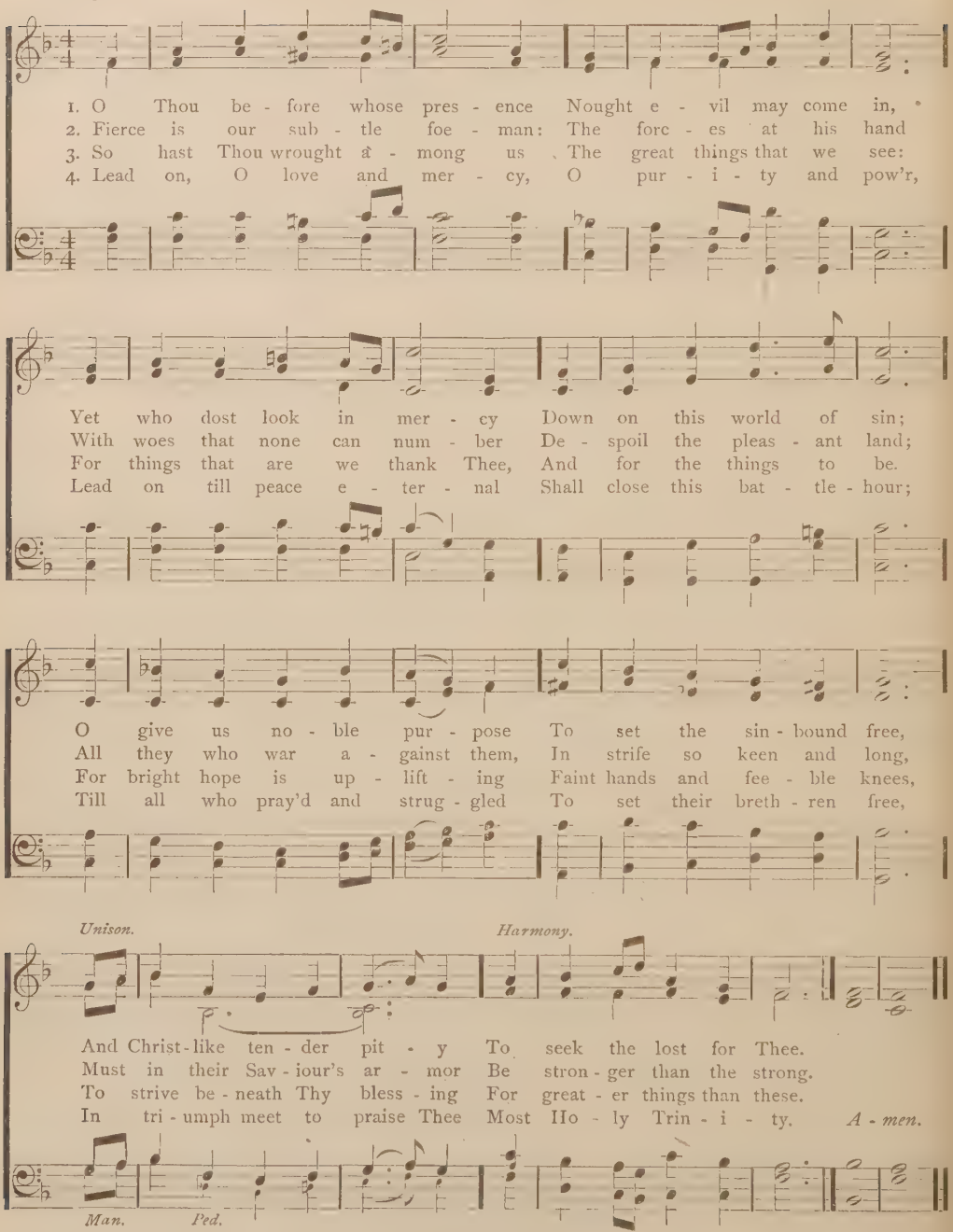
No. 552. *Lord, Lead the Way the Saviour Went*

Wm. Crosswell — HOLY TRINITY. C. M. — *J. Barnby*


1. Lord, lead the way the Sav - iour went, By lane and cell ob - scure,
2. Like Him thro' scenes of deep dis - tress, Who bore the world's sad weight,
3. For Thou hast placed us side by side, In this wide world of ill,
4. Mean are all of - f'rings we can make, But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
And let love's treas - ures still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor.
We, in their crowd - ed lone - li - ness, Would seek the des - o - late.
And, that Thy fol - low'rs may be tried, The poor are with us still.
If giv - en for the Sav - iour's sake, They lose not their re - ward. A - men.

No. 553. *O Thou Before Whose Presence*

S. J. Stone DAY OF REST. 7s & 6s, D. *J. W. Elliott*

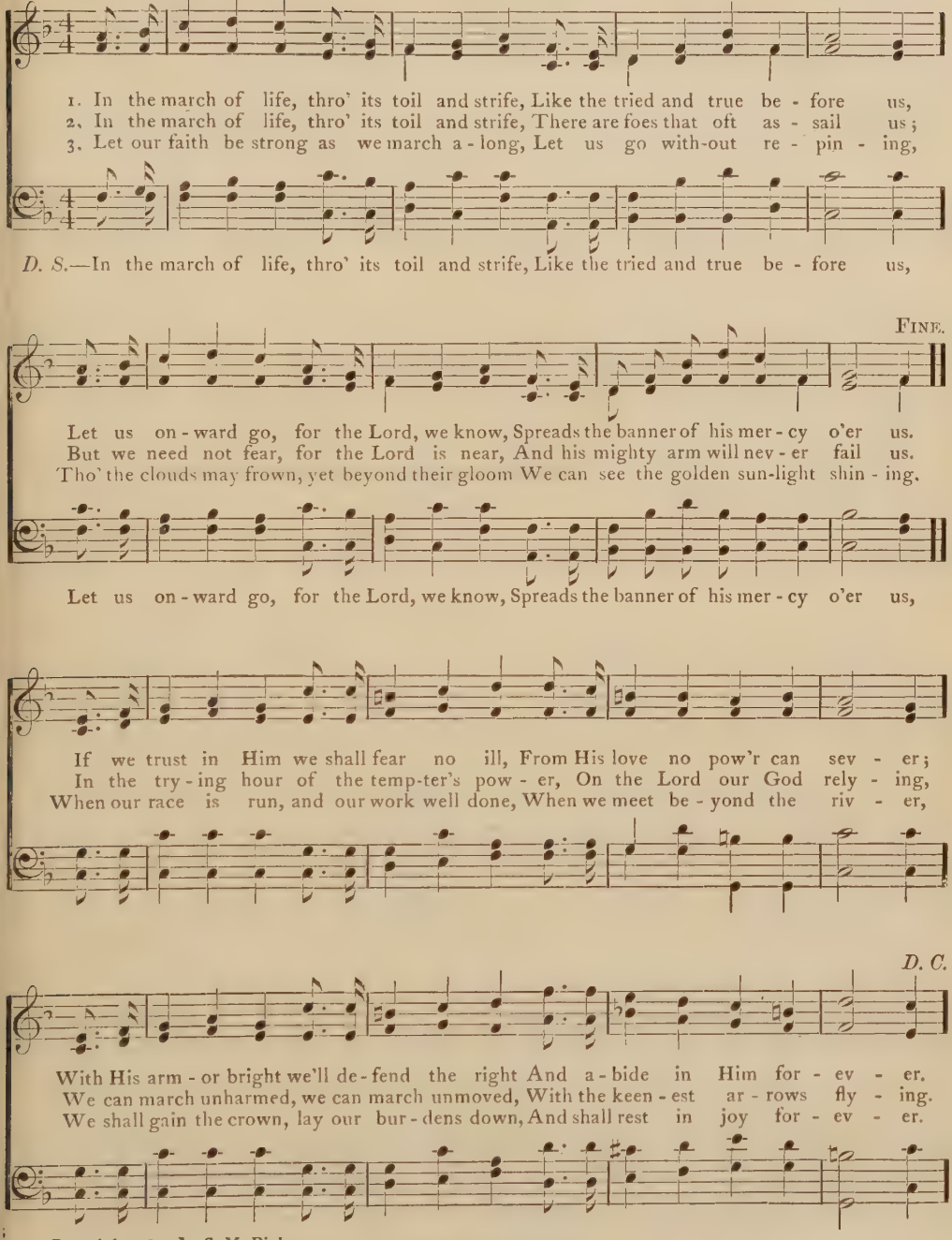

1. O Thou be - fore whose pres - ence Nought e - vil may come in,
2. Fierce is our sub - tle foe - man: The forc - es at his hand
3. So hast Thou wrought a - mong us The great things that we see:
4. Lead on, O love and mer - cy, O pur - i - ty and pow'r,
Yet who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin;
With woes that none can num - ber De - spoil the pleas - ant land;
For things that are we thank Thee, And for the things to be.
Lead on till peace e - ter - nal Shall close this bat - tle - hour;
O give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin - bound free,
All they who war a - gainst them, In strife so keen and long,
For bright hope is up - lift - ing Faint hands and fee - ble knees,
Till all who pray'd and strug - gled To set their breth - ren free,
Unison.
Harmony.
And Christ - like ten - der pit - y To seek the lost for Thee.
Must in their Sav - iour's ar - mor Be stron - ger than the strong.
To strive be - neath Thy bless - ing For great - er things than these.
In tri - umph meet to praise Thee Most Ho - ly Trin - i - ty. A - men.
Man.
Ped.

TEMPERANCE

No. 554.

In the March of Life

Fanny J. Crosby — MARCH OF LIFE. 10s & 8s. — *B. C. Unseld*


1. In the march of life, thro' its toil and strife, Like the tried and true be - fore us,
2. In the march of life, thro' its toil and strife, There are foes that oft as - sail us;
3. Let our faith be strong as we march a - long, Let us go with-out re - pin - ing,
D. S.—In the march of life, thro' its toil and strife, Like the tried and true be - fore us,
FINE.
Let us on - ward go, for the Lord, we know, Spreads the banner of his mer - cy o'er us.
But we need not fear, for the Lord is near, And his mighty arm will nev - er fail us.
Tho' the clouds may frown, yet beyond their gloom We can see the golden sun-light shin - ing.
Let us on - ward go, for the Lord, we know, Spreads the banner of his mer - cy o'er us,
If we trust in Him we shall fear no ill, From His love no pow'r can sev - er;
In the try - ing hour of the temp-ter's pow - er, On the Lord our God rely - ing,
When our race is run, and our work well done, When we meet be - yond the riv - er,
D. C.
With His arm - or bright we'll de - fend the right And a - bide in Him for - ev - er.
We can march unharmed, we can march unmoved, With the keen - est ar - rows fly - ing.
We shall gain the crown, lay our bur - dens down, And shall rest in joy for - ev - er.

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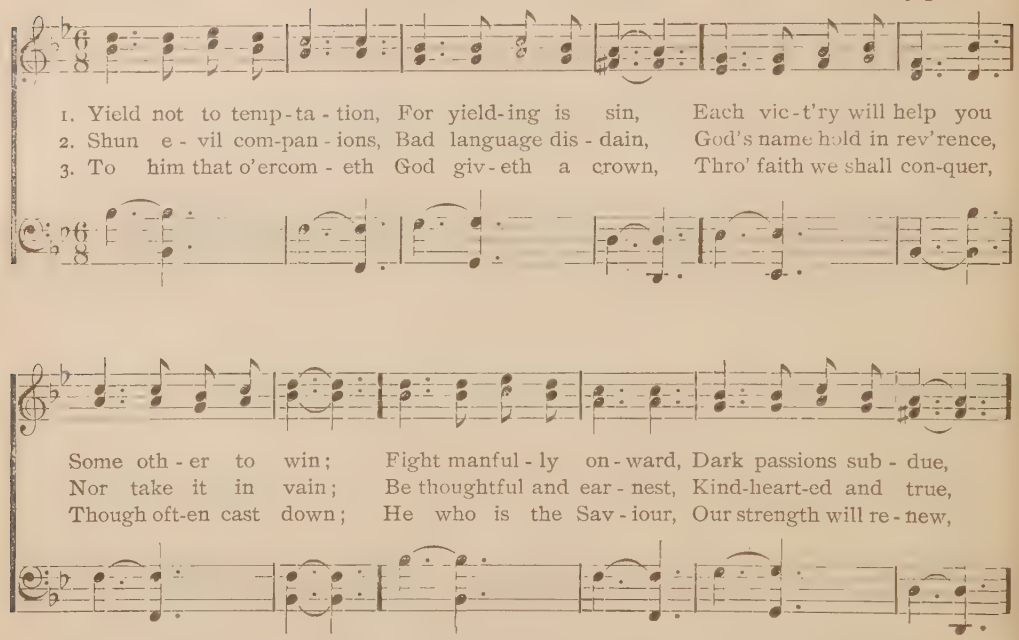
No. 555.

Yield Not to Temptation

H. R. Palmer TEMPTATION. P.M. *H. R. Palmer, by per.*


1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
3. To him that o'ercom-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer,
Some oth-er to win; Fight manful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-due,
Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and ear-nest, Kind-heart-ed and true,
Though oft-en cast down; He who is the Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new,
CHORUS.
Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through. Ask the Saviour to help you,
Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Comfort, strengthen and keep you, He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

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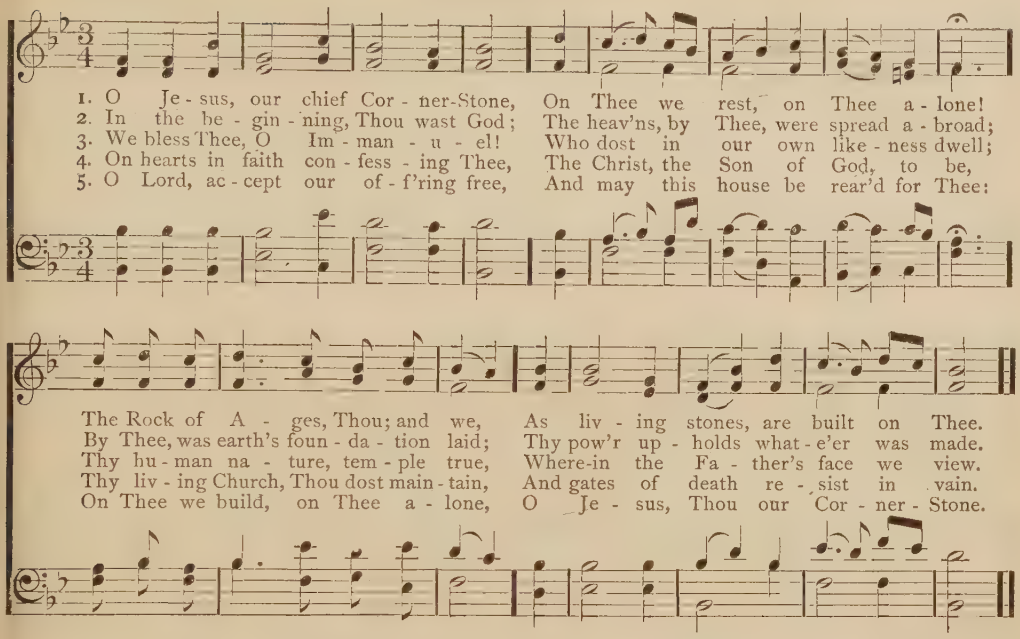
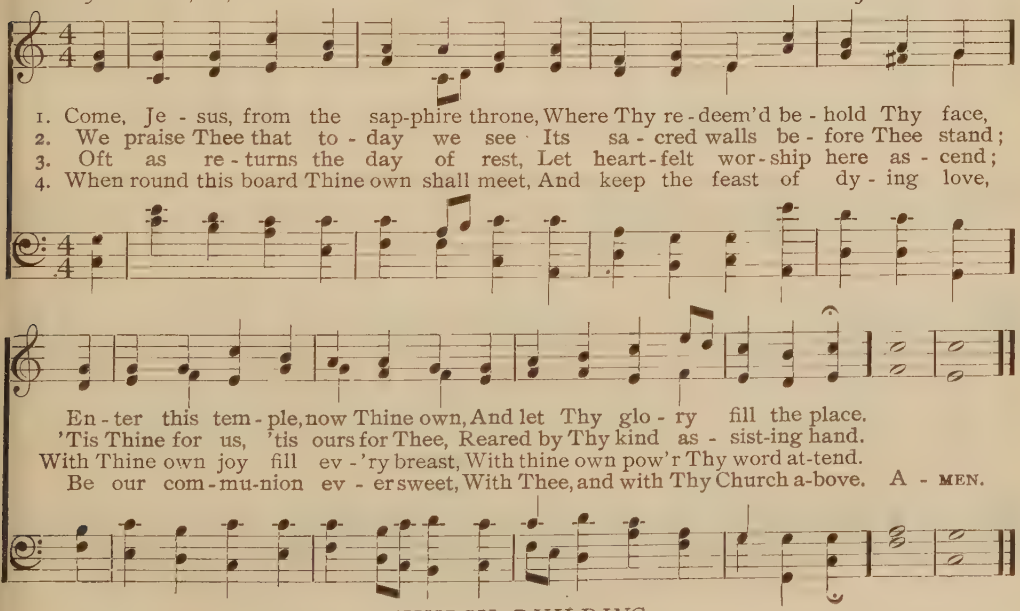
No. 556. *O Jesus, Our Chief Corner-Stone*

Philip Phelps MIGDOL. L. M. *Lowell Mason*


1. O Je - sus, our chief Cor - ner-Stone, On Thee we rest, on Thee a - lone!
2. In the be - gin - ning, Thou wast God; The heav'ns, by Thee, were spread a - broad;
3. We bless Thee, O Im - man - u - el! Who dost in our own like - ness dwell;
4. On hearts in faith con - fess - ing Thee, The Christ, the Son of God, to be,
5. O Lord, ac - cept our of - f'ring free, And may this house be rear'd for Thee:
The Rock of A - ges, Thou; and we, As liv - ing stones, are built on Thee.
By Thee, was earth's foun - da - tion laid; Thy pow'r up - holds what - e'er was made.
Thy hu - man na - ture, tem - ple true, Where-in the Fa - ther's face we view.
Thy liv - ing Church, Thou dost main - tain, And gates of death re - sist in vain.
On Thee we build, on Thee a - lone, O Je - sus, Thou our Cor - ner - Stone.

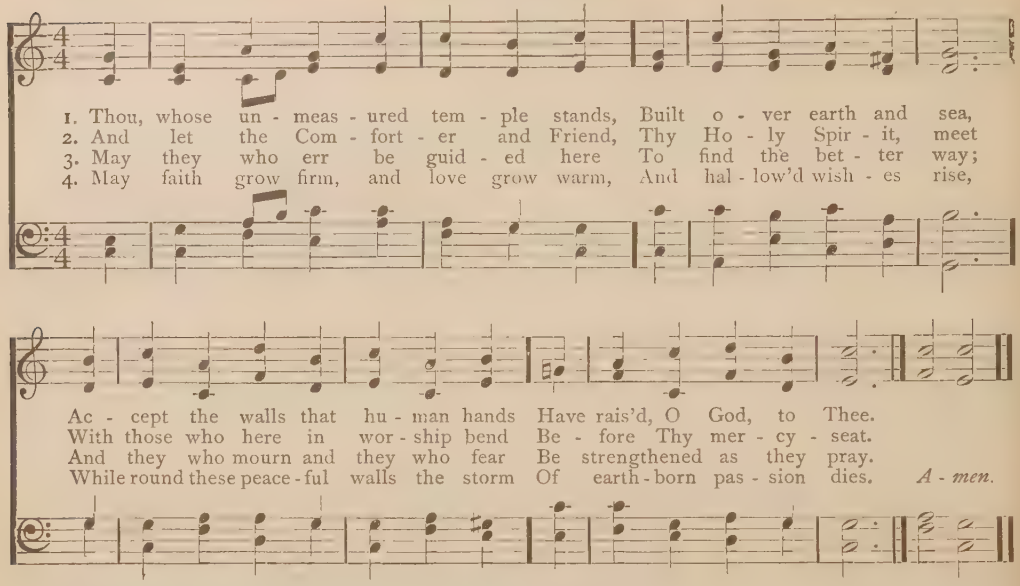
No. 557. *Come, Jesus, from the Sapphire Throne*

Ray Palmer, ab, MAINZER. L. M. *J. Mainzer*


1. Come, Je - sus, from the sap-phire throne, Where Thy re - deem'd be - hold Thy face,
2. We praise Thee that to - day we see Its sa - cred walls be - fore Thee stand;
3. Oft as re - turns the day of rest, Let heart-felt wor - ship here as - cend;
4. When round this board Thine own shall meet, And keep the feast of dy - ing love,
En - ter this tem - ple, now Thine own, And let Thy glo - ry fill the place.
'Tis Thine for us, 'tis ours for Thee, Reared by Thy kind as - sist-ing hand.
With Thine own joy fill ev - 'ry breast, With thine own pow'r Thy word at-tend.
Be our com - mu-nion ev - er sweet, With Thee, and with Thy Church a-bove. A - MEN.

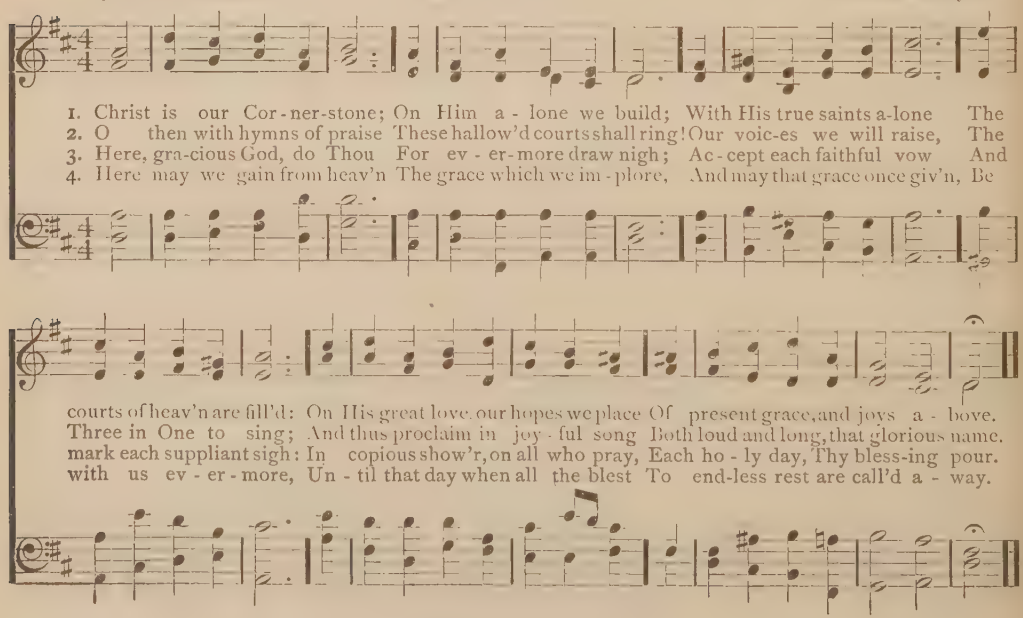
No. 558. *Thou, Whose Unmeasured Temple Stands*

William Cullen Bryant — ST. ANNS. C. M. — *William Croft*


1. Thou, whose un - meas - ured tem - ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,
2. And let the Com - fort - er and Friend, Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, meet
3. May they who err be guid - ed here To find the bet - ter way;
4. May faith grow firm, and love grow warm, And hal - low'd wish - es rise,
Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands Have rais'd, O God, to Thee.
With those who here in wor - ship bend Be - fore Thy mer - cy - seat.
And they who mourn and they who fear Be strengthened as they pray.
While round these peace - ful walls the storm Of earth - born pas - sion dies. A - men.

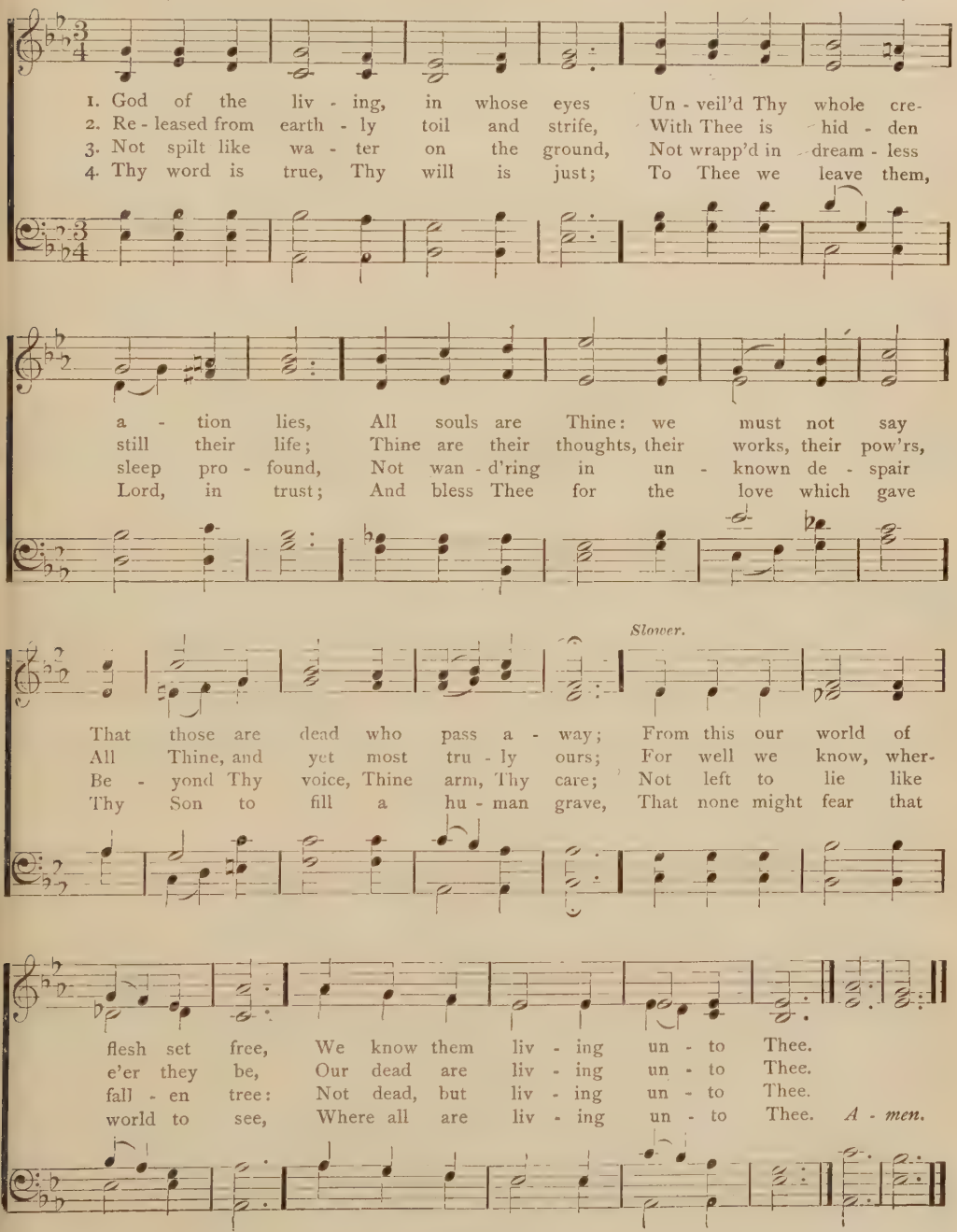
No. 559. *Christ is Our Corner-Stone*

Tr. by John Chandler — CROFTS. H. M. — *William Croft*


1. Christ is our Cor - ner-stone; On Him a - lone we build; With His true saints a-lone The
2. O then with hymns of praise These hallow'd courts shall ring! Our voic-es we will raise, The
3. Here, gra-cious God, do Thou For ev - er-more draw nigh; Ac - cept each faithful vow And
4. Here may we gain from heav'n The grace which we im - plore, And may that grace once giv'n, Be
courts of heav'n are fill'd: On His great love our hopes we place Of present grace, and joys a - bove.
Three in One to sing; And thus proclaim in joy - ful song Both loud and long, that glorious name.
mark each suppliant sigh: In copious show'r, on all who pray, Each ho - ly day, Thy bless-ing pour.
with us ev - er - more, Un - til that day when all the blest To end-less rest are call'd a - way.

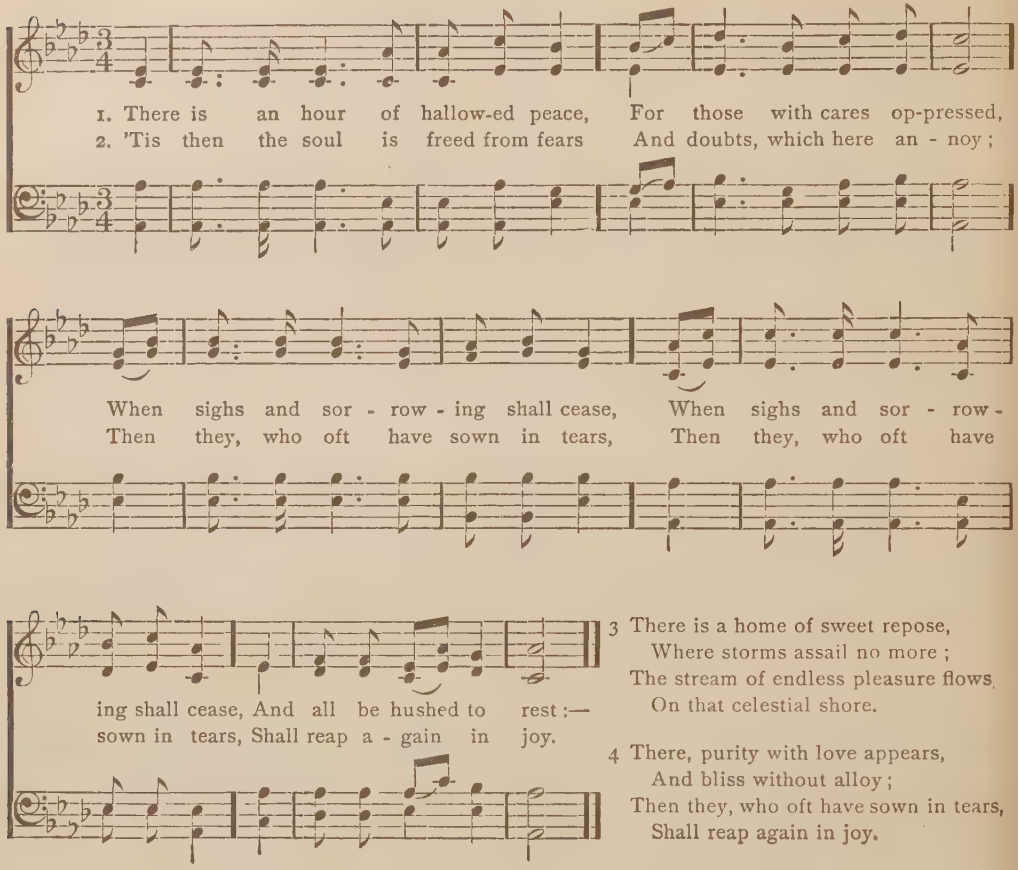
No. 560. *God of the Living, in Whose Eyes*

J. Ellerton ADORO. L. M., Six lines *J. Barnby*


1. God of the liv - ing, in whose eyes Un - veil'd Thy whole cre-
2. Re - leased from earth - ly toil and strife, With Thee is hid - den
3. Not spilt like wa - ter on the ground, Not wrapp'd in dream - less
4. Thy word is true, Thy will is just; To Thee we leave them,
a - tion lies, All souls are Thine: we must not say
still their life; Thine are their thoughts, their works, their pow'rs,
sleep pro - found, Not wan - d'ring in un - known de - spair
Lord, in trust; And bless Thee for the love which gave
Slower.
That those are dead who pass a - way; From this our world of
All Thine, and yet most tru - ly ours; For well we know, wher-
Be - yond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care; Not left to lie like
Thy Son to fill a hu - man grave, That none might fear that
flesh set free, We know them liv - ing un - to Thee.
e'er they be, Our dead are liv - ing un - to Thee.
fall - en tree: Not dead, but liv - ing un - to Thee.
world to see, Where all are liv - ing un - to Thee. A - men.

No. 561. *There is an Hour of Hallowed Peace*

W. B. Tappan — HALLOWED PEACE. C. M. — *Geo. Kingsley*

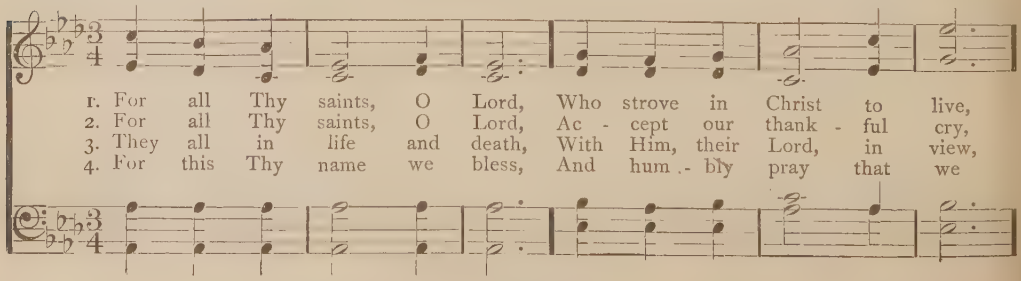

1. There is an hour of hallow-ed peace, For those with cares op-pressed,
2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts, which here an - noy;
When sighs and sor - row - ing shall cease, When sighs and sor - row -
Then they, who oft have sown in tears, Then they, who oft have
ing shall cease, And all be hushed to rest:—
sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy.

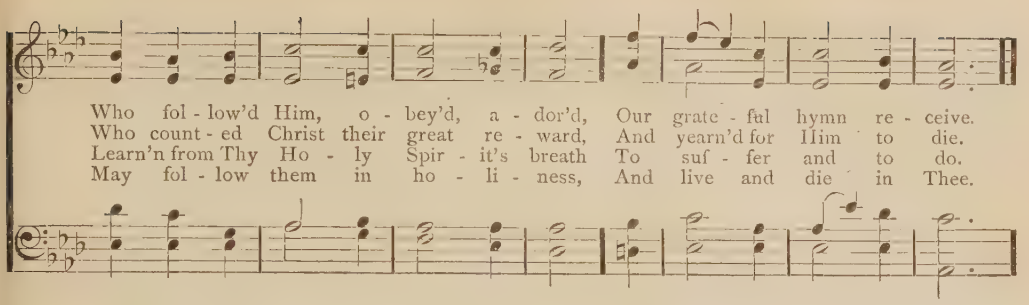
3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

4 There, purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
Then they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

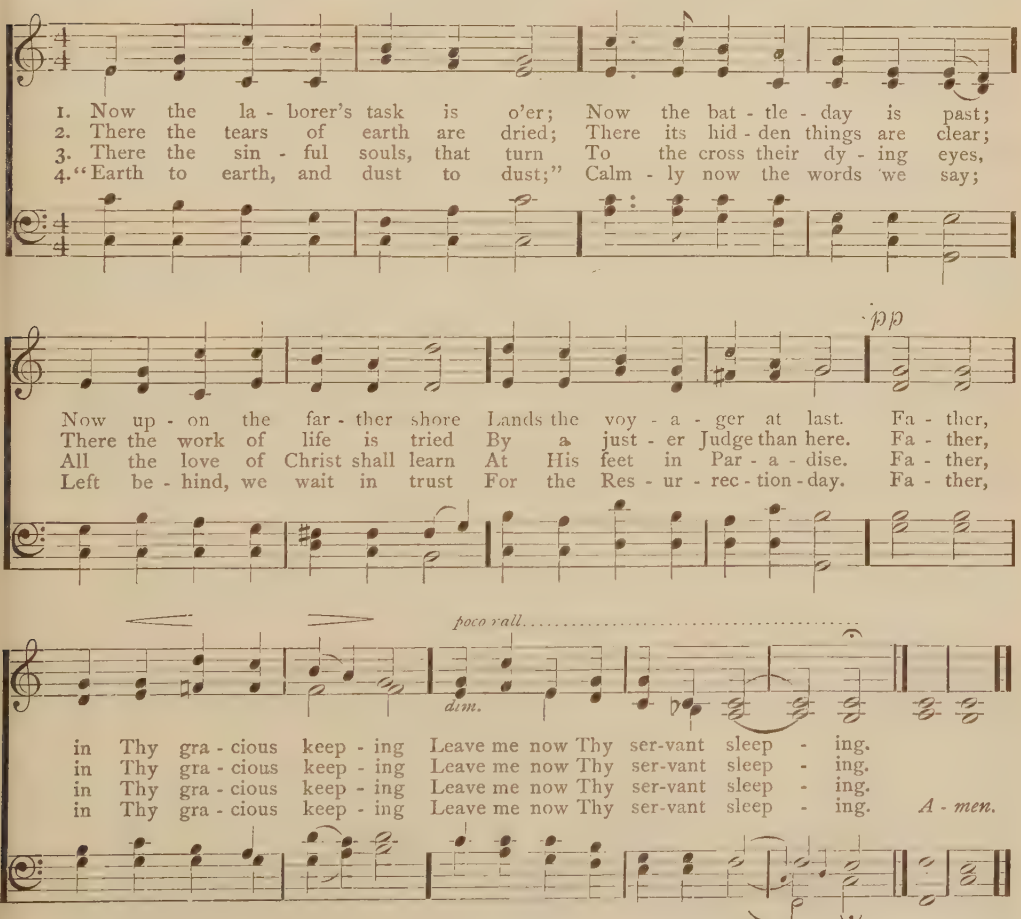
No. 562. *For All Thy Saints, O Lord*

Richard Mant — GREENWOOD. S. M. — *J. E. Sweetser*


1. For all Thy saints, O Lord, Who strove in Christ to live,
2. For all Thy saints, O Lord, Ac - cept our thank - ful cry,
3. They all in life and death, With Him, their Lord, in view,
4. For this Thy name we bless, And hum - bly pray that we

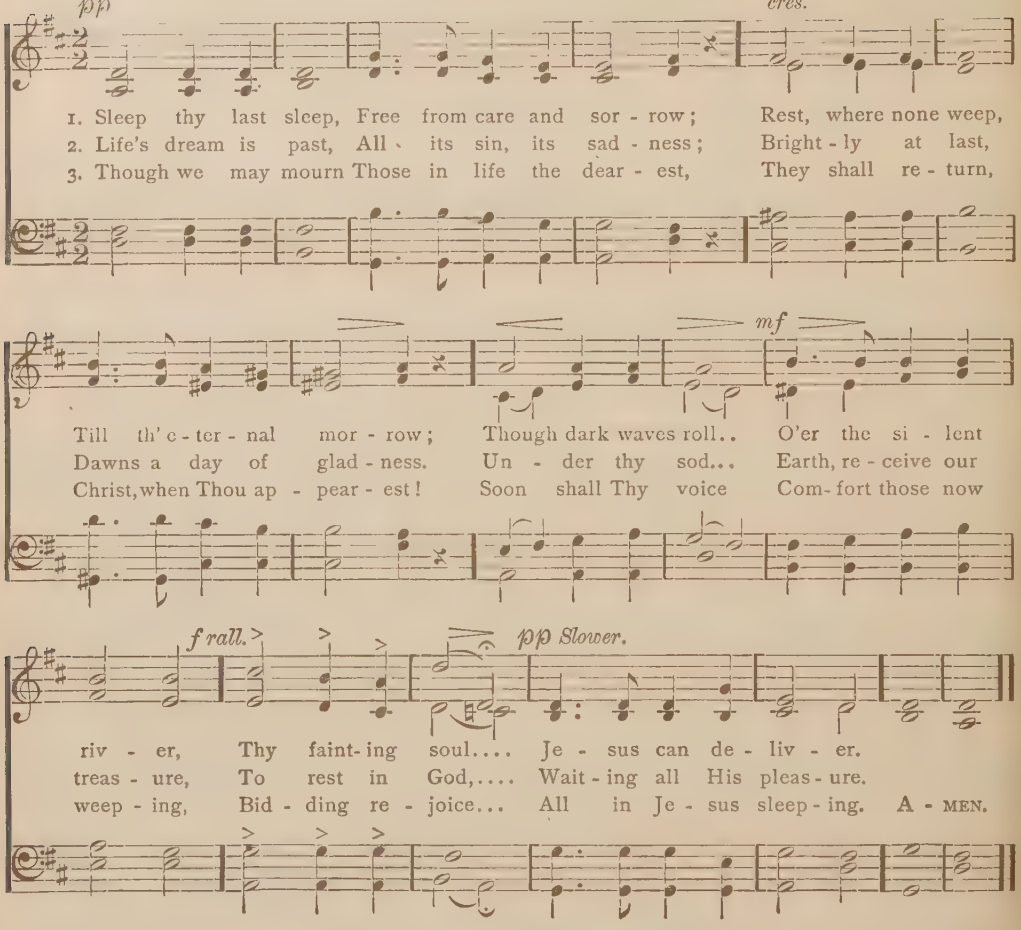

Who fol - low'd Him, o - bey'd, a - dor'd, Our grate - ful hymn re - ceive.
Who count - ed Christ their great re - ward, And yearn'd for Him to die.
Learn'n from Thy Ho - ly Spir - it's breath To suf - fer and to do.
May fol - low them in ho - li - ness, And live and die in Thee.

No. 563. *Now the Laborer's Task is O'er*

J. Ellerton — REQUIESCAT. 7.7.7.7.8.8. — *J. B. Dykes*

1. Now the la - borer's task is o'er; Now the bat - tle - day is past;
2. There the tears of earth are dried; There its hid - den things are clear;
3. There the sin - ful souls, that turn To the cross their dy - ing eyes,
4. "Earth to earth, and dust to dust;" Calm - ly now the words we say;
pp
Now up - on the far - ther shore Lands the voy - a - ger at last. Fa - ther,
There the work of life is tried By a just - er Judge than here. Fa - ther,
All the love of Christ shall learn At His feet in Par - a - dise. Fa - ther,
Left be - hind, we wait in trust For the Res - ur - rec - tion - day. Fa - ther,
poco rall.
dim.
in Thy gra - cious keep - ing Leave me now Thy ser-vant sleep - ing.
in Thy gra - cious keep - ing Leave me now Thy ser-vant sleep - ing.
in Thy gra - cious keep - ing Leave me now Thy ser-vant sleep - ing.
in Thy gra - cious keep - ing Leave me now Thy ser-vant sleep - ing.
A - men.

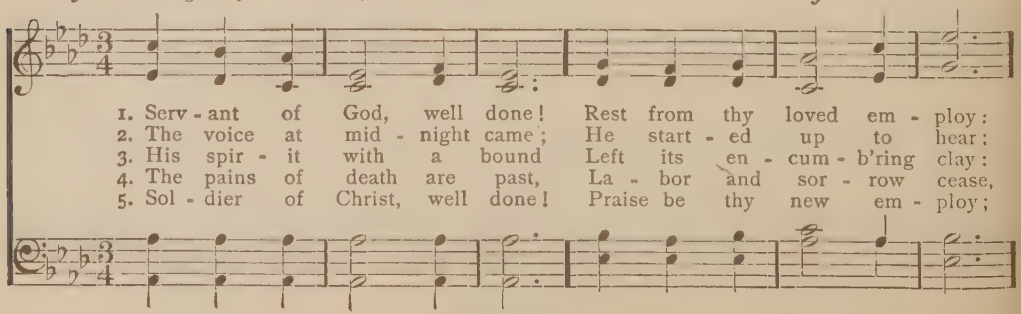
No. 564. *Sleep Thy Last Sleep*

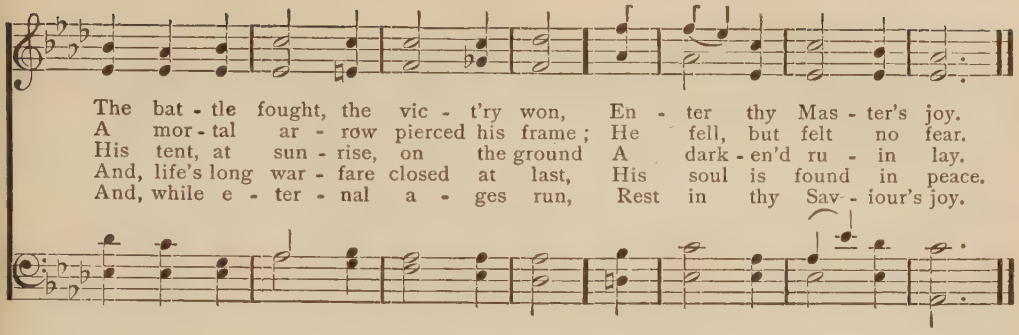
Edward A. Dayman, 1868 TAPHOS. P. M. *J. Barnby*


pp
cres.
1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row; Rest, where none weep,
2. Life's dream is past, All its sin, its sad - ness; Bright - ly at last,
3. Though we may mourn Those in life the dear - est, They shall re - turn,
mf
Till th' e - ter - nal mor - row; Though dark waves roll.. O'er the si - lent
Dawns a day of glad - ness. Un - der thy sod... Earth, re - ceive our
Christ, when Thou ap - pear - est! Soon shall Thy voice Com - fort those now
f rall.
pp Slower.
riv - er, Thy faint - ing soul.... Je - sus can de - liv - er.
treas - ure, To rest in God,.... Wait - ing all His pleas - ure.
weep - ing, Bid - ding re - joice... All in Je - sus sleep - ing. A - MEN.

No. 565. *Servant of God, Well Done*

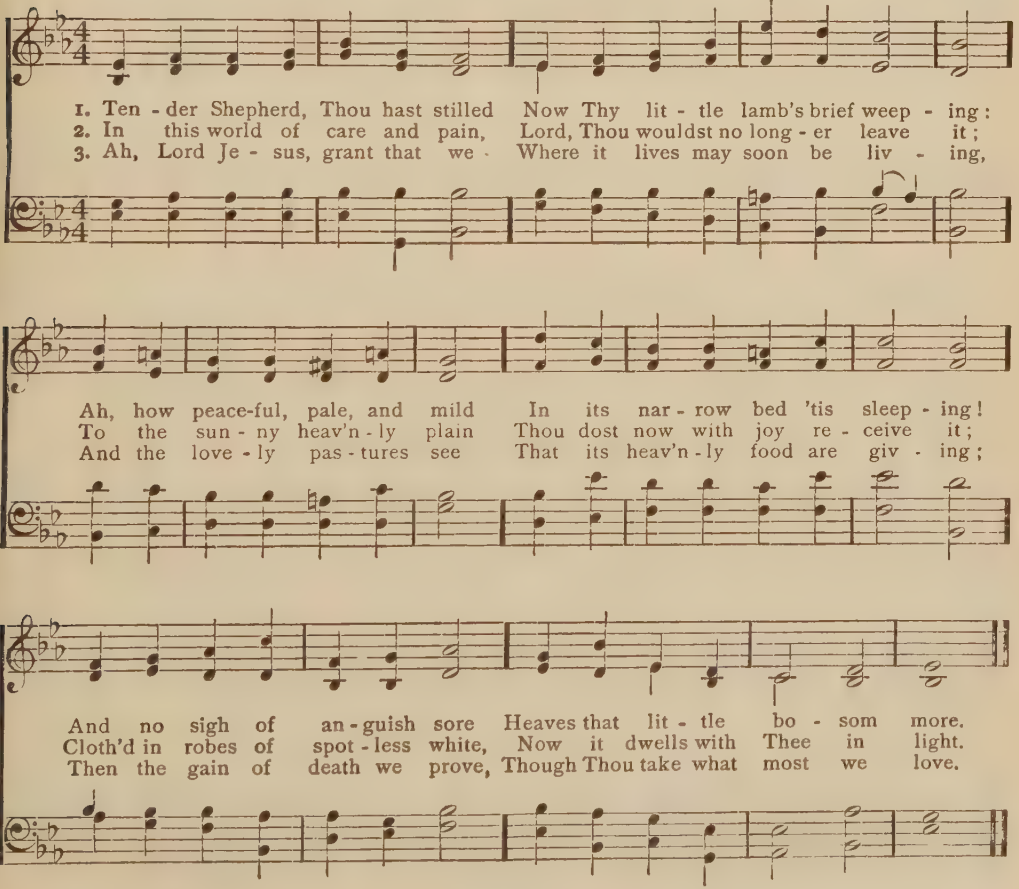
James Montgomery GREENWOOD. L. M. *J. E. Sweetser*


1. Serv - ant of God, well done! Rest from thy loved em - ploy:
2. The voice at mid - night came; He start - ed up to hear:
3. His spir - it with a bound Left its en - cum - b'ring clay:
4. The pains of death are past, La - bor and sor - row cease,
5. Sol - dier of Christ, well done! Praise be thy new em - ploy;


The bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won, En - ter thy Mas - ter's joy.
A mor - tal ar - row pierced his frame; He fell, but felt no fear.
His tent, at sun - rise, on the ground A dark - en'd ru - in lay.
And, life's long war - fare closed at last, His soul is found in peace.
And, while e - ter - nal a - ges run, Rest in thy Sav - iour's joy.

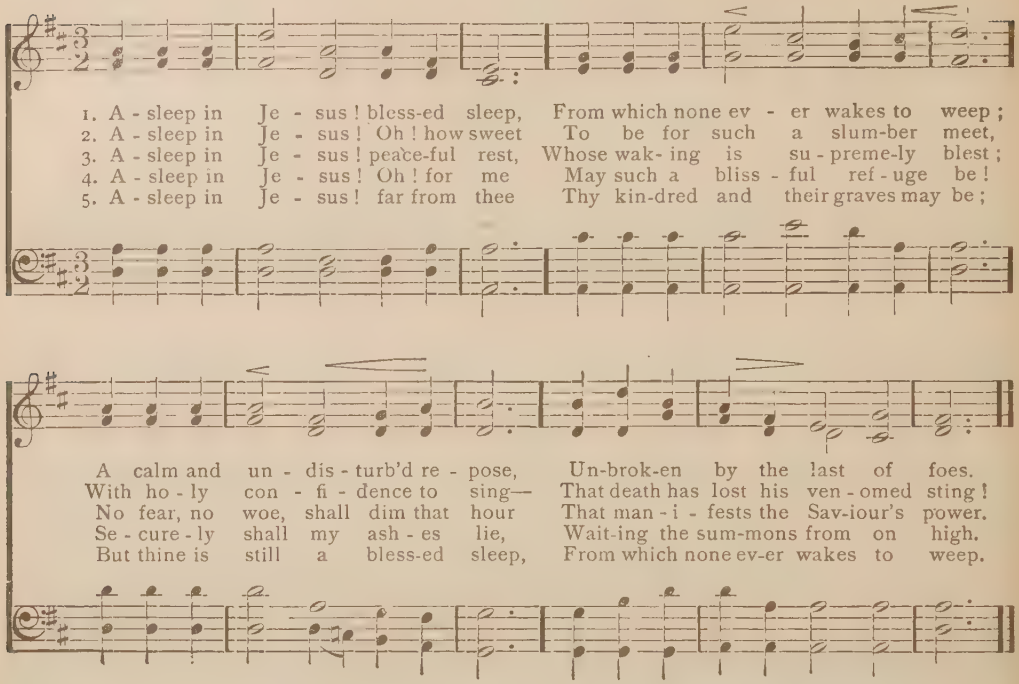
No. 566. *Tender Shepherd, Thou Hast Stilled*

C. Winkworth, tr. WINKWORTH. 7s, 8s & 7s. *A. S. Sullivan*


1. Ten - der Shepherd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep - ing:
2. In this world of care and pain, Lord, Thou wouldst no long - er leave it;
3. Ah, Lord Je - sus, grant that we Where it lives may soon be liv - ing,
Ah, how peace-ful, pale, and mild In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep - ing!
To the sun - ny heav'n - ly plain Thou dost now with joy re - ceive it;
And the love - ly pas - tures see That its heav'n - ly food are giv - ing;
And no sigh of an - guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more.
Cloth'd in robes of spot - less white, Now it dwells with Thee in light.
Then the gain of death we prove, Though Thou take what most we love.

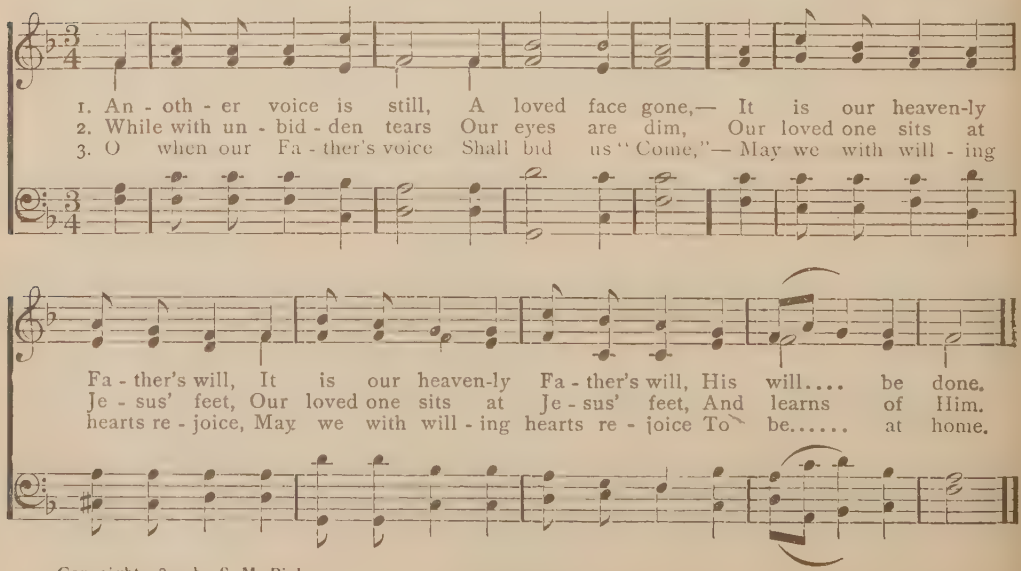
No. 567. *Asleep in Jesus! Blessed Sleep*

Margaret Mackay, 1832, *abr.* REST. L. M. *Wm. B. Bradbury*, 1843


1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! Oh! how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet,
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest, Whose wak- ing is su - preme-ly blest;
4. A - sleep in Je - sus! Oh! for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!
5. A - sleep in Je - sus! far from thee Thy kin-dred and their graves may be;
A calm and un - dis - turb'd re - pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing— That death has lost his ven - omed sting!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Sav-iour's power.
Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, Wait-ing the sum-mons from on high.
But thine is still a bless-ed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep.

No. 568. *Another Voice is Still*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 HUBERT. 6.4.8.8.4. *Hubert P. Main*


1. An - oth - er voice is still, A loved face gone,— It is our heaven-ly
2. While with un - bid - den tears Our eyes are dim, Our loved one sits at
3. O when our Fa - ther's voice Shall bid us "Come,"— May we with will - ing
Fa - ther's will, It is our heaven-ly Fa - ther's will, His will.... be done.
Je - sus' feet, Our loved one sits at Je - sus' feet, And learns of Him.
hearts re - joice, May we with will - ing hearts re - joice To be..... at home.

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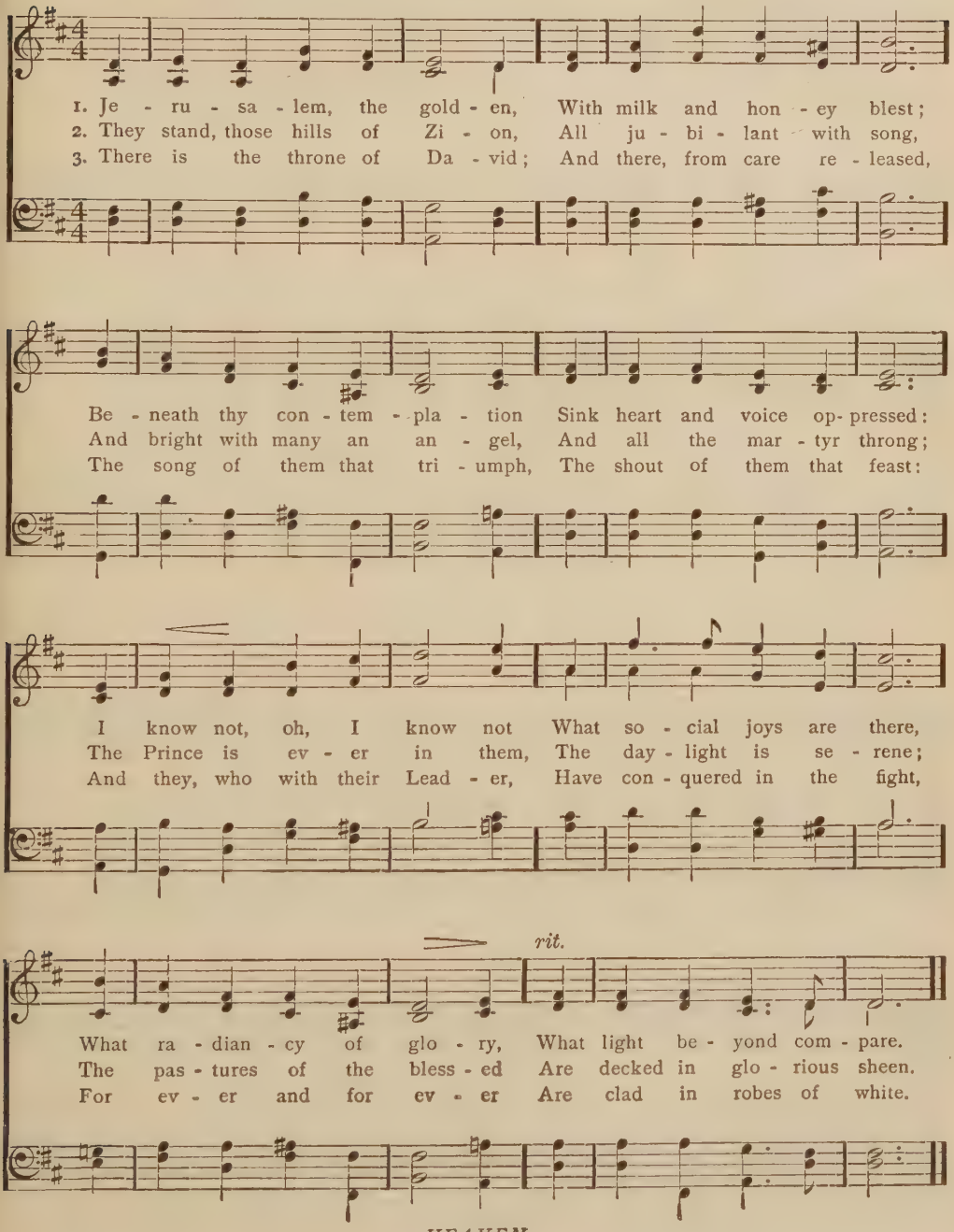
No. 569.

Jerusalem, the Golden

Lat. Bernard de Morlaix, 1150, *abr.*
Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

EWING. 7s & 6s D.

Alexander Ewing, 1853

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest;
2. They stand, those hills of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased,
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op- pressed:
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast:
I know not, oh, I know not What so - cial joys are there,
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
And they, who with their Lead - er, Have con - quered in the fight,
rit.
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

HEAVEN

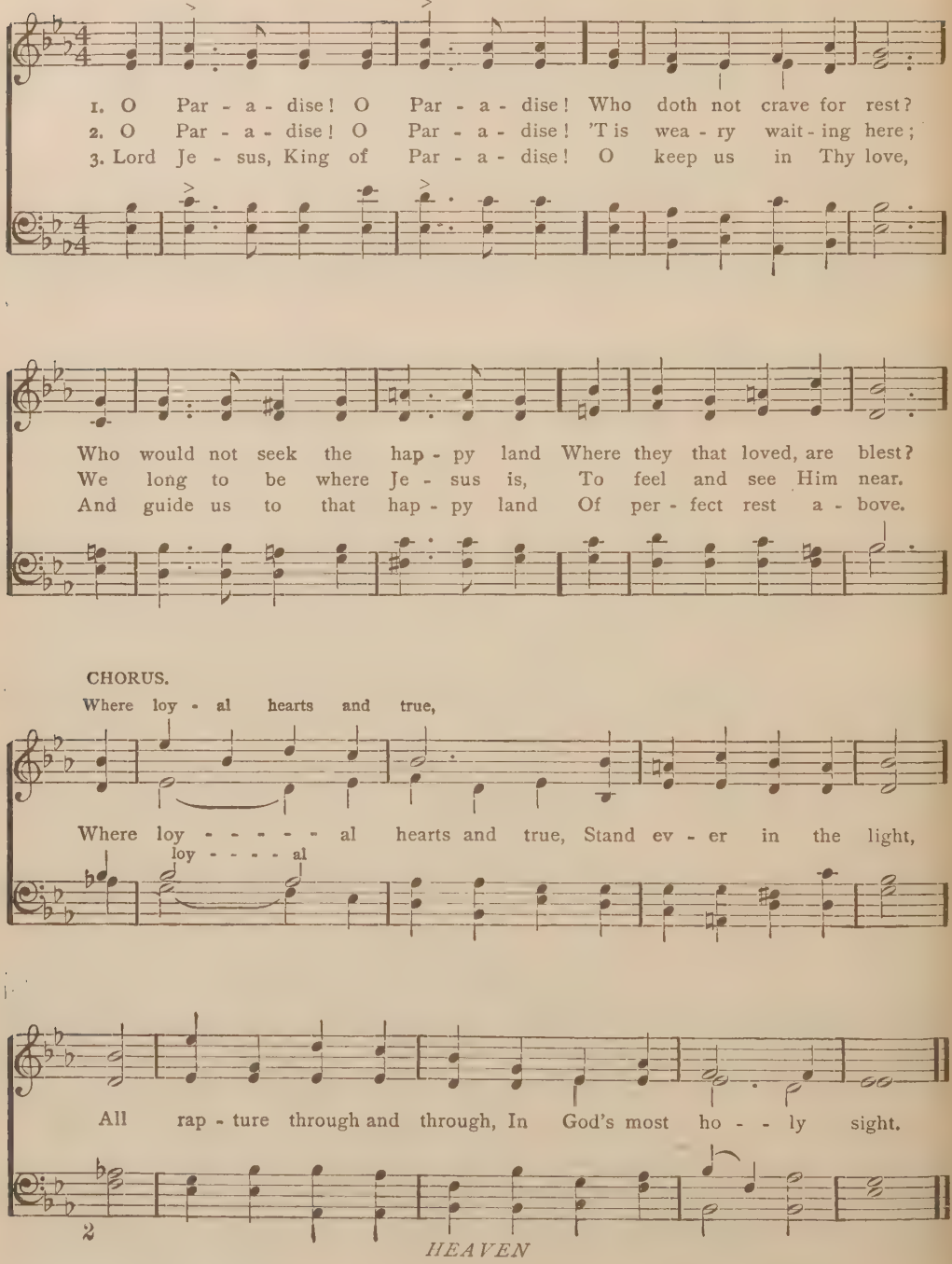
No. 570.

O Paradise!

F. W. Faber

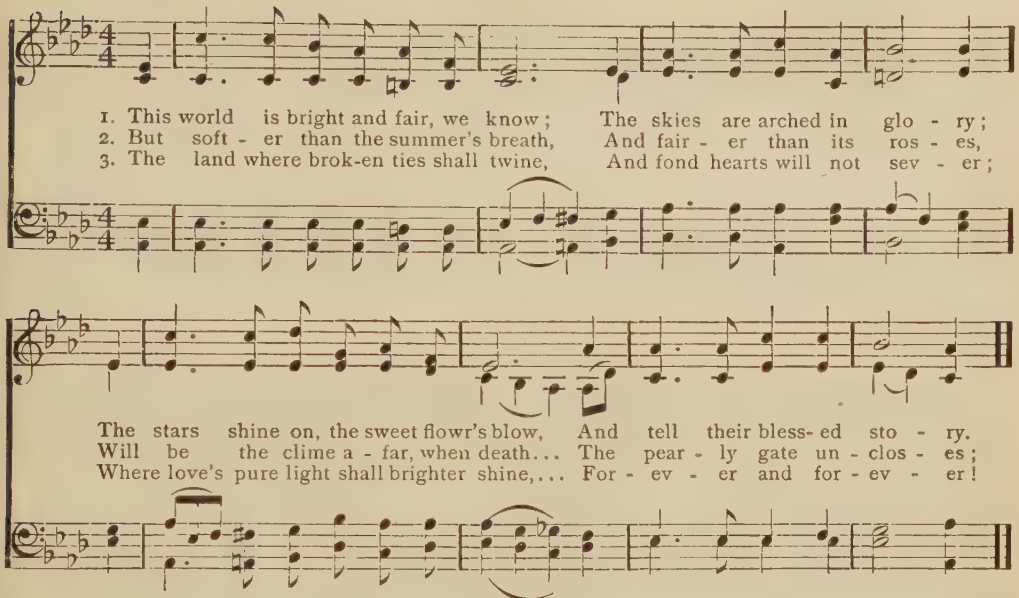
PARADISE. P. M.

J. Barnby


1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! 'T is wea - ry wait - ing here;
3. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise! O keep us in Thy love,
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved, are blest?
We long to be where Je - sus is, To feel and see Him near.
And guide us to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove.
CHORUS.
Where loy - al hearts and true,
Where loy - - - - - al hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the light,
loy - - - - al
All rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - - ly sight.

No. 571. *This World is Bright and Fair We Know*

Albert Leighton MERRILL. 8s & 7s. *S. M. Bixby*


1. This world is bright and fair, we know; The skies are arched in glo - ry;
2. But soft - er than the summer's breath, And fair - er than its ros - es,
3. The land where brok-en ties shall twine, And fond hearts will not sev - er;
The stars shine on, the sweet flowr's blow, And tell their bless- ed sto - ry.
Will be the clime a - far, when death... The pear - ly gate un - clos - es;
Where love's pure light shall brighter shine,... For - ev - er and for - ev - er!

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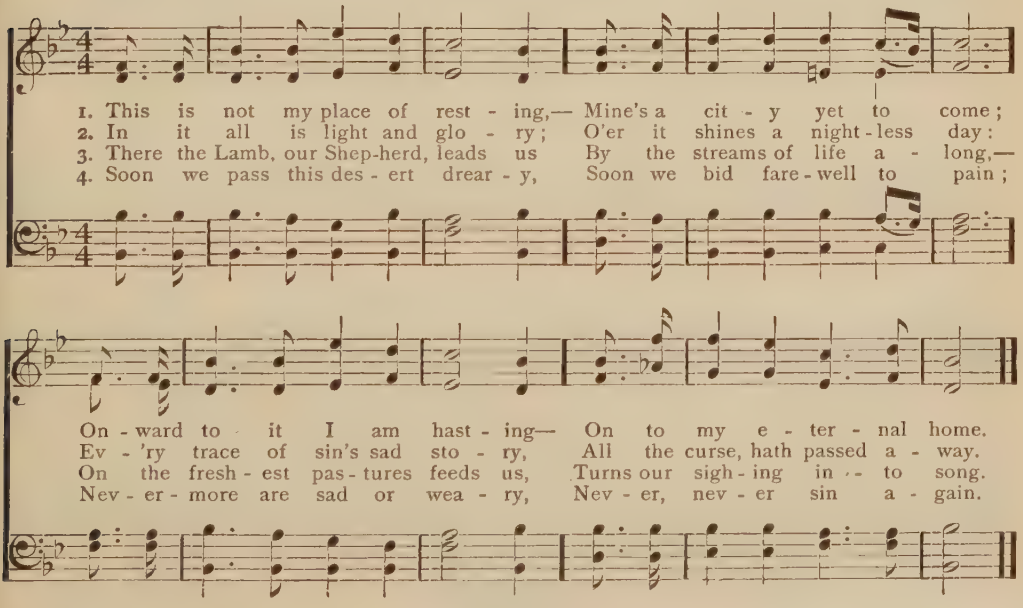
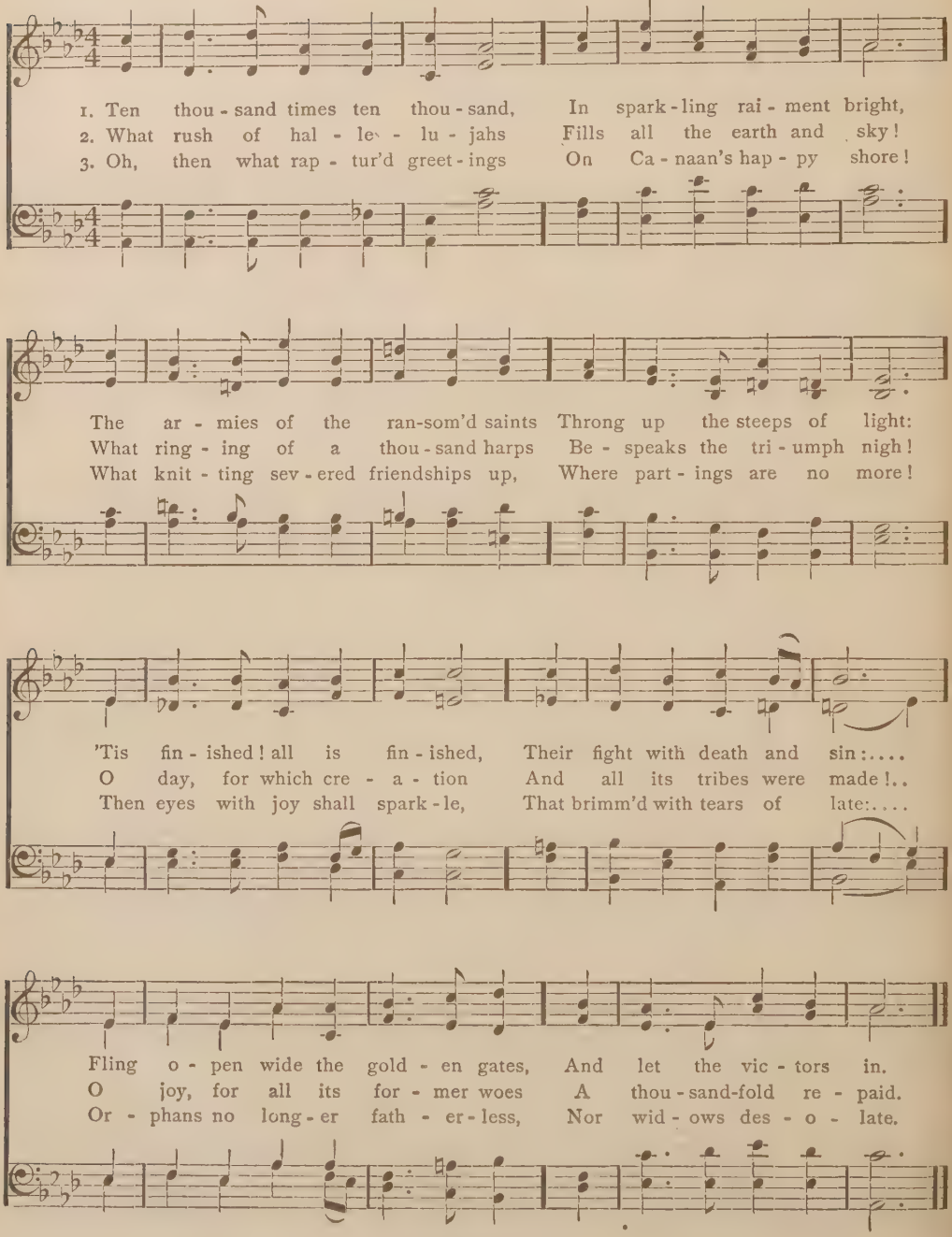
No. 572. *This is Not My Place of Resting*

Horatius Bonar VESPERS. 8s & 7s. *Arr. from Flotow*


1. This is not my place of rest - ing,— Mine's a cit - y yet to come;
2. In it all is light and glo - ry; O'er it shines a night - less day:
3. There the Lamb, our Shep-herd, leads us By the streams of life a - long,—
4. Soon we pass this des - ert drear - y, Soon we bid fare - well to pain;
On - ward to it I am hast - ing— On to my e - ter - nal home.
Ev - 'ry trace of sin's sad sto - ry, All the curse, hath passed a - way.
On the fresh - est pas - tures feeds us, Turns our sigh - ing in - to song.
Nev - er - more are sad or wea - ry, Nev - er, nev - er sin a - gain.

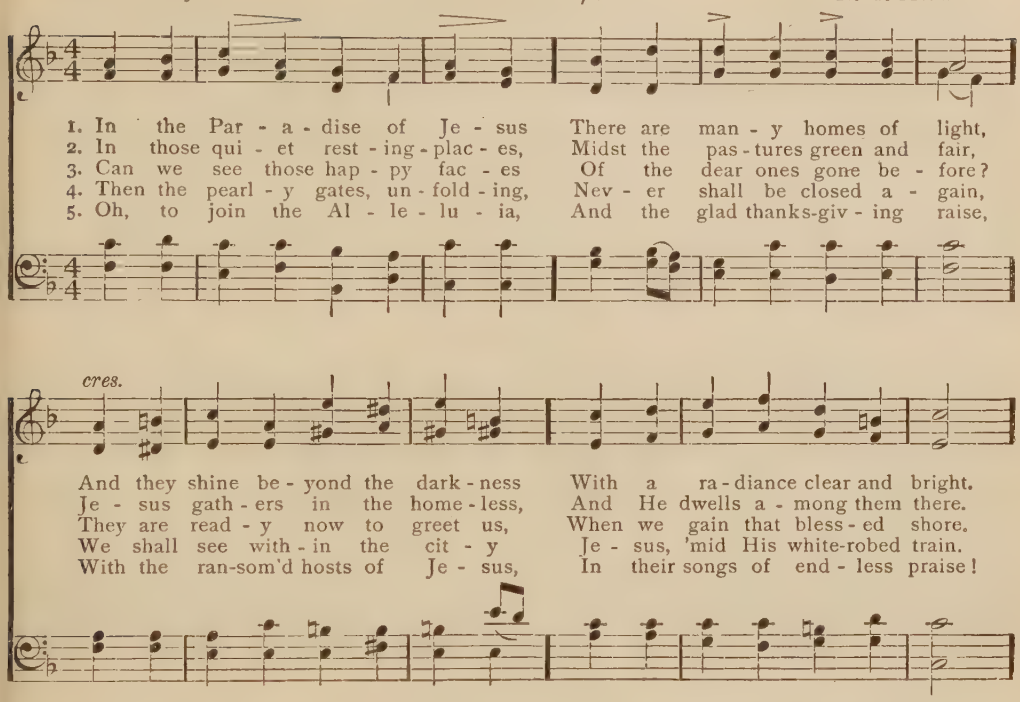
No. 573. *Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand*

Henry Alford ALFRED. 7s & 6s D. *J. B. Dykes*

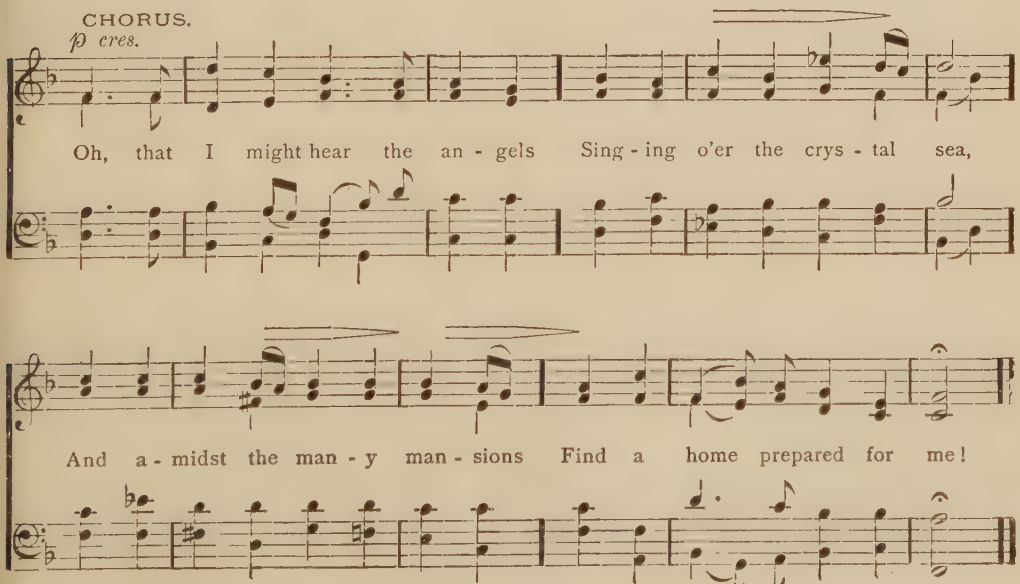

1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand, In spark - ling rai - ment bright,
2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fills all the earth and sky!
3. Oh, then what rap - tur'd greet - ings On Ca - naan's hap - py shore!
The ar - mies of the ran-som'd saints Throng up the steeps of light:
What ring - ing of a thou - sand harps Be - speaks the tri - umph nigh!
What knit - ting sev - ered friendships up, Where part - ings are no more!
'Tis fin - ished! all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:....
O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made!..
Then eyes with joy shall spark - le, That brimm'd with tears of late:....
Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.
O joy, for all its for - mer woes A thou - sand-fold re - paid.
Or - phans no long - er fath - er - less, Nor wid - ows des - o - late.

No. 574. *In the Paradise of Jesus*

Mrs. Streatfield MONK. 8s & 7s. *E. G. Monk*


1. In the Par - a - dise of Je - sus There are man - y homes of light,
2. In those qui - et rest - ing - plac - es, Midst the pas - tures green and fair,
3. Can we see those hap - py fac - es Of the dear ones gone be - fore?
4. Then the pearl - y gates, un - fold - ing, Nev - er shall be closed a - gain,
5. Oh, to join the Al - le - lu - ia, And the glad thanks-giv - ing raise,
cres.
And they shine be - yond the dark - ness With a ra - diance clear and bright.
Je - sus gath - ers in the home - less, And He dwells a - mong them there.
They are read - y now to greet us, When we gain that bless - ed shore.
We shall see with - in the cit - y Je - sus, 'mid His white-robed train.
With the ran-som'd hosts of Je - sus, In their songs of end - less praise!

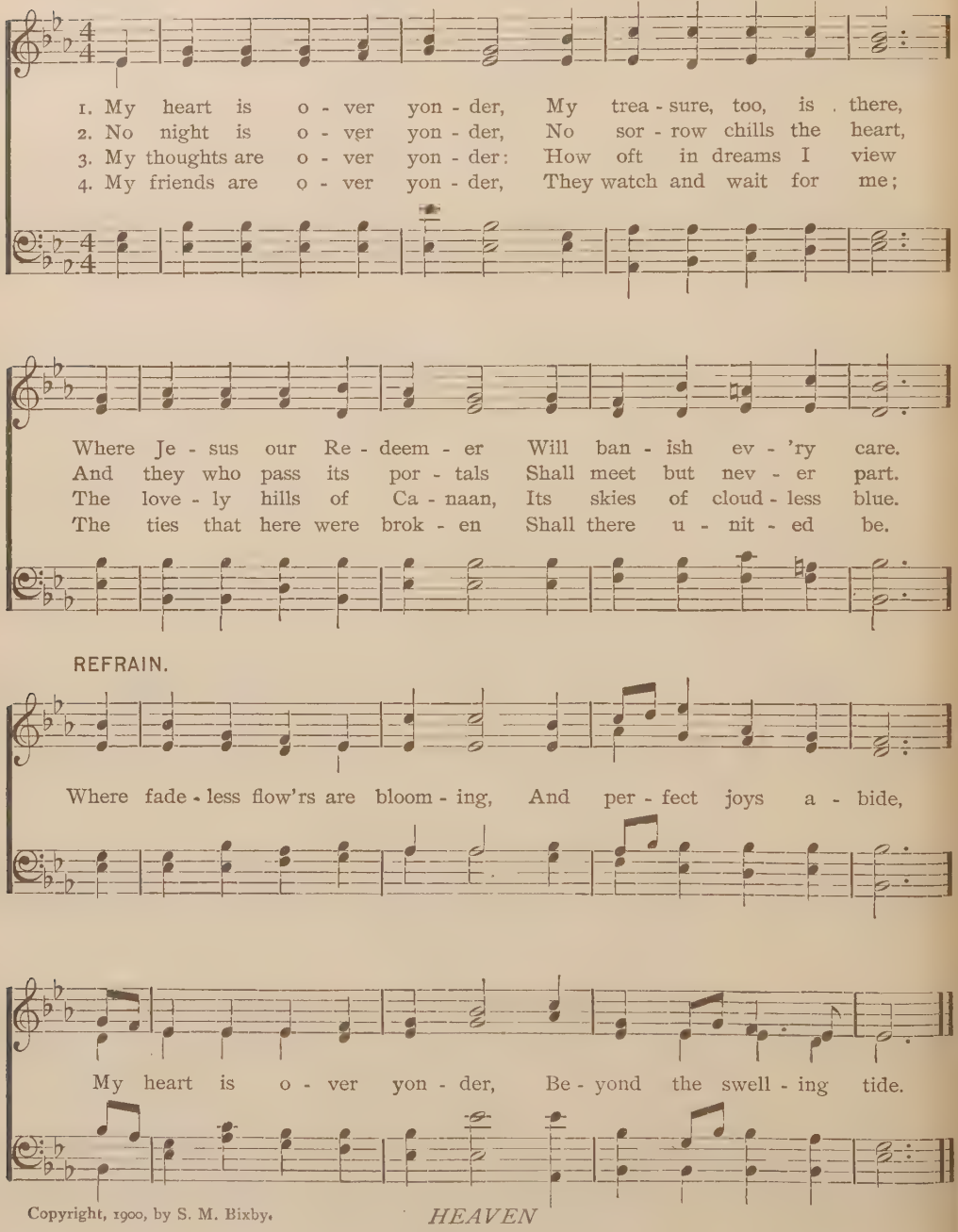
CHORUS.



HEAVEN

No. 575. *My Heart is Over Yonder*

Fanny J. Crosby YONDER. 7s & 6s, with Refrain *Hubert P. Main*


1. My heart is o - ver yon - der, My trea - sure, too, is there,
2. No night is o - ver yon - der, No sor - row chills the heart,
3. My thoughts are o - ver yon - der: How oft in dreams I view
4. My friends are o - ver yon - der, They watch and wait for me;
Where Je - sus our Re - deem - er Will ban - ish ev - 'ry care.
And they who pass its por - tals Shall meet but nev - er part.
The love - ly hills of Ca - naan, Its skies of cloud - less blue.
The ties that here were brok - en Shall there u - nit - ed be.
REFRAIN.
Where fade - less flow'rs are bloom - ing, And per - fect joys a - bide,
My heart is o - ver yon - der, Be - yond the swell - ing tide.

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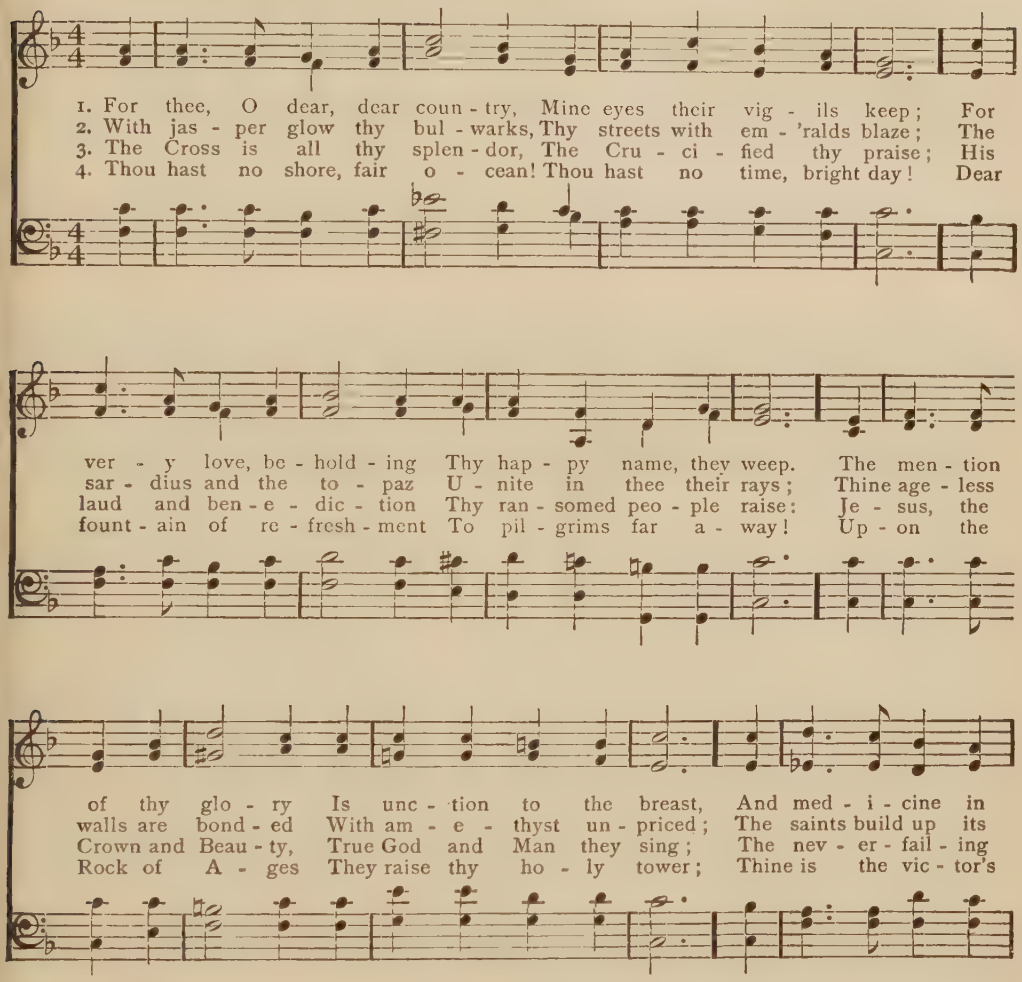
HEAVEN

No. 576. *For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country*

St. Bernard, Tr. Neale BEATRICE. 7s & 6s D. *S. M. Bixby*

1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep; For
2. With jas - per glow thy bul - warks, Thy streets with em - 'ralds blaze; The
3. The Cross is all thy splen - dor, The Cru - ci - fied thy praise; His
4. Thou hast no shore, fair o - cean! Thou hast no time, bright day! Dear
ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep. The men - tion
sar - dius and the to - paz U - nite in thee their rays; Thine age - less
laud and ben - e - dic - tion Thy ran - somed peo - ple raise: Je - sus, the
fount - ain of re - fresh - ment To pil - grims far a - way! Up - on the
of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast, And med - i - cine in
walls are bond - ed With am - e - thyst un - priced; The saints build up its
Crown and Beau - ty, True God and Man they sing; The nev - er - fail - ing
Rock of A - ges They raise thy ho - ly tower; Thine is the vic - tor's
sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.
fa - bric, Its cor - ner - stone is Christ.
gar - den,—The gar - den of their King.
lau - rel, And thine the gold - en dower.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest:
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

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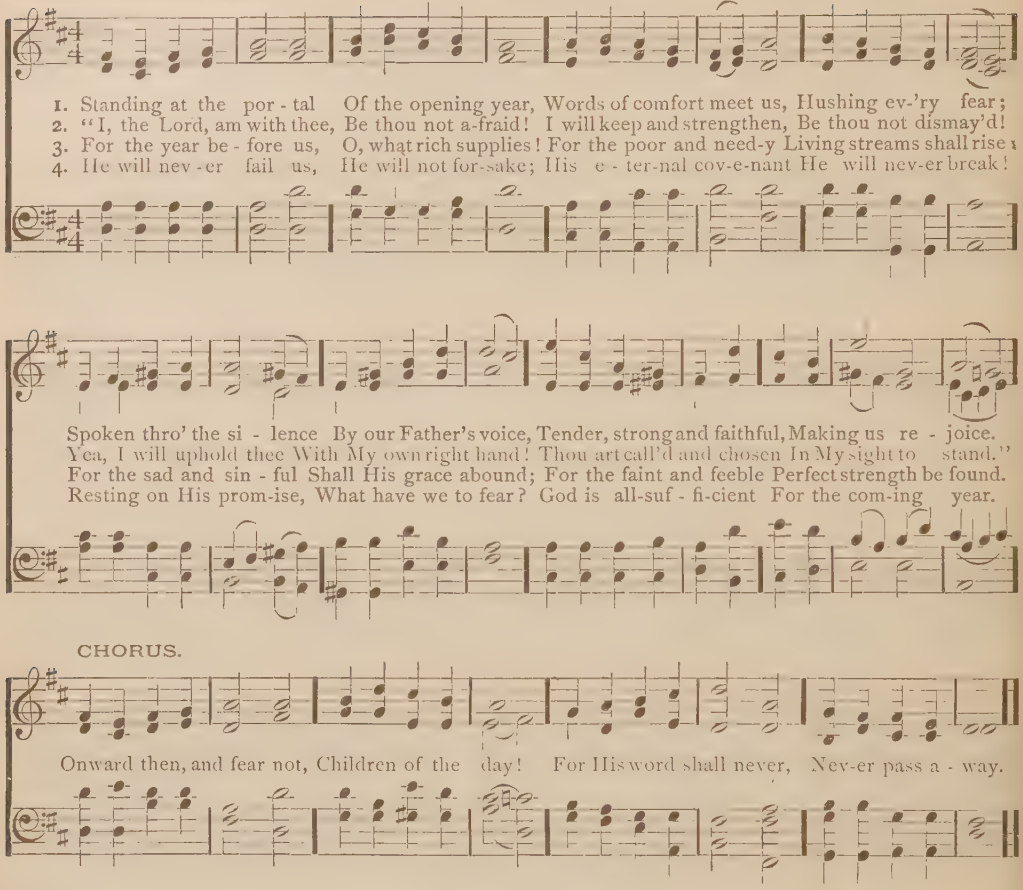
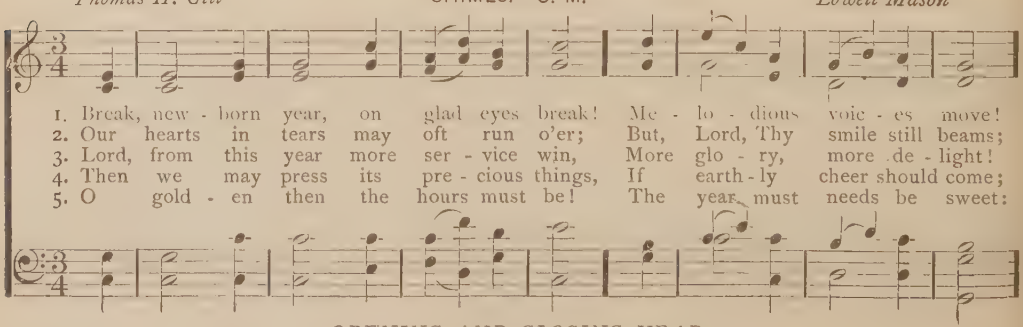
No. 577. *Standing at the Portal*

Frances Ridley Havergal DEVA. 6s & 5s, with Chorus *E. J. Hopkins*

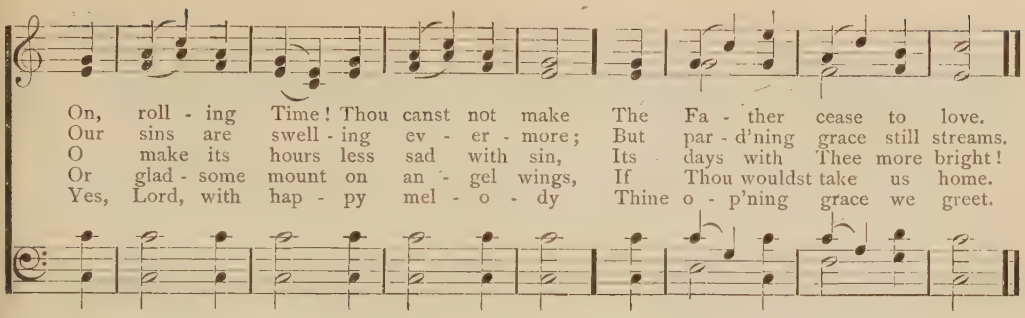

1. Standing at the por - tal Of the opening year, Words of comfort meet us, Hushing ev-'ry fear;
2. "I, the Lord, am with thee, Be thou not a-fraid! I will keep and strengthen, Be thou not dismay'd!
3. For the year be - fore us, O, what rich supplies! For the poor and need-y Living streams shall rise
4. He will nev - er fail us, He will not for-sake; His e - ter-nal cov-e-nant He will nev-er break!
Spoken thro' the si - lence By our Father's voice, Tender, strong and faithful, Making us re - joice.
Yea, I will uphold thee With My own right hand! Thou art call'd and chosen In My sight to stand."
For the sad and sin - ful Shall His grace abound; For the faint and feeble Perfect strength be found.
Resting on His prom-ise, What have we to fear? God is all-suf - fi-cient For the com-ing year.
CHORUS.
Onward then, and fear not, Children of the day! For His word shall never, Nev-er pass a - way.

No. 578. *Break, New-born Year, on Glad Eyes Break*

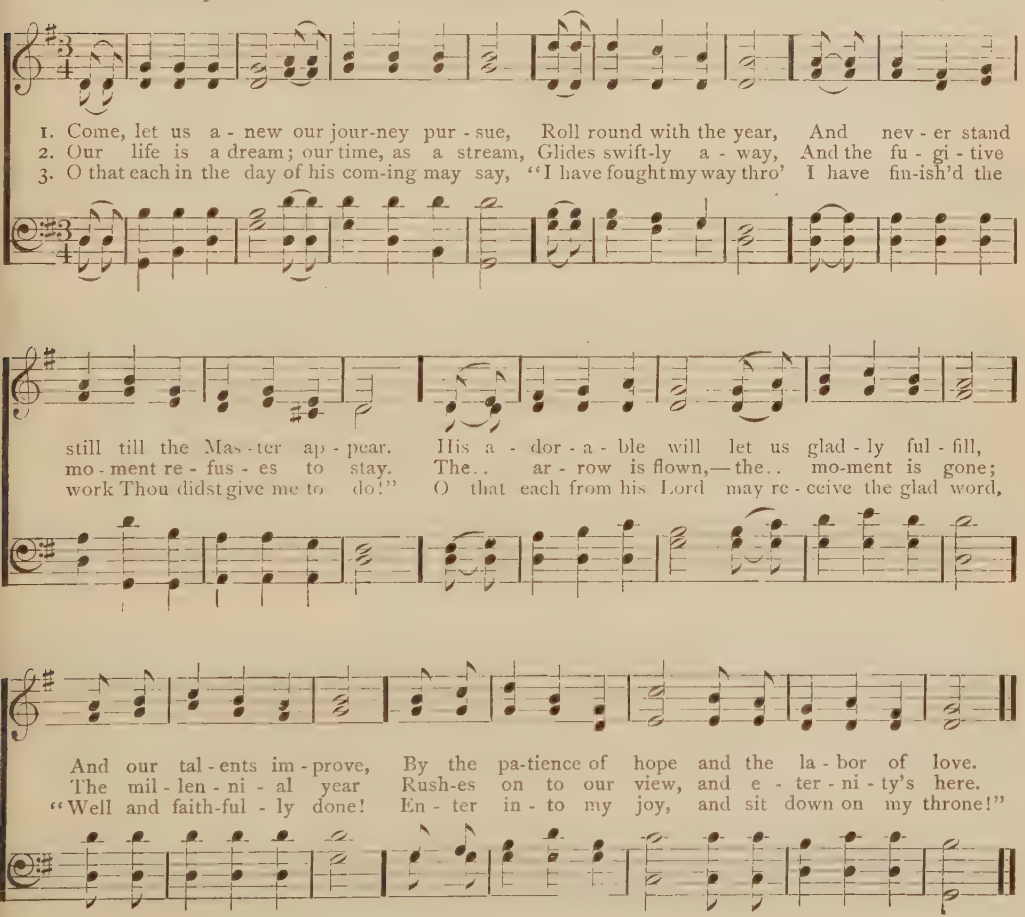
Thomas H. Gill CHIMES. C. M. *Lowell Mason*


1. Break, new - born year, on glad eyes break! Me - lo - dious voic - es move!
2. Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er; But, Lord, Thy smile still beams;
3. Lord, from this year more ser - vice win, More glo - ry, more de - light!
4. Then we may press its pre - cious things, If earth - ly cheer should come;
5. O gold - en then the hours must be! The year must needs be sweet:

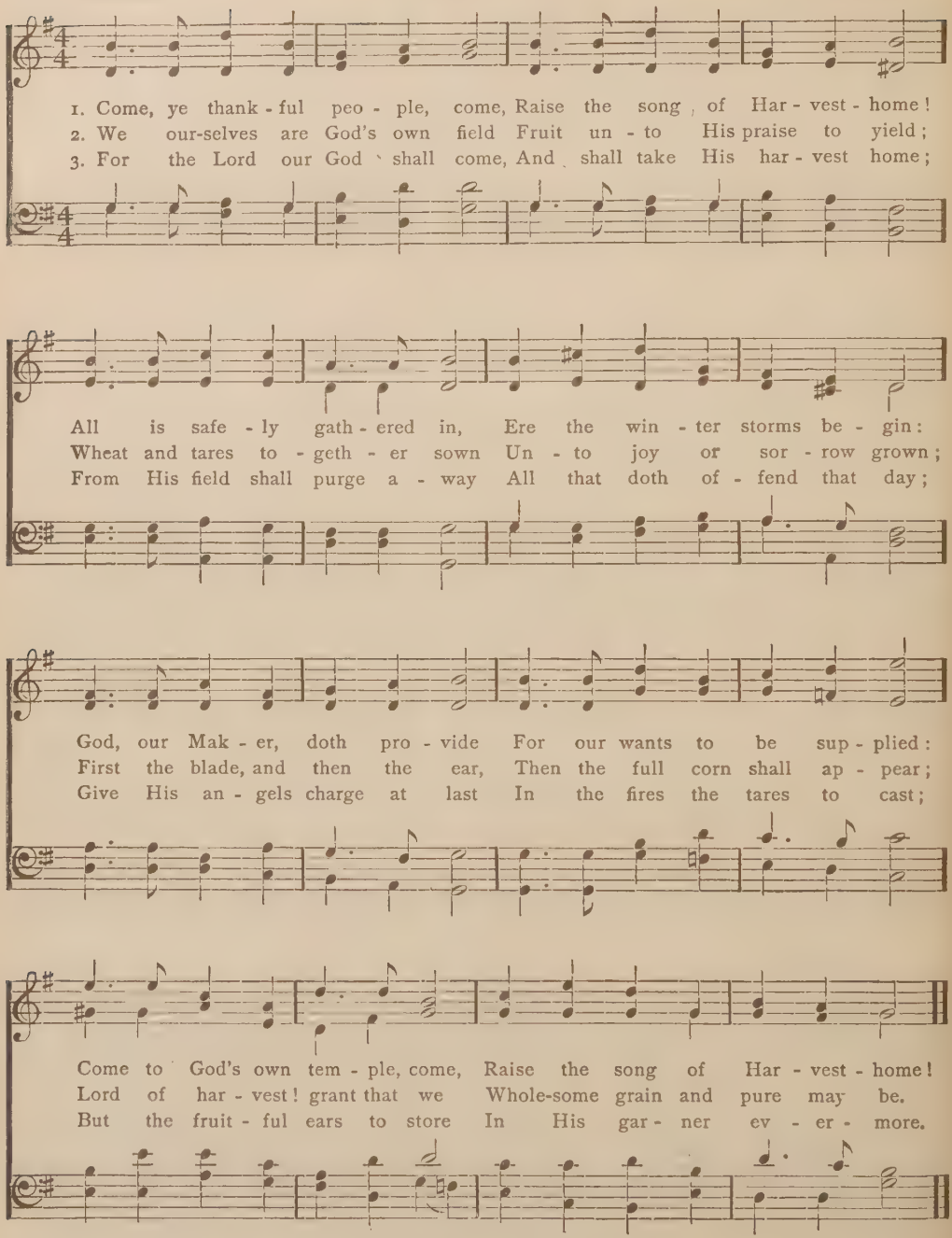
Break, New-born Year, on Glad Eyes Break


On, roll - ing Time! Thou canst not make The Fa - ther cease to love.
Our sins are swell - ing ev - er - more; But par - d'ning grace still streams.
O make its hours less sad with sin, Its days with Thee more bright!
Or glad - some mount on an - gel wings, If Thou wouldst take us home.
Yes, Lord, with hap - py mel - o - dy Thine o - p'ning grace we greet.

No. 579. *Come, Let Us Anew Our Journey Pursue*

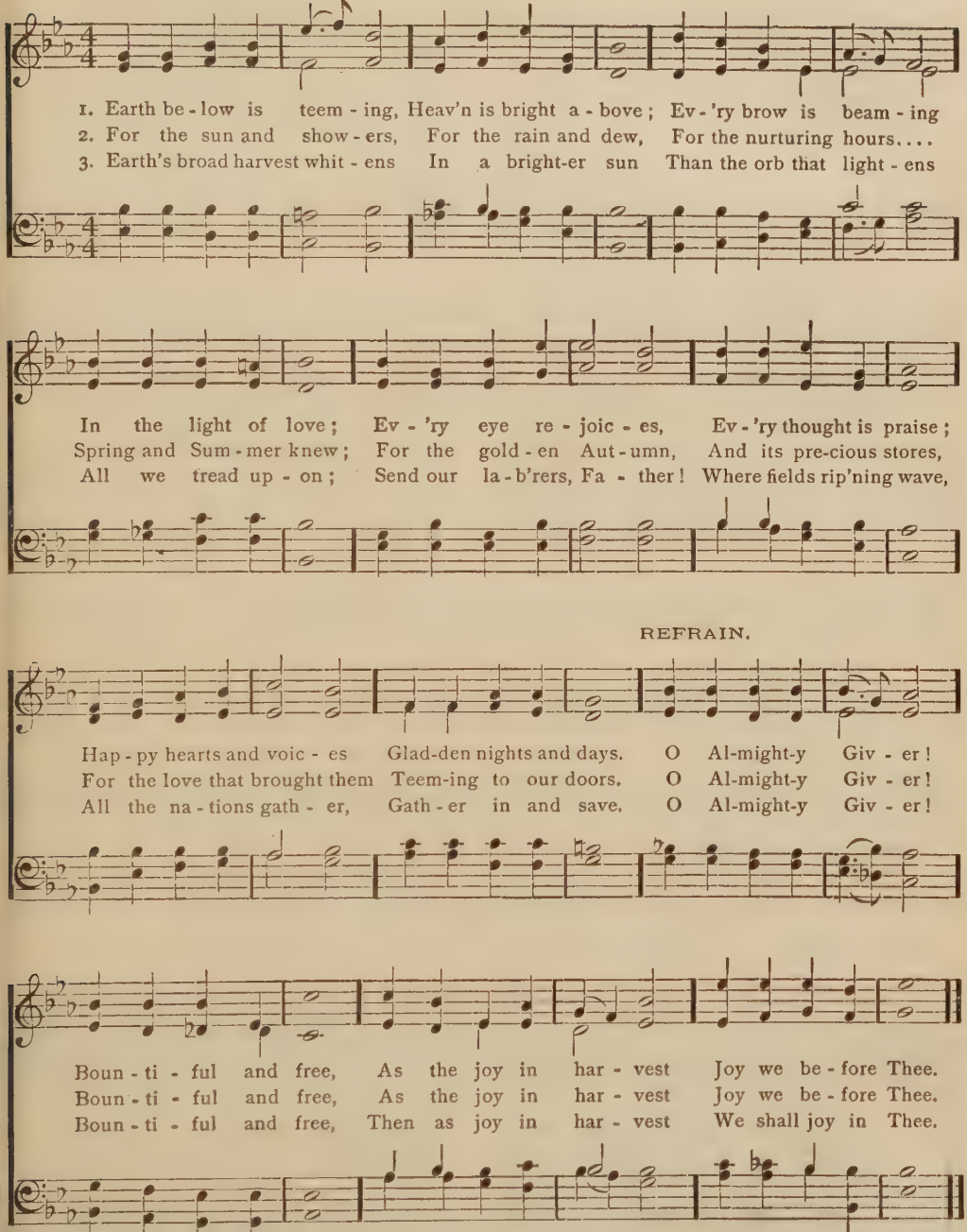
Charles Wesley NEW YEAR'S HYMN. 11s & 5s. *S. Webbe*

1. Come, let us a - new our jour-ney pur - sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand
2. Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream, Glides swift-ly a - way, And the fu - gi - tive
3. O that each in the day of his com-ing may say, "I have fought my way thro' I have fin-ish'd the
still till the Mas - ter ap - pear. His a - dor - a - ble will let us glad - ly ful - fill,
mo - ment re - fus - es to stay. The.. ar - row is flown,— the.. mo-ment is gone;
work Thou didst give me to do!" O that each from his Lord may re - ceive the glad word,
And our tal - ents im - prove, By the pa-tience of hope and the la - bor of love.
The mil - len - ni - al year Rush-es on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here.
"Well and faith-ful - ly done! En - ter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

No. 580. *Come, Ye Thankful People, Come*

H. Alford ST. GEORGE. 7s D. *G. J. Elvey*

1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest - home!
2. We our-selves are God's own field Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home;
All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin:
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown Un - to joy or sor - row grown;
From His field shall purge a - way All that doth of - fend that day;
God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied:
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;
Give His an - gels charge at last In the fires the tares to cast;
Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest - home!
Lord of har - vest! grant that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.
But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.

No. 581. *Earth Below is Teeming*

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863 HARVEST. 6s & 5s. *R. Menthal*


1. Earth be - low is teem - ing, Heav'n is bright a - bove; Ev - 'ry brow is beam - ing
2. For the sun and show - ers, For the rain and dew, For the nurturing hours....
3. Earth's broad harvest whit - ens In a bright-er sun Than the orb that light - ens
In the light of love; Ev - 'ry eye re - joic - es, Ev - 'ry thought is praise;
Spring and Sum - mer knew; For the gold - en Aut - umn, And its pre-cious stores,
All we tread up - on; Send our la - b'rers, Fa - ther! Where fields rip'ning wave,
REFRAIN.
Hap - py hearts and voic - es Glad-den nights and days. O Al-might-y Giv - er!
For the love that brought them Teem-ing to our doors. O Al-might-y Giv - er!
All the na - tions gath - er, Gath - er in and save. O Al-might-y Giv - er!
Boun - ti - ful and free, As the joy in har - vest Joy we be - fore Thee.
Boun - ti - ful and free, As the joy in har - vest Joy we be - fore Thee.
Boun - ti - ful and free, Then as joy in har - vest We shall joy in Thee.

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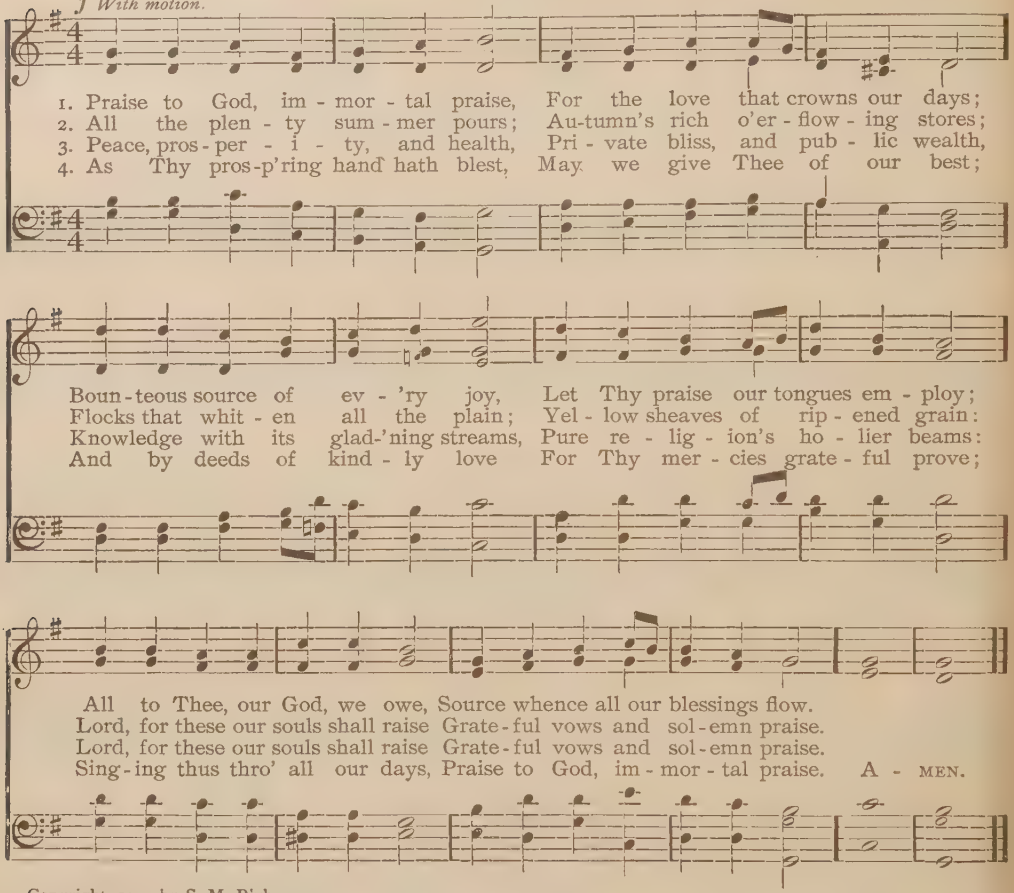
No. 582. *Praise to God, Immortal Praise*

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld TAXA. 7s. 6 Lines. *R. Menthal*

f With motion.


1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
2. All the plen - ty sum - mer pours; Au-tumn's rich o'er - flow - ing stores;
3. Peace, pros - per - i - ty, and health, Pri - vate bliss, and pub - lic wealth,
4. As Thy pros-p'ring hand hath blest, May we give Thee of our best;
Boun - teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy;
Flocks that whit - en all the plain; Yel - low sheaves of rip - ened grain:
Knowledge with its glad-'ning streams, Pure re - lig - ion's ho - lier beams:
And by deeds of kind - ly love For Thy mer - cies grate - ful prove;
All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow.
Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise.
Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise.
Sing - ing thus thro' all our days, Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise. A - MEN.

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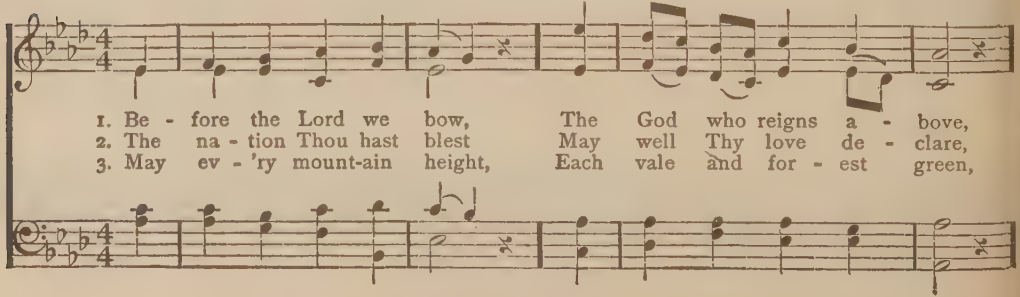
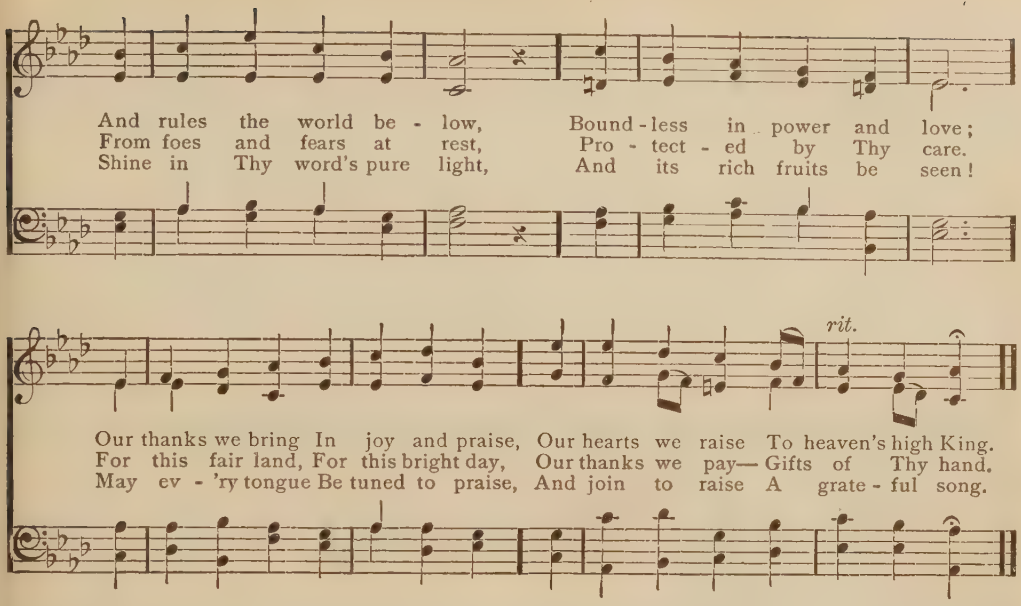
No. 583. *Before the Lord We Bow*

F. S. Key REY. H. M. *Samuel Wesley*

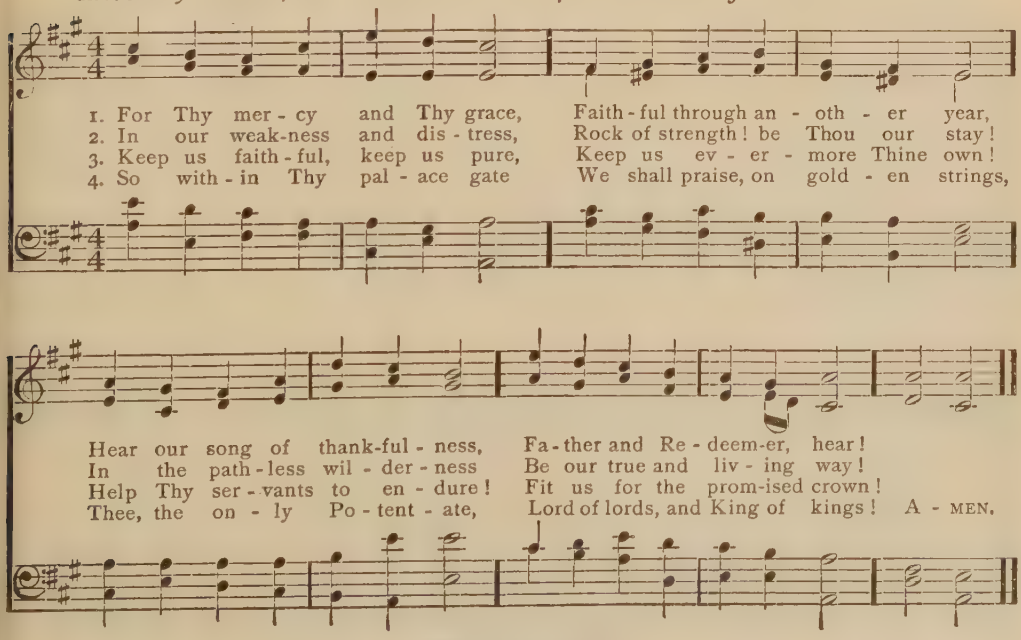

1. Be - fore the Lord we bow, The God who reigns a - bove,
2. The na - tion Thou hast blest May well Thy love de - clare,
3. May ev - 'ry mount-ain height, Each vale and for - est green,

Before the Lord We Bow


And rules the world be - low, Bound - less in power and love;
From foes and fears at rest, Pro - tect - ed by Thy care.
Shine in Thy word's pure light, And its rich fruits be seen!
rit.
Our thanks we bring In joy and praise, Our hearts we raise To heaven's high King.
For this fair land, For this bright day, Our thanks we pay— Gifts of Thy hand.
May ev - 'ry tongue Be tuned to praise, And join to raise A grate - ful song.

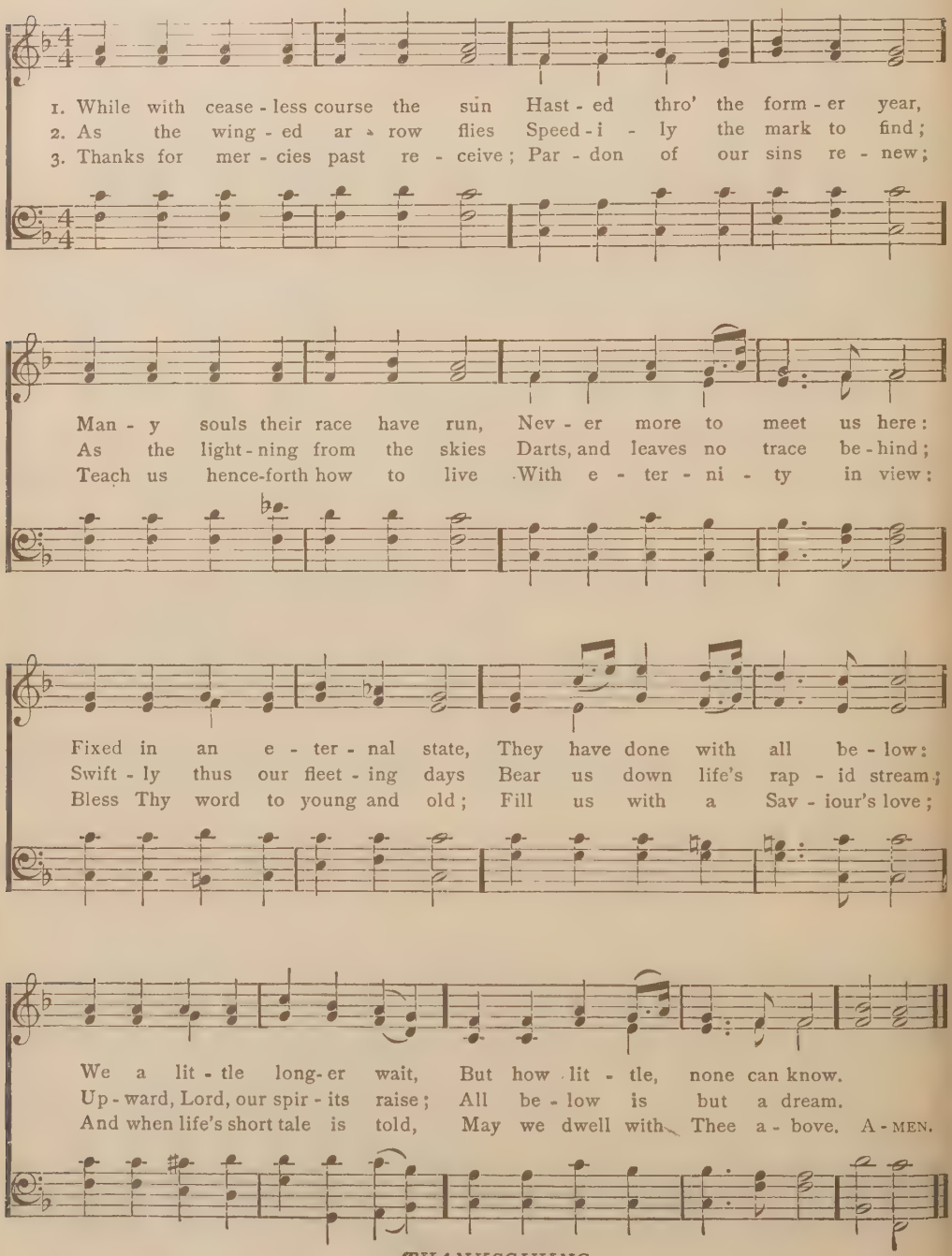
No. 584. *For Thy Mercy and Thy Grace*

Rev. Henry Downton, abr. JUSTIN. 7s. *Justin Heinrich Knecht*


1. For Thy mer - cy and Thy grace, Faith - ful through an - oth - er year,
2. In our weak-ness and dis - tress, Rock of strength! be Thou our stay!
3. Keep us faith - ful, keep us pure, Keep us ev - er - more Thine own!
4. So with - in Thy pal - ace gate We shall praise, on gold - en strings,
Hear our song of thank-ful - ness, Fa - ther and Re - deem-er, hear!
In the path - less wil - der - ness Be our true and liv - ing way!
Help Thy ser - vants to en - dure! Fit us for the prom-ised crown!
Thee, the on - ly Po - tent - ate, Lord of lords, and King of kings! A - MEN.

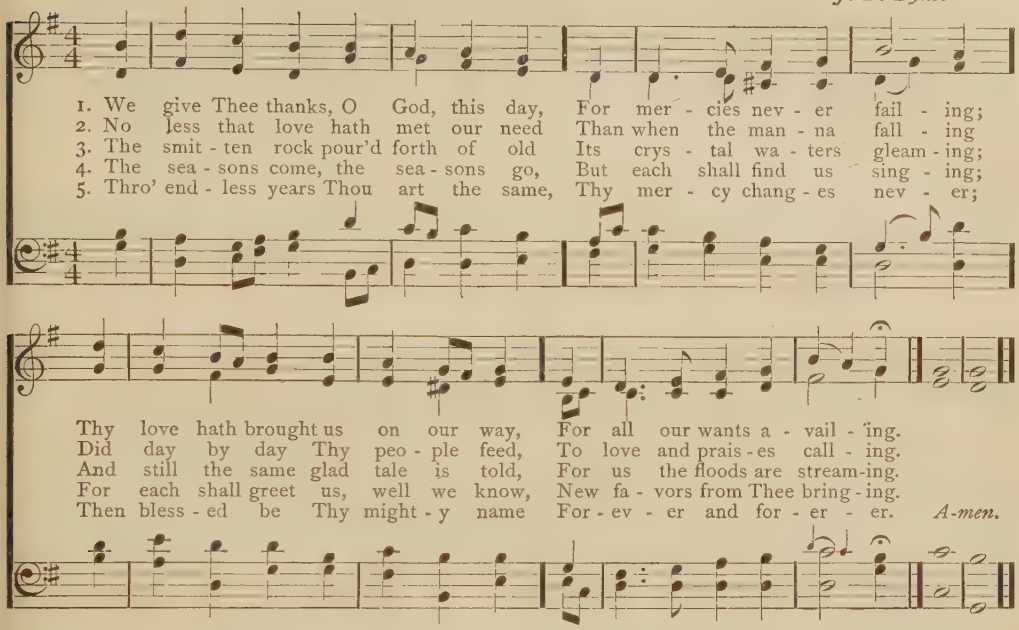
No. 585. *While with Ceaseless Course the Sun*

John Newton, 1770 BLUMENTHAL. 7s D. *Jacques Blumenthal*


1. While with cease - less course the sun Hast - ed thro' the form - er year,
2. As the wing - ed ar - row flies Speed - i - ly the mark to find;
3. Thanks for mer - cies past re - ceive; Par - don of our sins re - new;
Man - y souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:
As the light - ning from the skies Darts, and leaves no trace be - hind;
Teach us hence-forth how to live With e - ter - ni - ty in view:
Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low:
Swift - ly thus our fleet - ing days Bear us down life's rap - id stream;
Bless Thy word to young and old; Fill us with a Sav - iour's love;
We a lit - tle long - er wait, But how lit - tle, none can know.
Up - ward, Lord, our spir - its raise; All be - low is but a dream.
And when life's short tale is told, May we dwell with Thee a - bove. A - MEN.

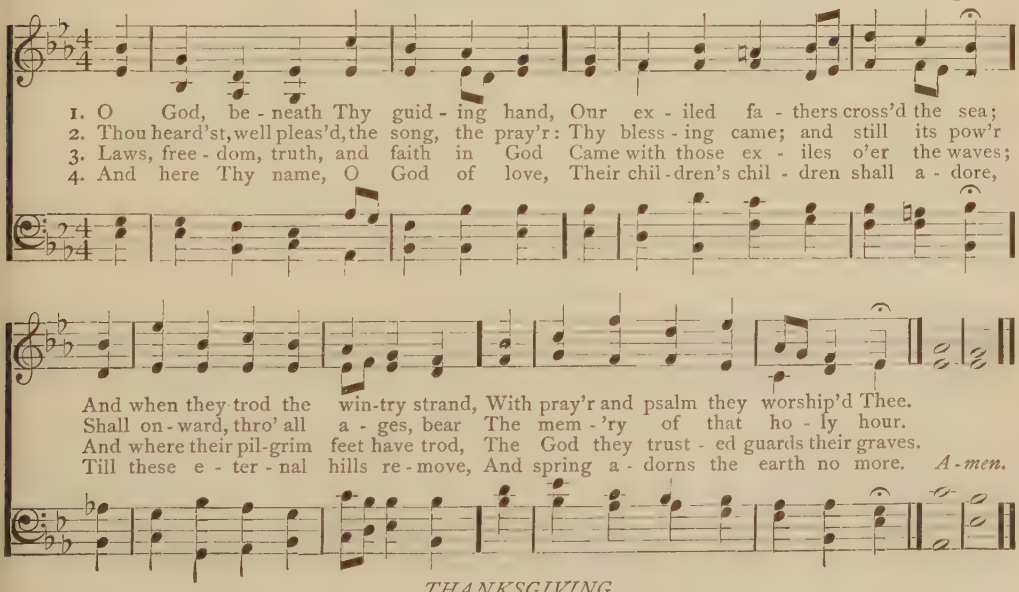
No. 586. *We Give Thee Thanks, O God, This Day*

R. M. Offord — DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8s & 7s. — *J. B. Dykes*


1. We give Thee thanks, O God, this day, For mer - cies nev - er fail - ing;
2. No less that love hath met our need Than when the man - na fall - ing
3. The smit - ten rock pour'd forth of old Its crys - tal wa - ters gleam - ing;
4. The sea - sons come, the sea - sons go, But each shall find us sing - ing;
5. Thro' end - less years Thou art the same, Thy mer - cy chang - es nev - er;
Thy love hath brought us on our way, For all our wants a - vail - ing.
Did day by day Thy peo - ple feed, To love and prais - es call - ing.
And still the same glad tale is told, For us the floods are stream-ing.
For each shall greet us, well we know, New fa - vors from Thee bring - ing.
Then bless - ed be Thy might - y name For - ev - er and for - er - er. A-men.

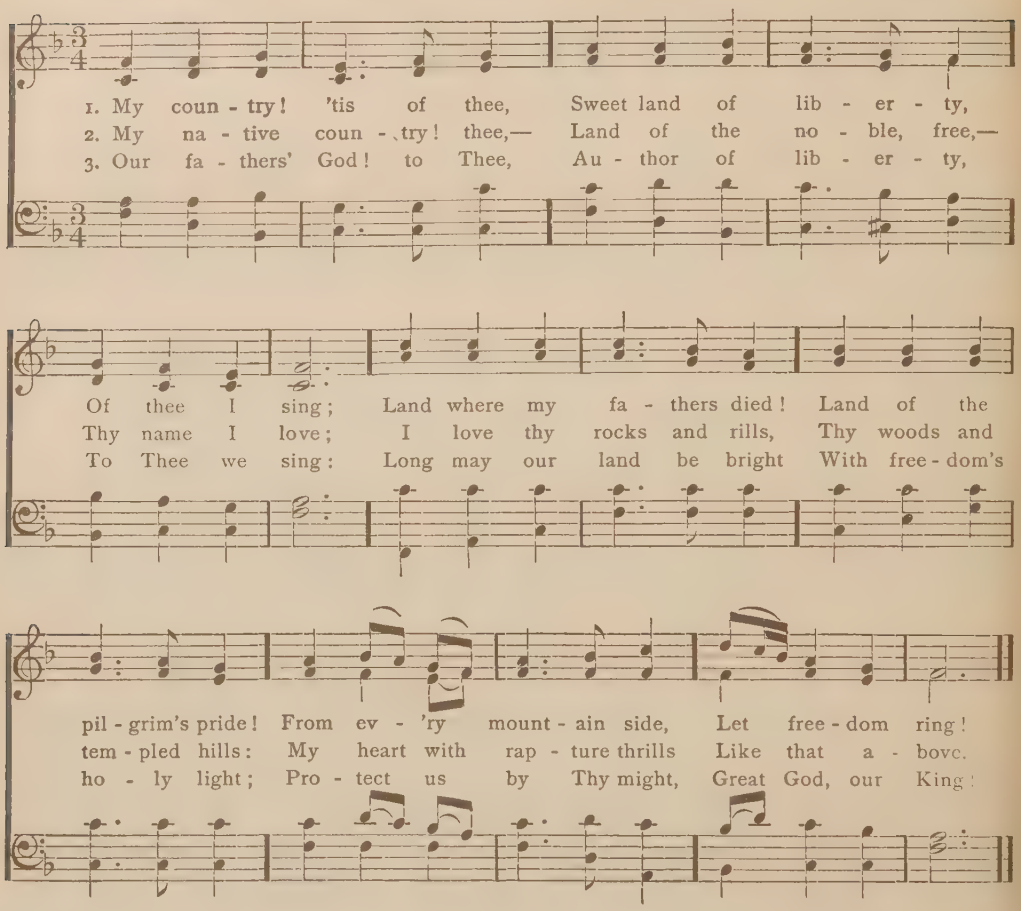
No. 587. *O God, beneath Thy Guiding Hand*

L. Bacon — DEVONSHIRE. L. M. — *J. F. Lampe*


1. O God, be - neath Thy guid - ing hand, Our ex - iled fa - thers cross'd the sea;
2. Thou heard'st, well pleas'd, the song, the pray'r: Thy bless - ing came; and still its pow'r
3. Laws, free - dom, truth, and faith in God Came with those ex - iles o'er the waves;
4. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their chil - dren's chil - dren shall a - dore,
And when they trod the win-try strand, With pray'r and psalm they worship'd Thee.
Shall on - ward, thro' all a - ges, bear The mem - 'ry of that ho - ly hour.
And where their pil-grim feet have trod, The God they trust - ed guards their graves.
Till these e - ter - nal hills re - move, And spring a - dorns the earth no more. A-men.

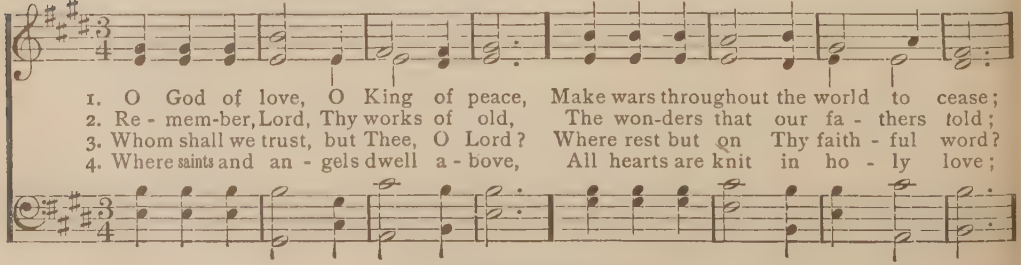
No. 588. *My Country! 'tis of Thee*

Samuel F. Smith, 1832 AMERICA. 6s & 4s. *Henry Carey*, 1743. *Ad. fr. John Bull*

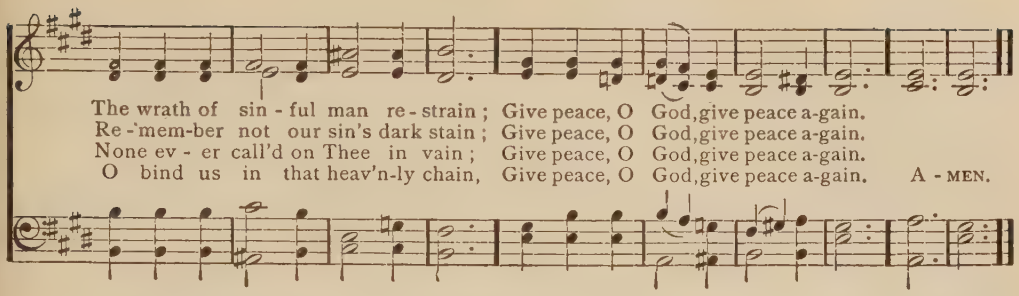

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try! thee,— Land of the no - ble, free,—
3. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's
pil - grim's pride! From ev - 'ry mount - ain side, Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills: My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 589. *O God of Love, O King of Peace*

Rev. H. W. Baker, 1861 DISMISSION. L. M. *St. Alban's Tune-Book*

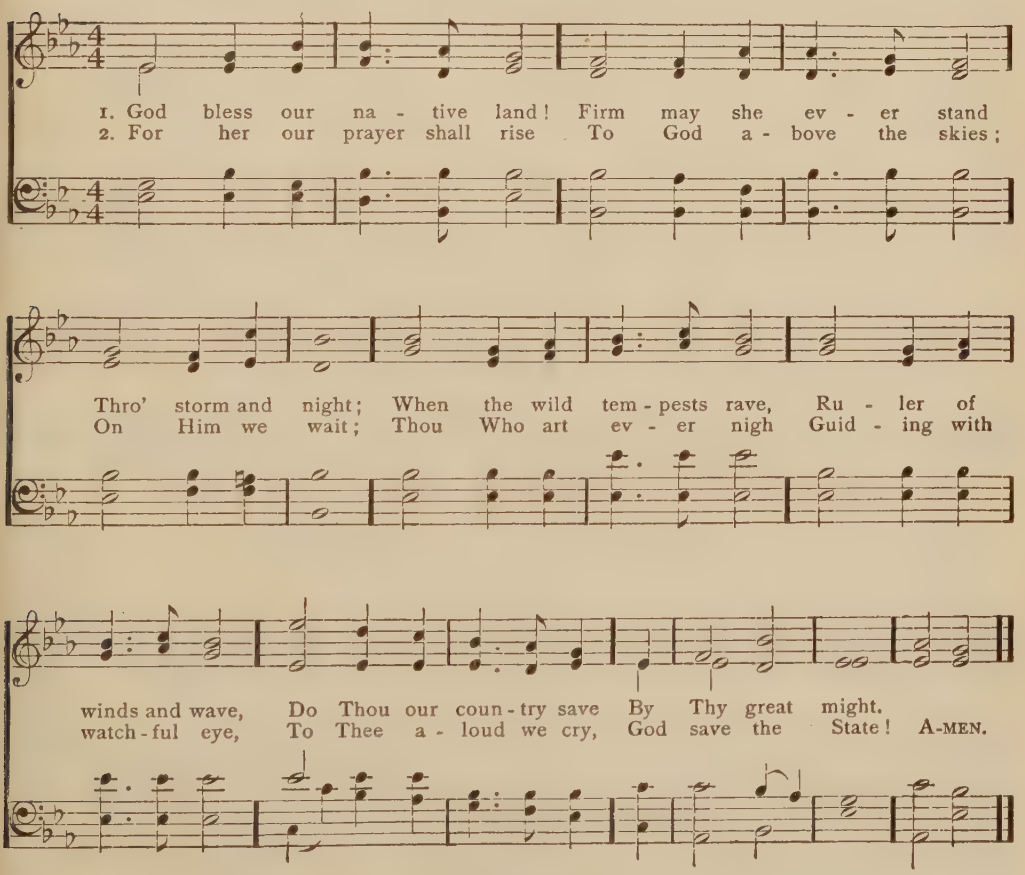

1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars throughout the world to cease;
2. Re - mem-ber, Lord, Thy works of old, The won-ders that our fa - thers told;
3. Whom shall we trust, but Thee, O Lord? Where rest but on Thy faith - ful word?
4. Where saints and an - gels dwell a - bove, All hearts are knit in ho - ly love;

O God of Love, O King of Peace


The wrath of sin - ful man re - strain ; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain.
Re - mem-ber not our sin's dark stain ; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain.
None ev - er call'd on Thee in vain ; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain.
O bind us in that heav'n-ly chain, Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain. A - MEN.

No. 590. *God Bless Our Native Land*

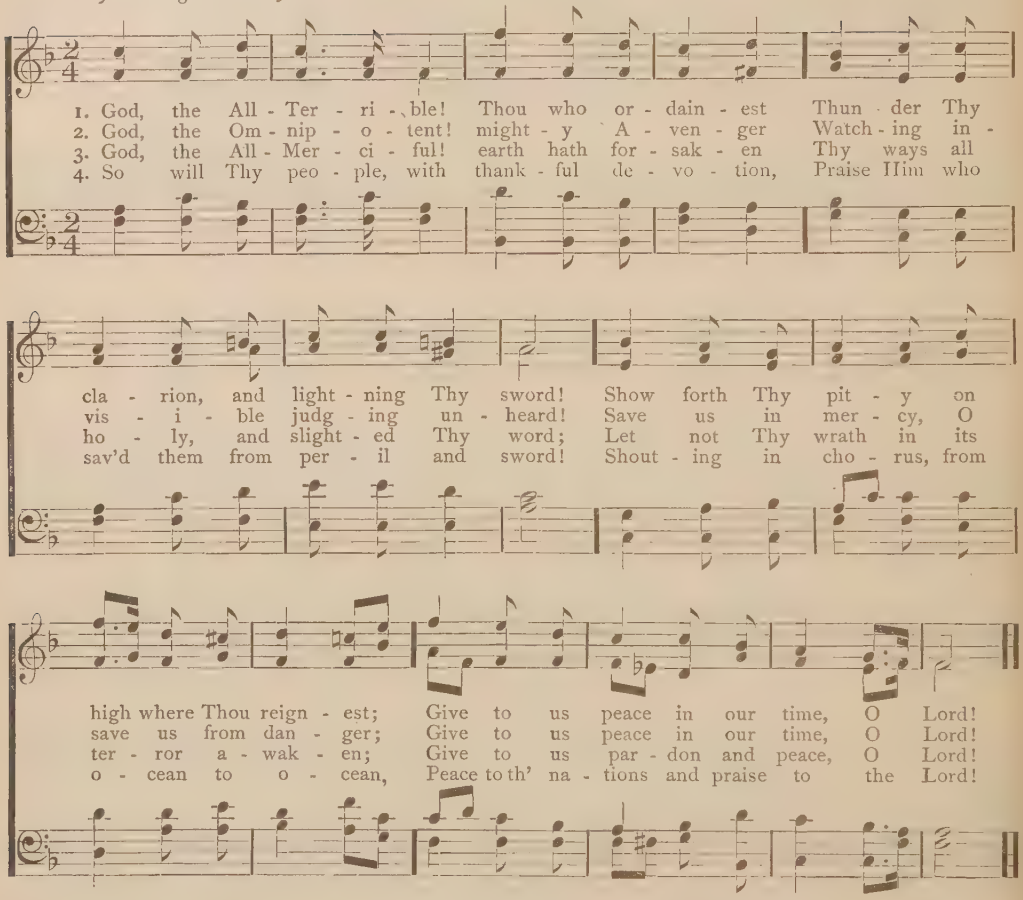
Rev. J. S. Dwight, 1844 HARLAN. 6s & 4s. *Arr. W. W. Rousseau*


1. God bless our na - tive land! Firm may she ev - er stand
2. For her our prayer shall rise To God a - bove the skies ;
Thro' storm and night ; When the wild tem - pests rave, Ru - ler of
On Him we wait ; Thou Who art ev - er nigh Guid - ing with
winds and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.
watch - ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the State! A-MEN.

NATIONAL

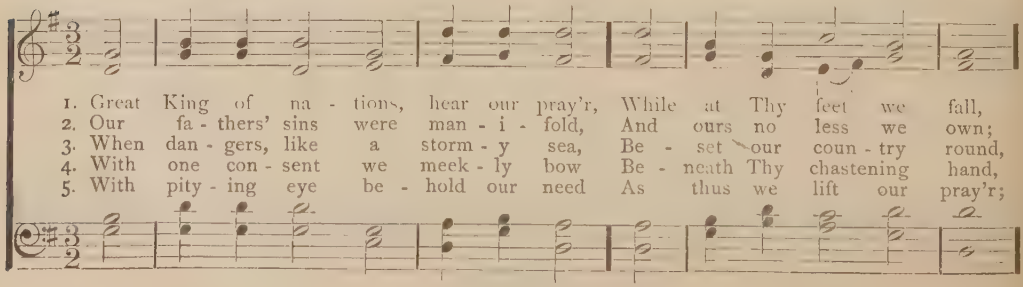
No. 591. *God, the All-Terrible*

Henry Fothergill Chorley RUSSIAN HYMN. P. M. *A. Lwoff*

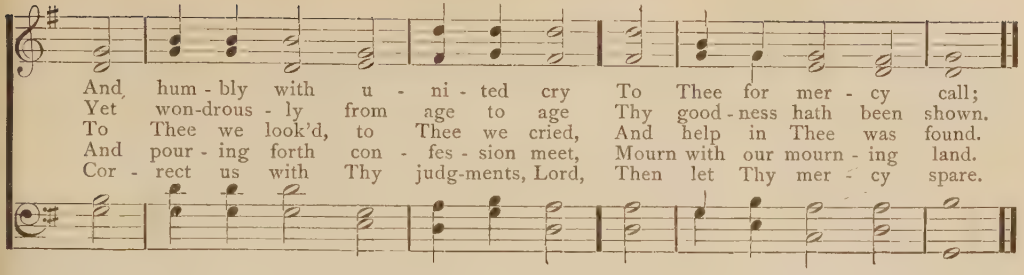

1. God, the All-Ter-ri-ble! Thou who or-dain-est Thun-der Thy
2. God, the Om-nip-o-tent! might-y A-ven-ger Watch-ing in-
3. God, the All-Mer-ci-ful! earth hath for-sak-en Thy ways all
4. So will Thy peo-ple, with thank-ful de-vo-tion, Praise Him who
cla-rion, and light-ning Thy sword! Show forth Thy pit-y on
vis-i-ble judg-ing un-heard! Save us in mer-cy, O
ho-ly, and slight-ed Thy word; Let not Thy wrath in its
sav'd them from per-il and sword! Shout-ing in cho-rus, from
high where Thou reign-est; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
save us from dan-ger; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
ter-ror a-wak-en; Give to us par-don and peace, O Lord!
o-cean to o-cean, Peace to th' na-tions and praise to the Lord!

No. 592. *Great King of Nations*

John Hampden Gurney MARLOW. C. M. *J. Chetham*

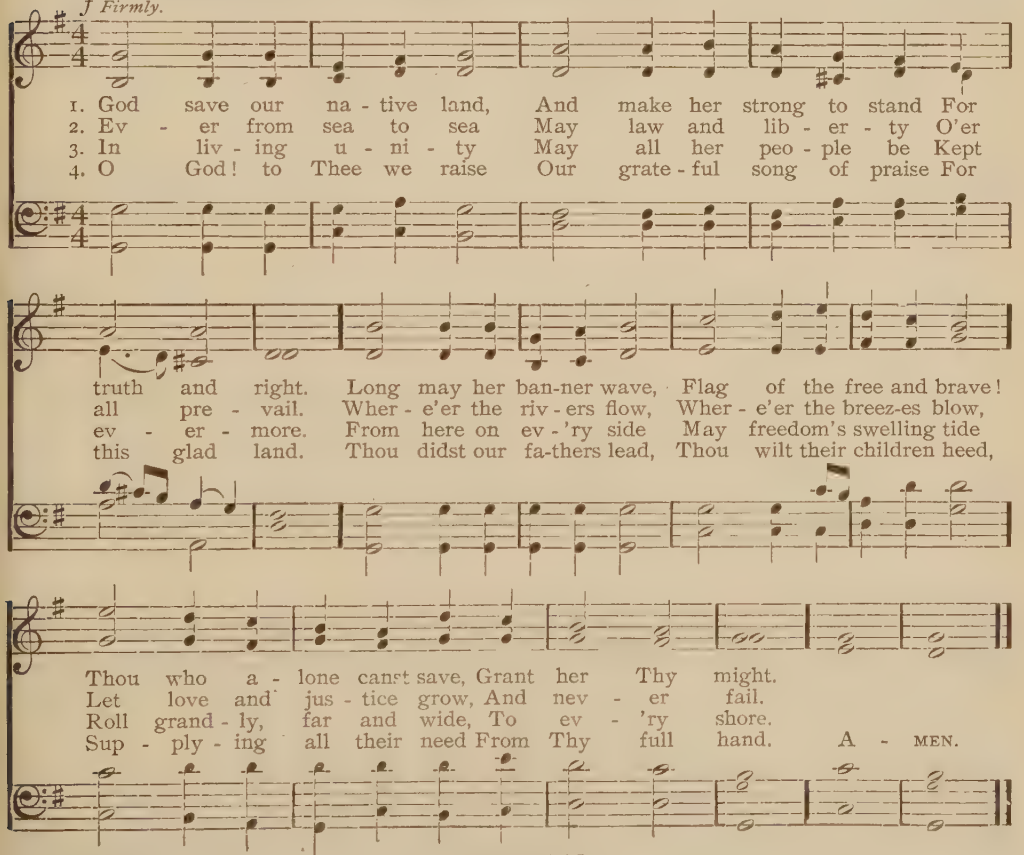

1. Great King of na-tions, hear our pray'r, While at Thy feet we fall,
2. Our fa-thers' sins were man-i-fold, And ours no less we own;
3. When dan-gers, like a storm-y sea, Be-set our coun-try round,
4. With one con-sent we meek-ly bow Be-neath Thy chastening hand,
5. With pity-ing eye be-hold our need As thus we lift our pray'r;

NATIONAL


And hum - bly with u - ni - ted cry To Thee for mer - cy call;
Yet won-drous - ly from age to age Thy good - ness hath been shown.
To Thee we look'd, to Thee we cried, And help in Thee was found.
And pour - ing forth con - fes - sion meet, Mourn with our mourn - ing land.
Cor - rect us with Thy judg-ments, Lord, Then let Thy mer - cy spare.

No. 593. *God Save Our Native Land*

Prof. J. H. Seeleye, 1892 AN AMERICAN HYMN. 6s.& 4s. *Jay Deavereaux, 1899.*

f Firmly.

1. God save our na - tive land, And make her strong to stand For truth and right. Long may her ban-ner wave, Flag of the free and brave!
2. Ev - er from sea to sea May law and lib - er - ty O'er all pre - vail. Wher - e'er the riv - ers flow, Wher - e'er the breez-es blow,
3. In liv - ing u - ni - ty May all her peo - ple be Kept ev - er - more. From here on ev - 'ry side May freedom's swelling tide
4. O God! to Thee we raise Our grate - ful song of praise For this glad land. Thou didst our fa-thers lead, Thou wilt their children heed,
Thou who a - lone canst save, Grant her Thy might.
Let love and jus - tice grow, And nev - er fail.
Roll grand - ly, far and wide, To ev - 'ry shore.
Sup - ply - ing all their need From Thy full hand. A - MEN.

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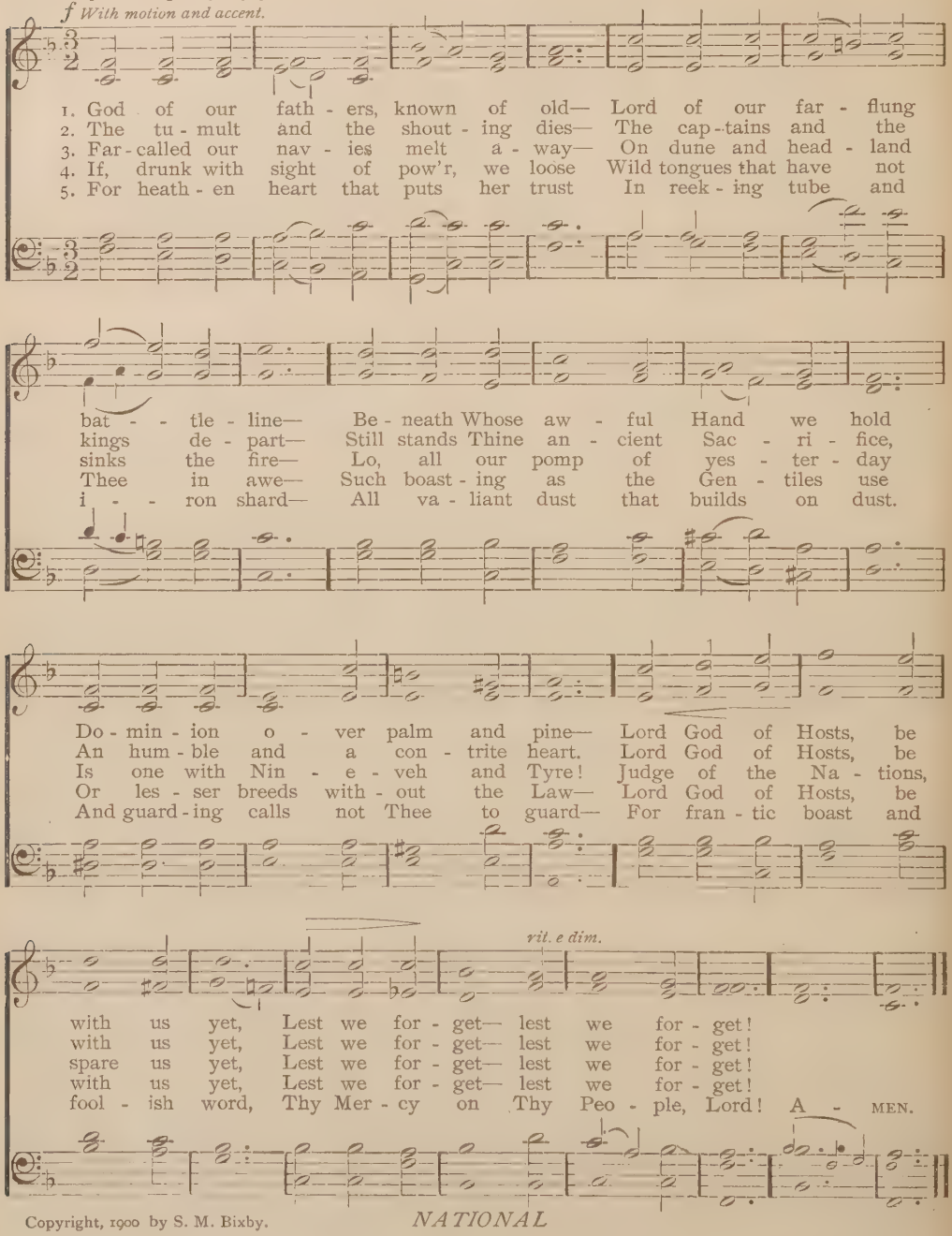
NATIONAL

No. 594. *God of Our Fathers, Known of Old*

Rudyard Kipling, by per. KIPLING 8s. 6 Lines. *Frank N. Shepperd, 1899*

f With motion and accent.


1. God of our fath - ers, known of old— Lord of our far - flung bat - - tle - line— Be - neath Whose aw - ful Hand we hold
2. The tu - mult and the shout - ing dies— The cap - tains and the kings de - part— Still stands Thine an - cient Sac - ri - fice,
3. Far - called our nav - ies melt a - way— On dune and head - land sinks the fire— Lo, all our pomp of yes - ter - day
4. If, drunk with sight of pow'r, we loose Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe— Such boast - ing as the Gen - tiles use
5. For heath - en heart that puts her trust In reek - ing tube and i - - ron shard— All va - liant dust that builds on dust.
Do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine— Lord God of Hosts, be
An hum - ble and a con - trite heart. Lord God of Hosts, be
Is one with Nin - e - veh and Tyre! Judge of the Na - tions,
Or les - ser breeds with - out the Law— Lord God of Hosts, be
And guard - ing calls not Thee to guard— For fran - tic boast and
rit. e dim.
with us yet, Lest we for - get— lest we for - get!
with us yet, Lest we for - get— lest we for - get!
spare us yet, Lest we for - get— lest we for - get!
with us yet, Lest we for - get— lest we for - get!
fool - ish word, Thy Mer - cy on Thy Peo - ple, Lord! A - MEN.

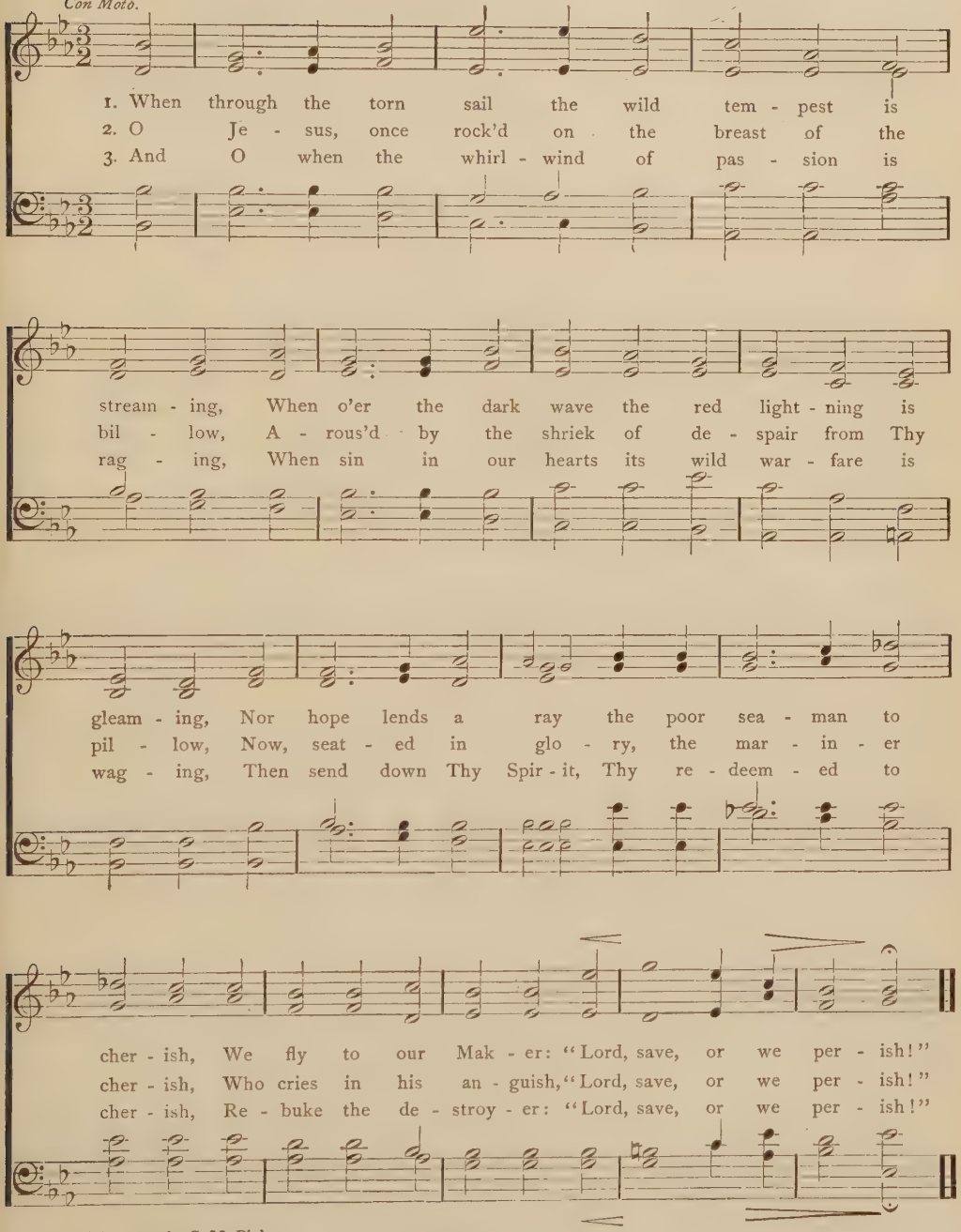
Copyright, 1900 by S. M. Bixby.

NATIONAL

No. 595. *When Through the Torn Sail*

Reginald Heber — HALFORD. 12s. — *Caryl Florio*

Con Moto.


1. When through the torn sail the wild tem - pest is
2. O Je - sus, once rock'd on the breast of the
3. And O when the whirl - wind of pas - sion is
stream - ing, When o'er the dark wave the red light - ning is
bil - low, A - rous'd by the shriek of de - spair from Thy
rag - ing, When sin in our hearts its wild war - fare is
gleam - ing, Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea - man to
pil - low, Now, seat - ed in glo - ry, the mar - in - er
wag - ing, Then send down Thy Spir - it, Thy re - deem - ed to
cher - ish, We fly to our Mak - er: "Lord, save, or we per - ish!"
cher - ish, Who cries in his an - guish, "Lord, save, or we per - ish!"
cher - ish, Re - buke the de - stroy - er: "Lord, save, or we per - ish!"

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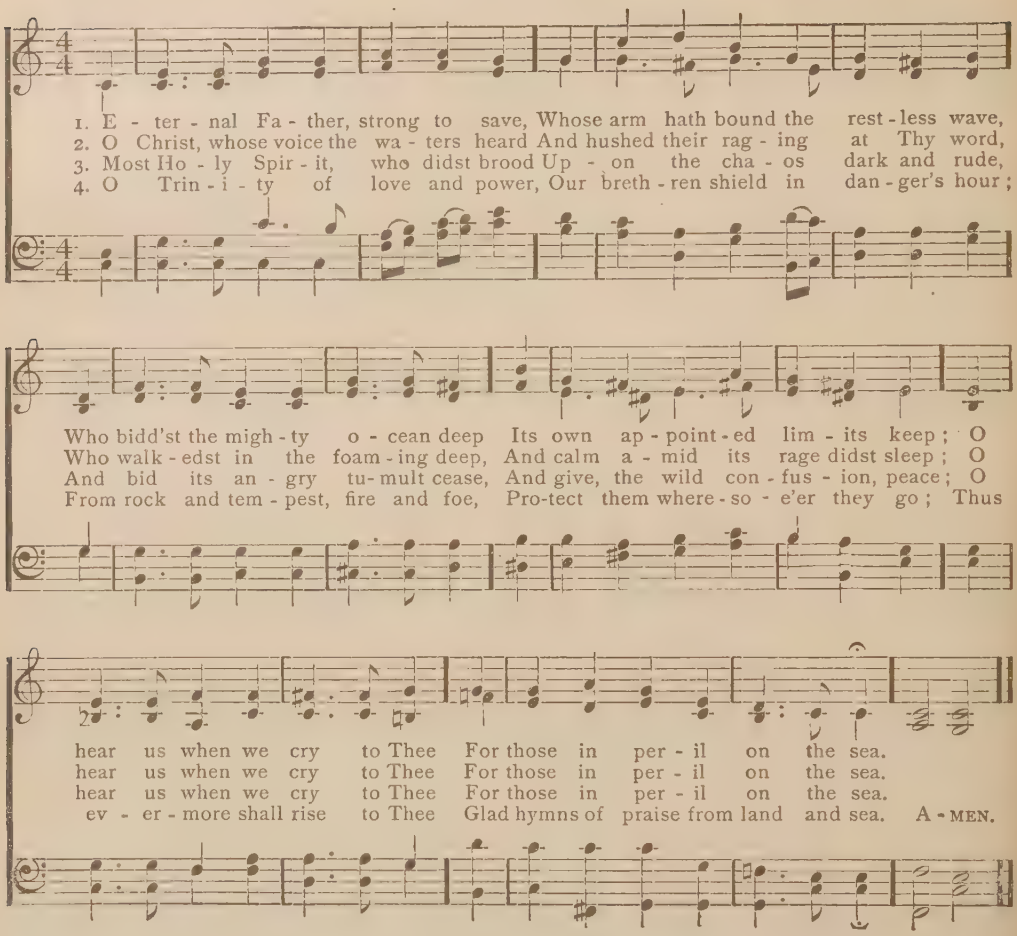
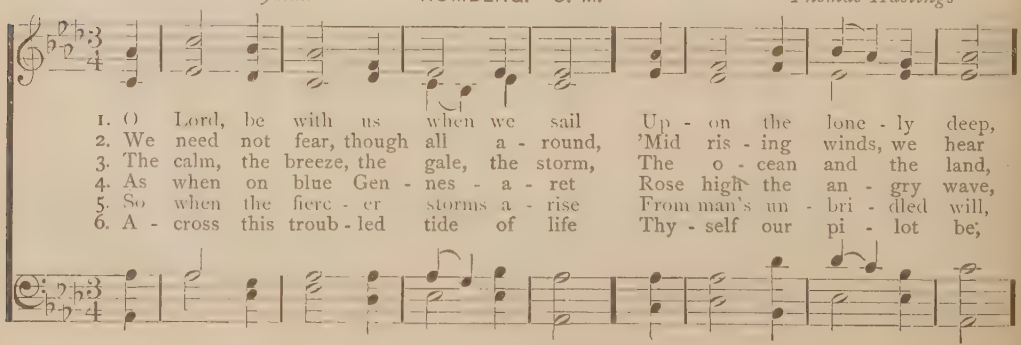
No. 596. *Eternal Father, Strong to Save*

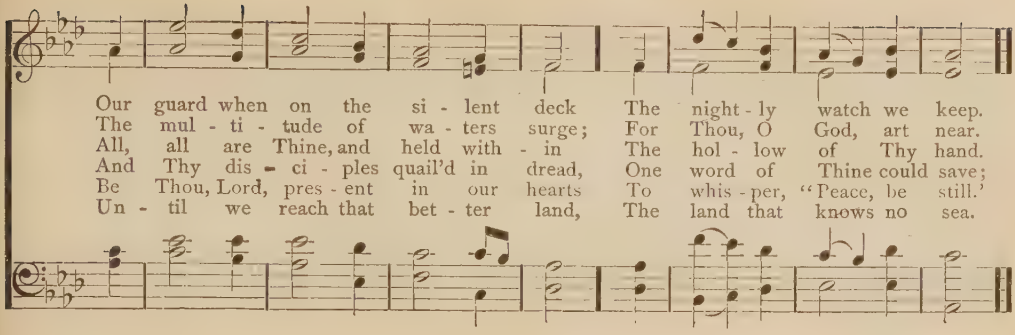
William Whiting — MELITA. 8s. — *J. B. Dykes*

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the rest - less wave,
2. O Christ, whose voice the wa - ters heard And hushed their rag - ing at Thy word,
3. Most Ho - ly Spir - it, who didst brood Up - on the cha - os dark and rude,
4. O Trin - i - ty of love and power, Our breth - ren shield in dan - ger's hour;
Who bidd'st the migh - ty o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep; O
Who walk - edst in the foam - ing deep, And calm a - mid its rage didst sleep; O
And bid its an - gry tu - mult cease, And give, the wild con - fus - ion, peace; O
From rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, Pro-tect them where - so - e'er they go; Thus
hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
ev - er - more shall rise to Thee Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. A - MEN.

No. 597. *O Lord, Be with Us When We Sail*

Edward Arthur Dayman — ROMBERG. C. M. — *Thomas Hastings*

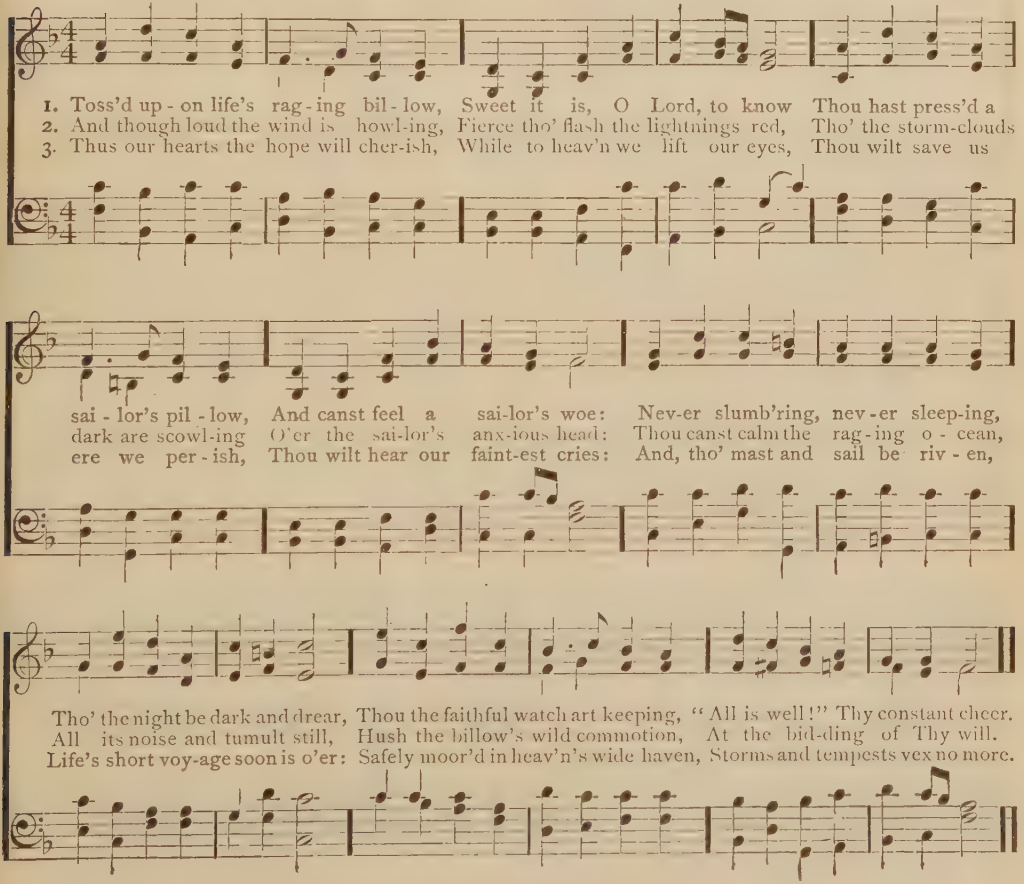

1. O Lord, be with us when we sail Up - on the lone - ly deep,
2. We need not fear, though all a - round, 'Mid ris - ing winds, we hear
3. The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm, The o - cean and the land,
4. As when on blue Gen - nes - a - ret Rose high the an - gry wave,
5. So when the fierc - er storms a - rise From man's un - bri - dled will,
6. A - cross this troub - led tide of life Thy - self our pi - lot be,

O Lord, Be with Us When We Sail


Our guard when on the si - lent deck The night - ly watch we keep.
The mul - ti - tude of wa - ters surge; For Thou, O God, art near.
All, all are Thine, and held with - in The hol - low of Thy hand.
And Thy dis - ci - ples quail'd in dread, One word of Thine could save;
Be Thou, Lord, pres - ent in our hearts To whis - per, "Peace, be still.'
Un - til we reach that bet - ter land, The land that knows no sea.

No. 598. *Tossed Upon Life's Raging Billow*

G. W. Bethune ADMASTON. 8s & 7s, D. *H. Smart*


1. Toss'd up - on life's rag - ing bil - low, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know Thou hast press'd a
2. And though loud the wind is howl-ing, Fierce tho' flash the lightnings red, Tho' the storm-clouds
3. Thus our hearts the hope will cher-ish, While to heav'n we lift our eyes, Thou wilt save us
sai - lor's pil - low, And canst feel a sai-lor's woe: Nev-er slumb'ring, nev - er sleep-ing,
dark are scowl-ing O'er the sai-lor's anx-ious head: Thou canst calm the rag - ing o - cean,
ere we per - ish, Thou wilt hear our faint-est cries: And, tho' mast and sail be riv - en,
Tho' the night be dark and drear, Thou the faithful watch art keeping, "All is well!" Thy constant cheer.
All its noise and tumult still, Hush the billow's wild commotion, At the bid-ding of Thy will.
Life's short voy-age soon is o'er: Safely moor'd in heav'n's wide haven, Storms and tempests vex no more.

No. 599.

The Day is Past and Over

St. Anatolius; tr. by Rev. D. Neale NEALE. P. M. *Caryl Florio*

Moderato con moto. *p* *cres - - cen - - do . . poco . . a . .*

1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
2. The joys of day are o - ver: I lift my heart to Thee;
3. The toils of day are o - ver: I raise the hymn to Thee,
4. Be Thy my soul's pre - serv - er, O God! for Thou dost know

p *cres - - cen - - do . . poco . . a . .*

. poco . . . . al . . . . f

I pray..... Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may
And call..... on Thee that sin - less The hours of gloom may
And ask..... that free from per - il The hours of fear may
How ma - - ny are the per - ils Through which I have to

. poco . . . . al . . . . f

Poco più mosso. *poco . . . . . a . . . . .*

f

be..... O Je - - - sus, keep me in..... Thy
be..... O Je - - - sus, make their dark - - - ness
be..... O Je - - - sus, keep me in..... Thy
go..... Lov - er of men, O hear..... my

f *poco . . . . . a . . . . .*

. . . poco . . . dim. . . . al . . . fine.

sight, And save..... me through the com - - ing night!
light, And save..... me through the com - - ing night!
sight, And guard.... me through the com - - ing night!
call, And guard.... and save me from them all.

. . . poco . . . dim. . . . al . . . fine.

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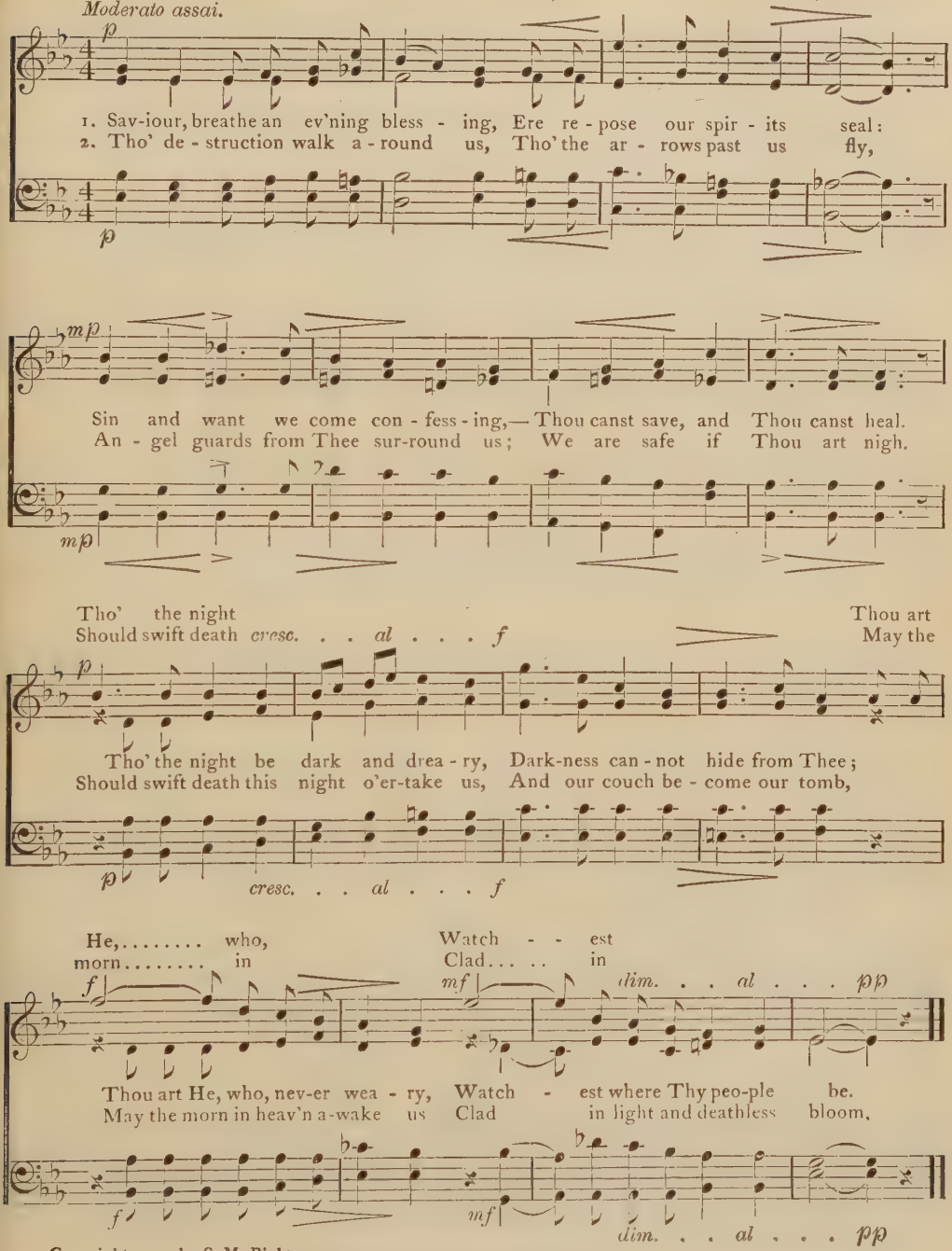
No. 600. *Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing*

James Edmonton EDMONTON. 8s & 7s D. *Caryl Florio*

Moderato assai.

p
1. Sav-iour, breathe an ev'ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal:
2. Tho' de - struction walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly,
mp
Sin and want we come con - fess - ing,— Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
An - gel guards from Thee sur-round us; We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Tho' the night
Should swift death cresc. . . al . . . f
Thou art
May the
Tho' the night be dark and drea - ry, Dark-ness can - not hide from Thee;
Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch be - come our tomb,
cresc. . . al . . . f
He,..... who,
morn..... in
Watch - - est
Clad... .. in
f
mf
dim. . . al . . . pp
Thou art He, who, nev-er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo-ple be.
May the morn in heav'n a-wake us Clad in light and deathless bloom.
f
mf
dim. . . al . . . pp

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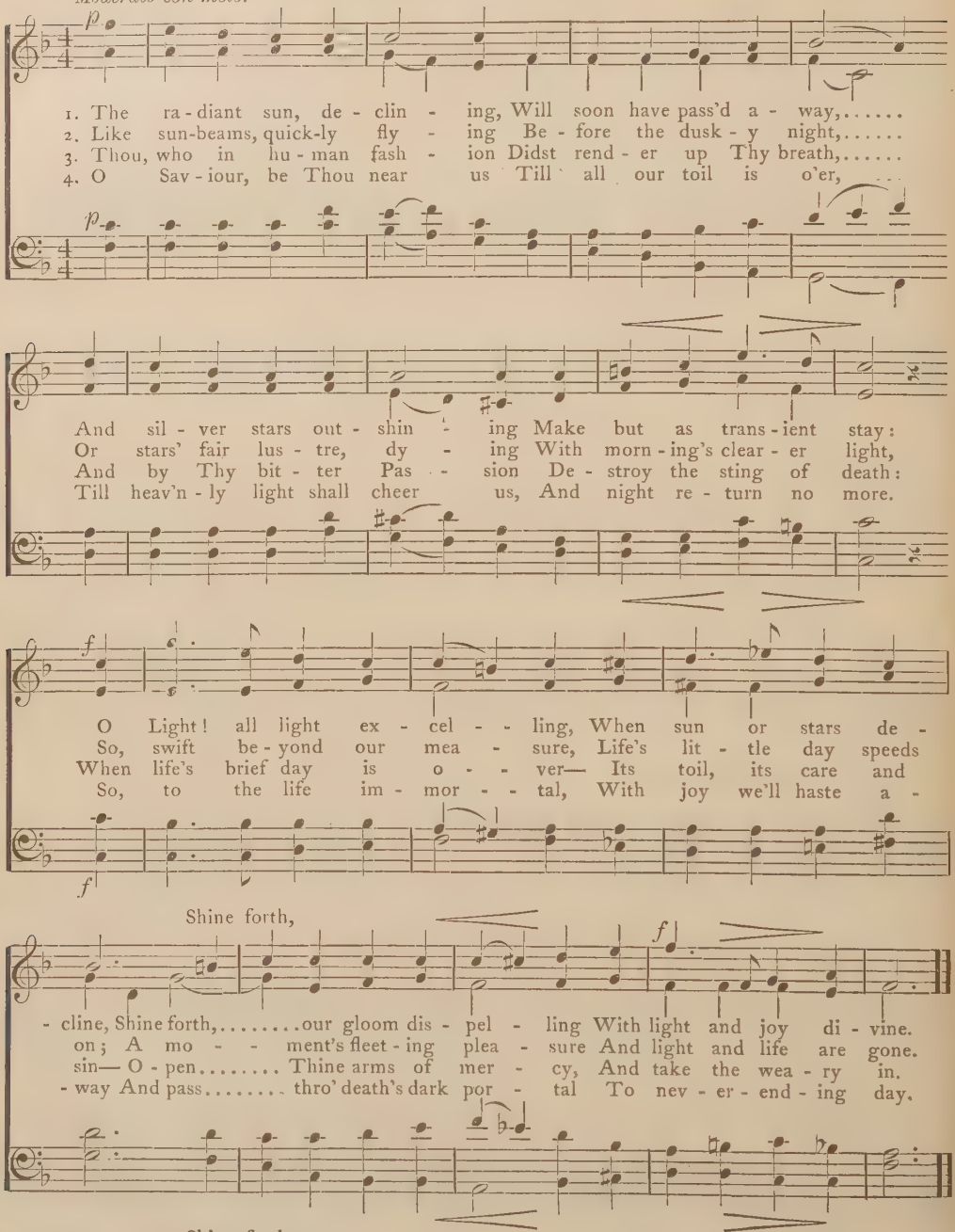
No. 601.

The Radiant Sun Declining

Anon.

Moderato con moto.

INDICA. P. M.

Caryl Florio

p
1. The ra - diant sun, de - clin - ing, Will soon have pass'd a - way,.....
2. Like sun-beams, quick-ly fly - ing Be - fore the dusk - y night,.....
3. Thou, who in hu - man fash - ion Didst rend - er up Thy breath,.....
4. O Sav - iour, be Thou near us Till all our toil is o'er,
p
And sil - ver stars out - shin - ing Make but as trans - ient stay:
Or stars' fair lus - tre, dy - ing With morn - ing's clear - er light,
And by Thy bit - ter Pas - sion De - stroy the sting of death:
Till heav'n - ly light shall cheer us, And night re - turn no more.
f
O Light! all light ex - cel - - ling, When sun or stars de -
So, swift be - yond our mea - sure, Life's lit - tle day speeds
When life's brief day is o - - ver— Its toil, its care and
So, to the life im - mor - - tal, With joy we'll haste a -
f
Shine forth,
f
- cline, Shine forth,.....our gloom dis - pel - ling With light and joy di - vine.
on; A mo - - ment's fleet - ing plea - sure And light and life are gone.
sin— O - pen..... Thine arms of mer - cy, And take the wea - ry in.
- way And pass..... thro' death's dark por - tal To nev - er - end - ing day.
Shine forth,

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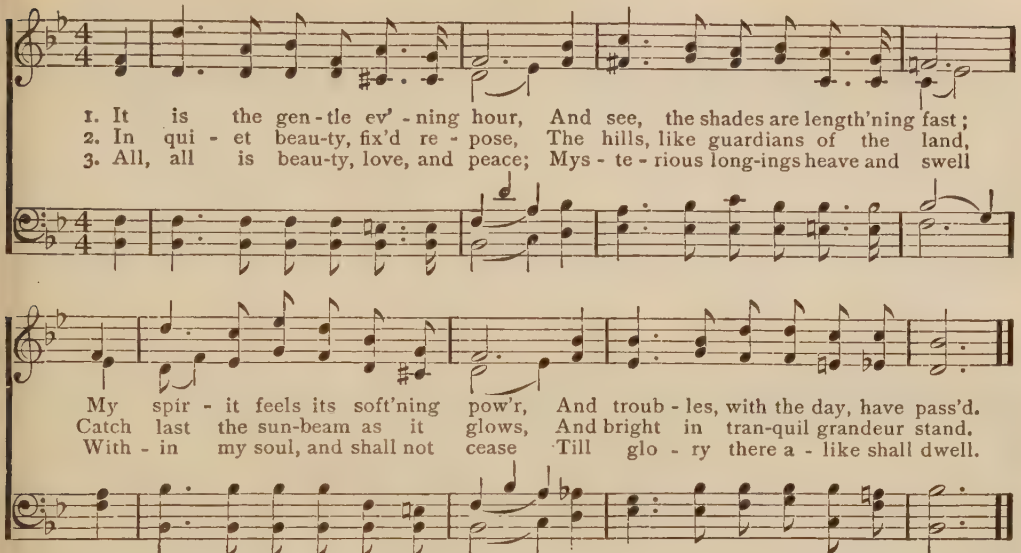
No. 602. *It is the Gentle Evening Hour*

Eliza Lee Follen FOLEN. L. M. *Jay Deavereaux*


1. It is the gen-tle ev'-ning hour, And see, the shades are length'ning fast;
2. In qui-et beau-ty, fix'd re-pose, The hills, like guardians of the land,
3. All, all is beau-ty, love, and peace; Mys-te-rious long-ings heave and swell
My spir-it feels its soft'ning pow'r, And troub-les, with the day, have pass'd.
Catch last the sun-beam as it glows, And bright in tran-quil grandeur stand.
With-in my soul, and shall not cease Till glo-ry there a-like shall dwell.

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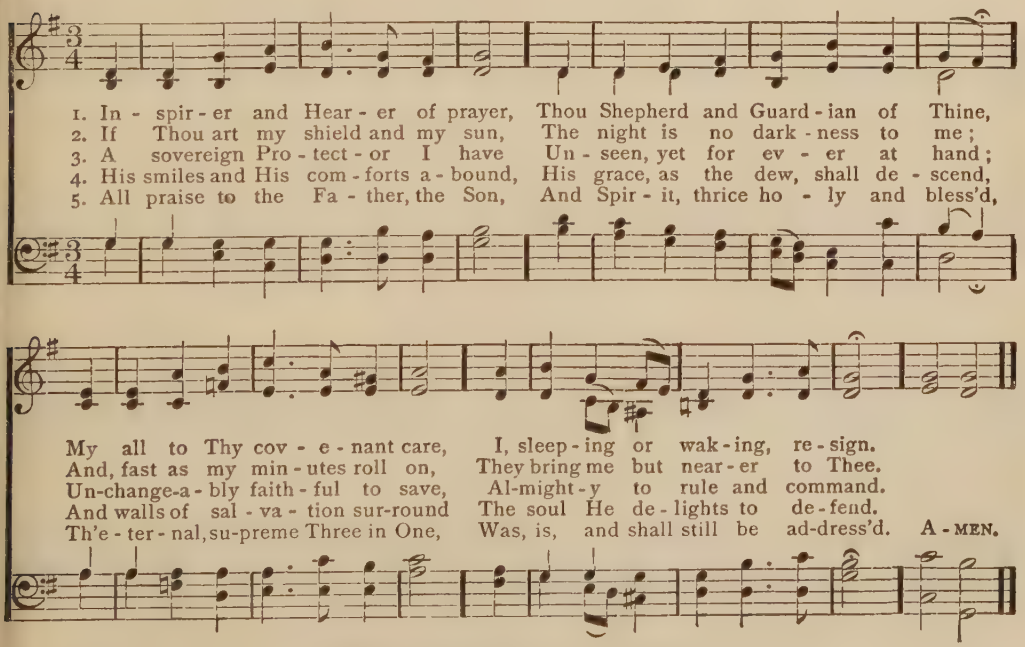
No. 603. *Inspirer and Hearer of Prayer*

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1759 ST. EDITHA. L. M. *J. B. Dykes*


1. In-spir-er and Hear-er of prayer, Thou Shepherd and Guard-ian of Thine,
2. If Thou art my shield and my sun, The night is no dark-ness to me;
3. A sovereign Pro-tect-or I have Un-seen, yet for ev-er at hand;
4. His smiles and His com-forts a-bound, His grace, as the dew, shall de-scend,
5. All praise to the Fa-ther, the Son, And Spir-it, thrice ho-ly and bless'd,
My all to Thy cov-e-nant care, I, sleep-ing or wak-ing, re-sign.
And, fast as my min-utes roll on, They bring me but near-er to Thee.
Un-change-a-bly faith-ful to save, Al-might-y to rule and command.
And walls of sal-va-tion sur-round The soul He de-lights to de-fend.
Th'e-ter-nal, su-preme Three in One, Was, is, and shall still be ad-dress'd. A-MEN.

No. 604. *Now, on Land and Sea Descending*

Anon. CHANGELESS LOVE. 8s & 7s D. *Caryl Florio*

Moderato. *cre - - - scen - - - - do . al . . f*

pp

1. Now, on land and sea de - scending, Brings the night its peace pro-found, Let our
2. Now, our wants and bur-dens leav-ing To His care, who cares for all, Cease we

pp *cre - - - scen - - - - do . al . . f*

dim. . . . al . . . p pp

ves - per hymn be blend - ing With the ho - ly calm a - round. Soon as
fear - ing, cease we griev - ing; At His touch our bur - dens fall. As the

dim. . . . al . . . p pp

p

dies the sun - set's glo - ry Stars of heav'n shine out a - bove, Tell - ing
dark - ness deep - ens o'er us, Lo! e - ter - nal stars a - rise; Hope, and

p

cre - - - scen - - do . . al . . f

still the an - cient sto - ry— Their Cre - a - tor's change-less love.
faith, and love rise glo - rious, Shin - ing in the Spir - it's skies.

cre - - - scen - - do . . al . . f

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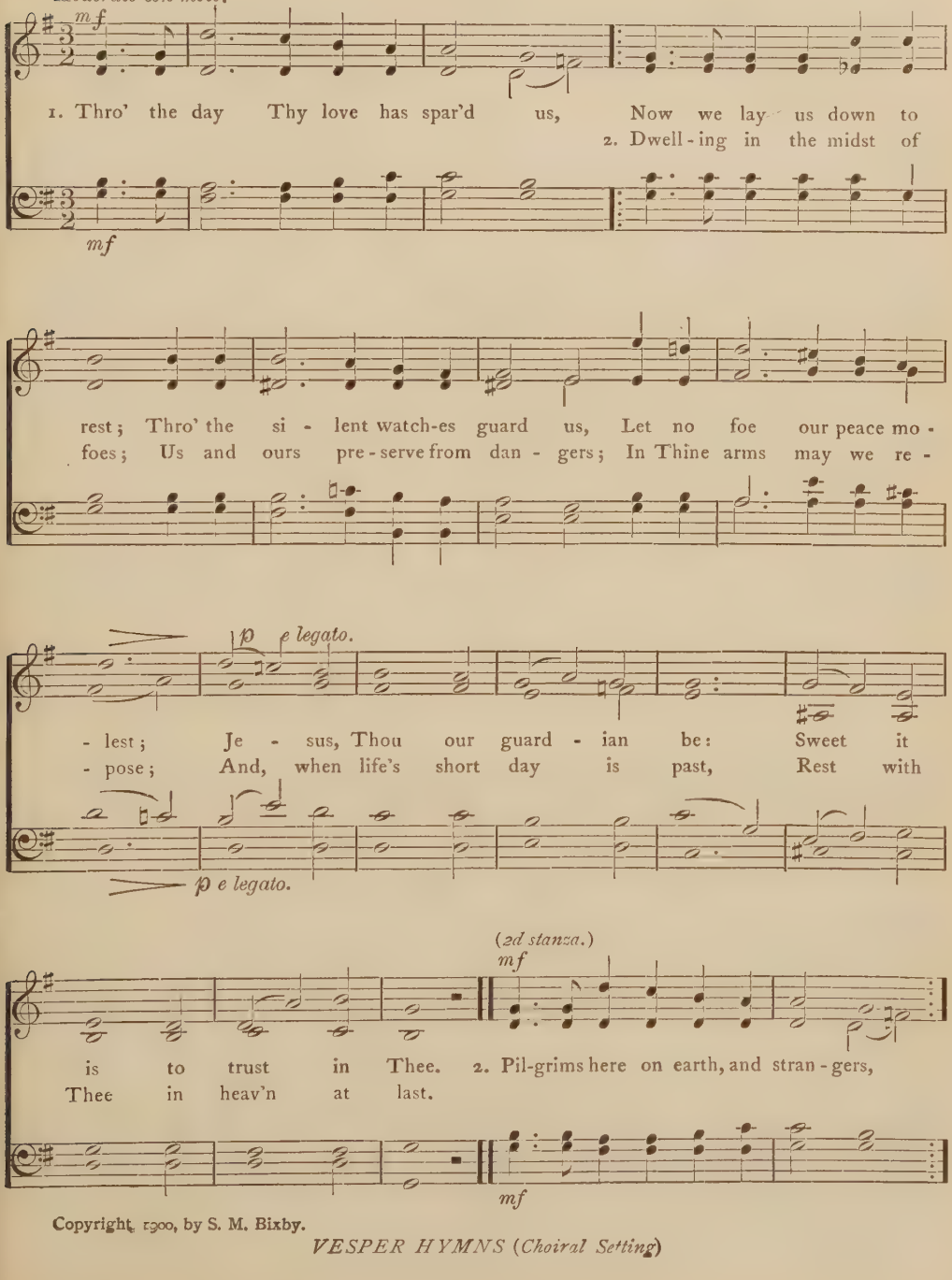
No. 605. *Through the Day Thy Love Has Spared Us*

Rev. Thomas Kelly
(1st stanza only.)

ANDREAS. P. M.

Caryl Florio

Moderato con moto.

mf
1. Thro' the day Thy love has spar'd us, Now we lay us down to
2. Dwell-ing in the midst of
mf
rest; Thro' the si - lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo -
foes; Us and ours pre-serve from dan - gers; In Thine arms may we re -
p e legato.
- lest; Je - sus, Thou our guard - ian be: Sweet it
- pose; And, when life's short day is past, Rest with
p e legato.
(2d stanza.)
mf
is to trust in Thee. 2. Pil-grims here on earth, and stran-gers,
Thee in heav'n at last.
mf

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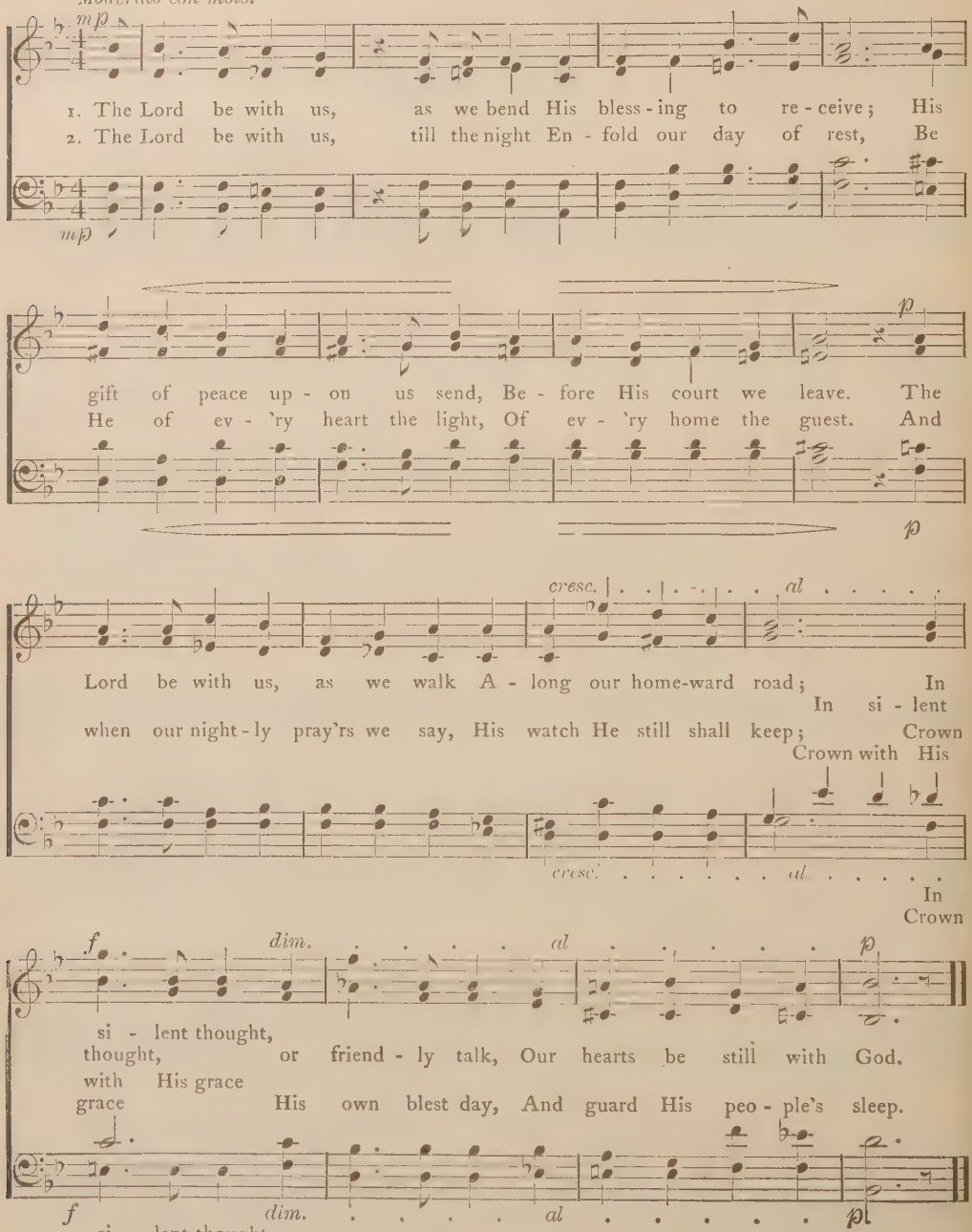
No. 606. *The Lord be With Us, as We Bend*

Rev. J. Ellerton ST. JOHNS. 8s & 6s. *Caryl Florio*

Moderato con moto.

mp
1. The Lord be with us, as we bend His bless - ing to re - ceive; His
2. The Lord be with us, till the night En - fold our day of rest, Be
mp
gift of peace up - on us send, Be - fore His court we leave. The
He of ev - 'ry heart the light, Of ev - 'ry home the guest. And
p
p
cresc.
al
Lord be with us, as we walk A - long our home-ward road; In
In si - lent
when our night - ly pray'rs we say, His watch He still shall keep; Crown
Crown with His
cresc.
al
In
Crown
f
dim.
al
p
si - lent thought,
thought, or friend - ly talk, Our hearts be still with God.
with His grace
grace His own blest day, And guard His peo - ple's sleep.
f
dim.
al
pl
si - lent thought,
with His grace

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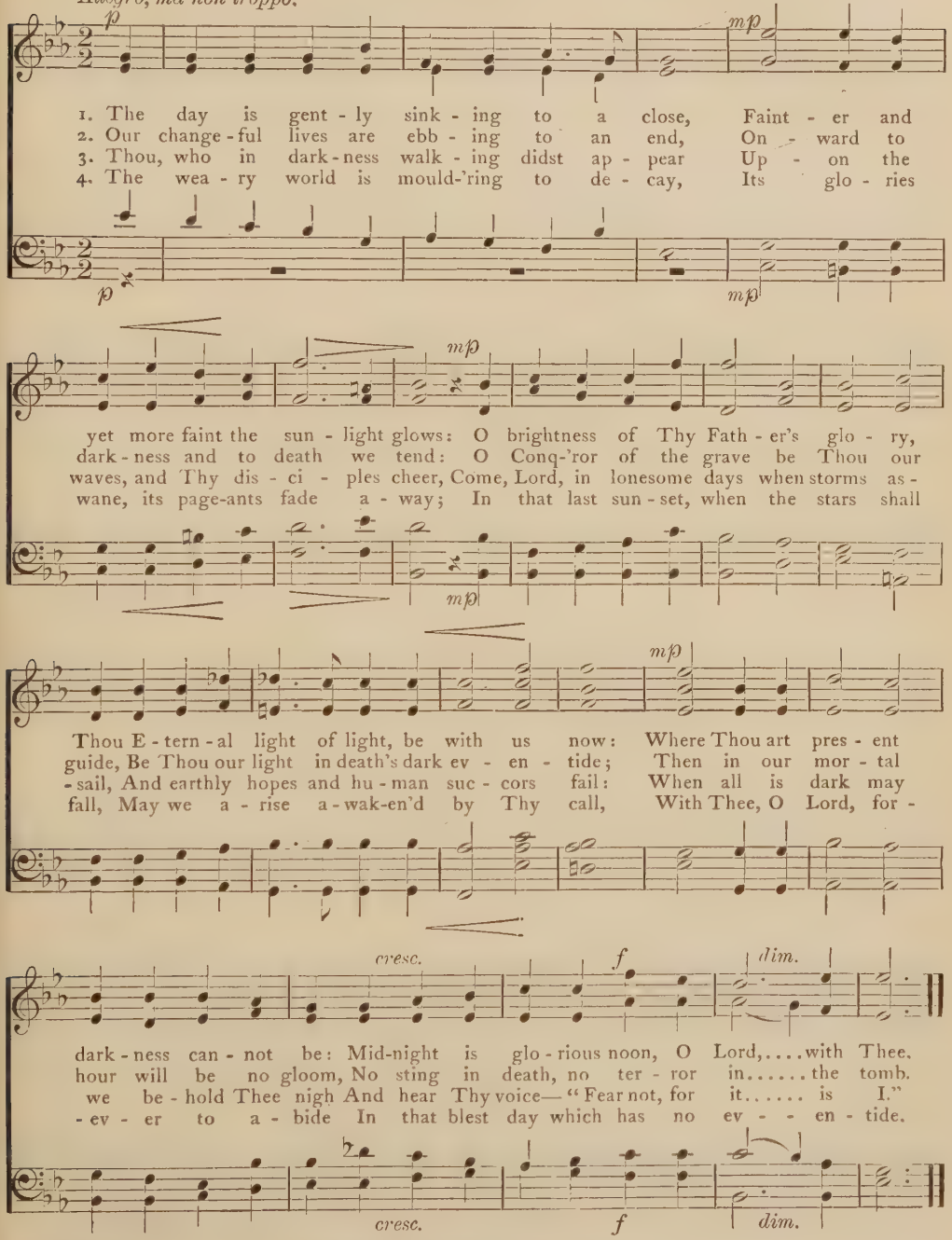
No. 607. *The Day is Gently Sinking to a Close*

Chris. Wordsworth

Allegro, ma non troppo.

AYLSWORTH. P. M.

Caryl Florio

p
mp
1. The day is gent - ly sink - ing to a close, Faint - er and
2. Our change - ful lives are ebb - ing to an end, On - ward to
3. Thou, who in dark - ness walk - ing didst ap - pear Up - on the
4. The wea - ry world is mould-'ring to de - cay, Its glo - ries
p
mp
mp
yet more faint the sun - light glows: O brightness of Thy Fath - er's glo - ry,
dark - ness and to death we tend: O Conq-'ror of the grave be Thou our
waves, and Thy dis - ci - ples cheer, Come, Lord, in lonesome days when storms as -
wane, its page-ants fade a - way; In that last sun - set, when the stars shall
mp
mp
Thou E - tern - al light of light, be with us now: Where Thou art pres - ent
guide, Be Thou our light in death's dark ev - en - tide; Then in our mor - tal
- sail, And earthly hopes and hu - man suc - cors fail: When all is dark may
fall, May we a - rise a - wak-en'd by Thy call, With Thee, O Lord, for -
cresc.
f
dim.
dark - ness can - not be: Mid-night is glo - rious noon, O Lord,....with Thee.
hour will be no gloom, No sting in death, no ter - ror in.....the tomb.
we be - hold Thee nigh And hear Thy voice—"Fear not, for it..... is I."
- ev - er to a - bide In that blest day which has no ev - - en - tide.
cresc.
f
dim.

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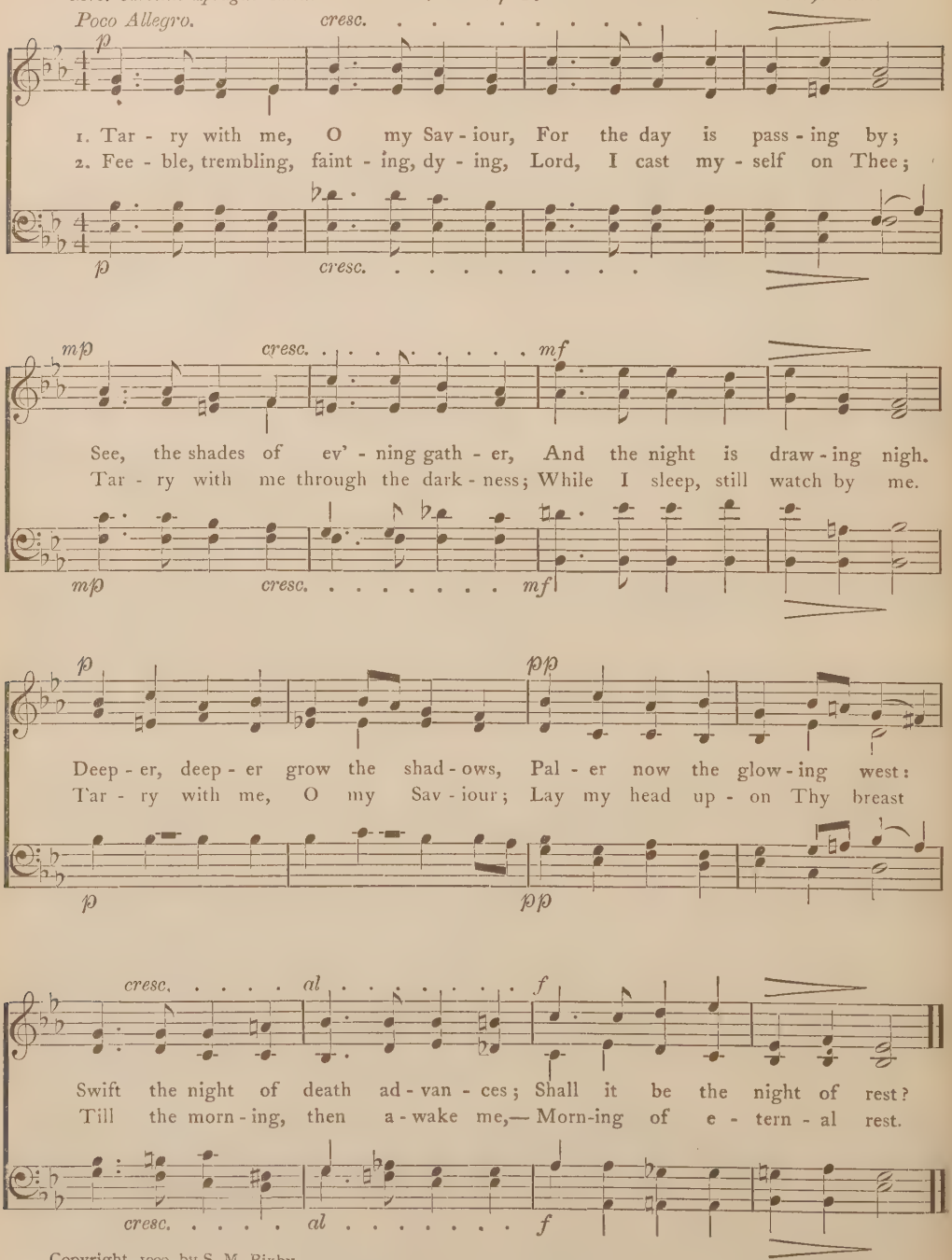
No. 608. # *Tarry with Me, O My Saviour*

Mrs. Caroline Sprague Smith SMITH. 8s & 7s D. *Caryl Florio*


Poco Allegro.
cresc.
1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - iour, For the day is pass - ing by;
2. Fee - ble, trembling, faint - ing, dy - ing, Lord, I cast my - self on Thee;
See, the shades of ev' - ning gath - er, And the night is draw - ing nigh.
Tar - ry with me through the dark - ness; While I sleep, still watch by me.
Deep - er, deep - er grow the shad - ows, Pal - er now the glow - ing west:
Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - iour; Lay my head up - on Thy breast
Swift the night of death ad - van - ces; Shall it be the night of rest?
Till the morn - ing, then a - wake me,— Morn-ing of e - tern - al rest.

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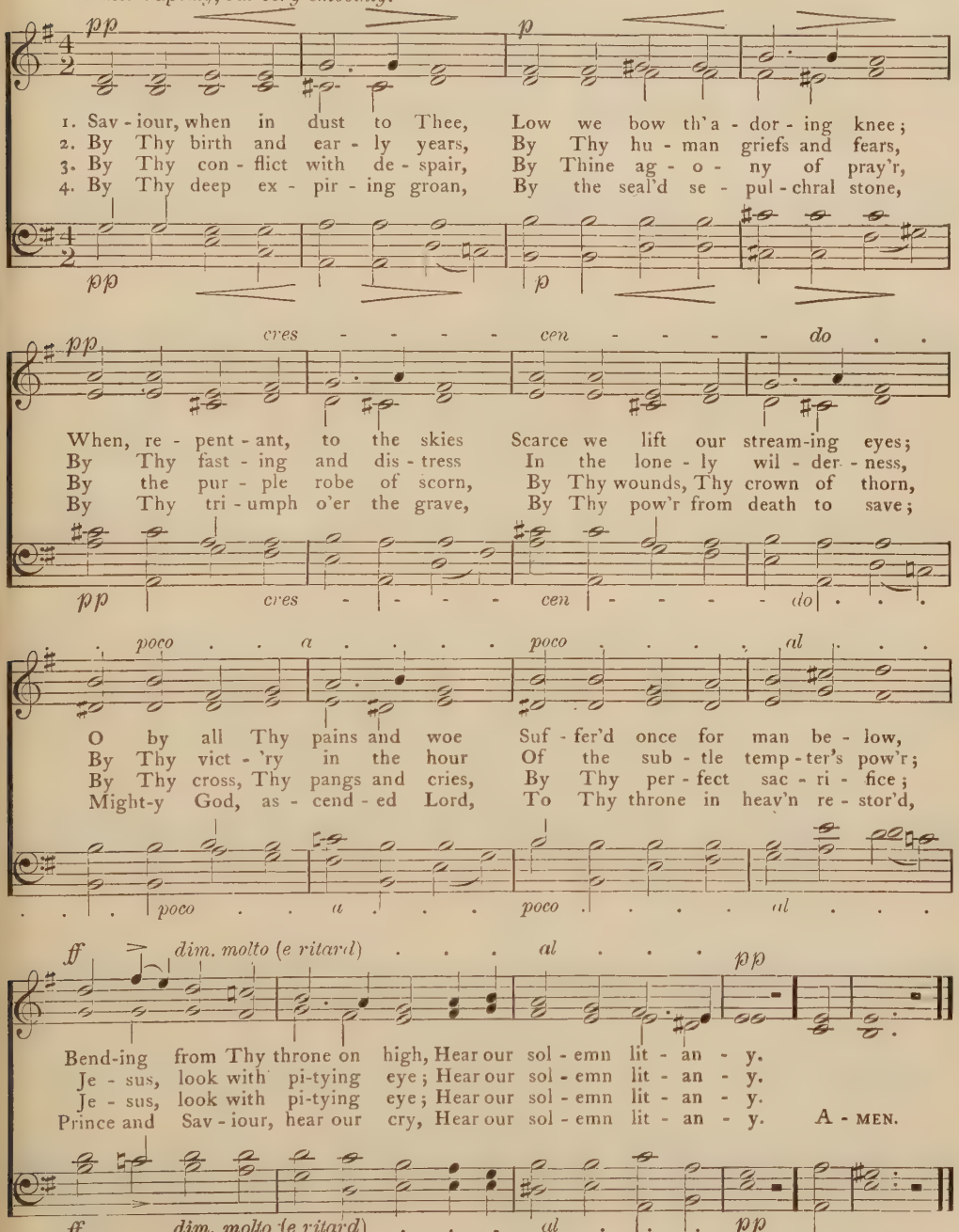
No. 609. *Saviour, When in Dust to Thee*

Sir Robert Grant, ROBERT. 7s D. *Caryl Florio*

Rather rapidly, but very smoothly.

pp
p
1. Sav - iour, when in dust to Thee, Low we bow th'a - dor - ing knee;
2. By Thy birth and ear - ly years, By Thy hu - man griefs and fears,
3. By Thy con - flict with de - spair, By Thine ag - o - ny of pray'r,
4. By Thy deep ex - pir - ing groan, By the seal'd se - pul - chral stone,
pp
p
pp
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do
When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our stream-ing eyes;
By Thy fast - ing and dis - tress In the lone - ly wil - der - ness,
By the pur - ple robe of scorn, By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy tri - umph o'er the grave, By Thy pow'r from death to save;
pp
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do
poco . . a . . . . poco . . . . al
O by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fer'd once for man be - low,
By Thy vict - 'ry in the hour Of the sub - tle temp - ter's pow'r;
By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries, By Thy per - fect sac - ri - fice;
Might-y God, as - cend - ed Lord, To Thy throne in heav'n re - stor'd,
poco . . a . . . poco . . . . al
ff
dim. molto (e ritard) . . . al . . .
pp
Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - an - y.
Je - sus, look with pi-tying eye; Hear our sol - emn lit - an - y.
Je - sus, look with pi-tying eye; Hear our sol - emn lit - an - y.
Prince and Sav - iour, hear our cry, Hear our sol - emn lit - an - y. A - MEN.
ff
dim. molto (e ritard) . . . al . . . pp

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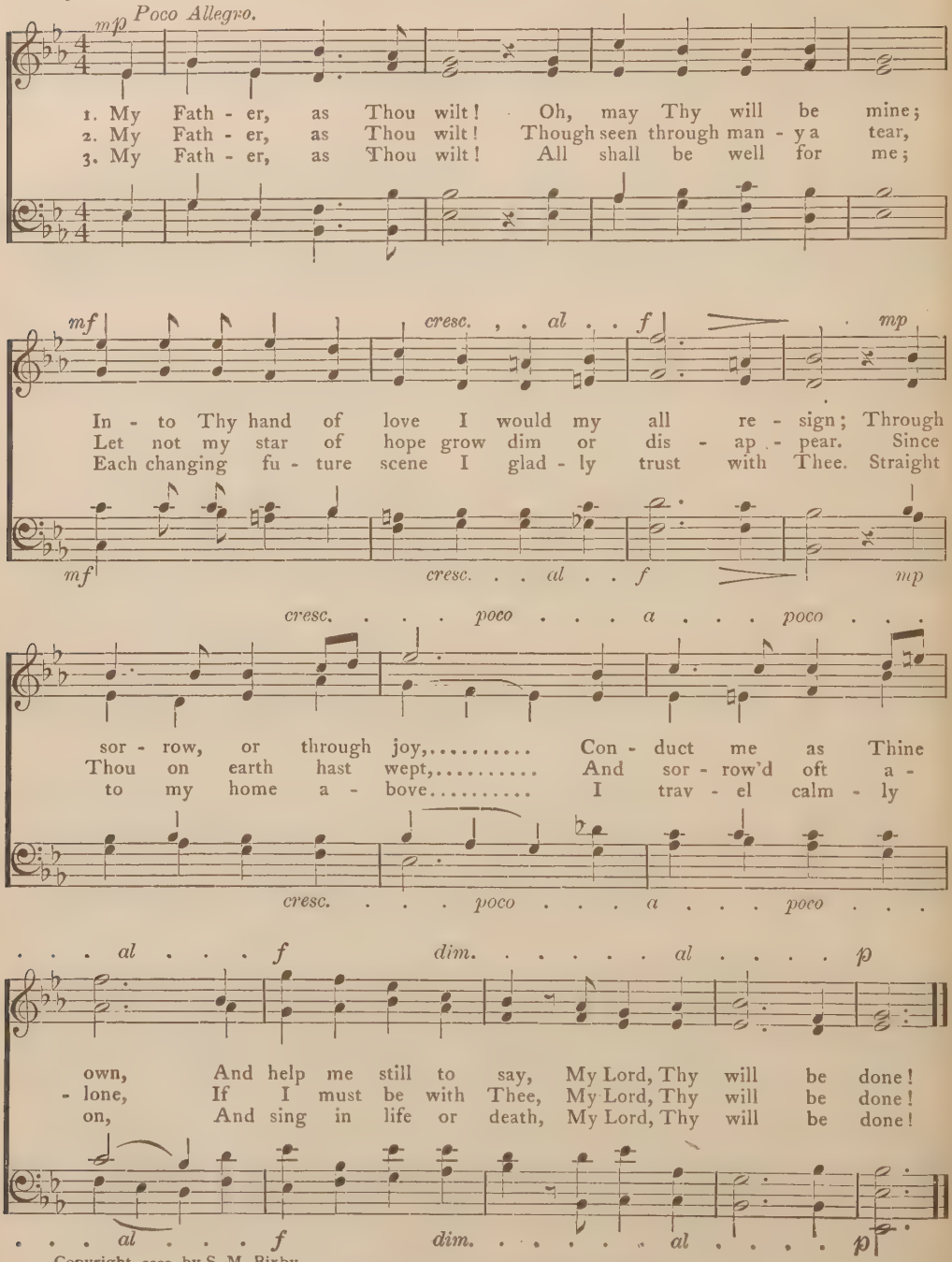
No. 610. *My Father, as Thou Wilt,*

Jane Borthwick, tr. THY WILL. 6s. *Caryl Florio*

mp Poco Allegro.
1. My Father, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine;
2. My Father, as Thou wilt! Though seen through many a tear,
3. My Father, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me;
mf cresc. al f mp
In to Thy hand of love I would my all resign; Through
Let not my star of hope grow dim or disappear. Since
Each changing future scene I gladly trust with Thee. Straight
mf cresc. al f mp
cresc. poco a poco
sorrow, or through joy,..... Conduct me as Thine
Thou on earth hast wept,..... And sorrow'd oft a-
to my home above..... I travel calmly
cresc. poco a poco
al f dim. al p
own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
-lone, If I must be with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!
on, And sing in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!
al f dim. al p

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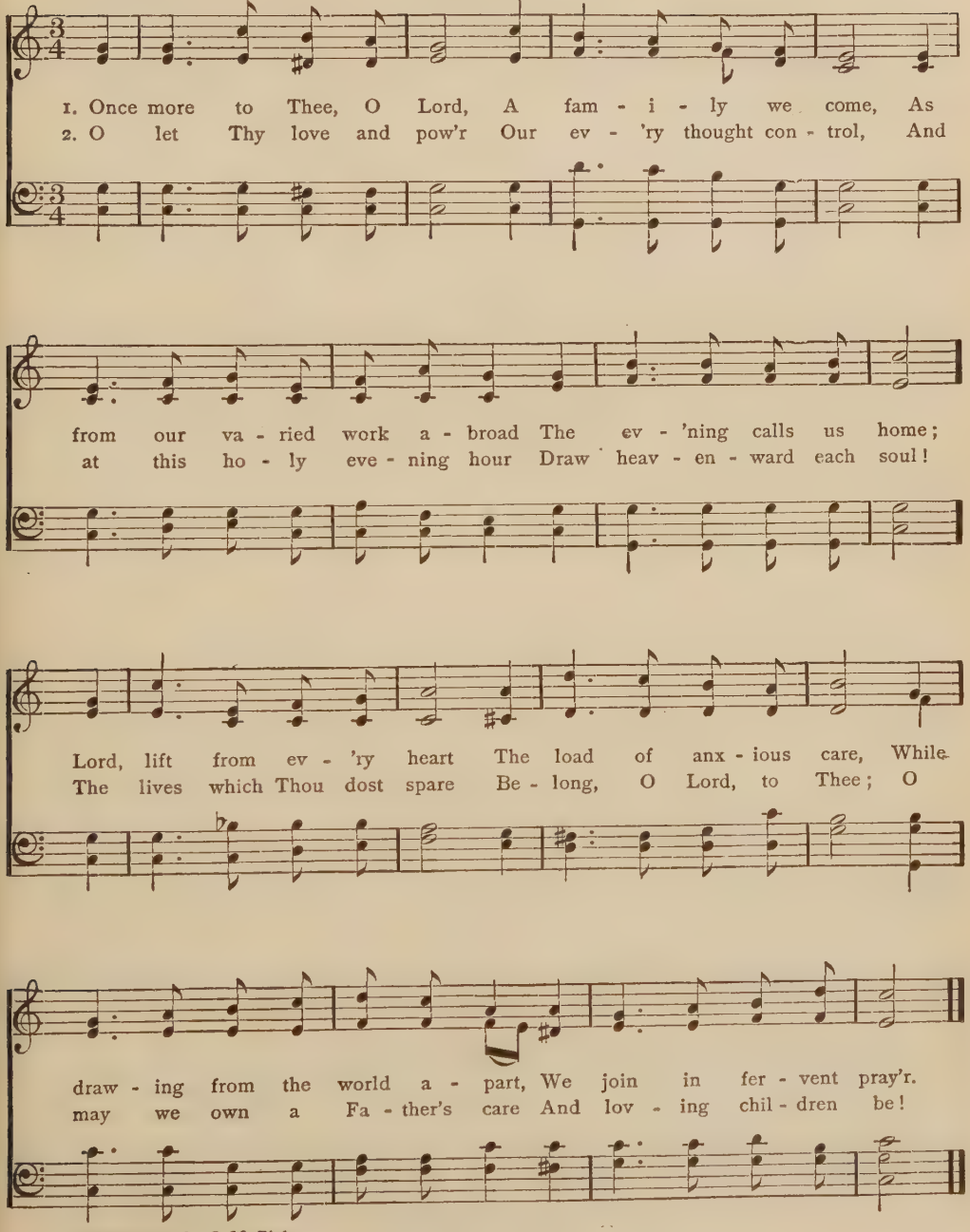
No. 611. *Once More to Thee, O Lord*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891 GUINDON. S. M. D. *E. P. Tate*


1. Once more to Thee, O Lord, A fam - i - ly we come, As
2. O let Thy love and pow'r Our ev - 'ry thought con - trol, And
from our va - ried work a - broad The ev - 'ning calls us home;
at this ho - ly eve - ning hour Draw heav - en - ward each soul!
Lord, lift from ev - 'ry heart The load of anx - ious care, While
The lives which Thou dost spare Be - long, O Lord, to Thee; O
draw - ing from the world a - part, We join in fer - vent pray'r.
may we own a Fa - ther's care And lov - ing chil - dren be!

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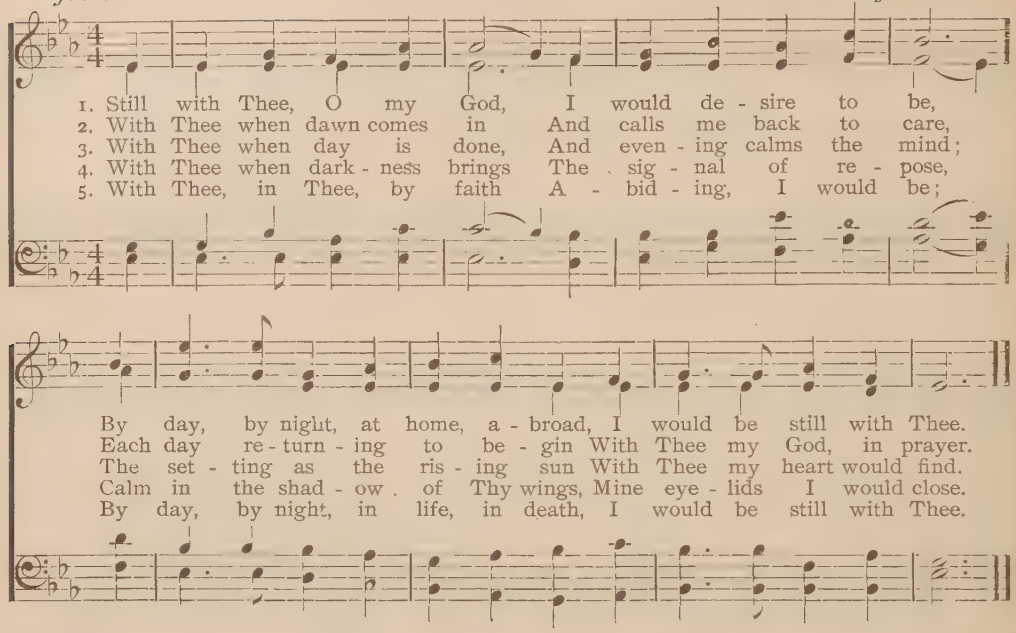
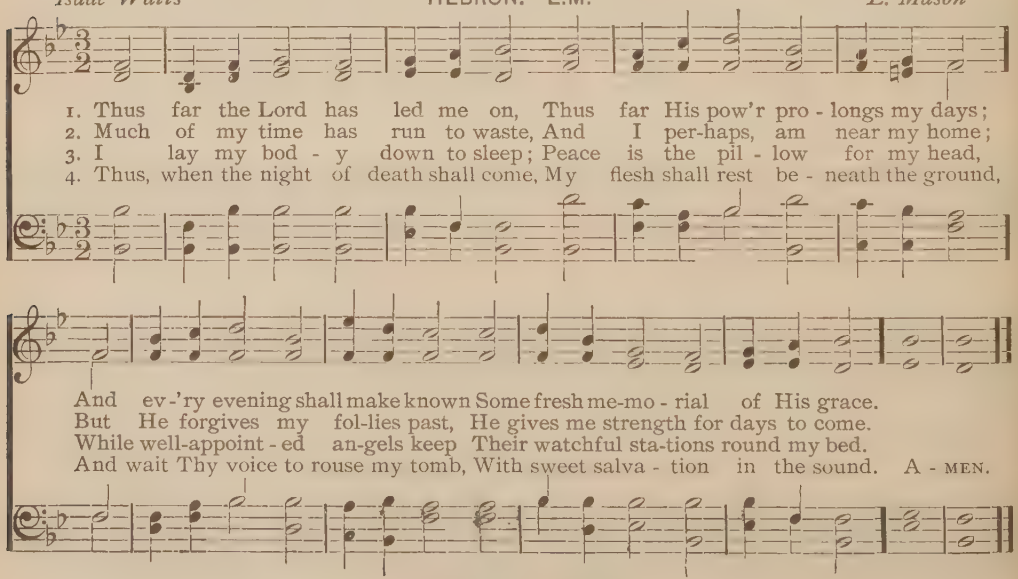
No. 612. *Still with Thee, O my God*

J. D. Burns — SWAINSTHORPE. S.M. — *J. Booth*


1. Still with Thee, O my God, I would de - sire to be,
2. With Thee when dawn comes in And calls me back to care,
3. With Thee when day is done, And even - ing calms the mind;
4. With Thee when dark - ness brings The sig - nal of re - pose,
5. With Thee, in Thee, by faith A - bid - ing, I would be;
By day, by night, at home, a - broad, I would be still with Thee.
Each day re - turn - ing to be - gin With Thee my God, in prayer.
The set - ting as the ris - ing sun With Thee my heart would find.
Calm in the shad - ow of Thy wings, Mine eye - lids I would close.
By day, by night, in life, in death, I would be still with Thee.

No. 613. *Thus Far the Lord Has Led Me On*

Isaac Watts — HEBRON. L.M. — *L. Mason*


1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far His pow'r pro - longs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I per-haps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head,
4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest be - neath the ground,
And ev-'ry evening shall make known Some fresh me-mo - rial of His grace.
But He forgives my fol-lies past, He gives me strength for days to come.
While well-appoint - ed an-gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb, With sweet salva - tion in the sound. A - MEN.

No. 614.

The Day of Praise is Done

Rev. J. Ellerton FLETCHER. S.M.D. *Caryl Florio*

Con moto, ma quieto.

p *mp* *mf*

1. The day of praise is done; The eve - ning shad - ows fall; Yet
2. Too faint our an - thems here; Too soon of praise we tire; But,
3. 'Tis Thine each soul to calm, Each way - ward thought re - claim, And

p *mp* *mf*

dim. *mp*

pass not from us with the sun, True light that light'n - est all. A
oh! the strains how full and clear Of that e - ter - nal choir. Yet,
make our dai - ly life a psalm Of glo - ry to Thy name. Shine

dim. *mp*

cresc. *al*

round Thy throne on high,..... Where night can nev - er be, The
Lord, to Thy dear will..... If Thou at - tune the heart, We
Thou with - in us, then,..... A day that knows no end, Till

cresc. *al*

f *dim.*

white - rob'd harp - ers of the sky Bring cease - less songs to Thee.
in Thine an - gels' mu - sic still May bear a low - er part.
songs of an - gels and of men In per - fect praise shall blend.

f *dim.*

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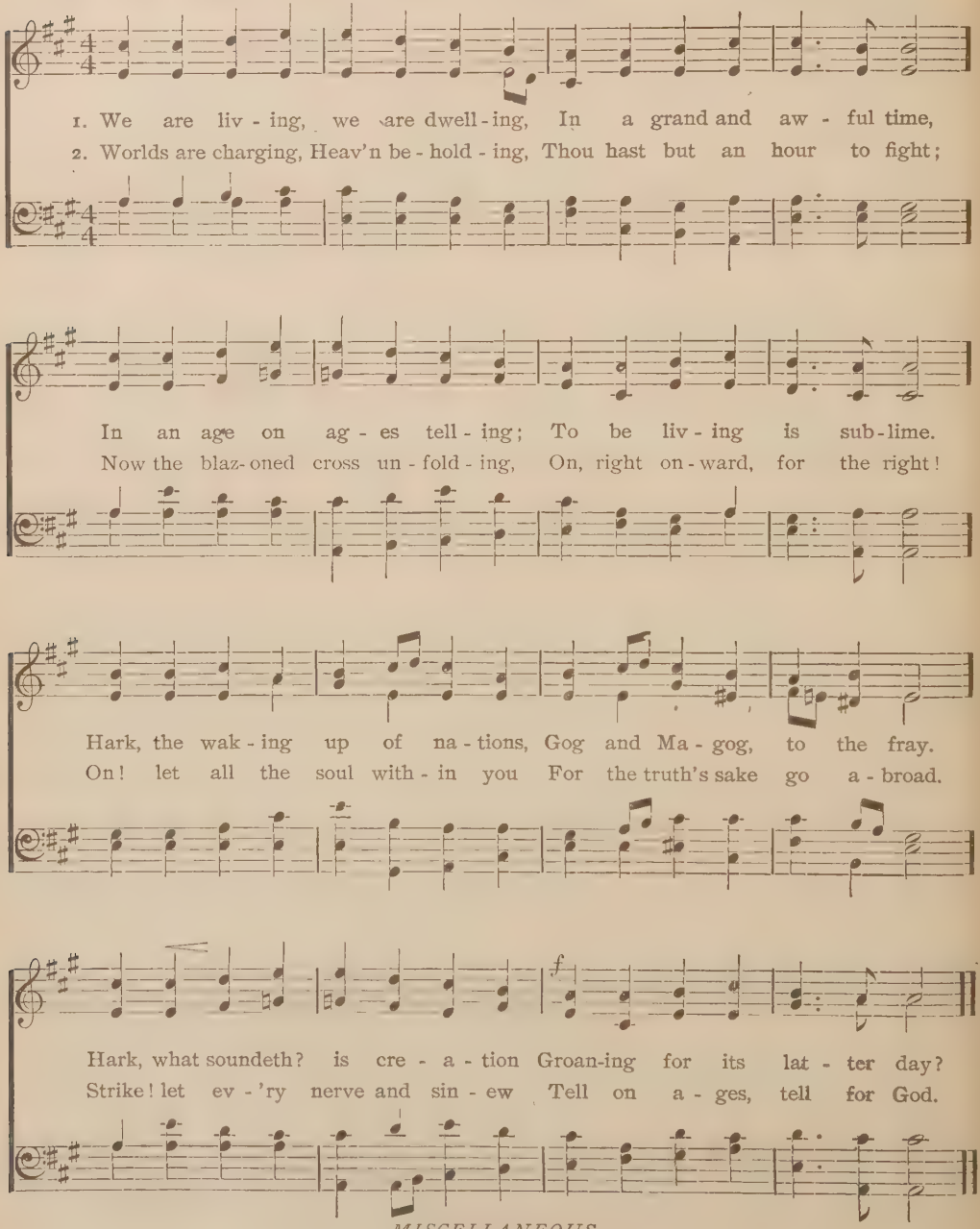
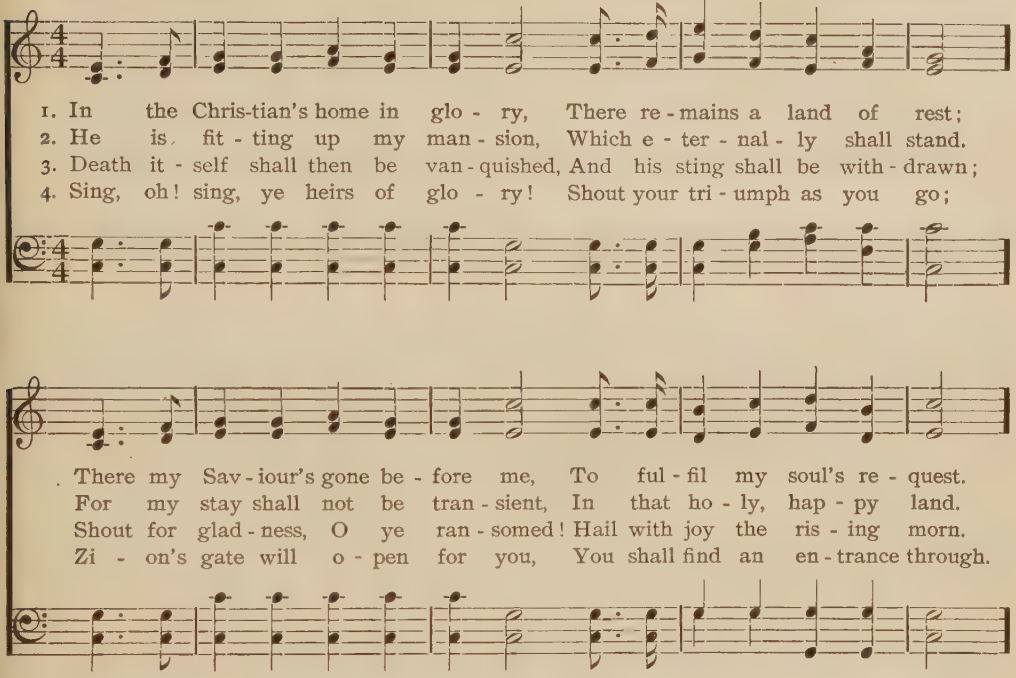
No. 615. *We Are Living, We Are Dwelling*

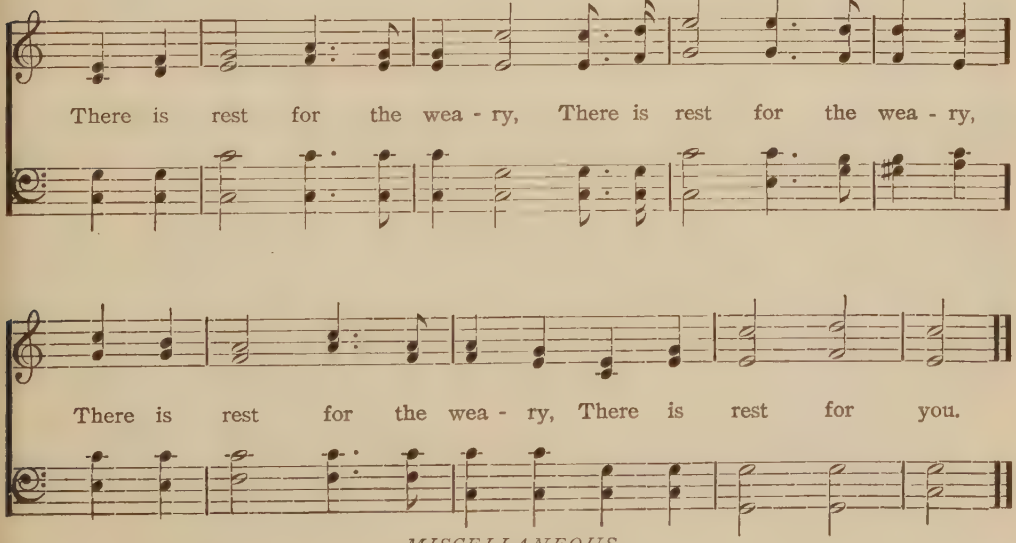
Bp. Arthur Cleveland Coxe HYMN TO JOY. 8s.&7s. *L. van Beethoven*

1. We are liv - ing, we are dwell - ing, In a grand and aw - ful time,
2. Worlds are charging, Heav'n be - hold - ing, Thou hast but an hour to fight;
In an age on ag - es tell - ing; To be liv - ing is sub - lime.
Now the blaz - oned cross un - fold - ing, On, right on - ward, for the right!
Hark, the wak - ing up of na - tions, Gog and Ma - gog, to the fray.
On! let all the soul with - in you For the truth's sake go a - broad.
Hark, what soundeth? is cre - a - tion Groan - ing for its lat - ter day?
Strike! let ev - 'ry nerve and sin - ew Tell on a - ges, tell for God.
f

No. 616. *In the Christian's Home in Glory*

Samuel Young Harmer REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s.7s.&5s. *Wm. McDonald*

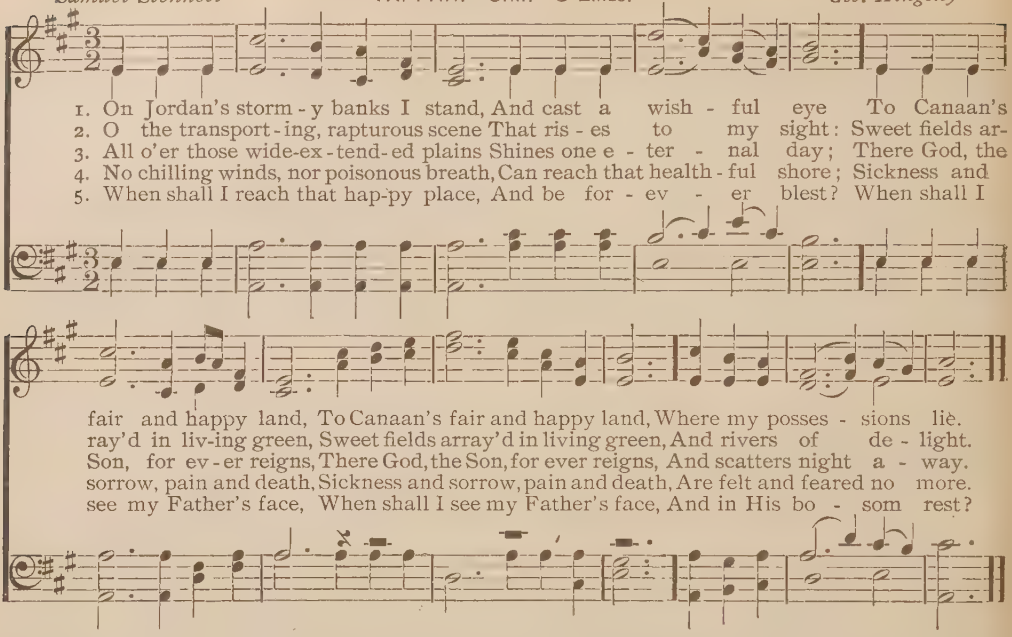

1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry, There re - mains a land of rest;
2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand.
3. Death it - self shall then be van - quished, And his sting shall be with - drawn;
4. Sing, oh! sing, ye heirs of glo - ry! Shout your tri - umph as you go;
There my Sav - iour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.
For my stay shall not be tran - sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
Shout for glad - ness, O ye ran - somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an en - trance through.

CHORUS.



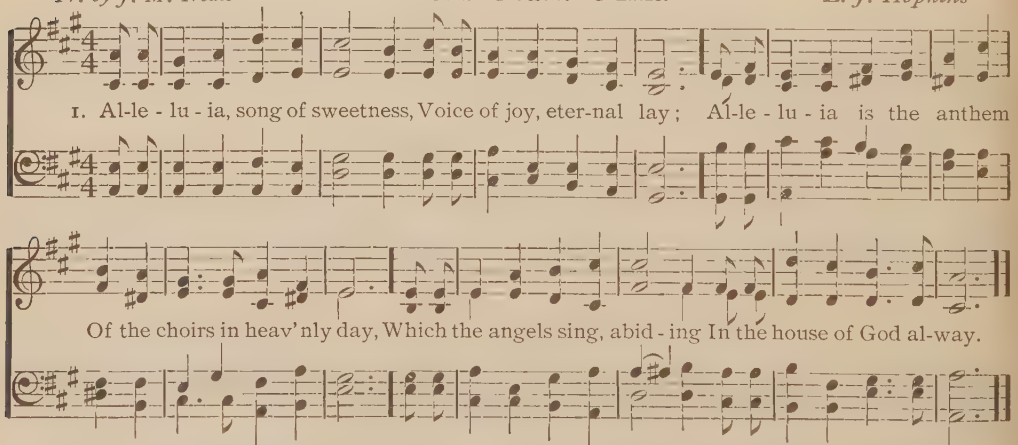
No. 617. *On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand*

Samuel Stennett TAPPAN. C.M. 5 Lines. *Geo. Kingsley*


1. On Jordan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To Canaan's
2. O the transport - ing, rapturous scene That ris - es to my sight: Sweet fields ar-
3. All o'er those wide-ex - tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day; There God, the
4. No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath, Can reach that health - ful shore; Sickness and
5. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for - ev - er blest? When shall I
fair and happy land, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my posses - sions lie.
ray'd in liv-ing green, Sweet fields array'd in living green, And rivers of de - light.
Son, for ev - er reigns, There God, the Son, for ever reigns, And scatters night a - way.
sorrow, pain and death, Sickness and sorrow, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
see my Father's face, When shall I see my Father's face, And in His bo - som rest?

No. 618. *Alleluia, Song of Sweetness*

Tr. by J. M. Neale ALLELUIA. 8s. & 7s. 6 Lines. *E. J. Hopkins*


1. Al-le - lu - ia, song of sweetness, Voice of joy, eter-nal lay; Al-le - lu - ia is the anthem
Of the choirs in heav'nly day, Which the angels sing, abid - ing In the house of God al-way.

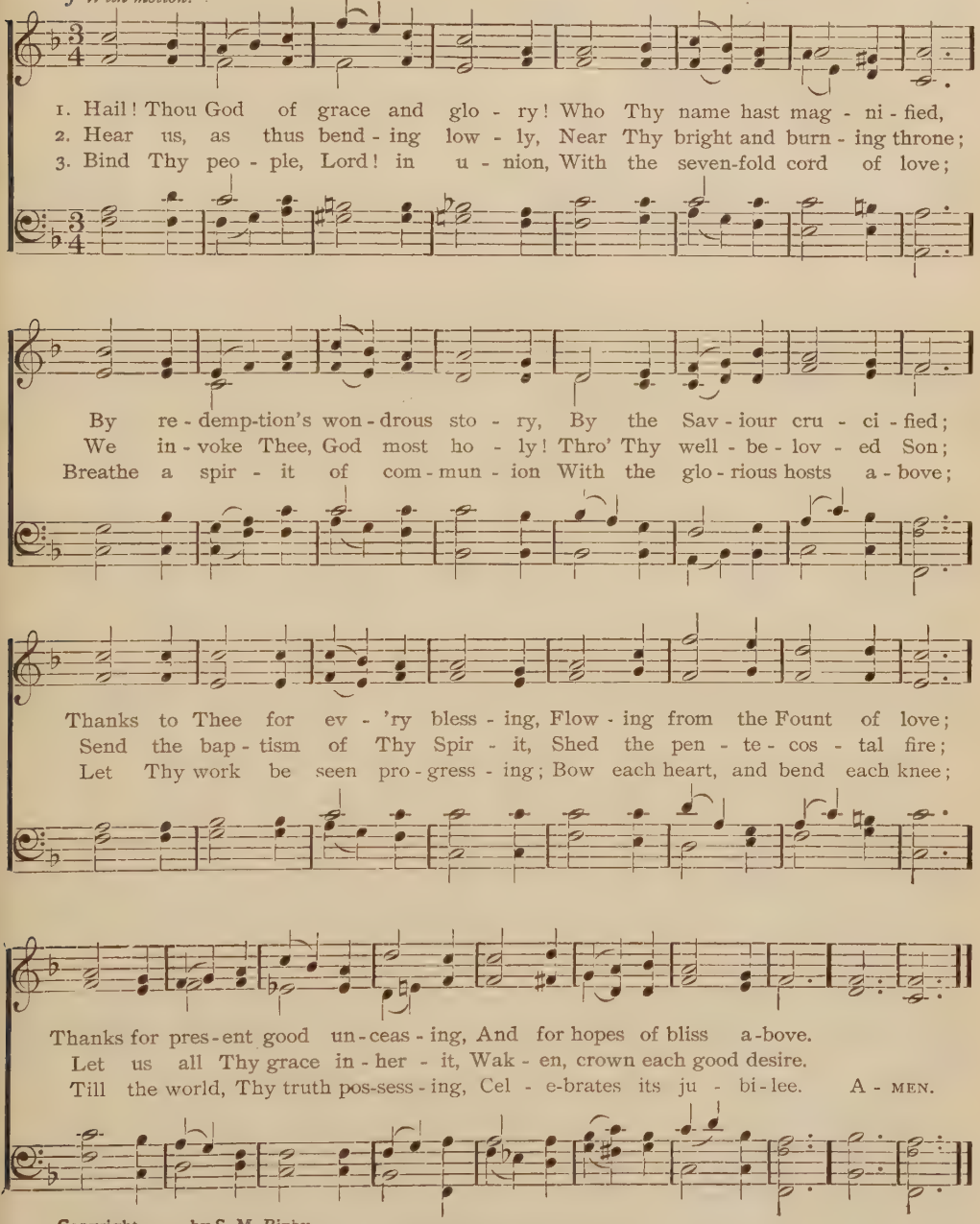
2 Alleluia Thou resoundest,
Salem, Mother of the blest;
Alleluias without ending
Fit yon place of gladsome rest;
Exiles we, by Babel's waters,
Sit in bondage, sore distressed.

3 O thou King of endless glory,
Hear Thy people as they cry;
Grant us all our heart's deep longing
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly.

No. 619. *Hail! Thou God of Grace and Glory*

T. W. Aveling AVELING. 8s.&7s.D. *S. M. Bixby, 1899*

f With motion.


1. Hail! Thou God of grace and glo - ry! Who Thy name hast mag - ni - fied,
2. Hear us, as thus bend - ing low - ly, Near Thy bright and burn - ing throne;
3. Bind Thy peo - ple, Lord! in u - nion, With the seven-fold cord of love;
By re - demp-tion's won - drous sto - ry, By the Sav - iour cru - ci - fied;
We in - voke Thee, God most ho - ly! Thro' Thy well - be - lov - ed Son;
Breathe a spir - it of com - mun - ion With the glo - rious hosts a - bove;
Thanks to Thee for ev - 'ry bless - ing, Flow - ing from the Fount of love;
Send the bap - tism of Thy Spir - it, Shed the pen - te - cos - tal fire;
Let Thy work be seen pro - gress - ing; Bow each heart, and bend each knee;
Thanks for pres - ent good un - ceas - ing, And for hopes of bliss a - bove.
Let us all Thy grace in - her - it, Wak - en, crown each good desire.
Till the world, Thy truth pos-sess - ing, Cel - e-brates its ju - bi - lee. A - MEN.

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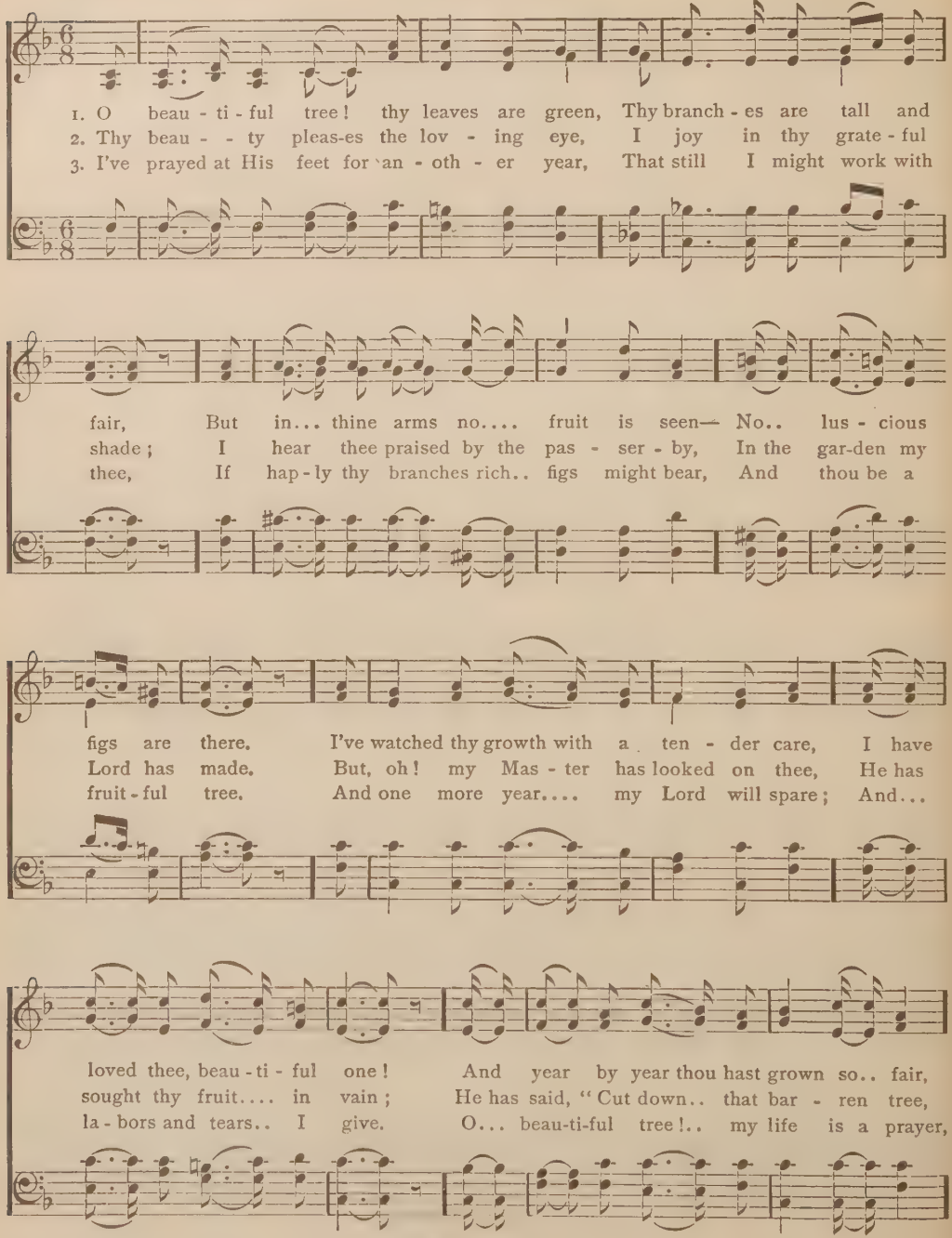
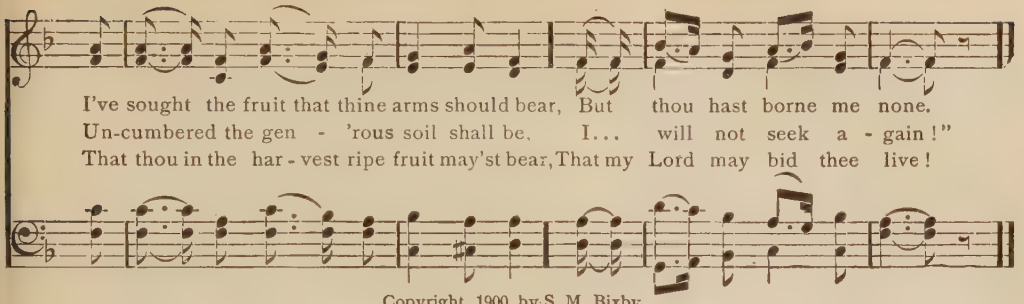
No. 620. *O Beautiful Tree! Thy Leaves Are Green*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 PATIENCE. P. M. *Hubert P. Main*, 1892


1. O beau - ti - ful tree! thy leaves are green, Thy branch - es are tall and
2. Thy beau - - ty pleas-es the lov - ing eye, I joy in thy grate - ful
3. I've prayed at His feet for an - oth - er year, That still I might work with
fair, But in... thine arms no.... fruit is seen— No.. lus - cious
shade; I hear thee praised by the pas - ser - by, In the gar-den my
thee, If hap - ly thy branches rich.. figs might bear, And thou be a
figs are there. I've watched thy growth with a ten - der care, I have
Lord has made. But, oh! my Mas - ter has looked on thee, He has
fruit - ful tree. And one more year.... my Lord will spare; And...
loved thee, beau - ti - ful one! And year by year thou hast grown so.. fair,
sought thy fruit.... in vain; He has said, "Cut down.. that bar - ren tree,
la - bors and tears.. I give. O... beau-ti-ful tree!.. my life is a prayer,

O Beautiful Tree! Thy Leaves Are Green


I've sought the fruit that thine arms should bear, But thou hast borne me none.
Un-cumbered the gen - 'rous soil shall be. I... will not seek a - gain!"
That thou in the har - vest ripe fruit may'st bear, That my Lord may bid thee live!

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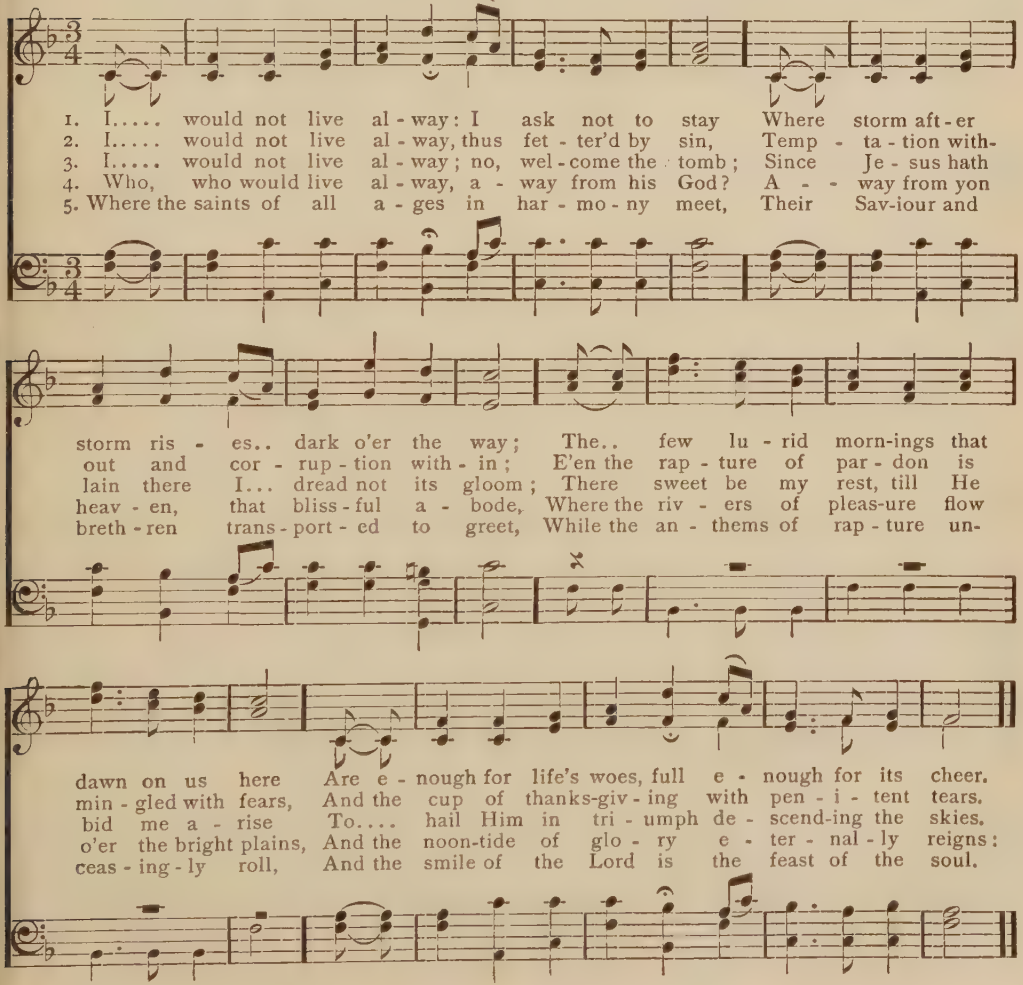
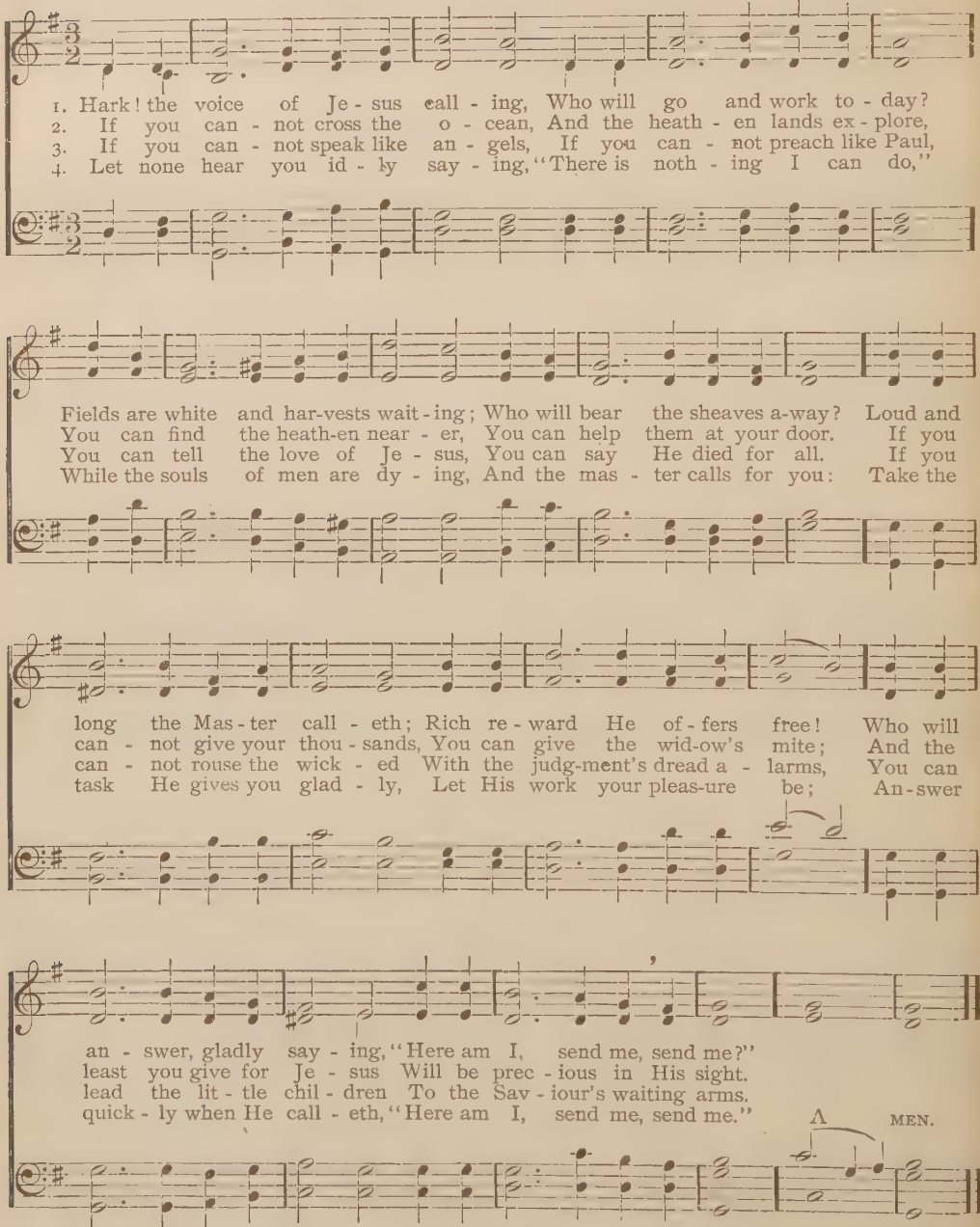
No. 621. *I Would Not Live Alway*

W. A. Muhlenberg AUGUSTINE. P. M. *Geo. Kingsley*


1. I..... would not live al - way: I ask not to stay Where storm aft - er
2. I..... would not live al - way, thus fet - ter'd by sin, Temp - ta - tion with-
3. I..... would not live al - way; no, wel - come the tomb; Since Je - sus hath
4. Who, who would live al - way, a - way from his God? A - - way from yon
5. Where the saints of all a - ges in har - mo - ny meet, Their Sav-iour and
storm ris - es.. dark o'er the way; The.. few lu - rid morn-ings that
out and cor - rup - tion with - in; E'en the rap - ture of par - don is
lain there I... dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest, till He
heav - en, that bliss - ful a - bode, Where the riv - ers of pleas-ure flow
breth - ren trans - port - ed to greet, While the an - thems of rap - ture un-
dawn on us here Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.
min - gled with fears, And the cup of thanks-giv - ing with pen - i - tent tears.
bid me a - rise To.... hail Him in tri - umph de - scend-ing the skies.
o'er the bright plains, And the noon-tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns:
ceas - ing - ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

No. 622. *Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling*

Rev. Daniel March CALLING. 8s.& 7s.D. *J. Wilson*

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the heath - en lands ex - plore,
3. If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you can - not preach like Paul,
4. Let none hear you id - ly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do,"
Fields are white and har-vests wait - ing; Who will bear the sheaves a-way? Loud and
You can find the heath-en near - er, You can help them at your door. If you
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all. If you
While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the mas - ter calls for you: Take the
long the Mas - ter call - eth; Rich re - ward He of - fers free! Who will
can - not give your thou - sands, You can give the wid-ow's mite; And the
can - not rouse the wick - ed With the judg-ment's dread a - larms, You can
task He gives you glad - ly, Let His work your pleas-ure be; An-swer
an - swer, gladly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me?"
least you give for Je - sus Will be prec - ious in His sight.
lead the lit - tle chil - dren To the Sav - iour's waiting arms.
quick - ly when He call - eth, "Here am I, send me, send me."
A MEN.

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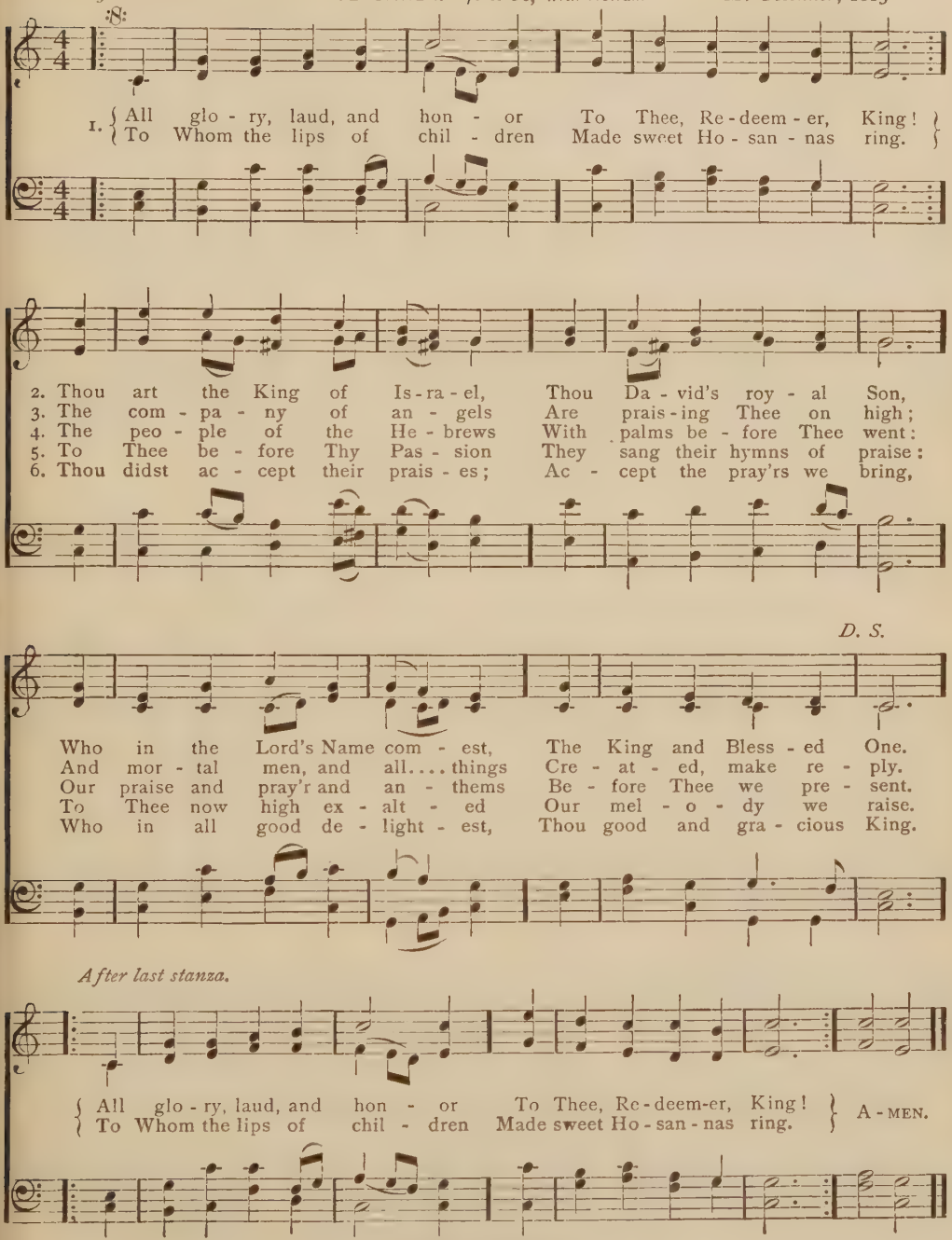
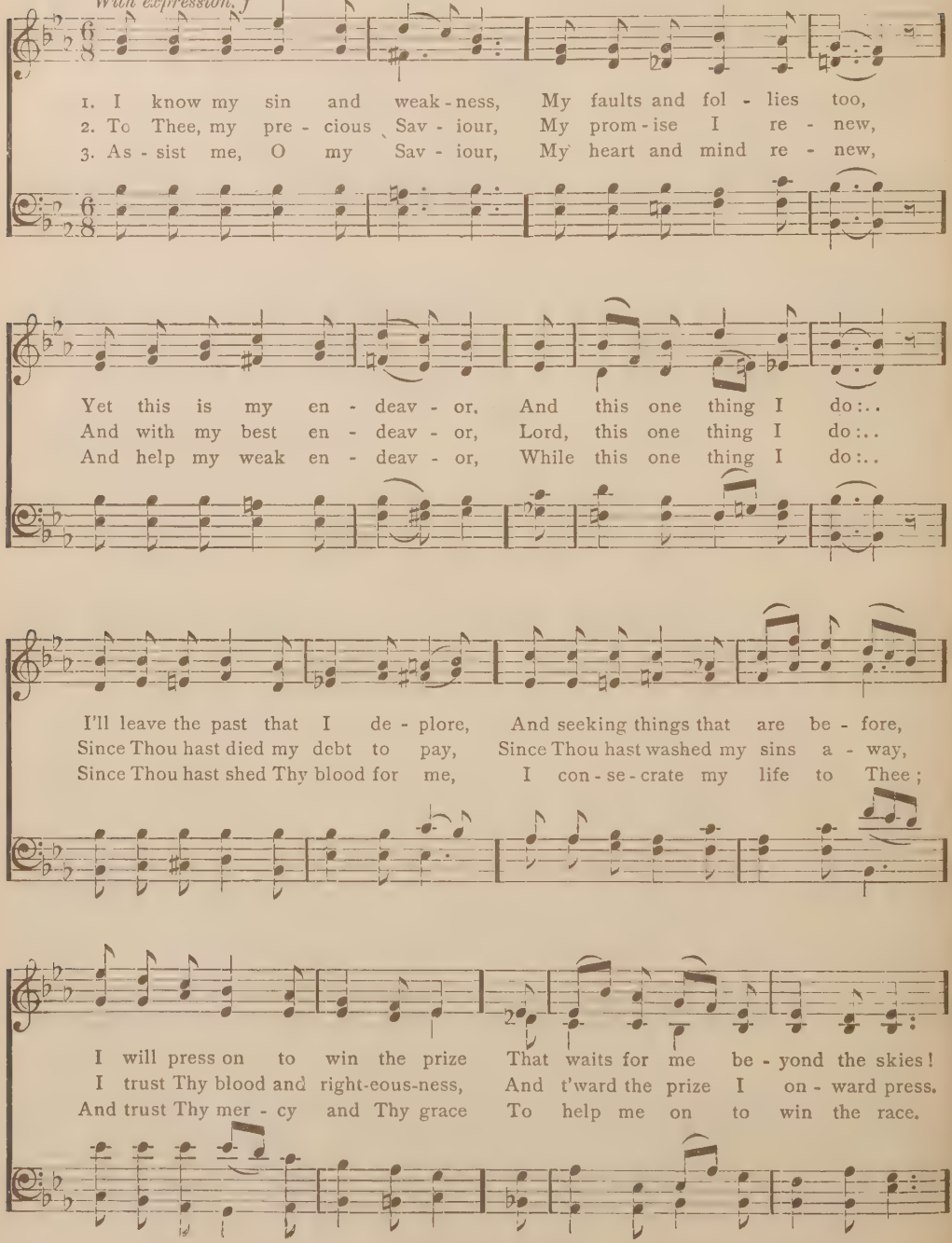
No. 623. *All Glory, Laud and Honor*

Tr. J. M. Neale TESCHNER. 7s & 6s, with Refrain *M. Teschner*, 1613

1. All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem - er, King!
To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring.
2. Thou art the King of Is-ra-el, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
3. The com - pa - ny of an - gels Are prais-ing Thee on high;
4. The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore Thee went:
5. To Thee be - fore Thy Pas - sion They sang their hymns of praise:
6. Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; Ac - cept the pray'rs we bring,
D. S.
Who in the Lord's Name com - est, The King and Bless - ed One.
And mor - tal men, and all.... things Cre - at - ed, make re - ply.
Our praise and pray'r and an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.
To Thee now high ex - alt - ed Our mel - o - dy we raise.
Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King.
After last stanza.
All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem-er, King!
To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho-san-nas ring.
A - MEN.

No. 624. *I Know My Sin and Weakness*

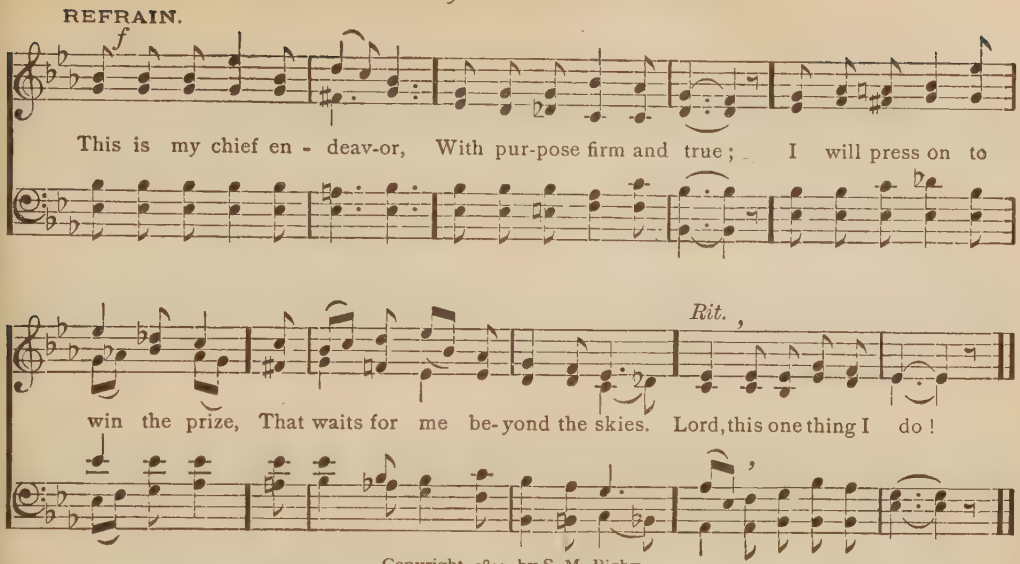
Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 · (Y. P. S. C. E.) *Frank N. Shepperd*, 1892

With expression, f


1. I know my sin and weak-ness, My faults and fol-lies too,
2. To Thee, my pre-cious Sav-iour, My prom-ise I re-new,
3. As-sist me, O my Sav-iour, My heart and mind re-new,
Yet this is my en-deav-or, And this one thing I do:..
And with my best en-deav-or, Lord, this one thing I do:..
And help my weak en-deav-or, While this one thing I do:..
I'll leave the past that I de-plore, And seeking things that are be-fore,
Since Thou hast died my debt to pay, Since Thou hast washed my sins a-way,
Since Thou hast shed Thy blood for me, I con-se-crate my life to Thee;
I will press on to win the prize That waits for me be-yond the skies!
I trust Thy blood and right-eous-ness, And t'ward the prize I on-ward press.
And trust Thy mer-cy and Thy grace To help me on to win the race.

I Know My Sin and Weakness

REFRAIN.


f
This is my chief en - deav-or, With pur-pose firm and true; I will press on to
Rit.
win the prize, That waits for me be-yond the skies. Lord, this one thing I do!

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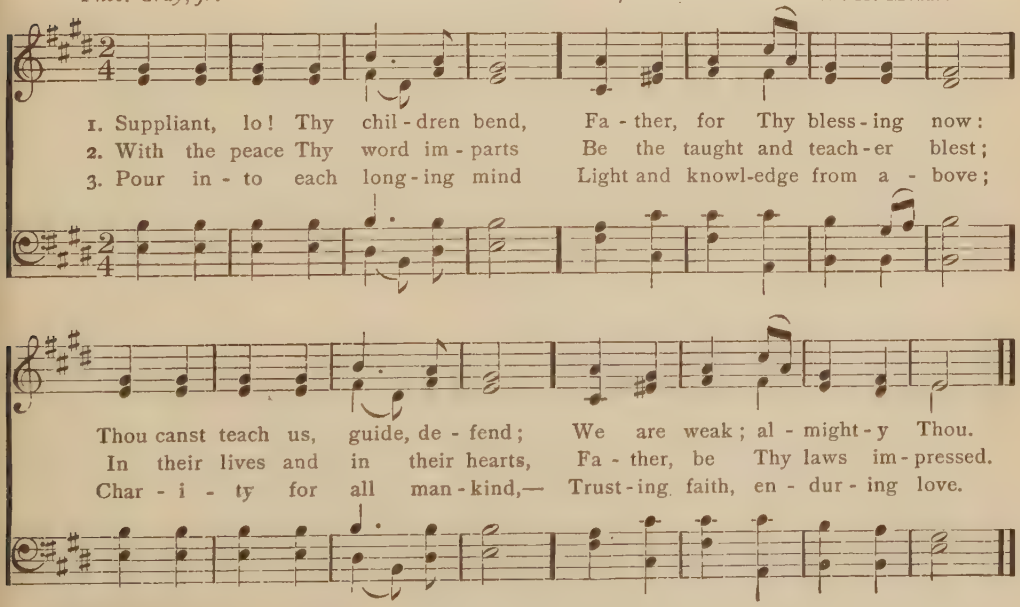
No. 625. *Suppliant, lo! Thy Children Bend*

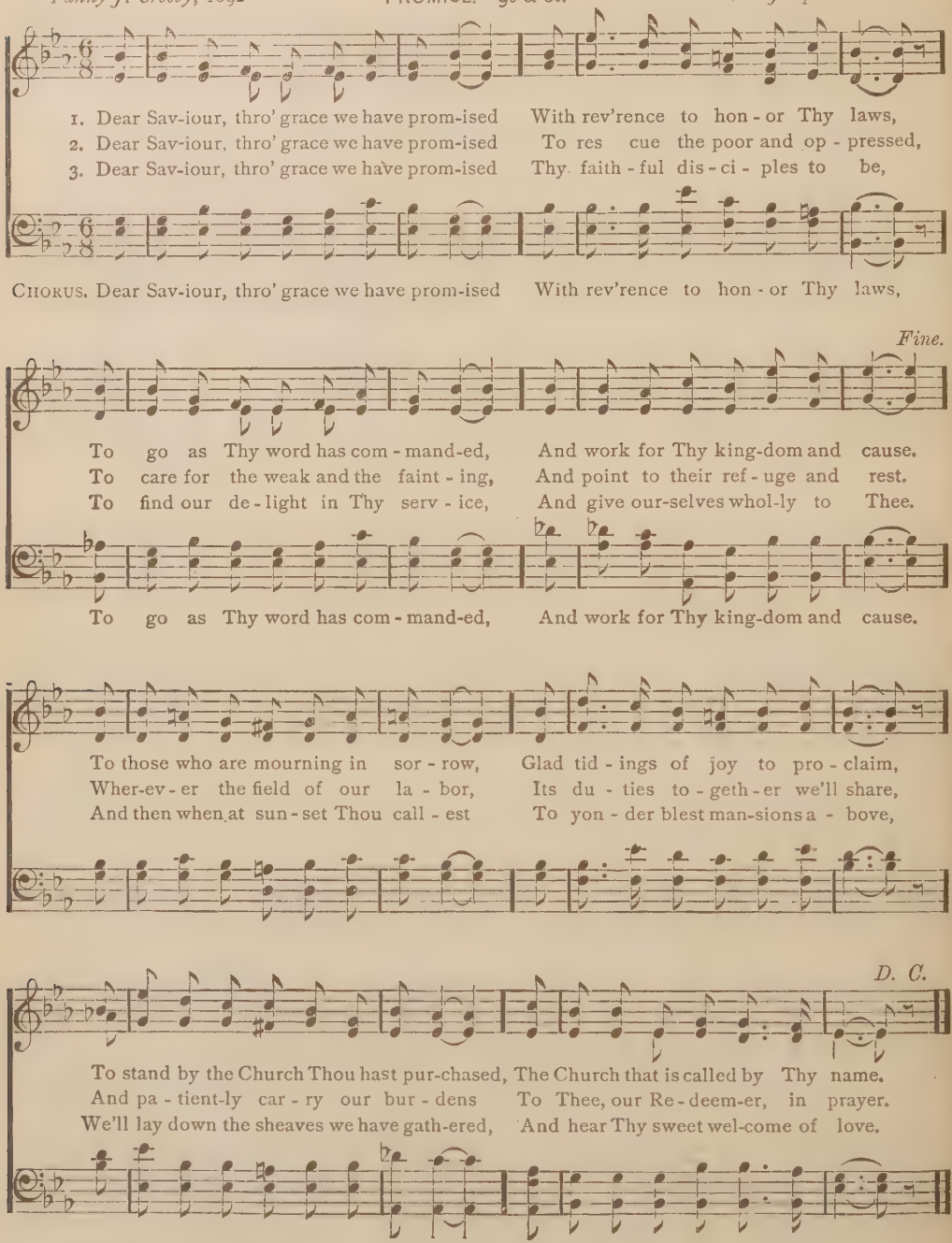
Thos. Gray, jr. ST. SYLVESTER. 8s & 7s. *W. A. Mozart*


1. Suppliant, lo! Thy chil - dren bend, Fa - ther, for Thy bless - ing now:
2. With the peace Thy word im - parts Be the taught and teach - er blest;
3. Pour in - to each long - ing mind Light and knowl-edge from a - bove;
Thou canst teach us, guide, de - fend; We are weak; al - might - y Thou.
In their lives and in their hearts, Fa - ther, be Thy laws im - pressed.
Char - i - ty for all man - kind,— Trust - ing faith, en - dur - ing love.

From Pilgrim Songs, by permission.

No. 626. *Dear Saviour, thro' Grace We Have Promised*

Fanny J. Crosby, 1892 PROMISE. 9s & 8s. *Joseph Martine*


1. Dear Sav-iour, thro' grace we have prom-ised With rev'rence to hon-or Thy laws,
2. Dear Sav-iour, thro' grace we have prom-ised To res cue the poor and op-pressed,
3. Dear Sav-iour, thro' grace we have prom-ised Thy faith-ful dis-ci-ples to be,
Chorus. Dear Sav-iour, thro' grace we have prom-ised With rev'rence to hon-or Thy laws,
Fine.
To go as Thy word has com-mand-ed, And work for Thy king-dom and cause.
To care for the weak and the faint-ing, And point to their ref-uge and rest.
To find our de-light in Thy serv-ice, And give our-selves whol-ly to Thee.
To go as Thy word has com-mand-ed, And work for Thy king-dom and cause.
To those who are mourning in sor-row, Glad tid-ings of joy to pro-claim,
Wher-ev-er the field of our la-bor, Its du-ties to-geth-er we'll share,
And then when at sun-set Thou call-est To yon-der blest man-sions a-bove,
D. C.
To stand by the Church Thou hast pur-chased, The Church that is called by Thy name.
And pa-tient-ly car-ry our bur-dens To Thee, our Re-deem-er, in prayer.
We'll lay down the sheaves we have gath-ered, And hear Thy sweet wel-come of love.

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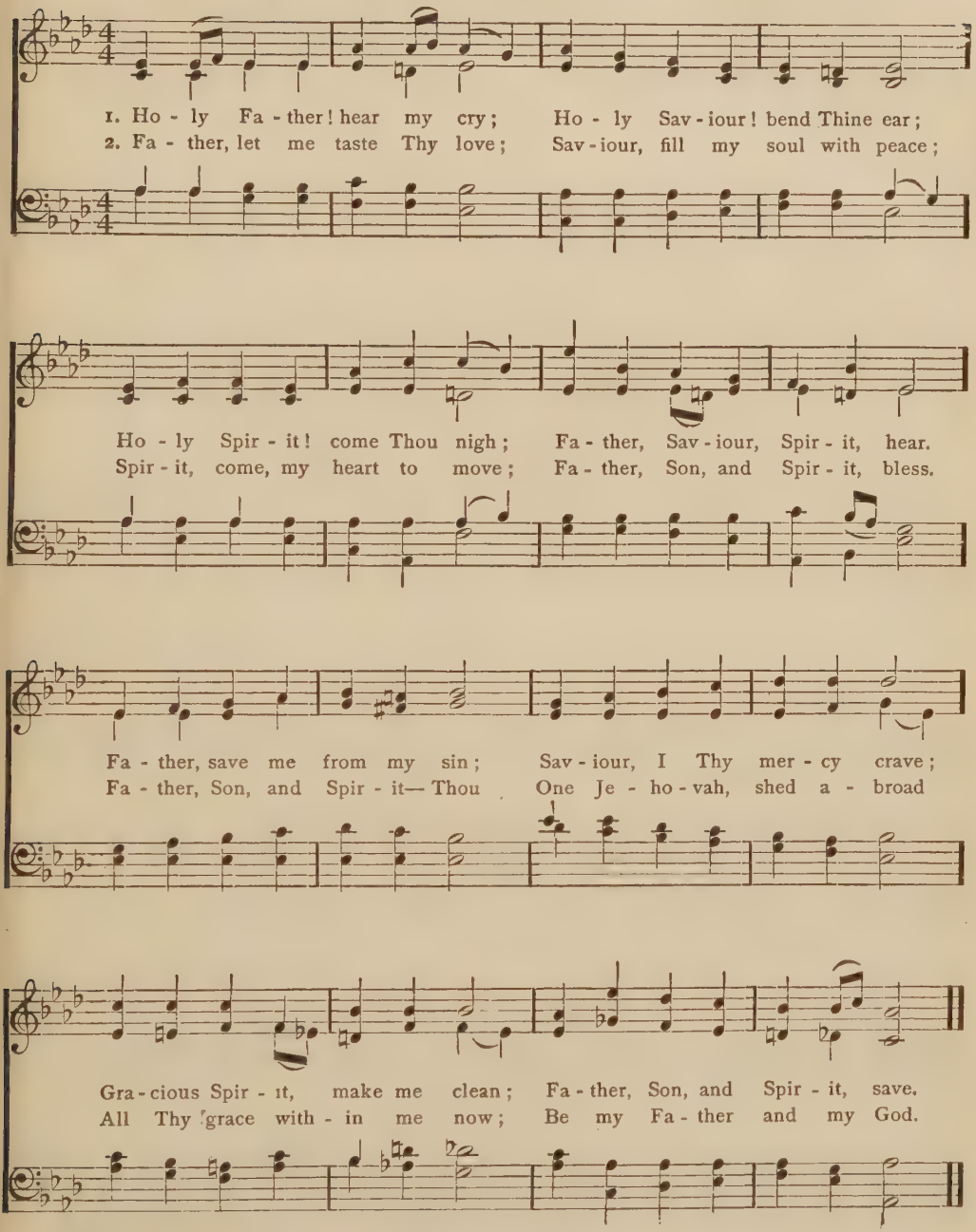
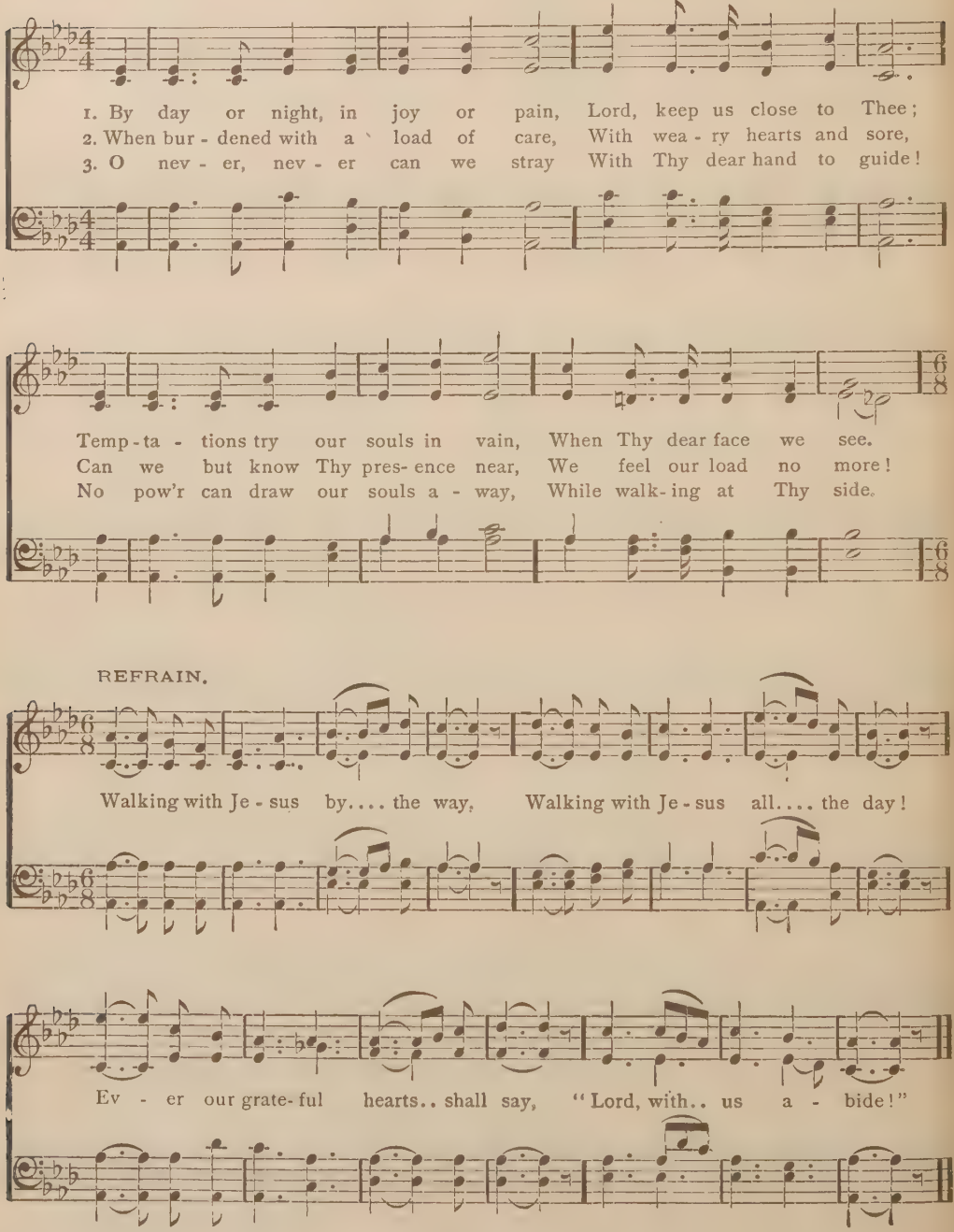
No. 627. *Holy Father! Hear My Cry*

Horatius Bonar ALBERT. 7s D. *A. J. Holden*


1. Ho - ly Fa - ther! hear my cry; Ho - ly Sav - iour! bend Thine ear;
2. Fa - ther, let me taste Thy love; Sav - iour, fill my soul with peace;
Ho - ly Spir - it! come Thou nigh; Fa - ther, Sav - iour, Spir - it, hear.
Spir - it, come, my heart to move; Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, bless.
Fa - ther, save me from my sin; Sav - iour, I Thy mer - cy crave;
Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it— Thou One Je - ho - vah, shed a - broad
Gra - cious Spir - it, make me clean; Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, save.
All Thy grace with - in me now; Be my Fa - ther and my God.

Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 628. *By Day or Night, in Joy or Pain*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 SAFETY. C. M., with Refrain. *Jay Deavereaux.*

1. By day or night, in joy or pain, Lord, keep us close to Thee;
2. When bur - dened with a load of care, With wea - ry hearts and sore,
3. O nev - er, nev - er can we stray With Thy dear hand to guide!
Temp - ta - tions try our souls in vain, When Thy dear face we see.
Can we but know Thy pres - ence near, We feel our load no more!
No pow'r can draw our souls a - way, While walk - ing at Thy side.
REFRAIN.
Walking with Je - sus by.... the way, Walking with Je - sus all.... the day!
Ev - er our grate - ful hearts.. shall say, "Lord, with.. us a - bide!"

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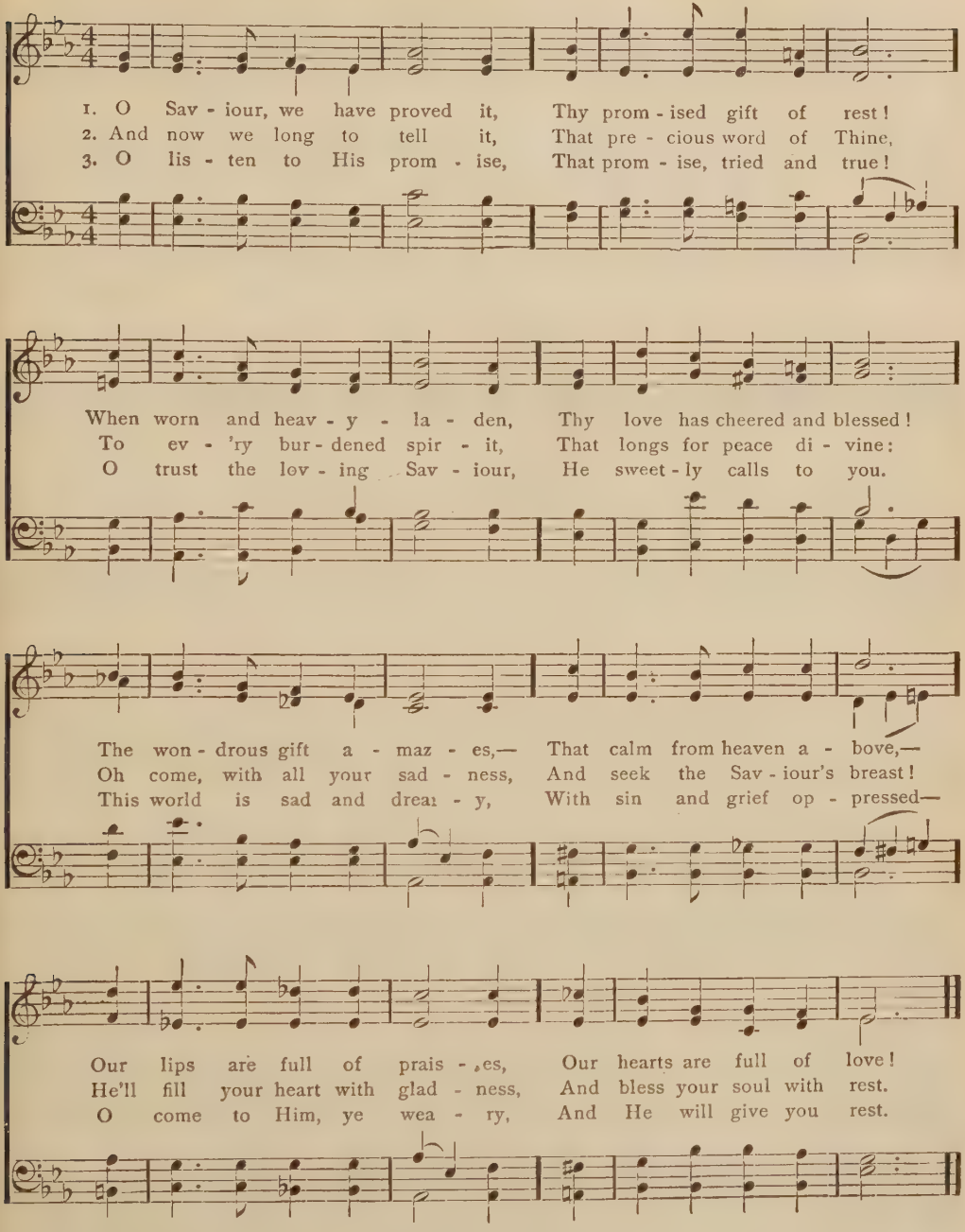
No. 629. *O Saviour, We Have Proved It*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 BARNES. 7s & 6s D. *E. P. Tate*


1. O Sav - iour, we have proved it, Thy prom - ised gift of rest!
2. And now we long to tell it, That pre - cious word of Thine,
3. O lis - ten to His prom - ise, That prom - ise, tried and true!
When worn and heav - y - la - den, Thy love has cheered and blessed!
To ev - 'ry bur - dened spir - it, That longs for peace di - vine:
O trust the lov - ing Sav - iour, He sweet - ly calls to you.
The won - drous gift a - maz - es,— That calm from heaven a - bove,—
Oh come, with all your sad - ness, And seek the Sav - iour's breast!
This world is sad and drear - y, With sin and grief op - pressed—
Our lips are full of prais - es, Our hearts are full of love!
He'll fill your heart with glad - ness, And bless your soul with rest.
O come to Him, ye wea - ry, And He will give you rest.

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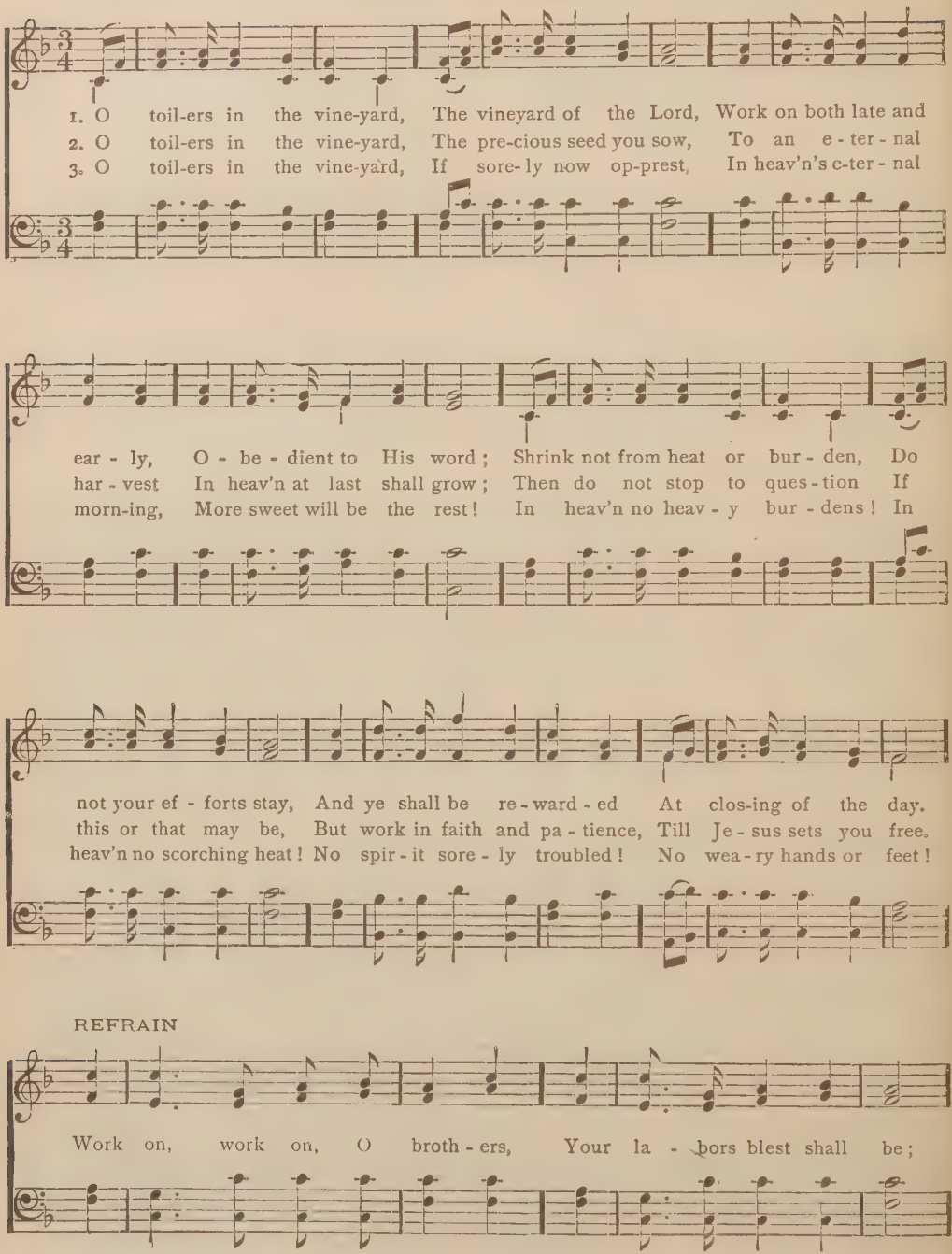
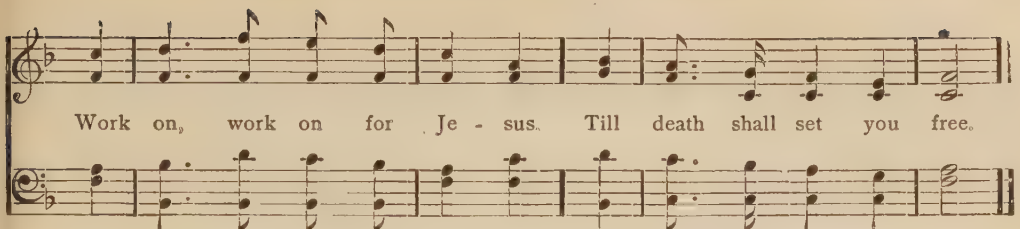
No. 630. # *O Toilers in the Vineyard*

E. R. Latta LOYAL. 7s & 6s. with Refrain. *J. H. Tenney, by per.*


1. O toil-ers in the vine-yard, The vineyard of the Lord, Work on both late and
2. O toil-ers in the vine-yard, The pre-cious seed you sow, To an e-ter-nal
3. O toil-ers in the vine-yard, If sore-ly now op-prest, In heav'n's e-ter-nal
ear-ly, O-be-dient to His word; Shrink not from heat or bur-den, Do
har-vest In heav'n at last shall grow; Then do not stop to ques-tion If
morn-ing, More sweet will be the rest! In heav'n no heav-y bur-dens! In
not your ef-forts stay, And ye shall be re-ward-ed At clos-ing of the day.
this or that may be, But work in faith and pa-tience, Till Je-sus sets you free.
heav'n no scorching heat! No spir-it sore-ly troubled! No wea-ry hands or feet!
REFRAIN
Work on, work on, O broth-ers, Your la-bors blest shall be;

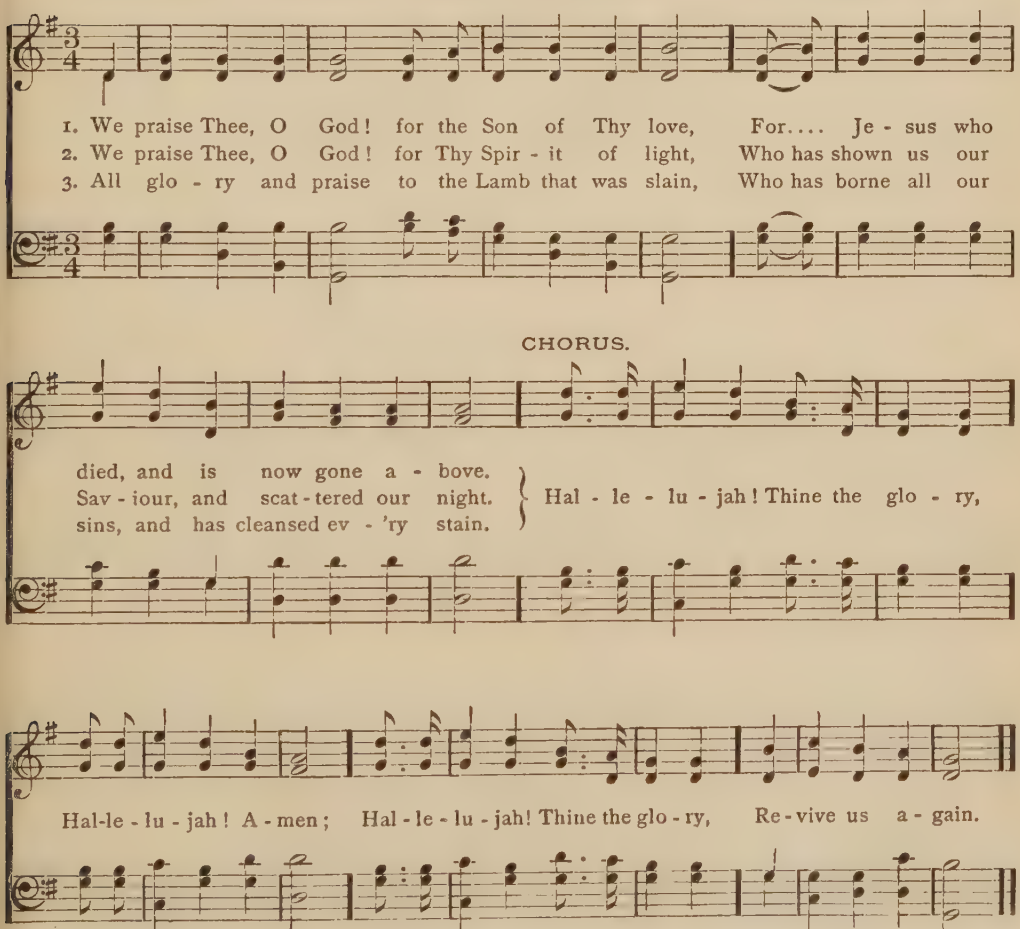
O Toilers in the Vineyard



Copyright, 1885, by F. H. Revell--used by permission

No. 631. *We Praise Thee, O God!*

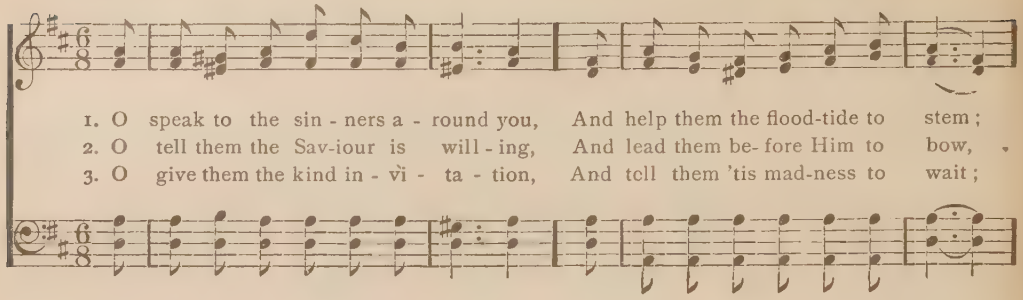
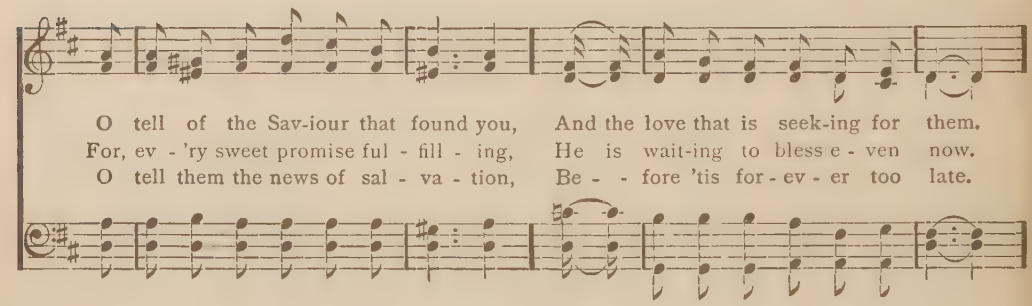
Dr. William P. Mackay, 1866 HUSBAND. ns, with Refrain. *John J. Husband*, 1798


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For.... Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
CHORUS.
died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - iour, and scat - tered our night.
sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry,
Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

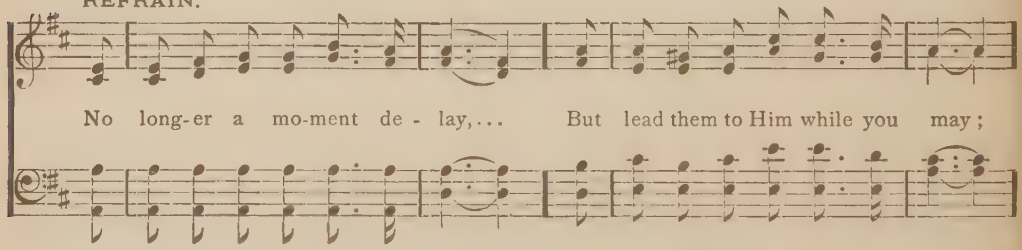
YOUNG PEOPLE

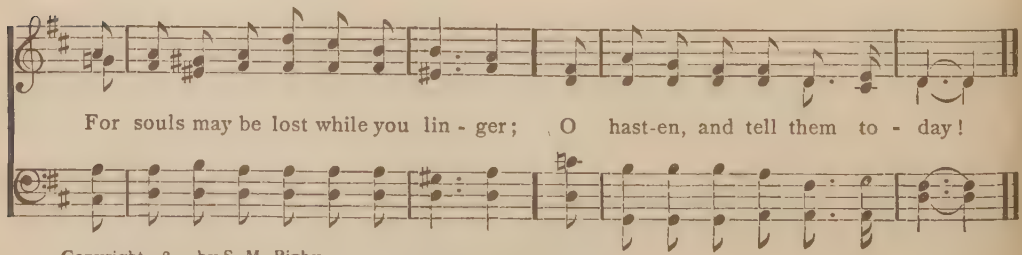
No. 632 *O Speak to the Sinners Around You*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 TRAVERS. 9s & 8s. *Frank N. Shepperd*, 1892


1. O speak to the sin - ners a - round you, And help them the flood-tide to stem;
2. O tell them the Sav-iour is will - ing, And lead them be- fore Him to bow,
3. O give them the kind in - vi - ta - tion, And tell them 'tis mad-ness to wait;

O tell of the Sav-iour that found you, And the love that is seek-ing for them.
For, ev - 'ry sweet promise ful - fill - ing, He is wait-ing to bless e - ven now.
O tell them the news of sal - va - tion, Be - - fore 'tis for - ev - er too late.

REFRAIN.





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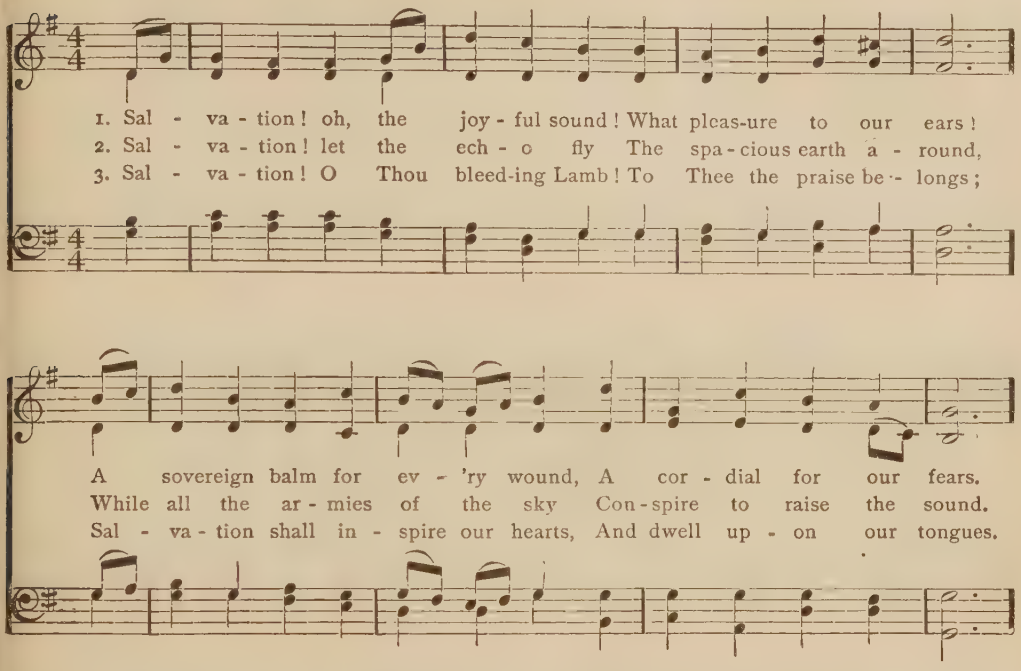
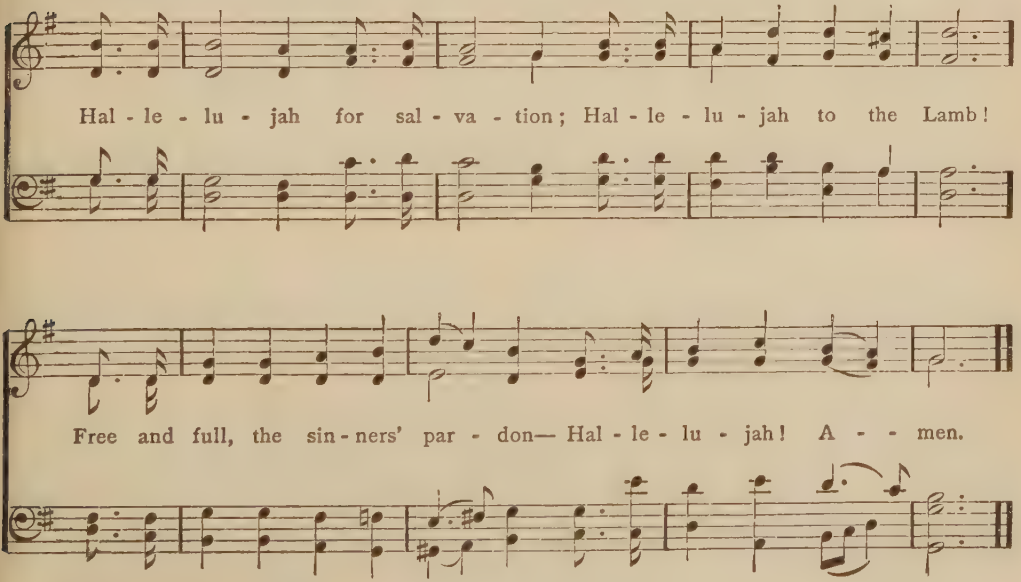
No. 633. *Salvation! Oh, the Joyful Sound*

Isaac Watts. 3d v. by W. W. Shirley. WATTS. C. M., with Refrain. *R. Menthal*


1. Sal - va - tion! oh, the joy - ful sound! What pleas-ure to our ears!
2. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round,
3. Sal - va - tion! O Thou bleed-ing Lamb! To Thee the praise be - longs;
A sovereign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
While all the ar - mies of the sky Con - spire to raise the sound.
Sal - va - tion shall in - spire our hearts, And dwell up - on our tongues.

REFRAIN.



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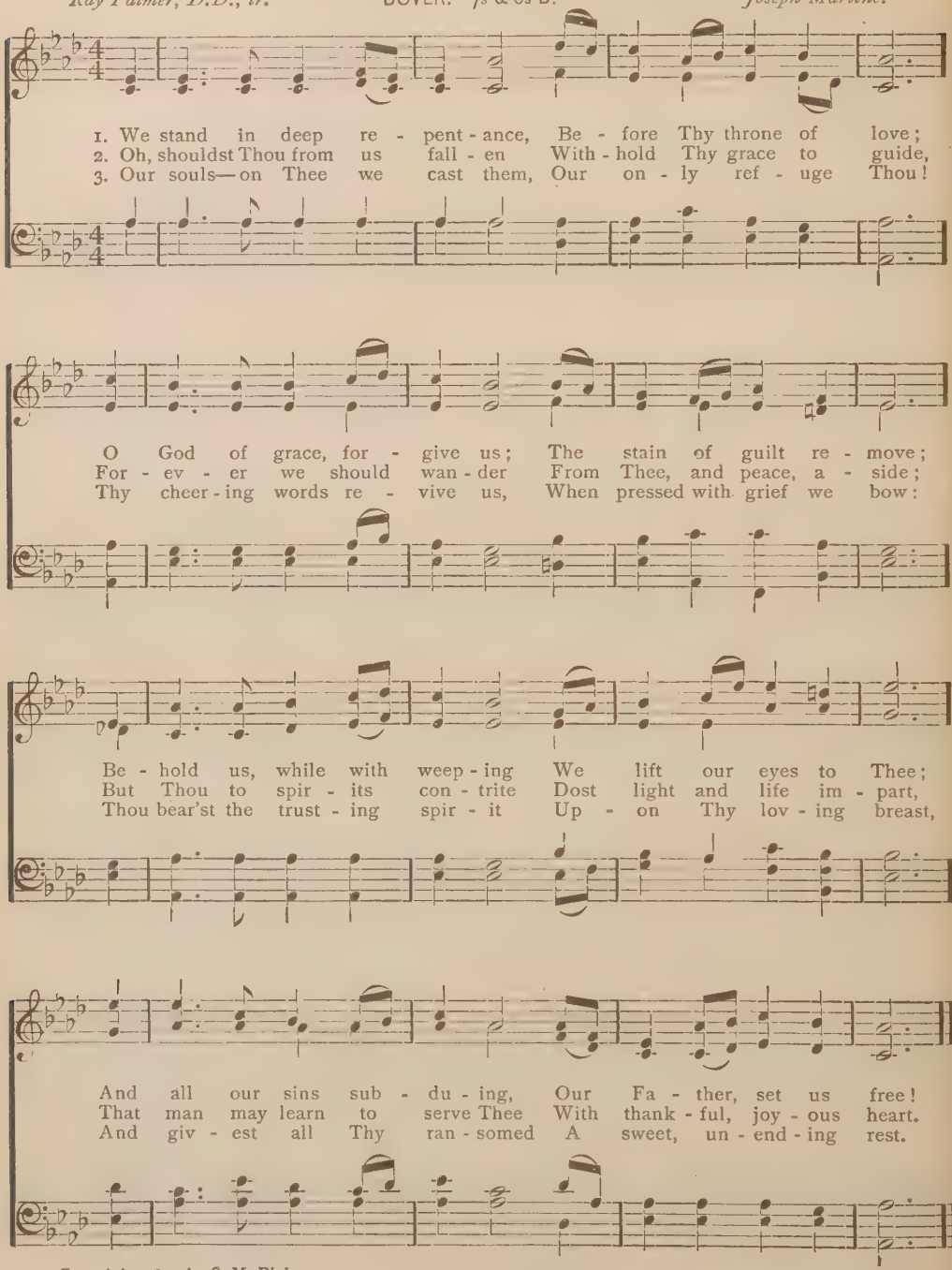
No. 634. *We Stand in Deep Repentance*

Ray Palmer, D.D., tr. DOVER. 7s & 6s D. *Joseph Martine.*


1. We stand in deep re - pent - ance, Be - fore Thy throne of love;
2. Oh, shouldst Thou from us fall - en With - hold Thy grace to guide,
3. Our souls—on Thee we cast them, Our on - ly ref - uge Thou!
O God of grace, for - give us; The stain of guilt re - move;
For - ev - er we should wan - der From Thee, and peace, a - side;
Thy cheer - ing words re - vive us, When pressed with grief we bow:
Be - hold us, while with weep - ing We lift our eyes to Thee;
But Thou to spir - its con - trite Dost light and life im - part,
Thou bear'st the trust - ing spir - it Up - on Thy lov - ing breast,
And all our sins sub - du - ing, Our Fa - ther, set us free!
That man may learn to serve Thee With thank - ful, joy - ous heart.
And giv - est all Thy ran - somed A sweet, un - end - ing rest.

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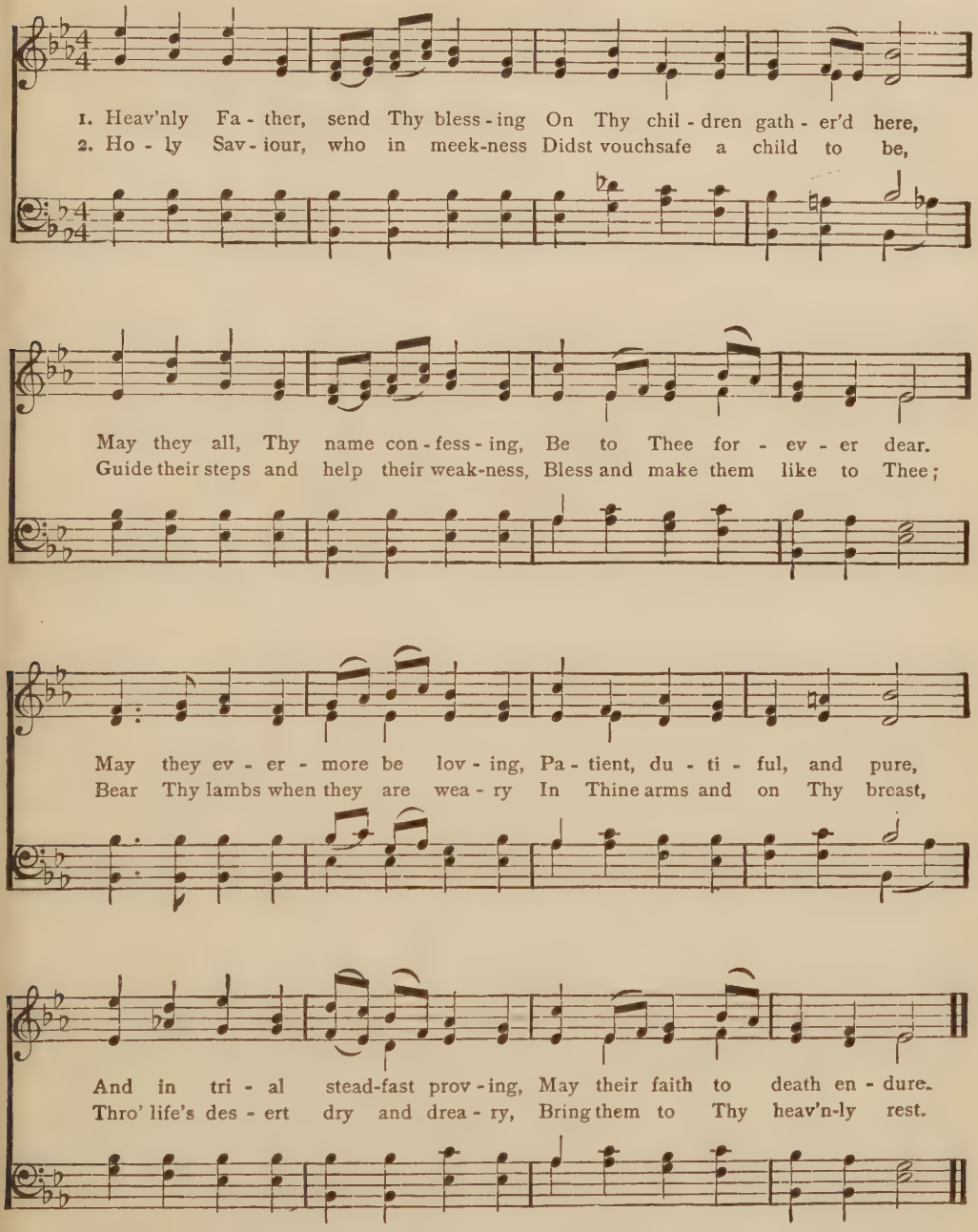
No. 635 *Heavenly Father, Send Thy Blessing*

Christopher Wordsworth, D.D CROWELL. 8s & 7s. *R. Menthal.*


1. Heav'nly Fa - ther, send Thy bless - ing On Thy chil - dren gath - er'd here,
2. Ho - ly Sav - iour, who in meek-ness Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
May they all, Thy name con - fess - ing, Be to Thee for - ev - er dear.
Guide their steps and help their weak-ness, Bless and make them like to Thee;
May they ev - er - more be lov - ing, Pa - tient, du - ti - ful, and pure,
Bear Thy lambs when they are wea - ry In Thine arms and on Thy breast,
And in tri - al stead-fast prov - ing, May their faith to death en - dure.
Thro' life's des - ert dry and drea - ry, Bring them to Thy heav'n-ly rest.

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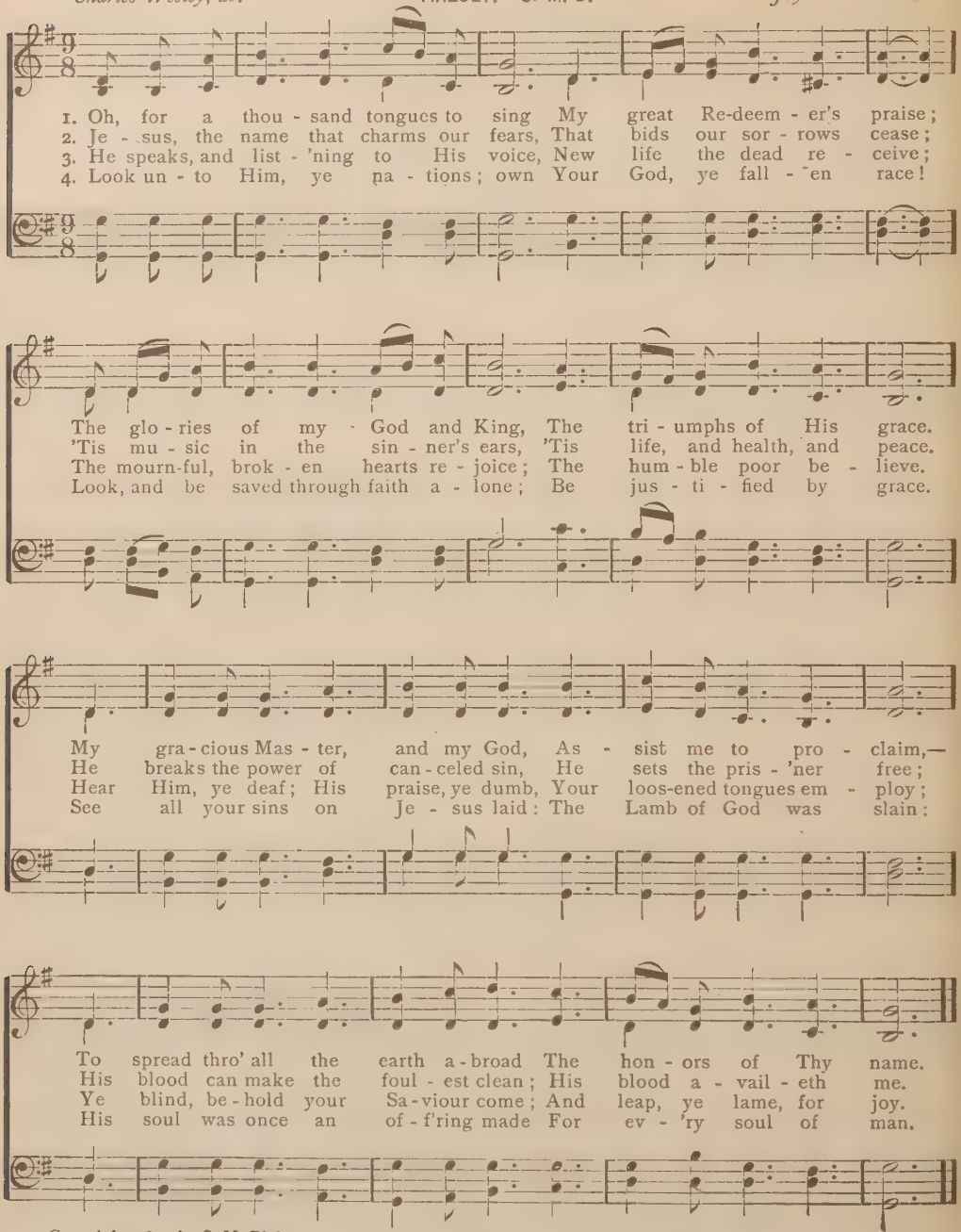
No. 636. *Oh, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing*

Charles Wesley, ab. HALSEY. C. M. D. *Jay Deavereaux.*

1. Oh, for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem - er's praise;
2. Je - sus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
3. He speaks, and list - 'ning to His voice, New life the dead re - ceive;
4. Look un - to Him, ye na - tions; own Your God, ye fall - en race!
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
The mourn-ful, brok - en hearts re - joice; The hum - ble poor be - lieve.
Look, and be saved through faith a - lone; Be jus - ti - fied by grace.
My gra - cious Mas - ter, and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,—
He breaks the power of can - celed sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free;
Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loos-ened tongues em - ploy;
See all your sins on Je - sus laid: The Lamb of God was slain:
To spread thro' all the earth a - broad The hon - ors of Thy name.
His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vail - eth me.
Ye blind, be - hold your Sa - viour come; And leap, ye lame, for joy.
His soul was once an of - f'ring made For ev - 'ry soul of man.

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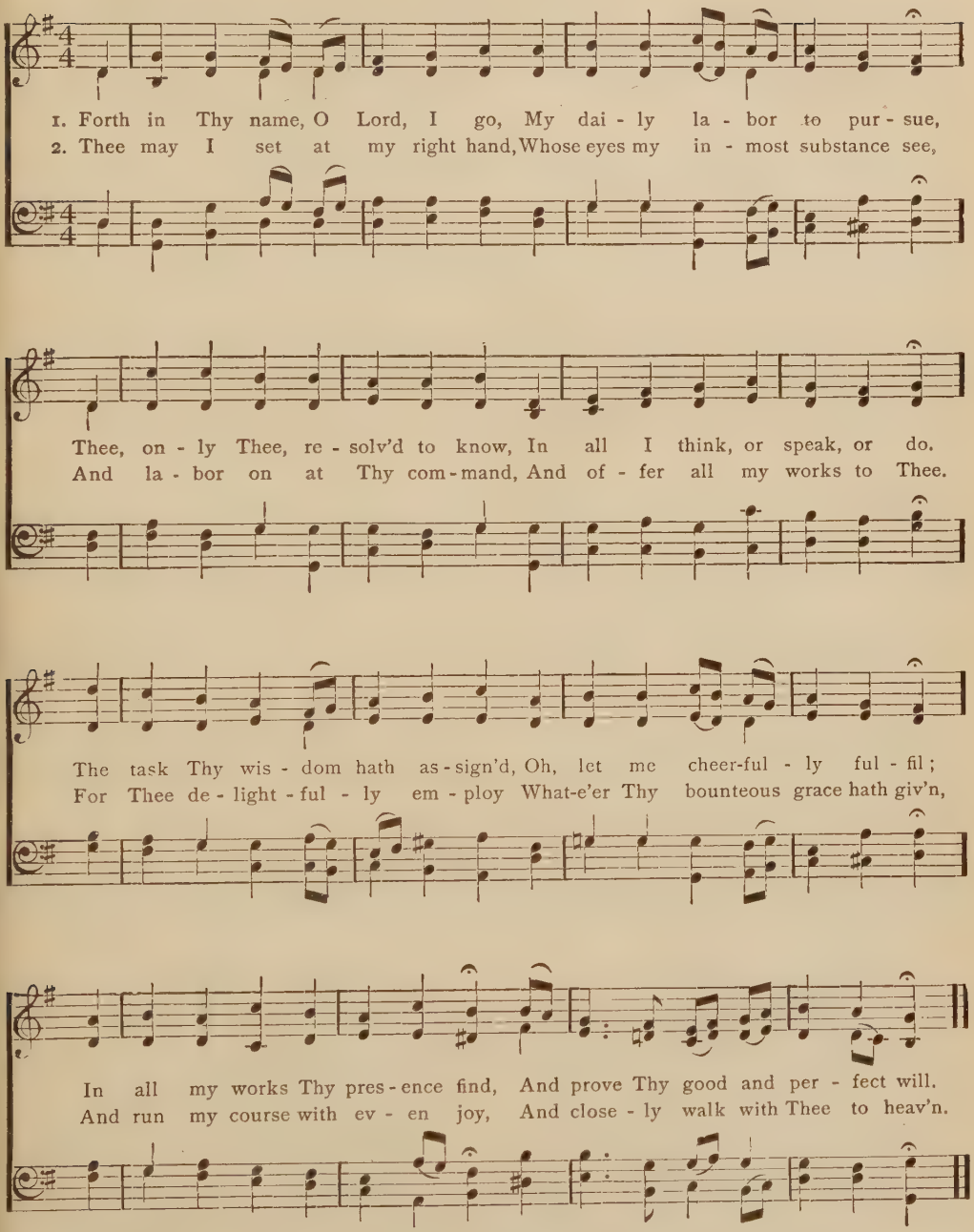
No. 637. *Forth in Thy Name*

Charles Wesley, 1749, abr. ELBRIDGE. L. M. D. *S. M. Bixby*


1. Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bor to pur - sue,
2. Thee may I set at my right hand, Whose eyes my in - most substance see,
Thee, on - ly Thee, re - solv'd to know, In all I think, or speak, or do.
And la - bor on at Thy com - mand, And of - fer all my works to Thee.
The task Thy wis - dom hath as - sign'd, Oh, let me cheer-ful - ly ful - fil;
For Thee de - light - ful - ly em - ploy What-e'er Thy bounteous grace hath giv'n,
In all my works Thy pres - ence find, And prove Thy good and per - fect will.
And run my course with ev - en joy, And close - ly walk with Thee to heav'n.

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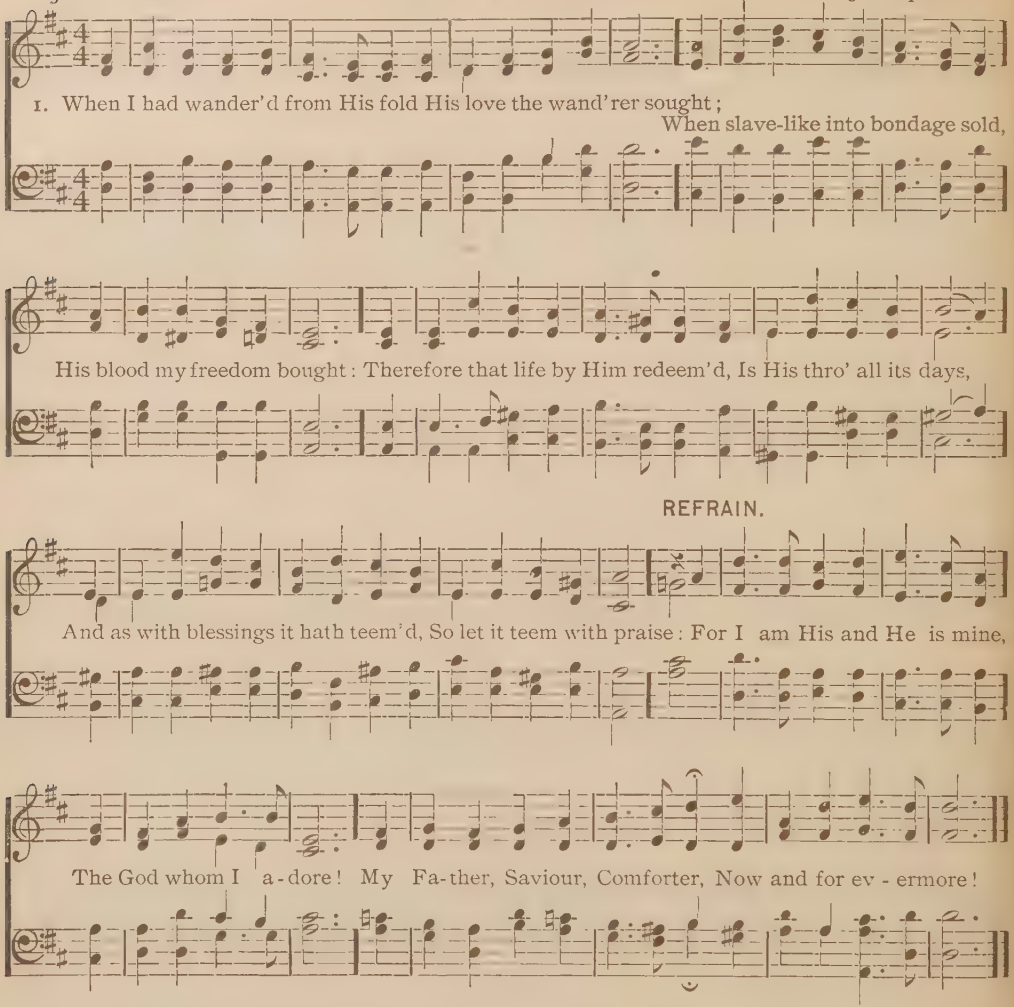
No. 638. *When I Had Wandered from His Fold*

J. S. B. Monsell ST. JUST. C.M.D. WITH REFRAIN. *E. J. Hopkins*

1. When I had wander'd from His fold His love the wand'rer sought;
When slave-like into bondage sold,
His blood my freedom bought: Therefore that life by Him redeem'd, Is His thro' all its days,
REFRAIN.
And as with blessings it hath teem'd, So let it teem with praise: For I am His and He is mine,
The God whom I a-dore! My Fa-ther, Saviour, Comforter, Now and for ev-ermore!

2 When I forget His tender love,
And my affections set
Not upon holy things above,
He did not me forget,
But gently chastening, gently tried
To draw me back to bliss,
And hide me in His wounded side;
Therefore I'm tenfold His: REF.

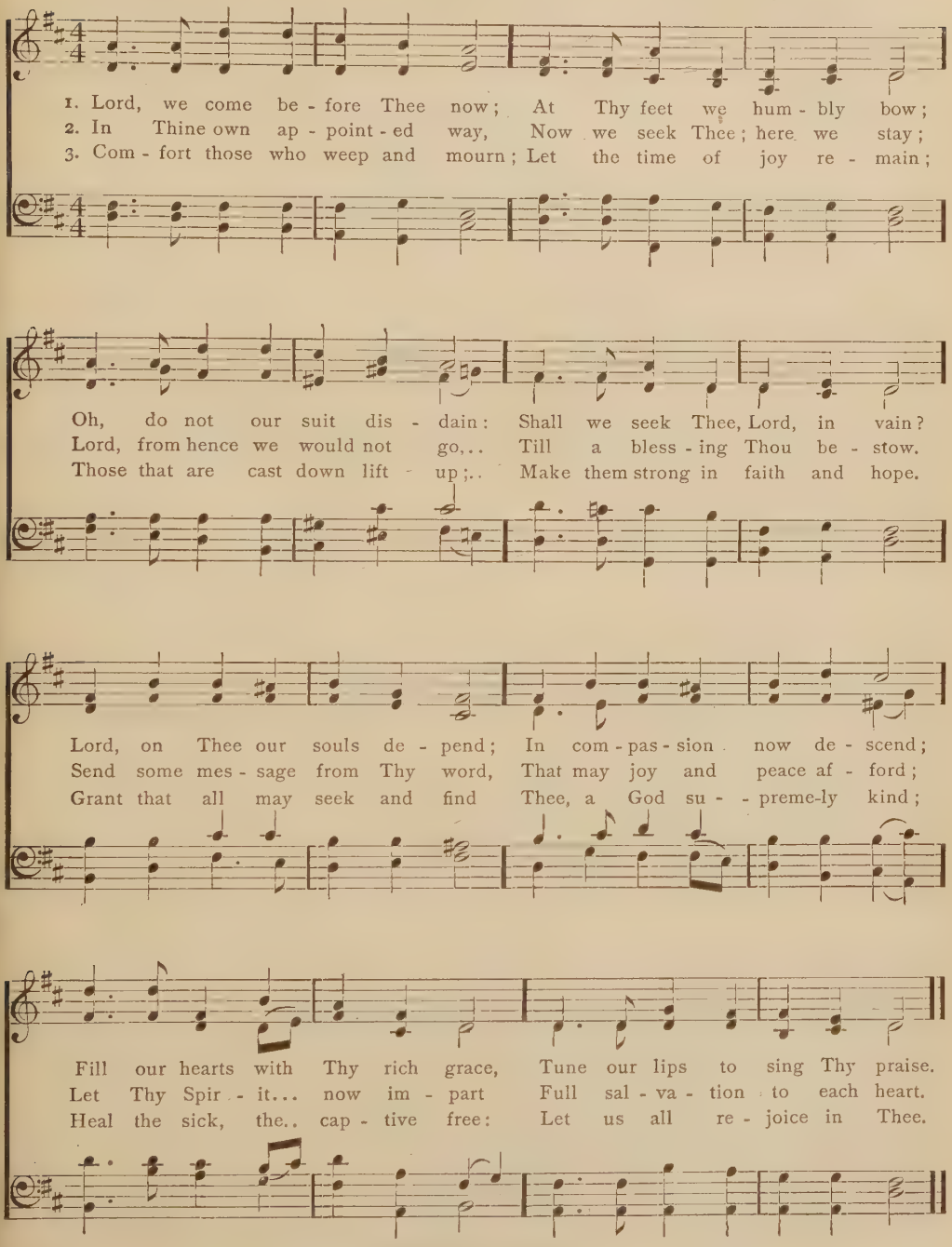
3 When, sunk in sorrow, I despaired
And changed my hopes for fears,
He bore my griefs, my burden shared,
And wiped away my tears;
Therefore the joy by Him restored
To Him by right belongs,
And to my gracious loving Lord
I'll sing through life my songs: REF.

4 When I beneath my cross lay down,
And could no further move,
He raised me up, He showed the crown,
And whispered, "I am Love;"
Therefore that Love my song shall be,
And to my glorious King,
Through time and through eternity,
My life His praise shall sing: REF.

YOUNG PEOPLE

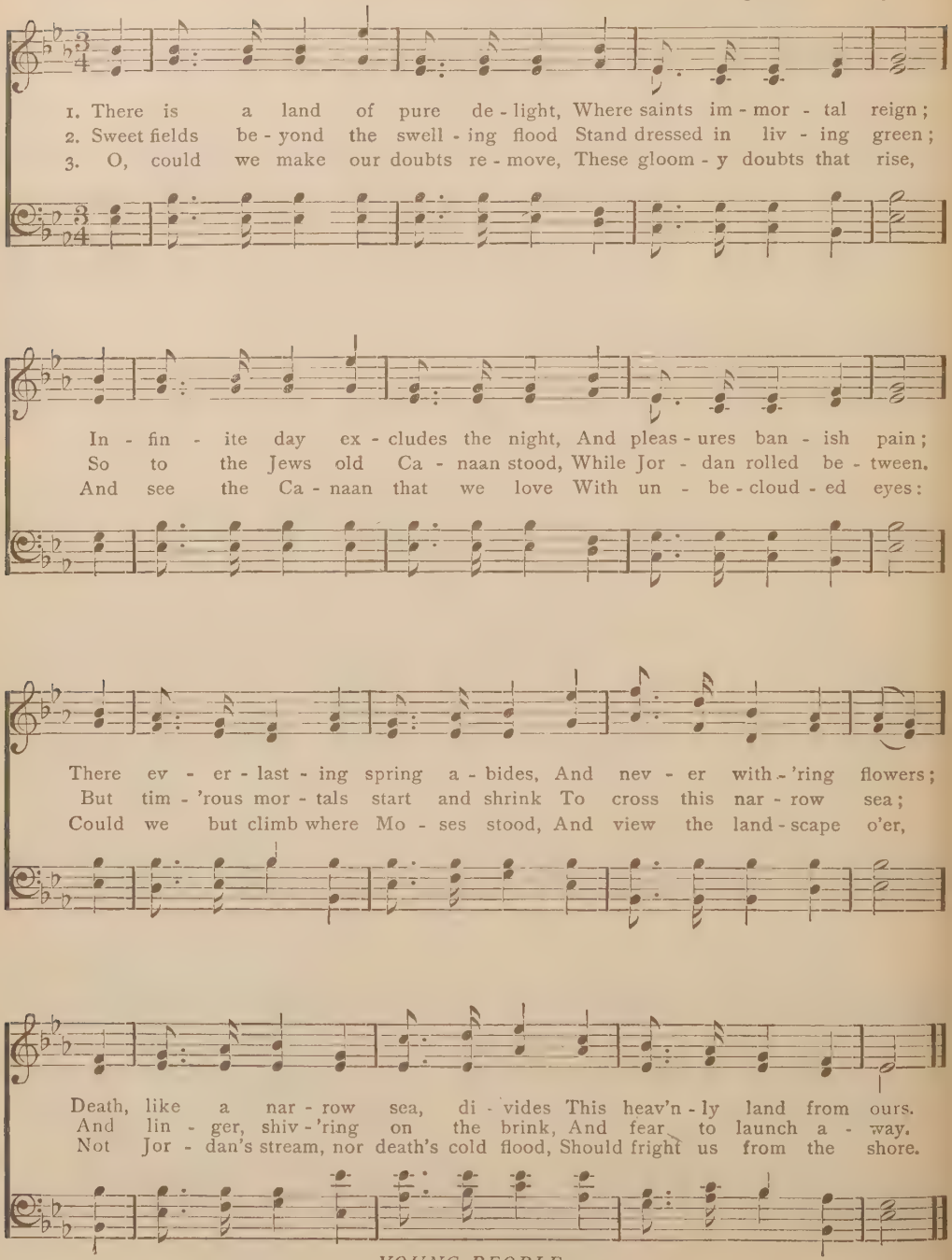
No. 639. *Lord, We Come before Thee Now.*

Wm. Hammond — RAYMOTH. 7s.D. — *J. B. Calkin*


1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now; At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;
2. In Thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
3. Com - fort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy re - main;
Oh, do not our suit dis - dain: Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
Lord, from hence we would not go,.. Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow.
Those that are cast down lift - up;.. Make them strong in faith and hope.
Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion now de - scend;
Send some mes - sage from Thy word, That may joy and peace af - ford;
Grant that all may seek and find Thee, a God su - preme-ly kind;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
Let Thy Spir - it... now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart.
Heal the sick, the.. cap - tive free: Let us all re - joice in Thee.

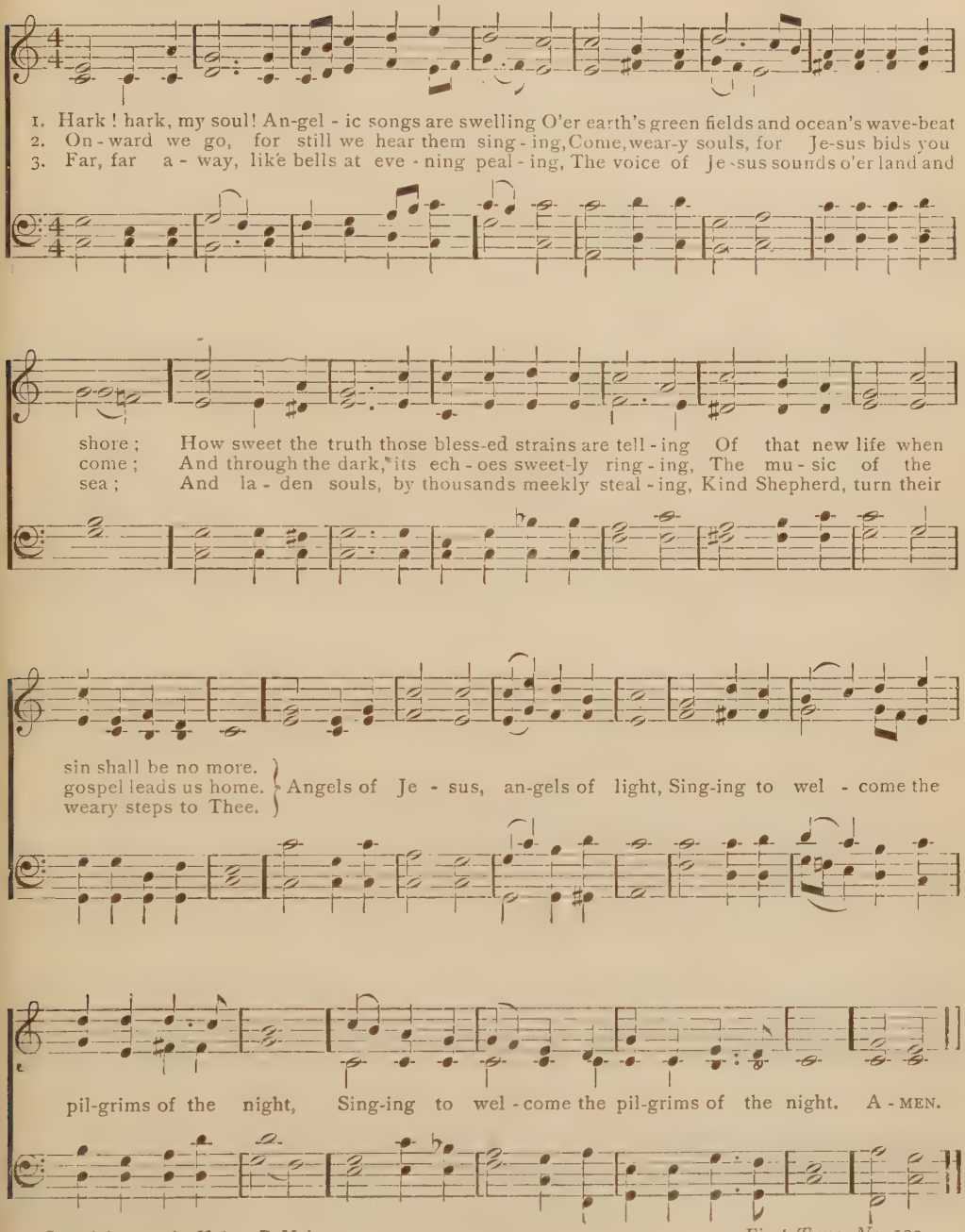
No. 640. *There is a Land of Pure Delight*

Isaac Watts VARINA. C. M. D. *George F. Root*, 1849


1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
2. Sweet fields be - yond the swell - ing flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green;
3. O, could we make our doubts re - move, These gloom - y doubts that rise,
In - fin - ite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain;
So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween.
And see the Ca - naan that we love With un - be - cloud - ed eyes:
There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er with - 'ring flowers;
But tim - 'rous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea;
Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land - scape o'er,
Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'n - ly land from ours.
And lin - ger, shiv - 'ring on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
Not Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

No. 641. # *Hark, Hark, My Soul*

F. W. Faber SAUNDERS. 11s & 10s, with Refrain *Hubert P. Main*


1. Hark! hark, my soul! An-gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat
2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, Come, wear-y souls, for Je-sus bids you
3. Far, far a-way, like bells at eve-ning peal-ing, The voice of Je-sus sounds o'er land and
shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell-ing Of that new life when
come; And through the dark, its ech-oes sweet-ly ring-ing, The mu-sic of the
sea; And la-den souls, by thousands meekly steal-ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their
sin shall be no more.
gospel leads us home.
weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Je-sus, an-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the
pil-grims of the night, Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night. A-MEN.

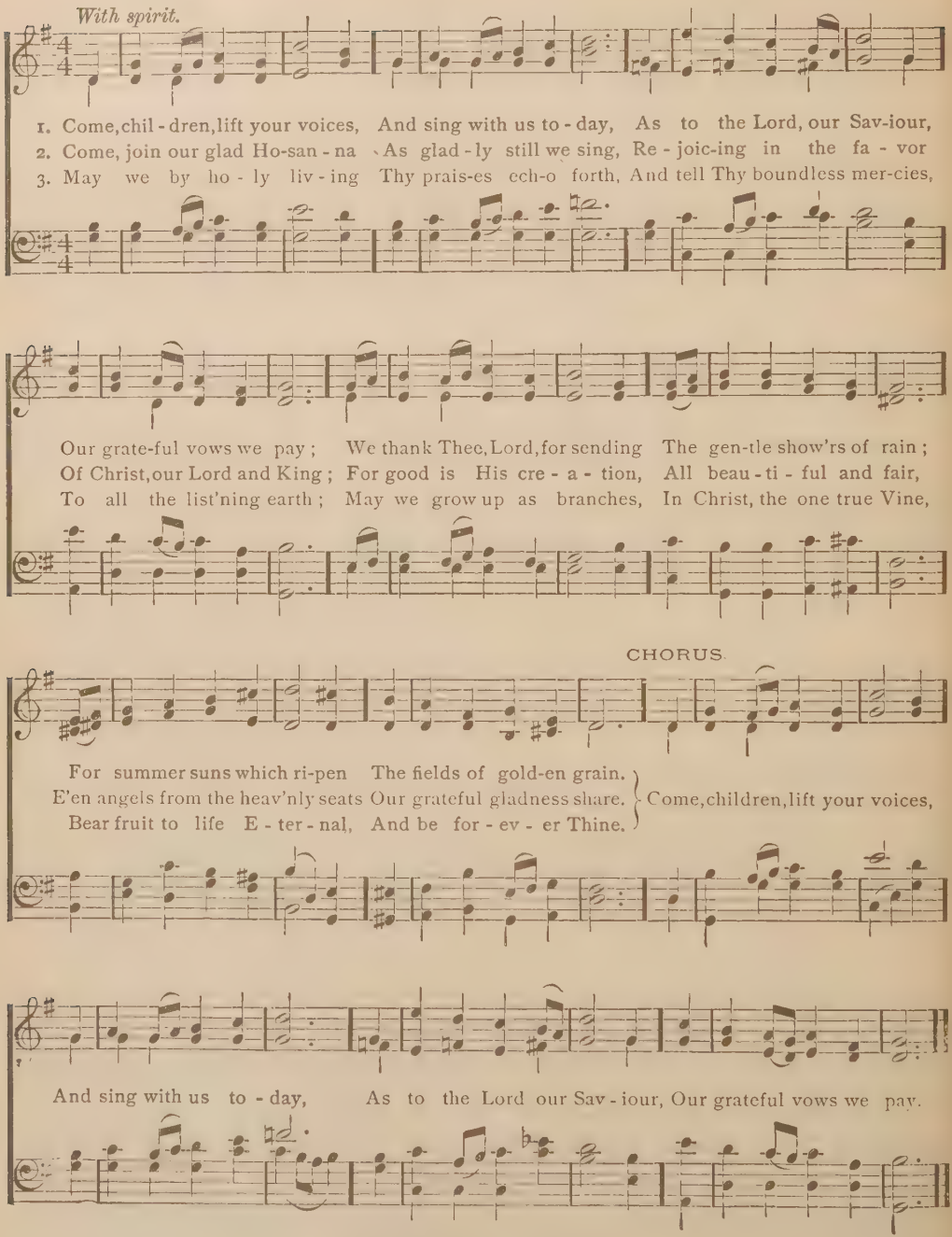
Copyright, 1894, by Hubert P. Main.

First Tune, No. 109.

No. 642. *Come, Children, Lift Your Voices*

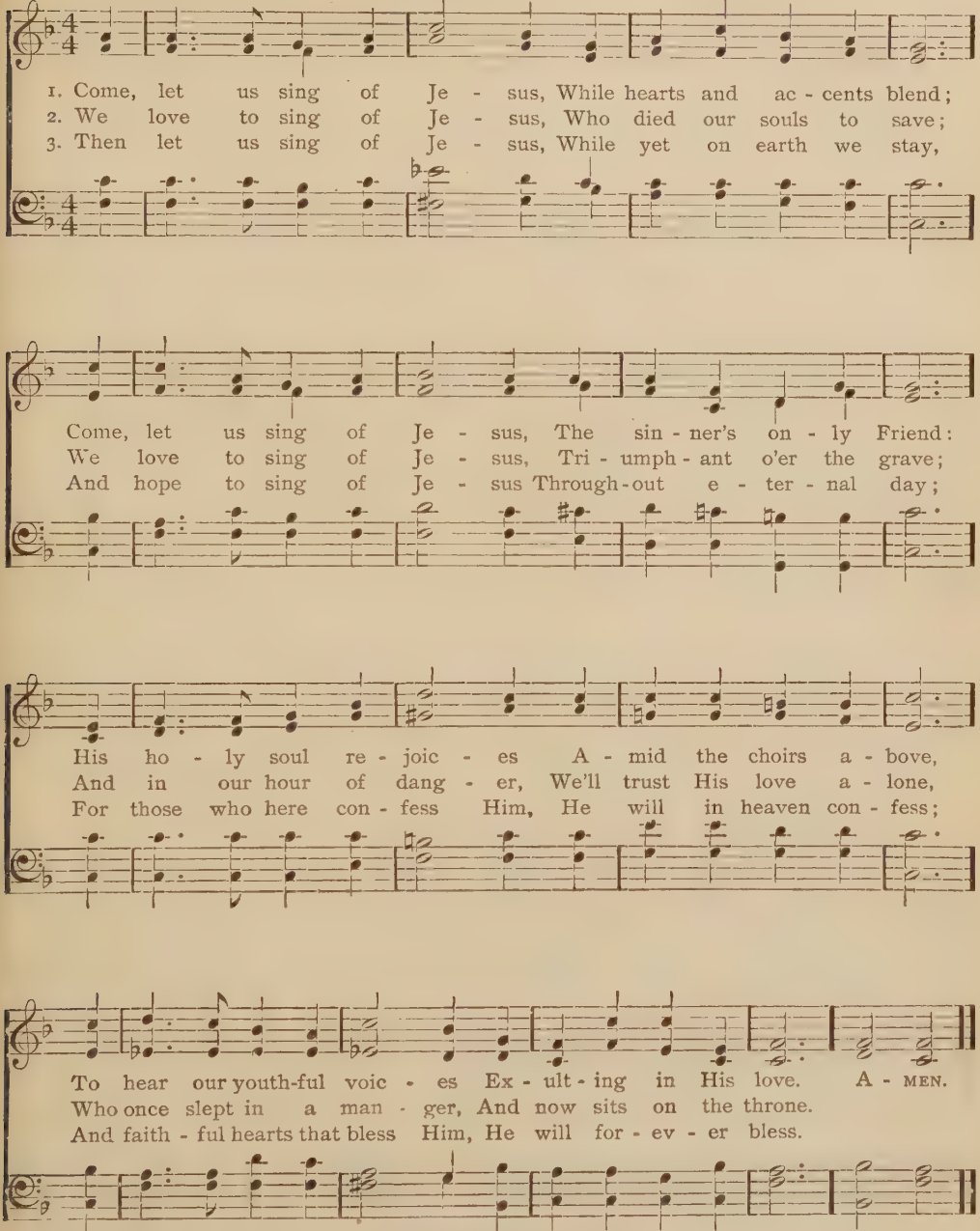
C. F. Hernaman TOURS. C. M. D. *Berthold Tours*

With spirit.


1. Come, chil - dren, lift your voices, And sing with us to - day, As to the Lord, our Sav-iour,
2. Come, join our glad Ho-san - na As glad - ly still we sing, Re - joic-ing in the fa - vor
3. May we by ho - ly liv - ing Thy prais-es ech-o forth, And tell Thy boundless mer-cies,
Our grate-ful vows we pay; We thank Thee, Lord, for sending The gen-tle show'rs of rain;
Of Christ, our Lord and King; For good is His cre - a - tion, All beau - ti - ful and fair,
To all the list'ning earth; May we grow up as branches, In Christ, the one true Vine,
CHORUS
For summer suns which ri-pen The fields of gold-en grain.
E'en angels from the heav'nly seats Our grateful gladness share.
Bear fruit to life E - ter - nal, And be for - ev - er Thine.
Come, children, lift your voices,
And sing with us to - day, As to the Lord our Sav - iour, Our grateful vows we pay.

No. 643. *Come, Let Us Sing of Jesus*

G. W. Bethune, 1850 BEATRICE. 7 & 6. D. *S. M. Bixby*

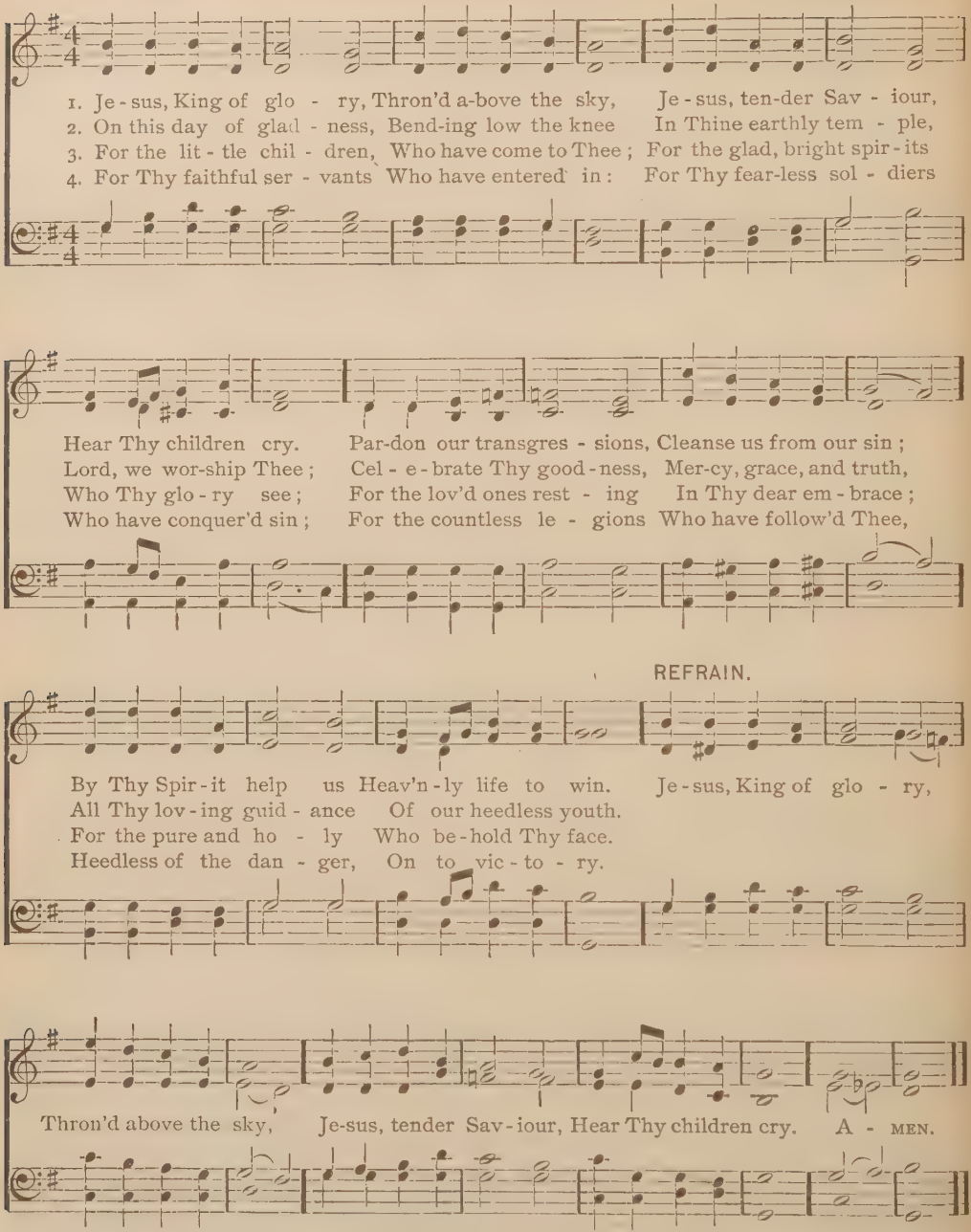

1. Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and ac - cents blend;
2. We love to sing of Je - sus, Who died our souls to save;
3. Then let us sing of Je - sus, While yet on earth we stay,
Come, let us sing of Je - sus, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend:
We love to sing of Je - sus, Tri - umph - ant o'er the grave;
And hope to sing of Je - sus Through-out e - ter - nal day;
His ho - ly soul re - joic - es A - mid the choirs a - bove,
And in our hour of dang - er, We'll trust His love a - lone,
For those who here con - fess Him, He will in heaven con - fess;
To hear our youth-ful voic - es Ex - ult - ing in His love. A - MEN.
Who once slept in a man - ger, And now sits on the throne.
And faith - ful hearts that bless Him, He will for - ev - er bless.

Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 644.

Jesus, King of Glory

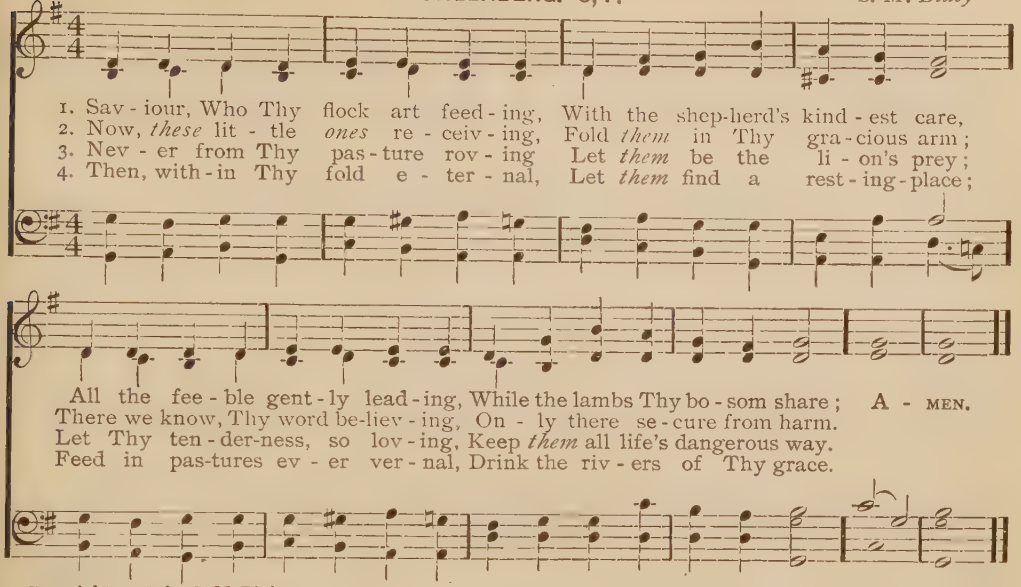
W. H. Davison, 1877 HALWELL. 6s.5s. D. WITH REFRAIN. *S. M. Bixby.*


1. Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Thron'd a-bove the sky, Je - sus, ten-der Sav - iour,
2. On this day of glad - ness, Bend-ing low the knee In Thine earthly tem - ple,
3. For the lit - tle chil - dren, Who have come to Thee ; For the glad, bright spir - its
4. For Thy faithful ser - vants Who have entered in : For Thy fear-less sol - diers
Hear Thy children cry. Par-don our transgres - sions, Cleanse us from our sin ;
Lord, we wor-ship Thee ; Cel - e - brate Thy good - ness, Mer-cy, grace, and truth,
Who Thy glo - ry see ; For the lov'd ones rest - ing In Thy dear em - brace ;
Who have conquer'd sin ; For the countless le - gions Who have follow'd Thee,
REFRAIN.
By Thy Spir - it help us Heav'n - ly life to win. Je - sus, King of glo - ry,
All Thy lov - ing guid - ance Of our heedless youth.
For the pure and ho - ly Who be - hold Thy face.
Heedless of the dan - ger, On to vic - to - ry.
Thron'd above the sky, Je-sus, tender Sav - iour, Hear Thy children cry. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1899, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 645. *Saviour, Who Thy Flock Art Feeding*

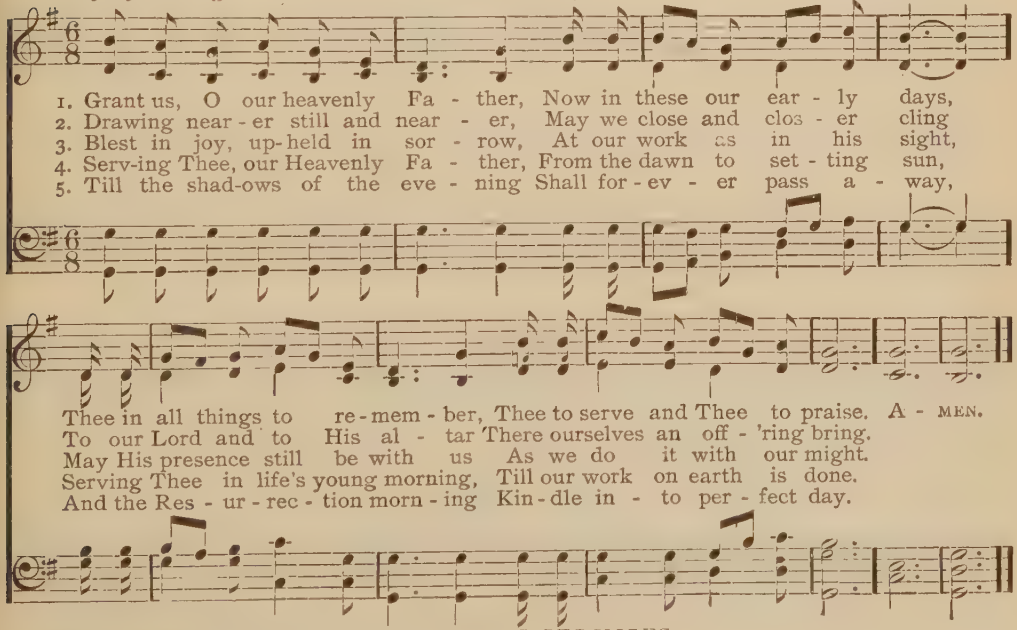
W. A. Muhlenberg — MUHLENBERG. 8, 7. — *S. M. Bixby*


1. Sav - iour, Who Thy flock art feed - ing, With the shep-herd's kind - est care,
2. Now, *these* lit - tle *ones* re - ceiv - ing, Fold *them* in Thy gra - cious arm;
3. Nev - er from Thy pas - ture rov - ing Let *them* be the li - on's prey;
4. Then, with - in Thy fold e - ter - nal, Let *them* find a rest - ing - place;
All the fee - ble gent - ly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share; A - MEN.
There we know, Thy word be-liev - ing, On - ly there se - cure from harm.
Let Thy ten - der-ness, so lov - ing, Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.
Feed in pas-tures ev - er ver - nal, Drink the riv - ers of Thy grace.

Copyright, 1900, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 646. *Grant Us, O Our Heavenly Father*

Godfrey Thring — DAWNING 8, 7. — *Jay Deavereaux*

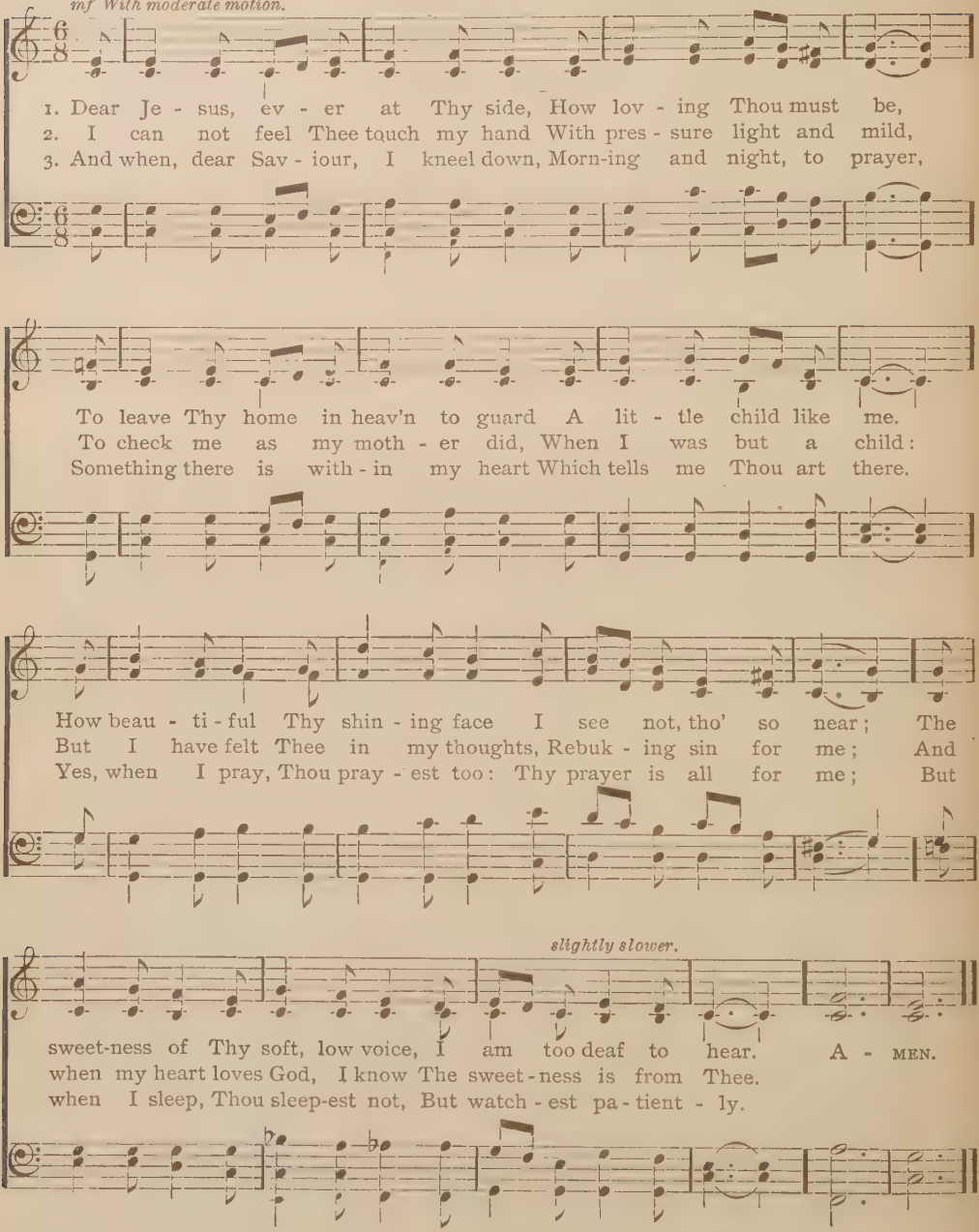

1. Grant us, O our heavenly Fa - ther, Now in these our ear - ly days,
2. Drawing near - er still and near - er, May we close and clos - er cling
3. Blest in joy, up-held in sor - row, At our work as in his sight,
4. Serv-ing Thee, our Heavenly Fa - ther, From the dawn to set - ting sun,
5. Till the shad-ows of the eve - ning Shall for - ev - er pass a - way,
Thee in all things to re - mem - ber, Thee to serve and Thee to praise. A - MEN.
To our Lord and to His al - tar There ourselves an off - 'ring bring.
May His presence still be with us As we do it with our might.
Serving Thee in life's young morning, Till our work on earth is done.
And the Res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing Kin - dle in - to per - fect day.

Copyright, 1900, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 647. *Dear Jesus, Ever at Thy Side*

F. W. Faber, 1849 BAIRD. C. M. D. *Joseph Martine*

mf With moderate motion.


1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at Thy side, How lov - ing Thou must be,
2. I can not feel Thee touch my hand With pres - sure light and mild,
3. And when, dear Sav - iour, I kneel down, Morn-ing and night, to prayer,
To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A lit - tle child like me.
To check me as my moth - er did, When I was but a child:
Something there is with - in my heart Which tells me Thou art there.
How beau - ti - ful Thy shin - ing face I see not, tho' so near; The
But I have felt Thee in my thoughts, Rebuk - ing sin for me; And
Yes, when I pray, Thou pray - est too: Thy prayer is all for me; But
slightly slower.
sweet-ness of Thy soft, low voice, I am too deaf to hear. A - MEN.
when my heart loves God, I know The sweet - ness is from Thee.
when I sleep, Thou sleep-est not, But watch - est pa - tient - ly.

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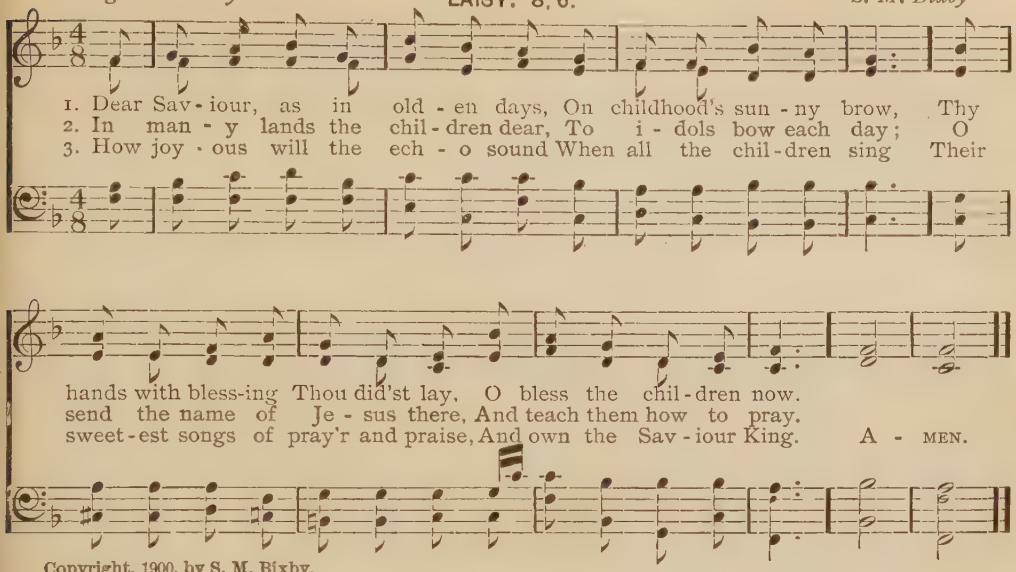
No. 648. *Dear Saviour, as in Olden Days*

Georgia B. Laisy — LAISY. 8, 6. — *S. M. Bixby*


1. Dear Sav - iour, as in old - en days, On childhood's sun - ny brow, Thy
2. In man - y lands the chil - dren dear, To i - dols bow each day; O
3. How joy - ous will the ech - o sound When all the chil - dren sing Their
hands with bless-ing Thou did'st lay, O bless the chil - dren now.
send the name of Je - sus there, And teach them how to pray.
sweet-est songs of pray'r and praise, And own the Sav - iour King. A - MEN.

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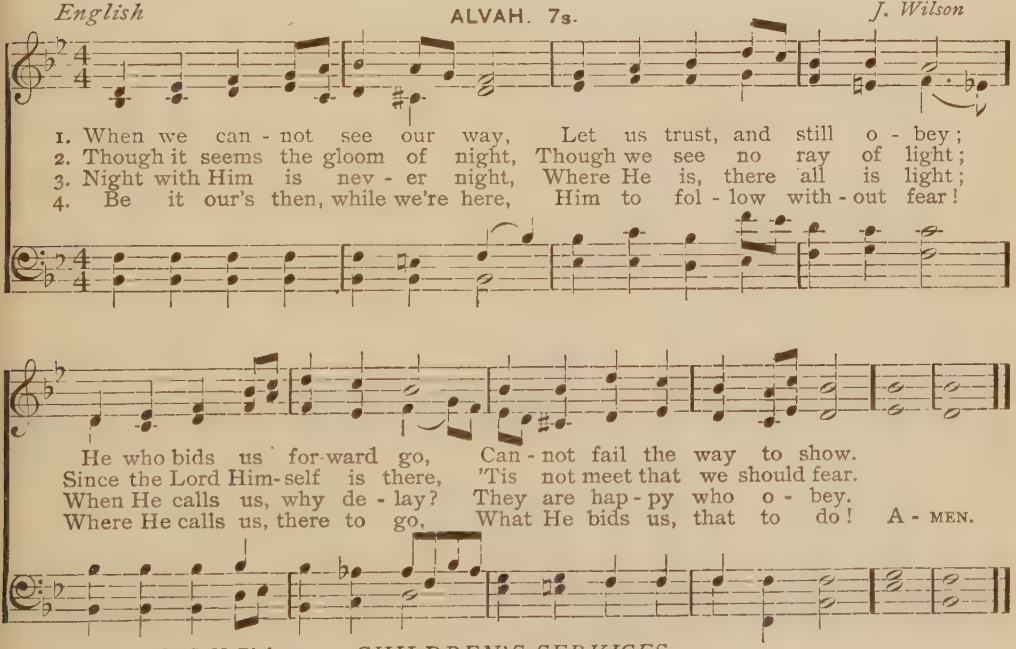
No. 649. *When We Cannot See Our Way*

English — ALVAH. 7s. — *J. Wilson*


1. When we can - not see our way, Let us trust, and still o - bey;
2. Though it seems the gloom of night, Though we see no ray of light;
3. Night with Him is nev - er night, Where He is, there all is light;
4. Be it our's then, while we're here, Him to fol - low with - out fear!
He who bids us for-ward go, Can - not fail the way to show.
Since the Lord Him-self is there, 'Tis not meet that we should fear.
When He calls us, why de - lay? They are hap - py who o - bey.
Where He calls us, there to go, What He bids us, that to do! A - MEN.

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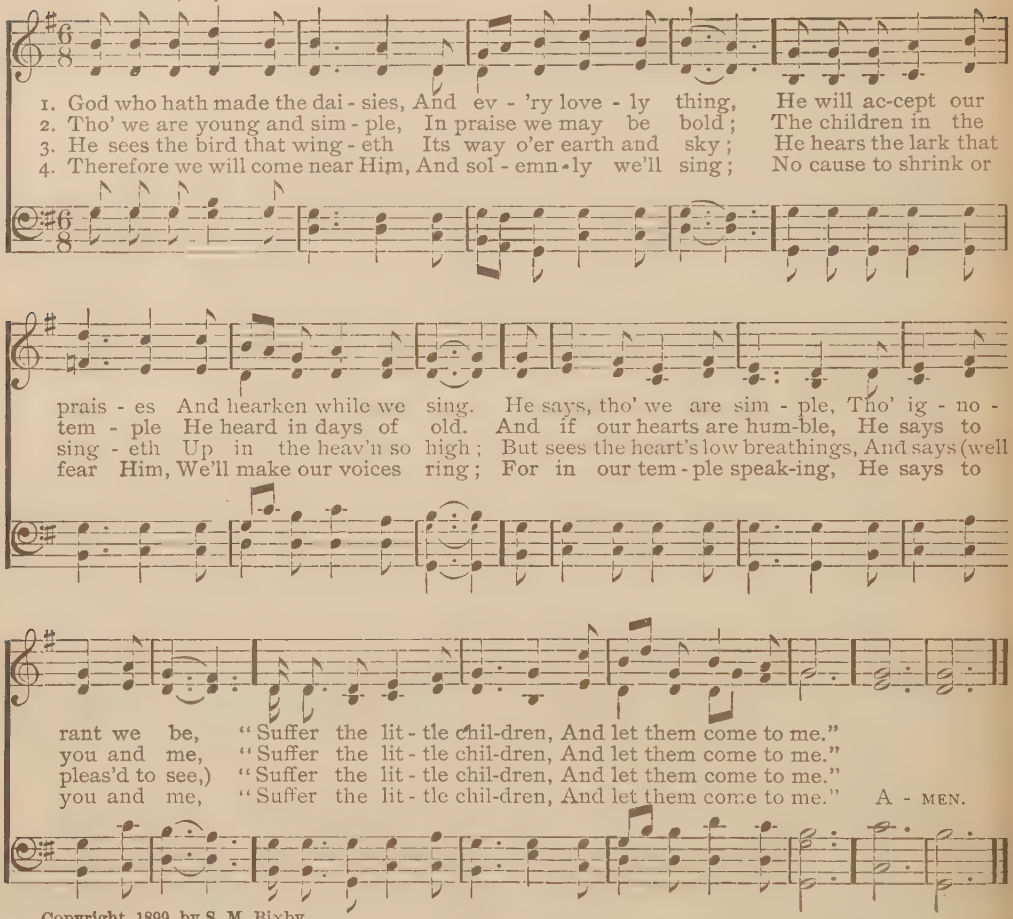
No. 650. *God Who Hath Made the Daisies*

E. P. Hood, 1870 HOOD. 7s & 6s, D. *R. Menthal*

1. God who hath made the dai - sies, And ev - 'ry love - ly thing, He will ac-cept our
2. Tho' we are young and sim - ple, In praise we may be bold; The children in the
3. He sees the bird that wing - eth Its way o'er earth and sky; He hears the lark that
4. Therefore we will come near Him, And sol - emn - ly we'll sing; No cause to shrink or
prais - es And hearken while we sing. He says, tho' we are sim - ple, Tho' ig - no -
tem - ple He heard in days of old. And if our hearts are hum-ble, He says to
sing - eth Up in the heav'n so high; But sees the heart's low breathings, And says (well
fear Him, We'll make our voices ring; For in our tem - ple speak-ing, He says to
rant we be, "Suffer the lit - tle chil-dren, And let them come to me."
you and me, "Suffer the lit - tle chil-dren, And let them come to me."
pleas'd to see,) "Suffer the lit - tle chil-dren, And let them come to me."
you and me, "Suffer the lit - tle chil-dren, And let them come to me." A - MEN.

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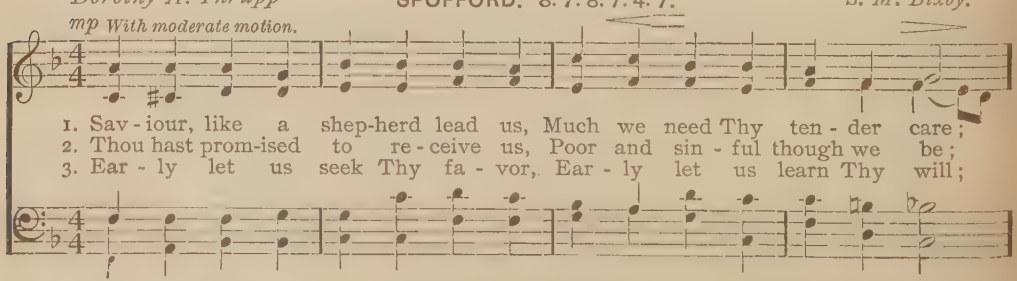
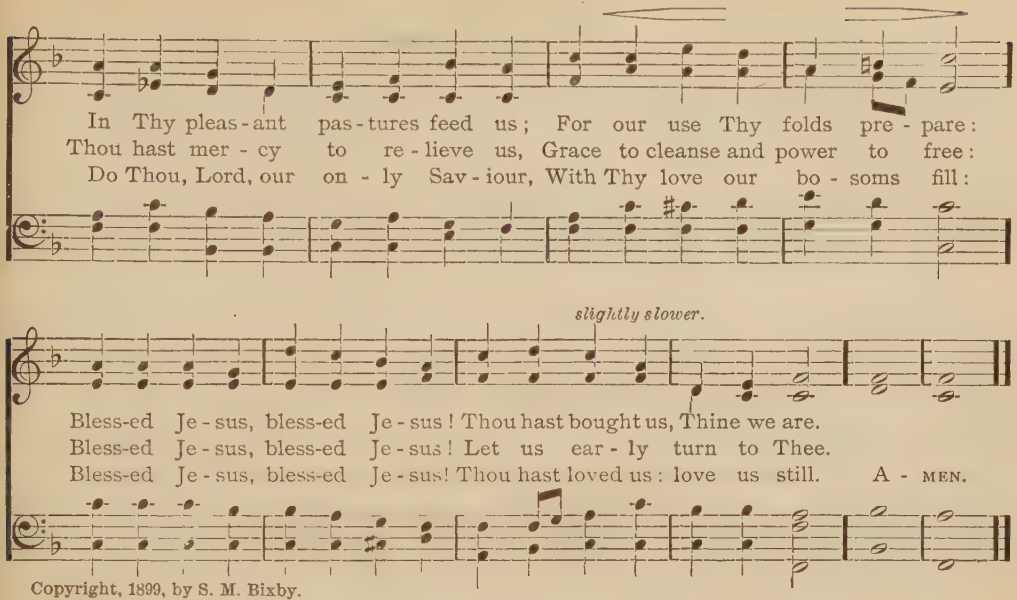
No. 651. *Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us*

Dorothy A. Thrupp SPOFFORD. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. *S. M. Bixby.*

mp With moderate motion.


1. Sav - iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;
2. Thou hast prom-ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;
3. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us learn Thy will;

Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us


In Thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre - pare:
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse and power to free:
Do Thou, Lord, our on - ly Sav - iour, With Thy love our bo - soms fill:
slightly slower.
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus! Let us ear - ly turn to Thee.
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast loved us: love us still. A - MEN.

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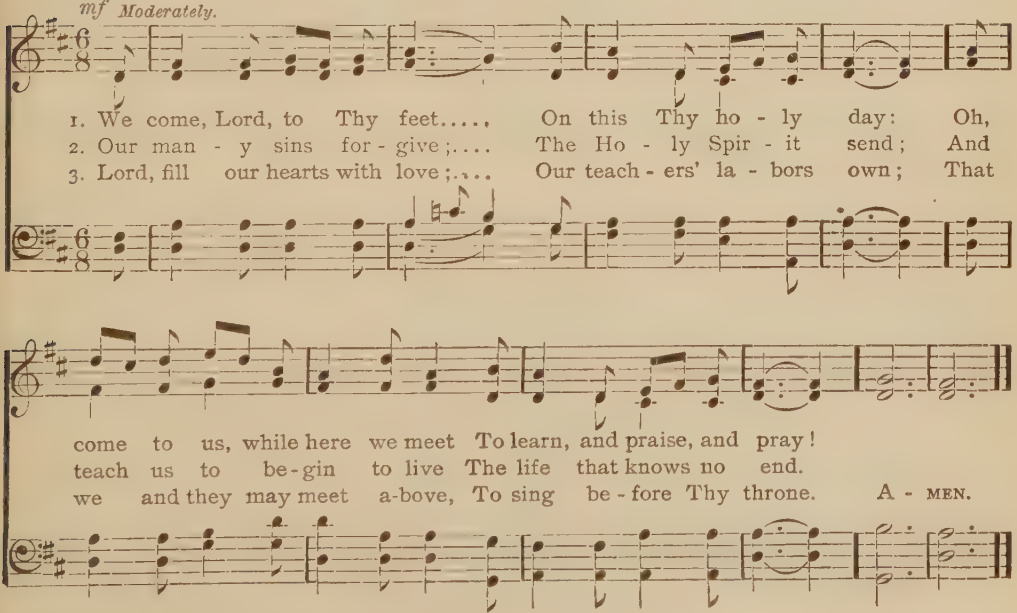
No. 652. *We Come, Lord, to Thy Feet*

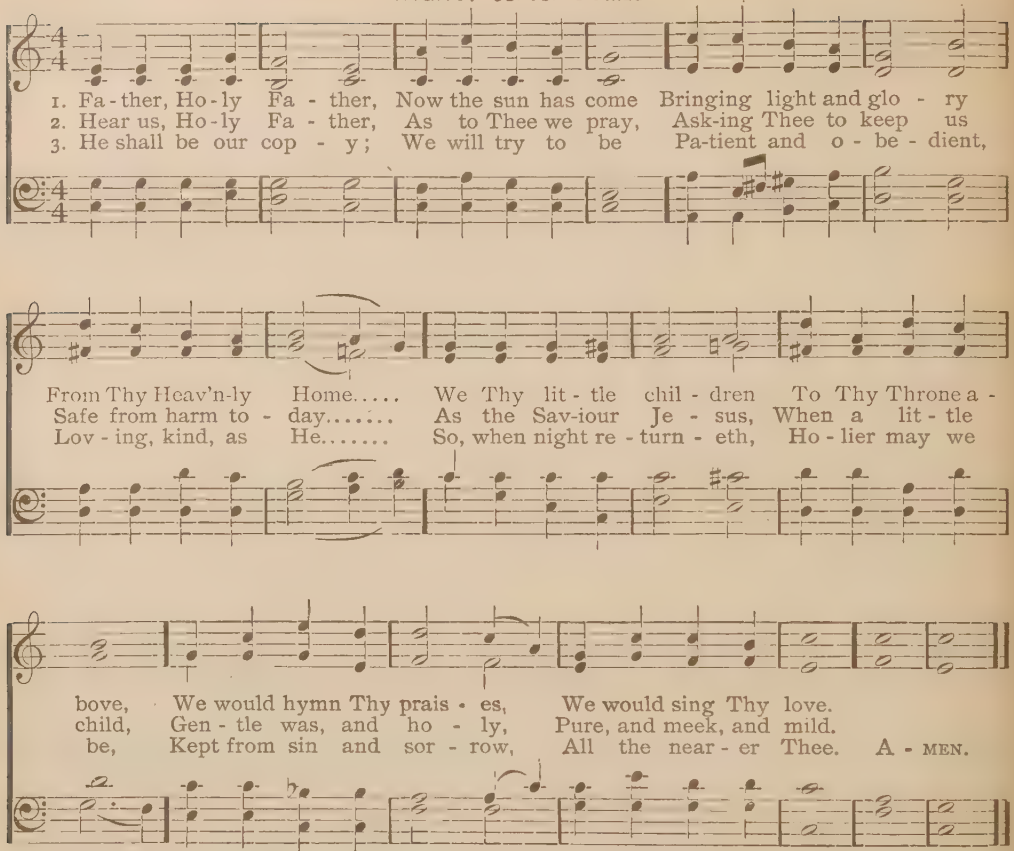
English MAXWELL. S. M. *Jay Deavereaux*


mf Moderately.
1. We come, Lord, to Thy feet..... On this Thy ho - ly day: Oh,
2. Our man - y sins for - give;.... The Ho - ly Spir - it send; And
3. Lord, fill our hearts with love;.... Our teach - ers' la - bors own; That
come to us, while here we meet To learn, and praise, and pray!
teach us to be - gin to live The life that knows no end.
we and they may meet a-bove, To sing be - fore Thy throne. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1899, by S. M. Bixby.

No. 653. *Father, Holy Father*

Anon. WIGHT. 6s. 5s. 8 Lines. *S. M. Bixby*


1. Fa-ther, Ho-ly Fa - ther, Now the sun has come Bringing light and glo - ry
2. Hear us, Ho-ly Fa - ther, As to Thee we pray, Ask-ing Thee to keep us
3. He shall be our cop - y; We will try to be Pa-tient and o - be - dient,
From Thy Heav'n-ly Home..... We Thy lit - tle chil - dren To Thy Throne a -
Safe from harm to - day..... As the Sav-iour Je - sus, When a lit - tle
Lov - ing, kind, as He..... So, when night re - turn - eth, Ho - lier may we
bove, We would hymn Thy prais - es, We would sing Thy love.
child, Gen - tle was, and ho - ly, Pure, and meek, and mild.
be, Kept from sin and sor - row, All the near - er Thee. A - MEN.

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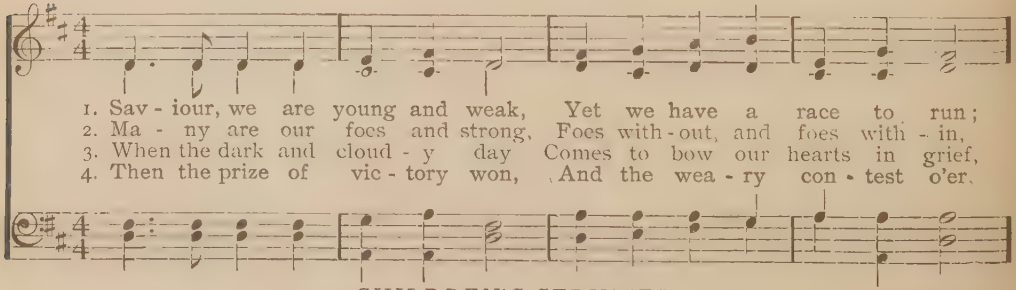
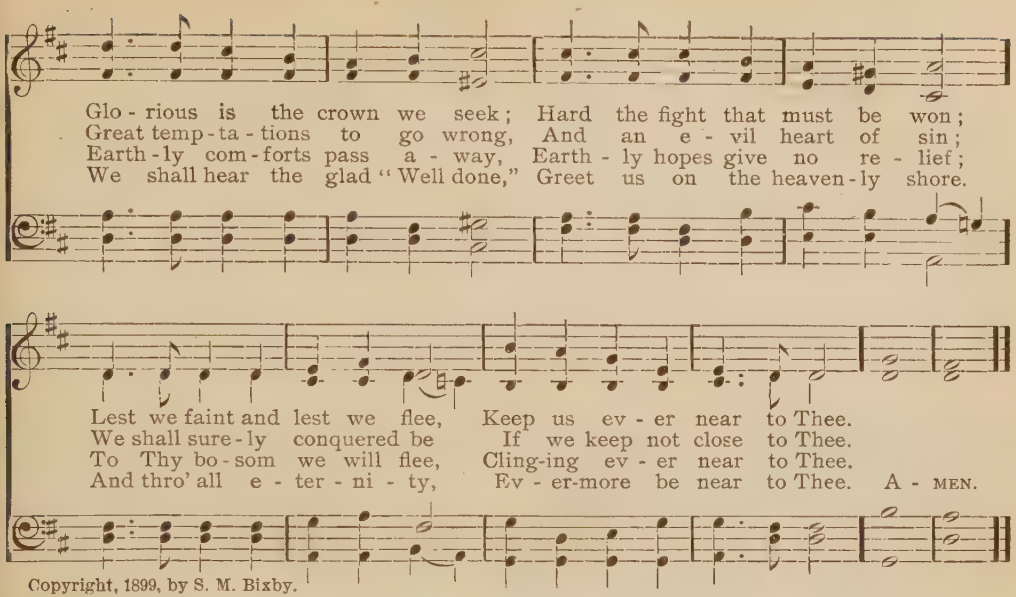
No. 654. *Saviour, We Are Young and Weak*

J. A. Stowell STOWELL. 7s. 6 Lines. *E. P. Tate*


1. Sav - iour, we are young and weak, Yet we have a race to run;
2. Ma - ny are our foes and strong, Foes with - out, and foes with - in,
3. When the dark and cloud - y day Comes to bow our hearts in grief,
4. Then the prize of vic - tory won, And the wea - ry con - test o'er.

Saviour, We Are Young and Weak


Glo - rious is the crown we seek; Hard the fight that must be won;
Great temp - ta - tions to go wrong, And an e - vil heart of sin;
Earth - ly com - forts pass a - way, Earth - ly hopes give no re - lief;
We shall hear the glad "Well done," Greet us on the heaven - ly shore.
Lest we faint and lest we flee, Keep us ev - er near to Thee.
We shall sure - ly conquered be If we keep not close to Thee.
To Thy bo - som we will flee, Cling-ing ev - er near to Thee.
And thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Ev - er-more be near to Thee. A - MEN.

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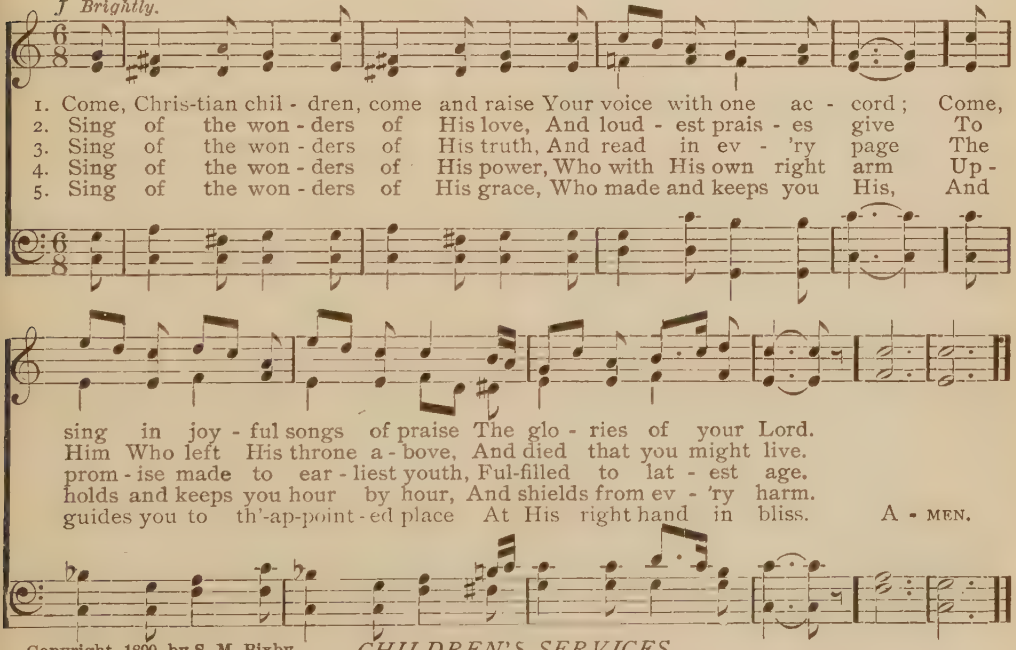
No. 655. *Come, Christian Children, Come and Raise*

Dorothy A Thrupp THRUPP. 8s. & 6s. *Frank N. Shepperd, 1898*

f Brightly.


1. Come, Chris-tian chil - dren, come and raise Your voice with one ac - cord; Come,
2. Sing of the won - ders of His love, And loud - est prais - es give To
3. Sing of the won - ders of His truth, And read in ev - 'ry page The
4. Sing of the won - ders of His power, Who with His own right arm Up -
5. Sing of the won - ders of His grace, Who made and keeps you His, And
sing in joy - ful songs of praise The glo - ries of your Lord.
Him Who left His throne a - bove, And died that you might live.
prom - ise made to ear - liest youth, Ful-filled to lat - est age.
holds and keeps you hour by hour, And shields from ev - 'ry harm.
guides you to th'-ap-point - ed place At His right hand in bliss. A - MEN.

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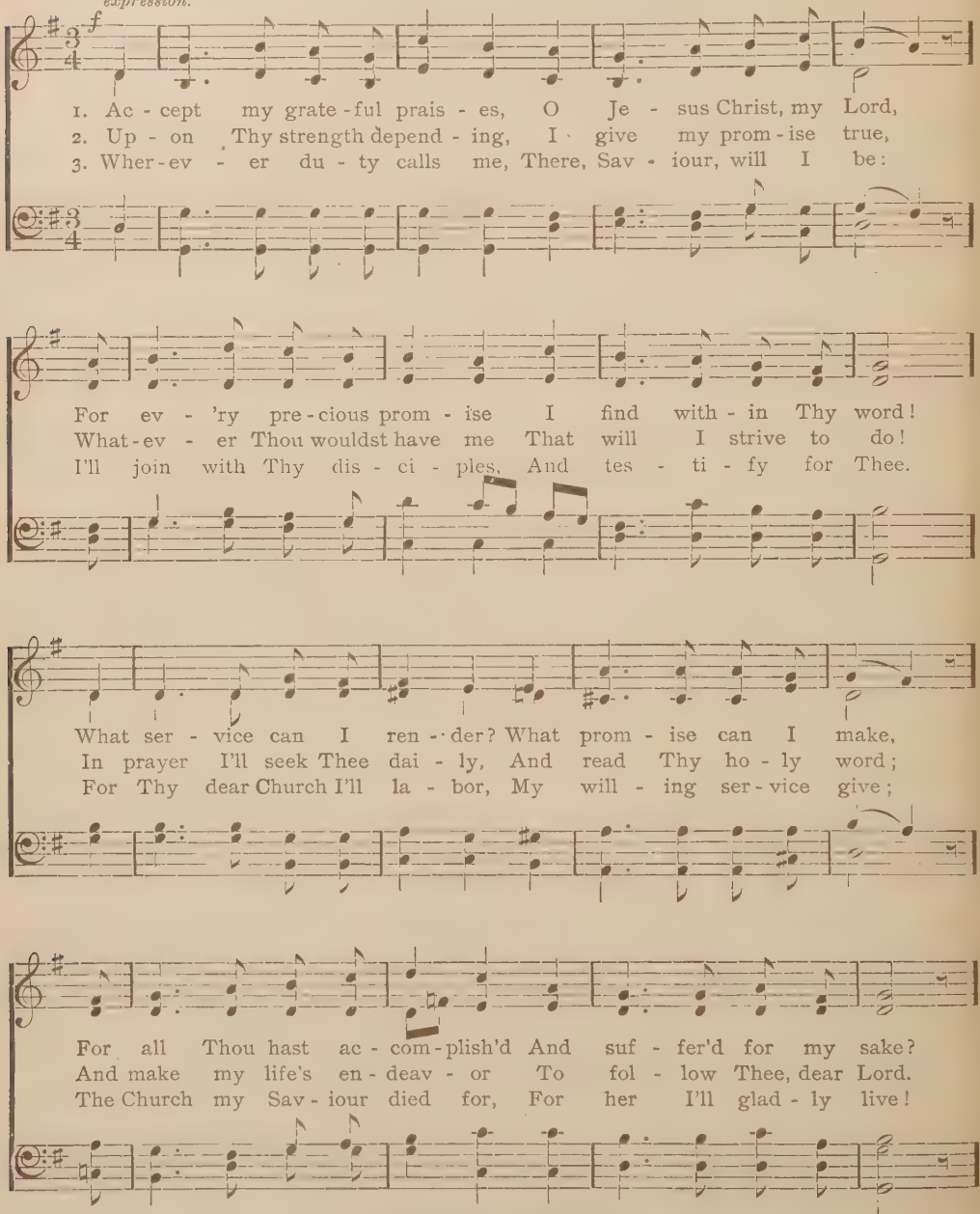
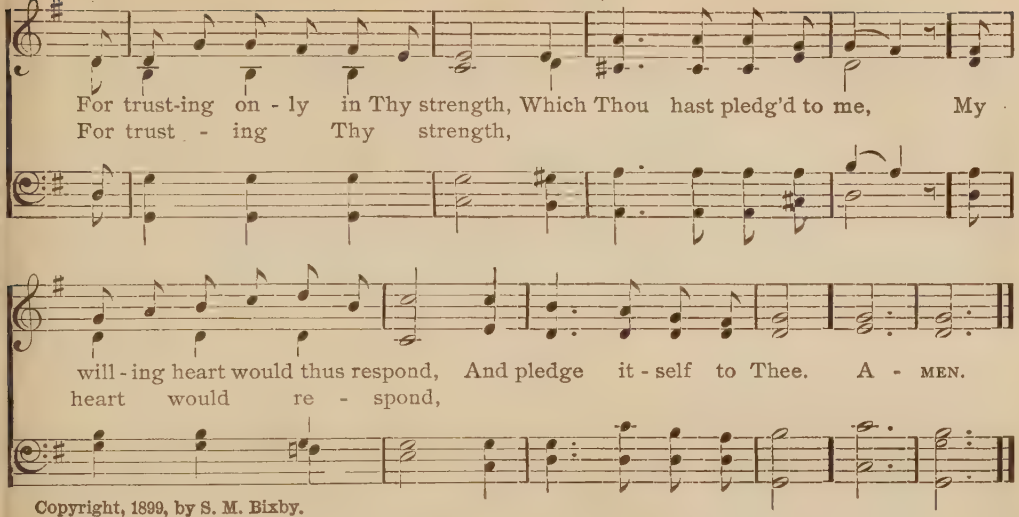
No. 656. *Accept My Grateful Praises*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 THE PLEDGE. 7.6. D. WITH REFRAIN. *S. M. Bixby*

With moderate motion.
expression.

1. Ac - cept my grate - ful prais - es, O Je - sus Christ, my Lord,
2. Up - on Thy strength depend - ing, I give my prom - ise true,
3. Wher - ev - er du - ty calls me, There, Sav - iour, will I be:
For ev - 'ry pre - cious prom - ise I find with - in Thy word!
What - ev - er Thou wouldst have me That will I strive to do!
I'll join with Thy dis - ci - ples, And tes - ti - fy for Thee.
What ser - vice can I ren - der? What prom - ise can I make,
In prayer I'll seek Thee dai - ly, And read Thy ho - ly word;
For Thy dear Church I'll la - bor, My will - ing ser - vice give;
For all Thou hast ac - com - plish'd And suf - fer'd for my sake?
And make my life's en - deav - or To fol - low Thee, dear Lord.
The Church my Sav - iour died for, For her I'll glad - ly live!

REFRAIN.


For trust-ing on - ly in Thy strength, Which Thou hast pledg'd to me, My
For trust - ing Thy strength,
will - ing heart would thus respond, And pledge it - self to Thee. A - MEN.
heart would re - spond,

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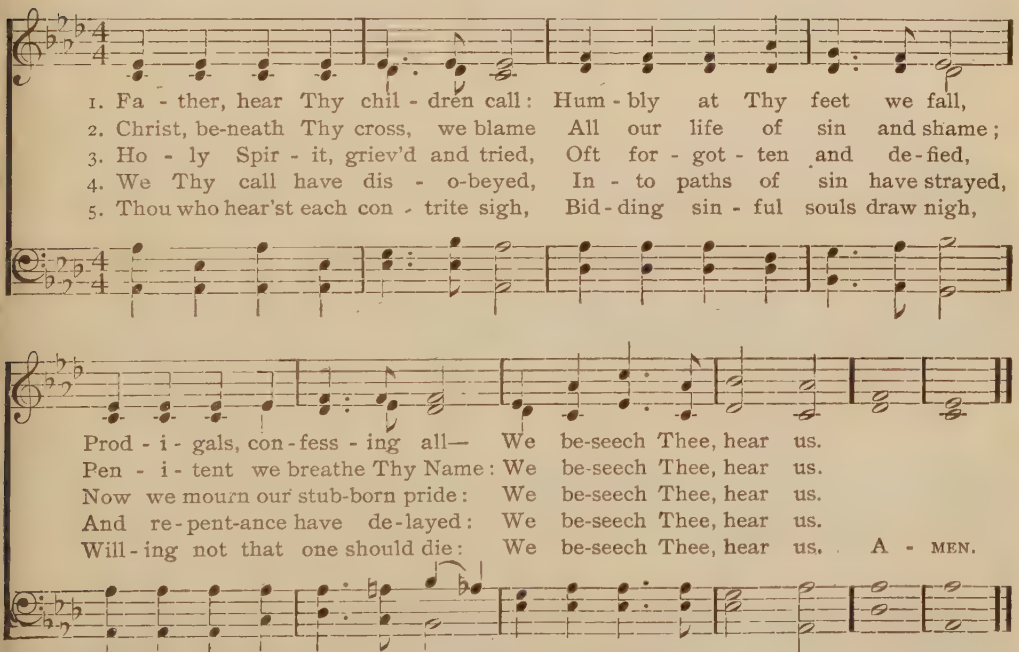
No. 657. *Father, Hear Thy Children Call*

J. B. Pollock LITANY OF PENITENCE. 7.7.7.6. *R. Menthal*


1. Fa - ther, hear Thy chil - dren call: Hum - bly at Thy feet we fall,
2. Christ, be-neath Thy cross, we blame All our life of sin and shame;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, griev'd and tried, Oft for - got - ten and de-fied,
4. We Thy call have dis - o-beyed, In - to paths of sin have strayed,
5. Thou who hear'st each con - trite sigh, Bid - ding sin - ful souls draw nigh,
Prod - i - gals, con-fess - ing all— We be-seech Thee, hear us.
Pen - i - tent we breathe Thy Name: We be-seech Thee, hear us.
Now we mourn our stub-born pride: We be-seech Thee, hear us.
And re-pent-ance have de-layed: We be-seech Thee, hear us.
Will - ing not that one should die: We be-seech Thee, hear us. A - MEN.

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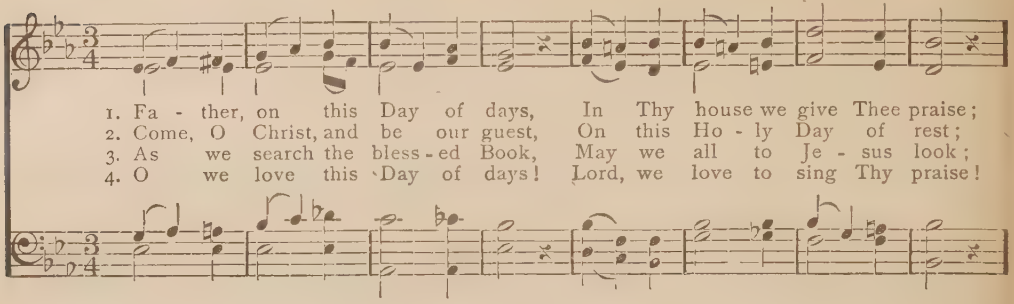
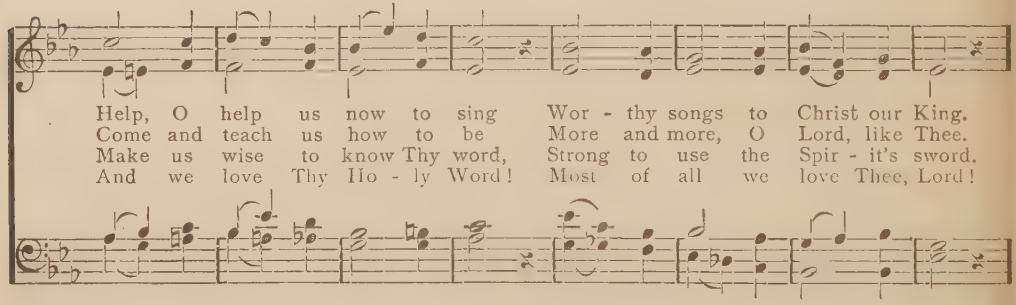
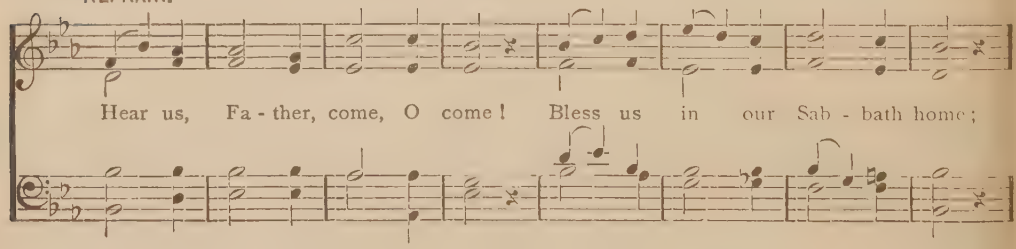
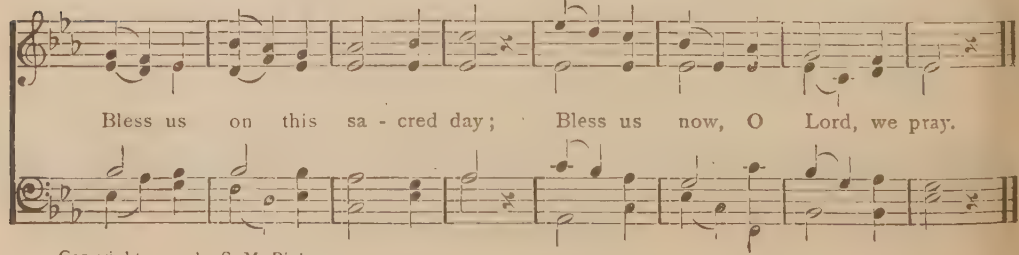
No. 658. *Father, on This Day of Days*

Rev. J. B. Atchinson AMELIA. 7s, with Chorus *Hubert P. Main*


1. Fa - ther, on this Day of days, In Thy house we give Thee praise;
2. Come, O Christ, and be our guest, On this Ho - ly Day of rest;
3. As we search the bless - ed Book, May we all to Je - sus look;
4. O we love this Day of days! Lord, we love to sing Thy praise!


Help, O help us now to sing Wor - thy songs to Christ our King.
Come and teach us how to be More and more, O Lord, like Thee.
Make us wise to know Thy word, Strong to use the Spir - it's sword.
And we love Thy Ho - ly Word! Most of all we love Thee, Lord!

REFRAIN.



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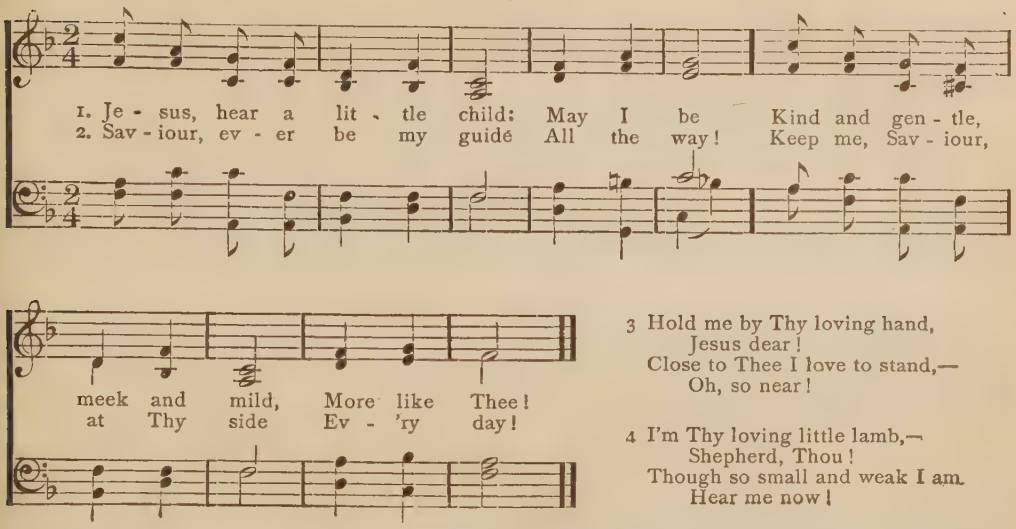
No. 659. *Jesus, Hear a Little Child*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 IONA. 7s & 3s. *Hubert P. Main*


1. Je - sus, hear a lit - tle child: May I be Kind and gen - tle,
2. Sav - iour, ev - er be my guide All the way! Keep me, Sav - iour,
meek and mild, More like Thee!
at Thy side Ev - 'ry day!

3 Hold me by Thy loving hand,
Jesus dear!
Close to Thee I love to stand,—
Oh, so near!

4 I'm Thy loving little lamb,—
Shepherd, Thou!
Though so small and weak I am
Hear me now!

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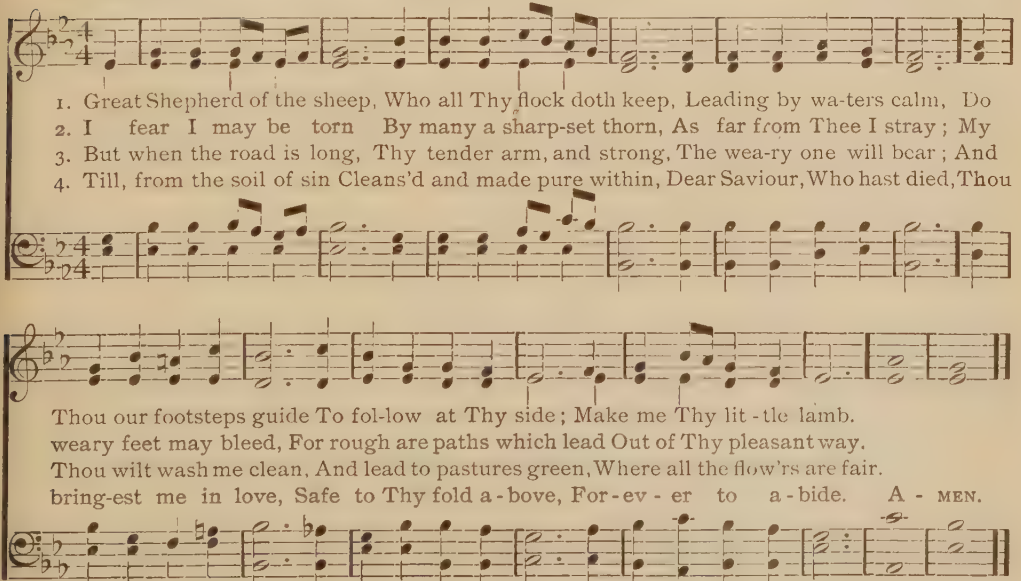
No. 660. *Great Shepherd of the Sheep*

W. W. How MAKELEY. 6s. 6 Lines. *Jay Deaveraux*


1. Great Shepherd of the sheep, Who all Thy flock doth keep, Leading by wa-ters calm, Do
2. I fear I may be torn By many a sharp-set thorn, As far from Thee I stray; My
3. But when the road is long, Thy tender arm, and strong, The wea-ry one will bear; And
4. Till, from the soil of sin Cleans'd and made pure within, Dear Saviour, Who hast died, Thou
Thou our footsteps guide To fol-low at Thy side; Make me Thy lit-tle lamb.
weary feet may bleed, For rough are paths which lead Out of Thy pleasant way.
Thou wilt wash me clean, And lead to pastures green, Where all the flow'rs are fair.
bring-est me in love, Safe to Thy fold a-bove, For-ev-er to a-bide. A - MEN.

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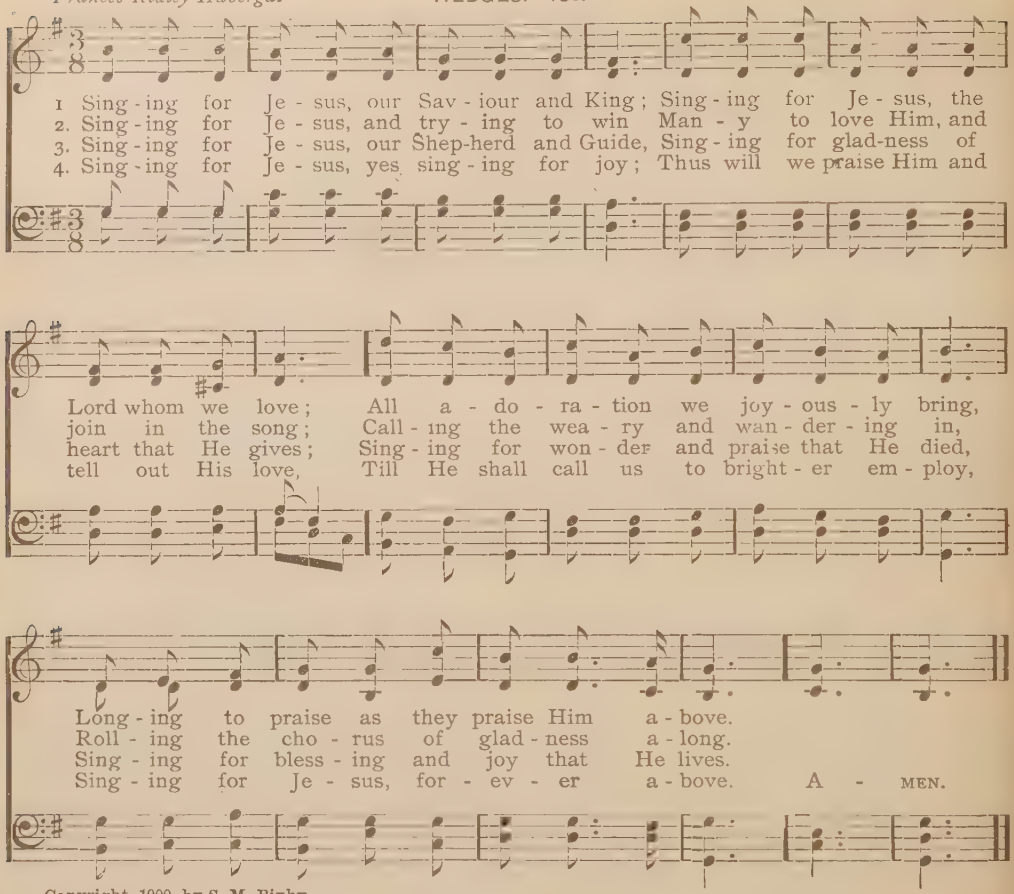
No. 661. *Singing for Jesus, Our Saviour*

Frances Ridley Havergal HEDGES. 10s. *E. P. Tate*


1 Sing-ing for Je-sus, our Sav-iour and King; Sing-ing for Je-sus, the
2. Sing-ing for Je-sus, and try-ing to win Man-y to love Him, and
3. Sing-ing for Je-sus, our Shep-herd and Guide, Sing-ing for glad-ness of
4. Sing-ing for Je-sus, yes sing-ing for joy; Thus will we praise Him and
Lord whom we love; All a-do-ra-tion we joy-ous-ly bring,
join in the song; Call-ing the wea-ry and wan-der-ing in,
heart that He gives; Sing-ing for won-der and praise that He died,
tell out His love, Till He shall call us to bright-er em-ploy,
Long-ing to praise as they praise Him a-bove.
Roll-ing the cho-rus of glad-ness a-long.
Sing-ing for bless-ing and joy that He lives.
Sing-ing for Je-sus, for-ev-er a-bove. A-MEN.

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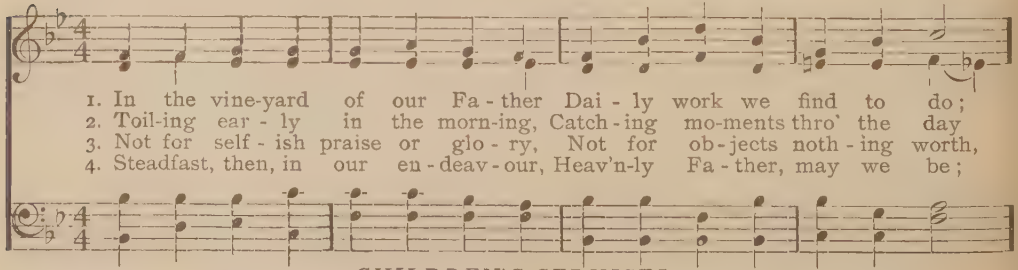
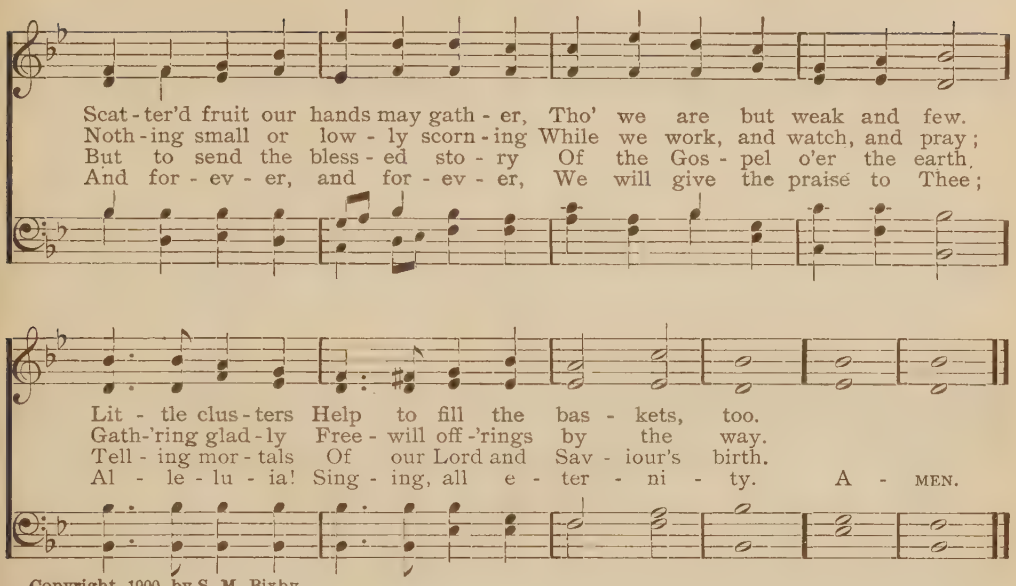
No. 662. *In the Vineyard of Our Father*

Thomas MacKellar BRONX. 8s.7s.4. *R. Menthal*


1. In the vine-yard of our Fa-ther Dai-ly work we find to do;
2. Toil-ing ear-ly in the morn-ing, Catch-ing mo-ments thro' the day
3. Not for self-ish praise or glo-ry, Not for ob-jects noth-ing worth,
4. Steadfast, then, in our en-deav-our, Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, may we be;

In the Vineyard of Our Father


Scat - ter'd fruit our hands may gath - er, Tho' we are but weak and few.
Noth - ing small or low - ly scorn - ing While we work, and watch, and pray;
But to send the bless - ed sto - ry Of the Gos - pel o'er the earth,
And for - ev - er, and for - ev - er, We will give the praise to Thee;
Lit - tle clus - ters Help to fill the bas - kets, too.
Gath-'ring glad - ly Free - will off-'rings by the way.
Tell - ing mor - tals Of our Lord and Sav - iour's birth.
Al - le - lu - ia! Sing - ing, all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

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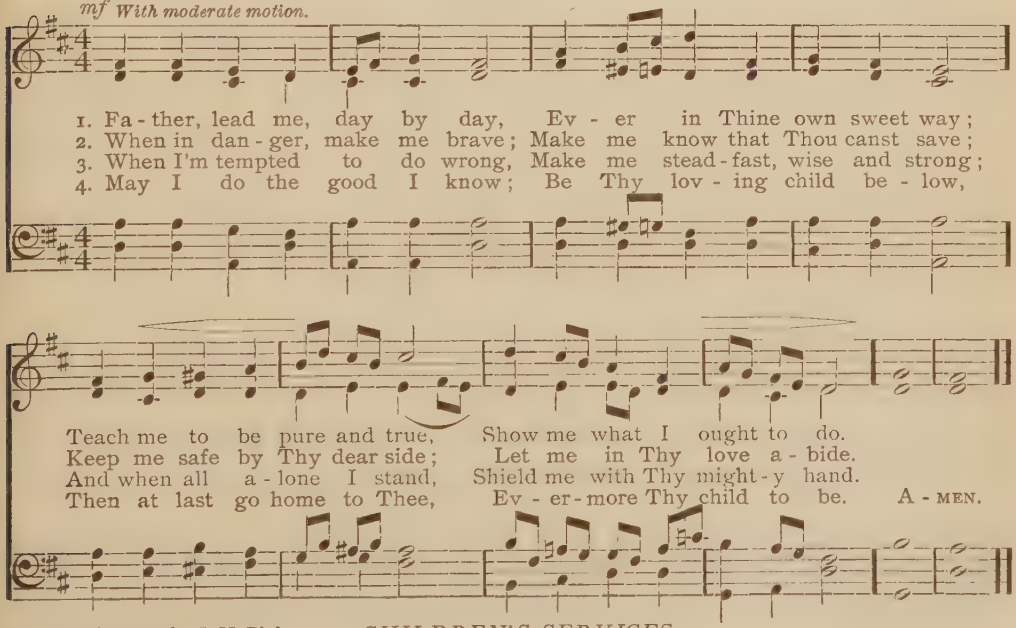
No. 663. *Father, Lead Me Day by Day*

G. C. Strattner STRATTNER. 7s. *S. M. Bixby*

mf With moderate motion.


1. Fa - ther, lead me, day by day, Ev - er in Thine own sweet way;
2. When in dan - ger, make me brave; Make me know that Thou canst save;
3. When I'm tempted to do wrong, Make me stead - fast, wise and strong;
4. May I do the good I know; Be Thy lov - ing child be - low,
Teach me to be pure and true, Show me what I ought to do.
Keep me safe by Thy dear side; Let me in Thy love a - bide.
And when all a - lone I stand, Shield me with Thy might - y hand.
Then at last go home to Thee, Ev - er - more Thy child to be. A - MEN.

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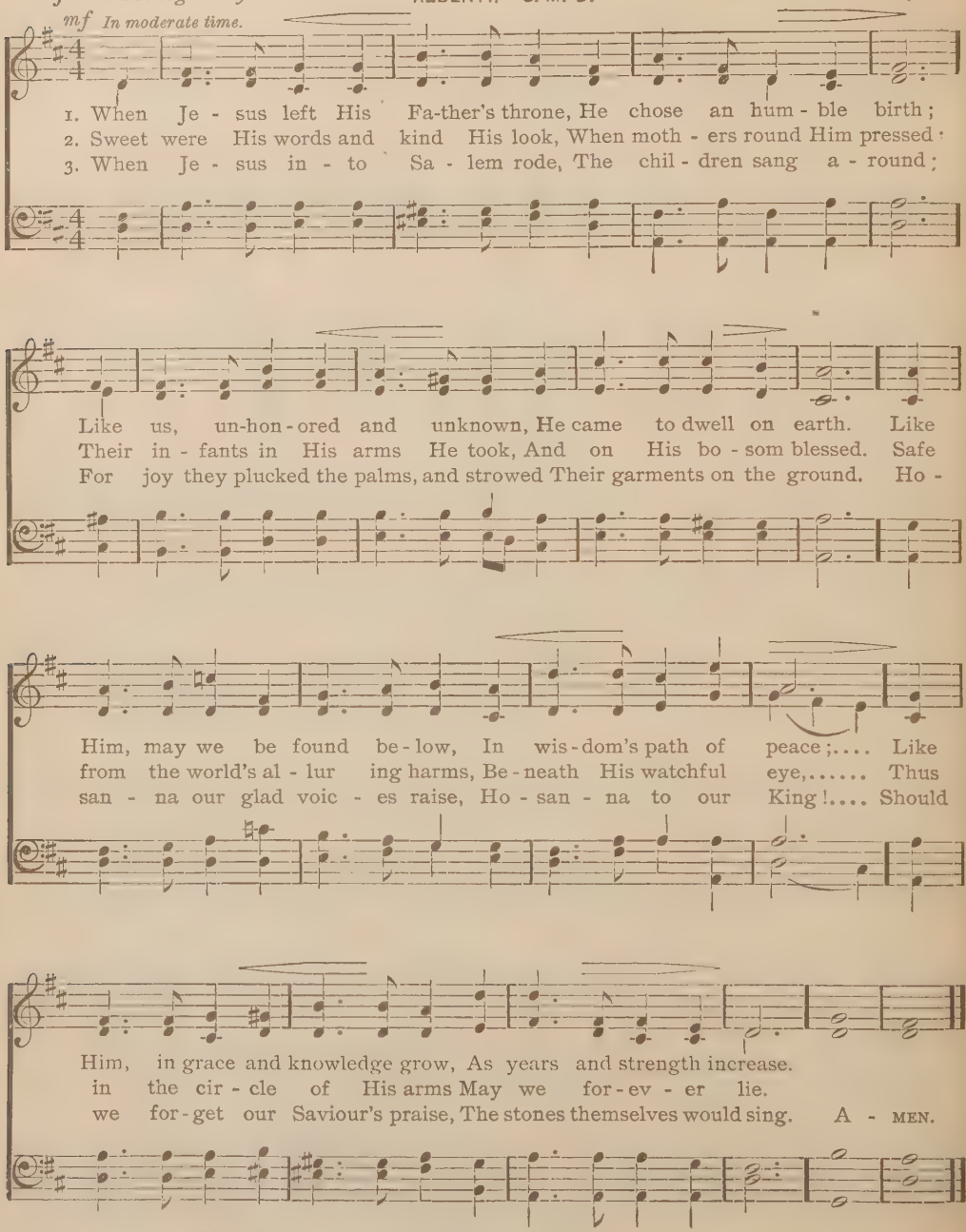
No. 664. *When Jesus Left His Father's Throne*

James Montgomery ALBERTI. C. M. D. *S. M. Bixby*

mf *In moderate time.*


1. When Je - sus left His Fa-ther's throne, He chose an hum - ble birth;
2. Sweet were His words and kind His look, When moth - ers round Him pressed
3. When Je - sus in - to Sa - lem rode, The chil - dren sang a - round;
Like us, un-hon - ored and unknown, He came to dwell on earth. Like
Their in - fants in His arms He took, And on His bo - som blessed. Safe
For joy they plucked the palms, and strowed Their garments on the ground. Ho -
Him, may we be found be - low, In wis - dom's path of peace;.... Like
from the world's al - lur ing harms, Be - neath His watchful eye,..... Thus
san - na our glad voic - es raise, Ho - san - na to our King!.... Should
Him, in grace and knowledge grow, As years and strength increase.
in the cir - cle of His arms May we for - ev - er lie.
we for - get our Saviour's praise, The stones themselves would sing. A - MEN.

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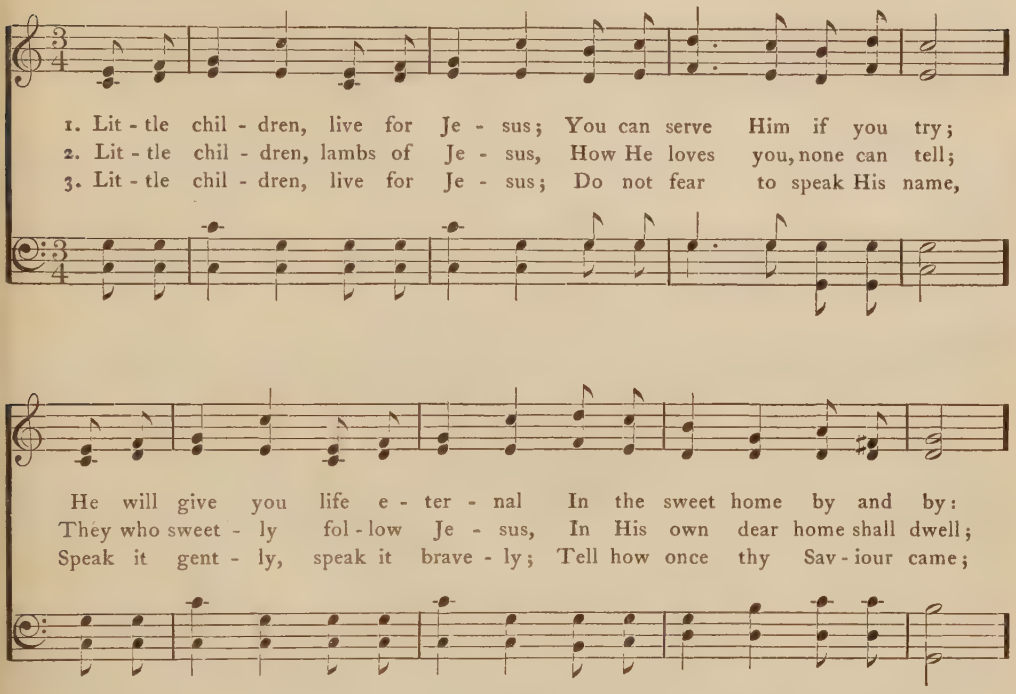
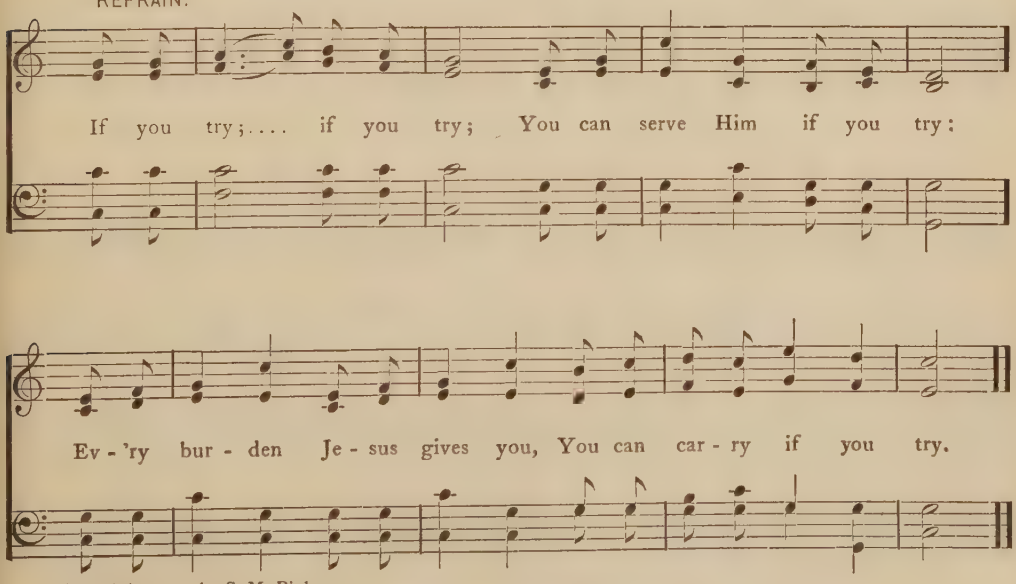
No. 665. *Little Children, Live for Jesus*

Fanny J. Crosby WATSON. 8s & 7s. *Hubert P. Main.*


1. Lit - tle chil - dren, live for Je - sus; You can serve Him if you try;
2. Lit - tle chil - dren, lambs of Je - sus, How He loves you, none can tell;
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, live for Je - sus; Do not fear to speak His name,
He will give you life e - ter - nal In the sweet home by and by:
They who sweet - ly fol - low Je - sus, In His own dear home shall dwell;
Speak it gent - ly, speak it brave - ly; Tell how once thy Sav - iour came;

REFRAIN.



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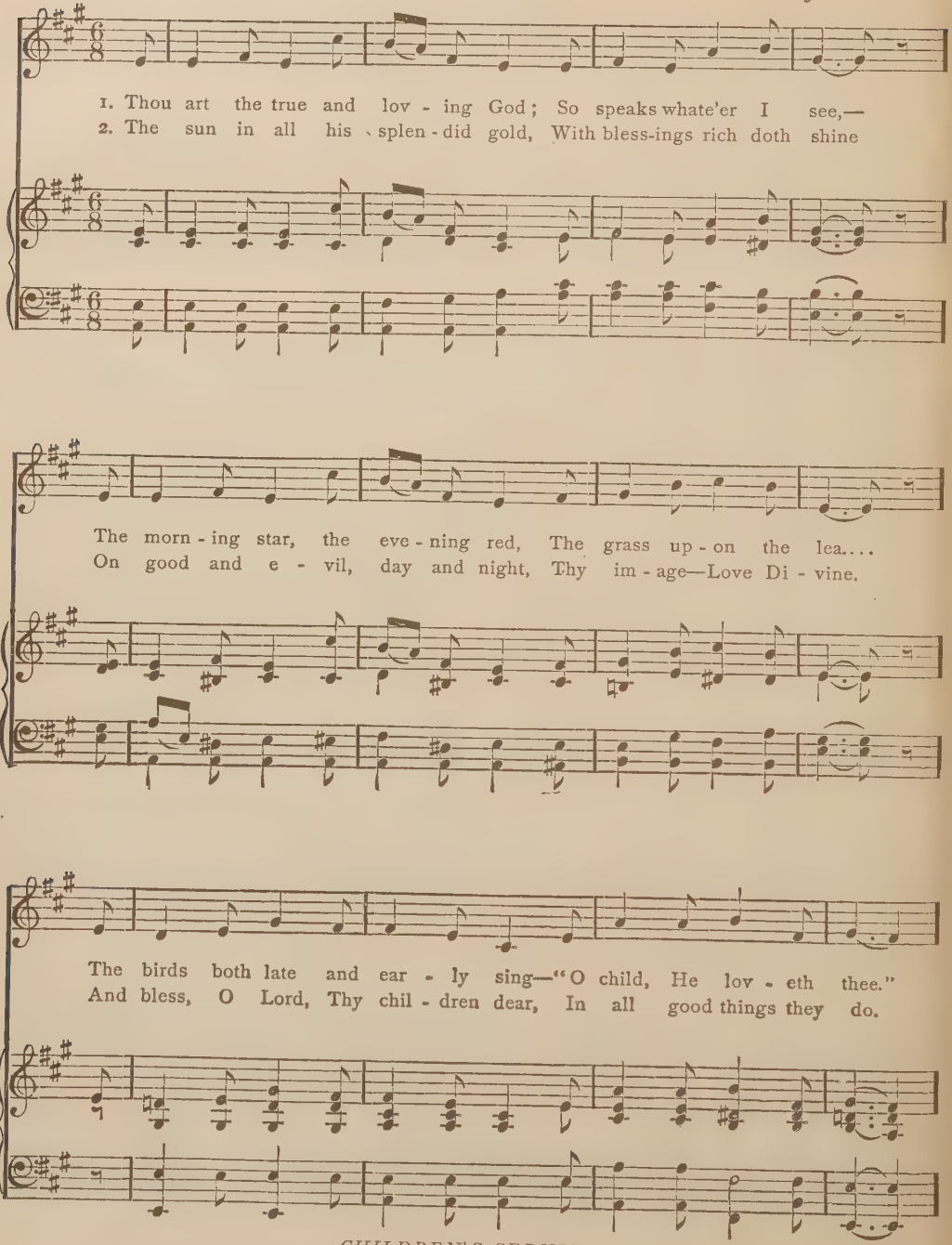
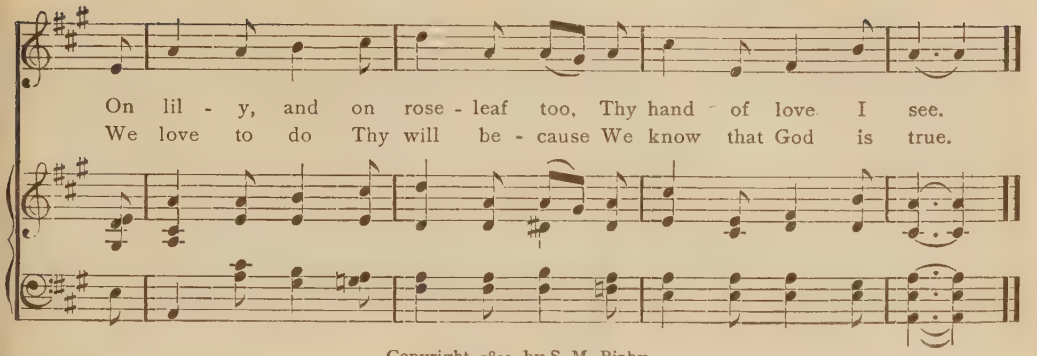
No. 666. *Thou Art the True and Loving God*

ROY. C. M. D. *Albert J. Holden*


1. Thou art the true and lov - ing God; So speaks whate'er I see,—
2. The sun in all his splen - did gold, With bless-ings rich doth shine
The morn - ing star, the eve - ning red, The grass up - on the lea....
On good and e - vil, day and night, Thy im - age—Love Di - vine.
The birds both late and ear - ly sing—"O child, He lov - eth thee."
And bless, O Lord, Thy chil - dren dear, In all good things they do.

Thou Art the True and Loving God



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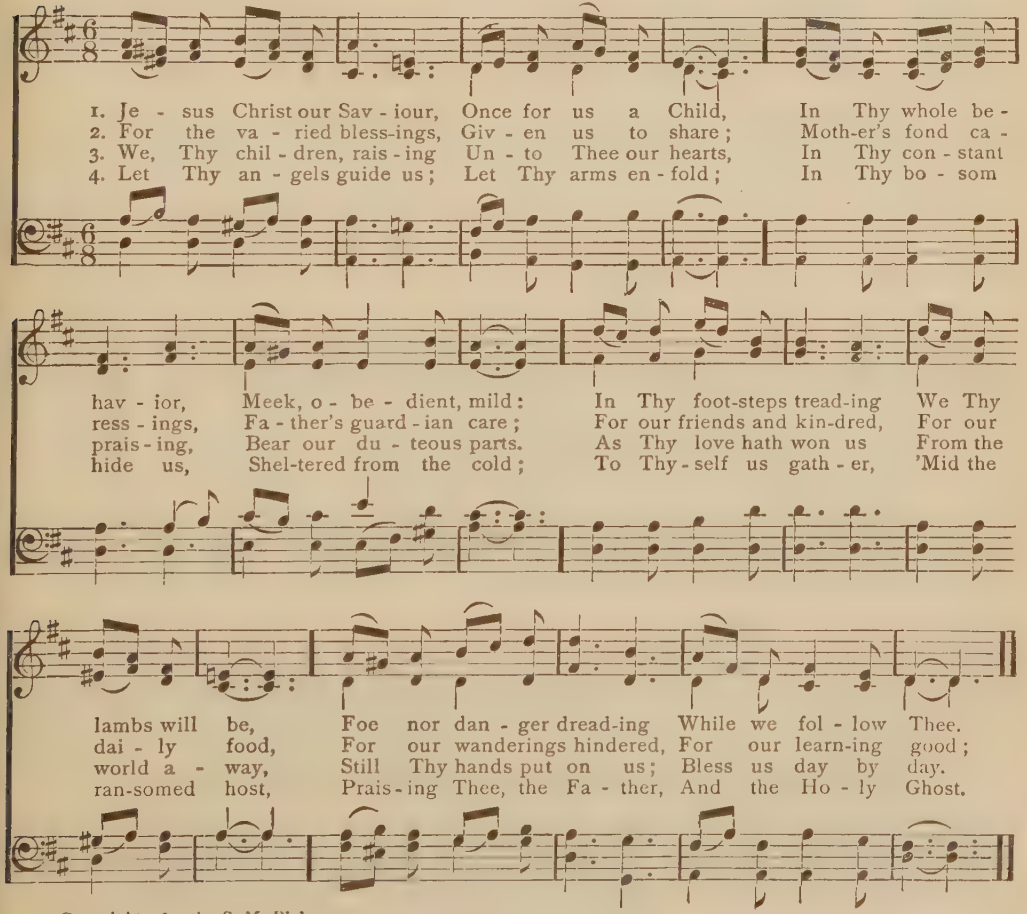
No. 667. *Jesus Christ Our Saviour*

W. Whiting NORTON. 6s & 5s. *E. P. Tate*


1. Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour, Once for us a Child, In Thy whole be -
2. For the va - ried bless-ings, Giv - en us to share; Moth-er's fond ca -
3. We, Thy chil - dren, rais - ing Un - to Thee our hearts, In Thy con - stant
4. Let Thy an - gels guide us; Let Thy arms en - fold; In Thy bo - som
hav - ior, Meek, o - be - dient, mild: In Thy foot-steps tread-ing We Thy
ress - ings, Fa - ther's guard - ian care; For our friends and kin-dred, For our
prais - ing, Bear our du - teous parts. As Thy love hath won us From the
hide us, Shel-tered from the cold; To Thy - self us gath - er, 'Mid the
lambs will be, Foe nor dan - ger dread-ing While we fol - low Thee.
dai - ly food, For our wanderings hindered, For our learn-ing good;
world a - way, Still Thy hands put on us; Bless us day by day.
ran-somed host, Prais - ing Thee, the Fa - ther, And the Ho - ly Ghost.

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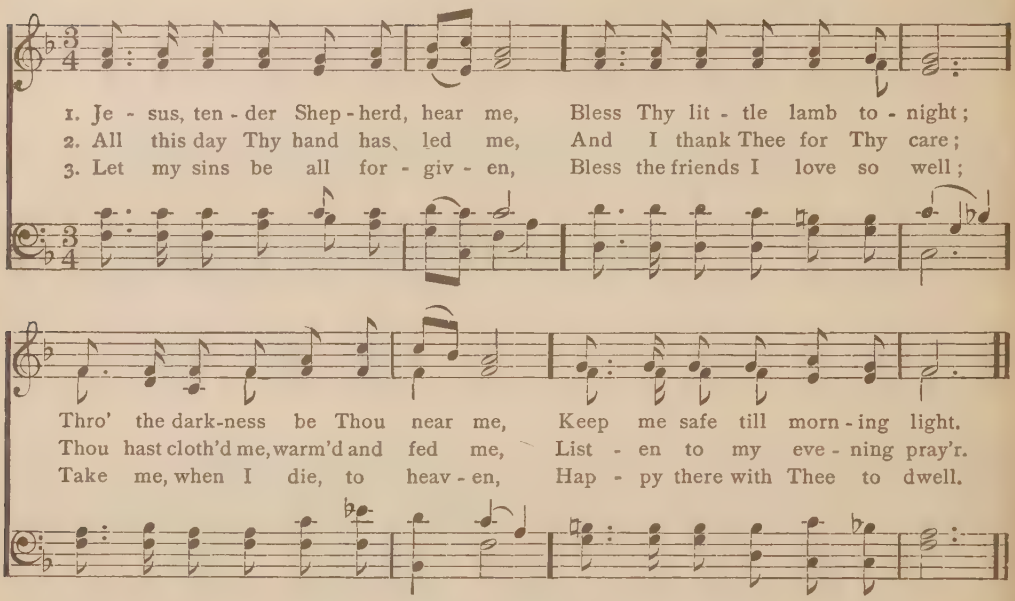
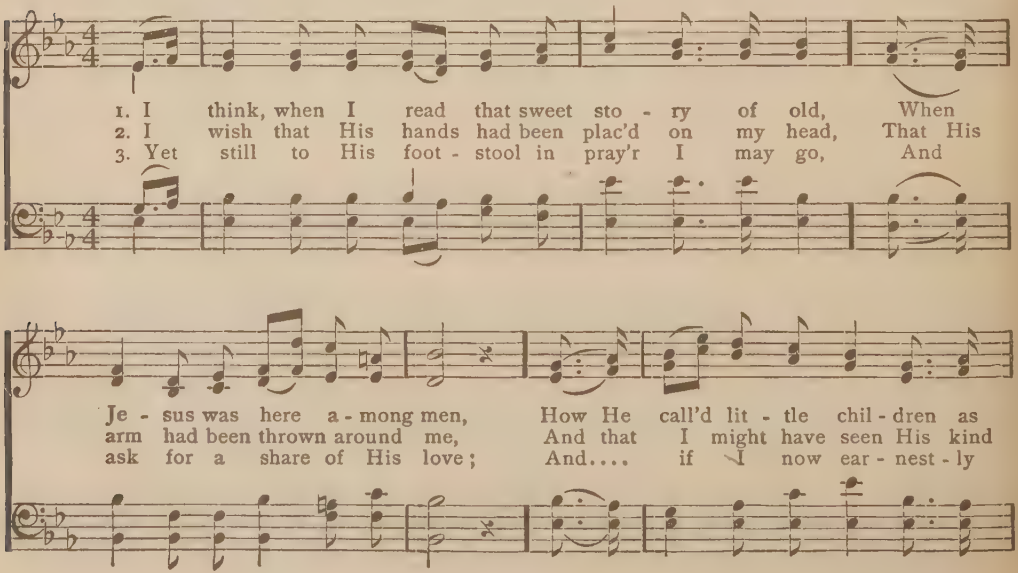
No. 668. *Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me*

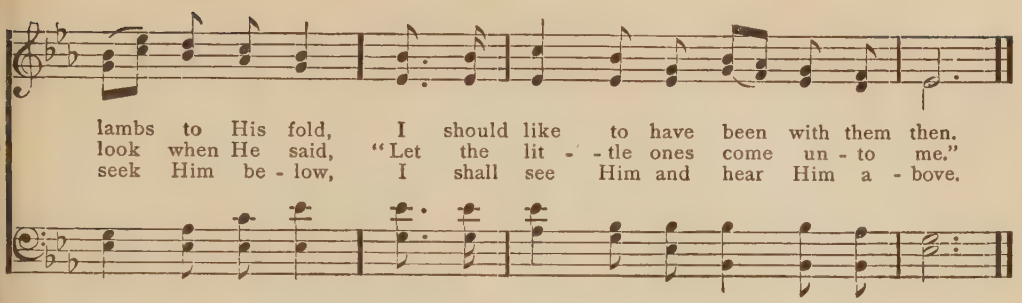
Mary L. Duncan ST. SYLVESTER. 8s & 7s. *J. B. Dykes*


1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en, Bless the friends I love so well;
Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.
Thou hast cloth'd me, warm'd and fed me, List - en to my eve - ning pray'r.
Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

No. 669. *I Think, when I Read that Sweet Story*

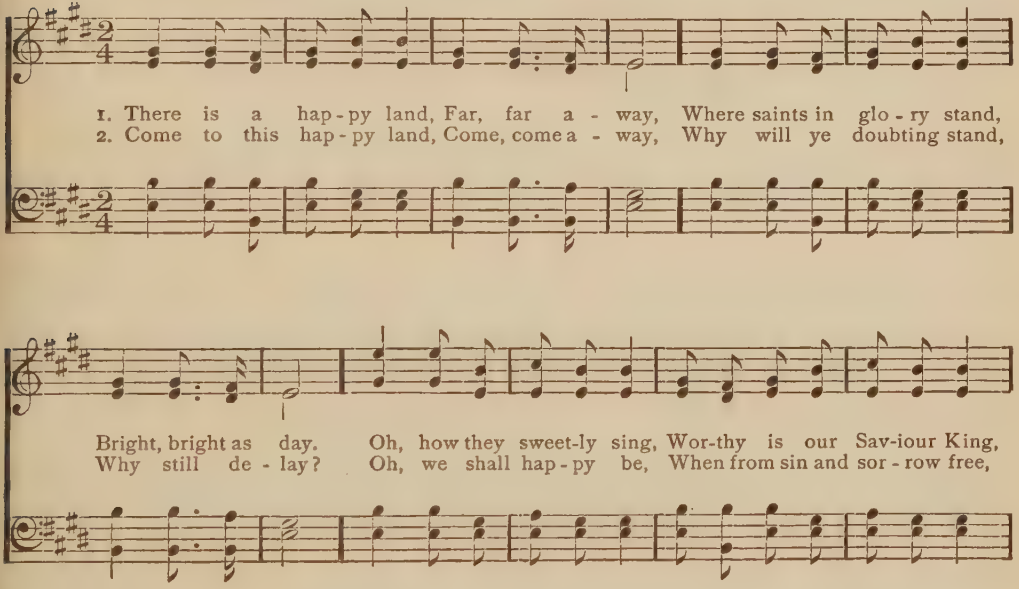
Mrs. Jemima Luke SWEET STORY. 11.8.11.9. Irregular. *English.*

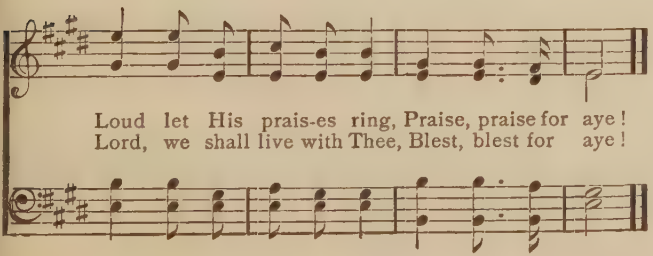

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hands had been plac'd on my head, That His
3. Yet still to His foot - stool in pray'r I may go, And
Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He call'd lit - tle chil - dren as
arm had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind
ask for a share of His love; And.... if I now ear - nest - ly


lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.

No. 670. *There is a Happy Land*

Andrew Young, 1838 — 6.4 6.4.6.7 6.4. — *Hindoostan Air*


1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
2. Come to this hap - py land, Come, come a - way, Why will ye doubting stand,
Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, Wor-thy is our Sav-iour King,
Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and sor - row free,

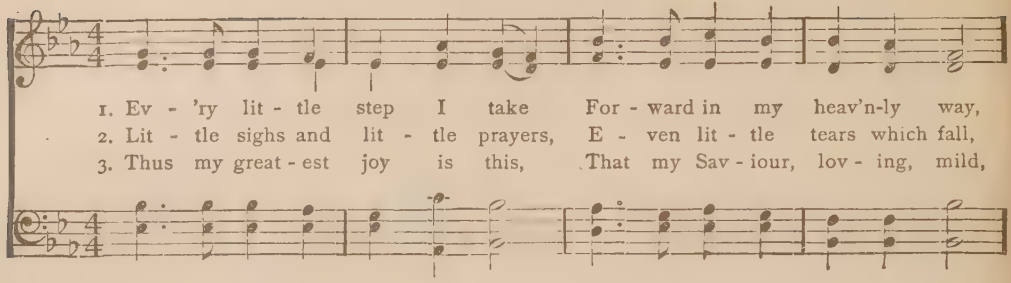


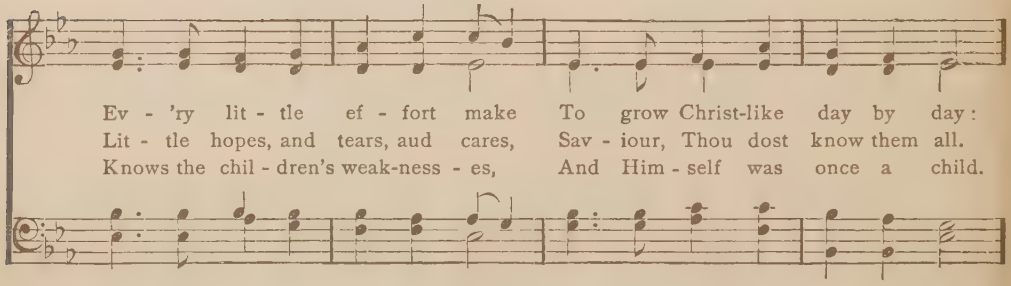
3.

Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye!

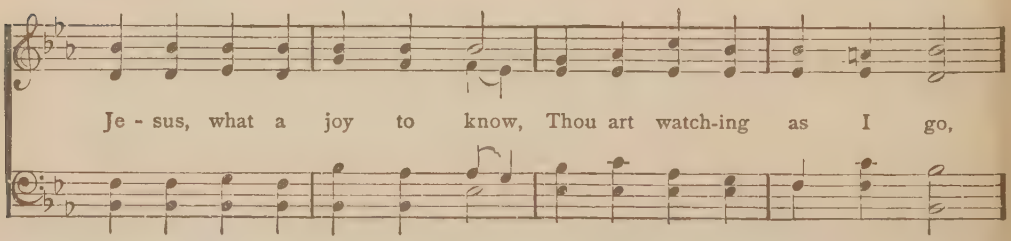
No. 671. *Every Little Step I Take*

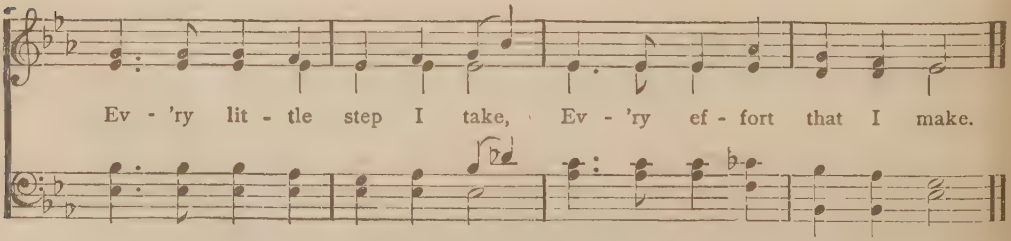
CRESLINE. 7s. with Refrain. *R. Menthal*


1. Ev - 'ry lit - tle step I take For - ward in my heav'n-ly way,
2. Lit - tle sighs and lit - tle prayers, E - ven lit - tle tears which fall,
3. Thus my great - est joy is this, That my Sav - iour, lov - ing, mild,


Ev - 'ry lit - tle ef - fort make To grow Christ-like day by day:
Lit - tle hopes, and tears, and cares, Sav - iour, Thou dost know them all.
Knows the chil - dren's weak-ness - es, And Him - self was once a child.

REFRAIN.





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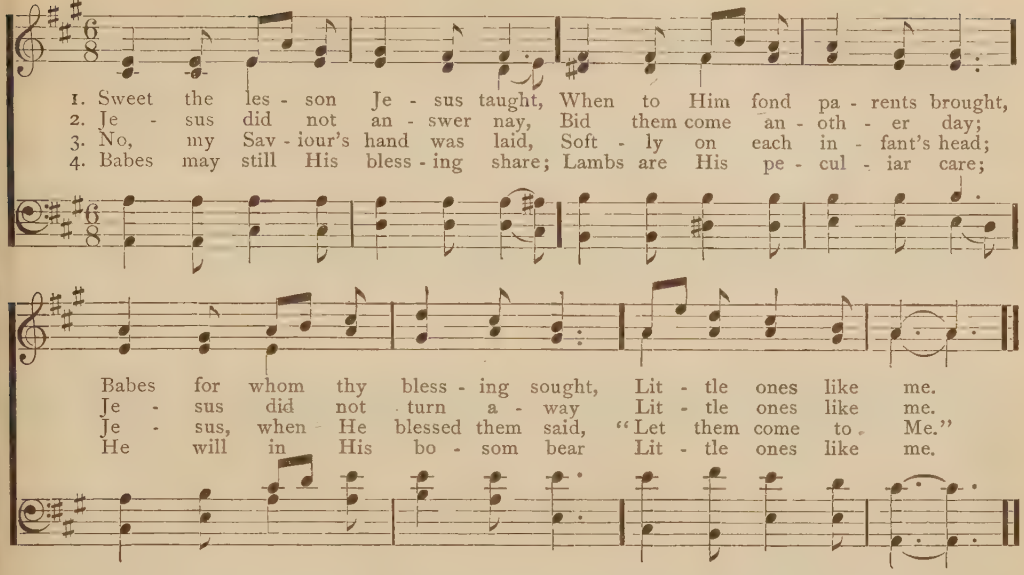
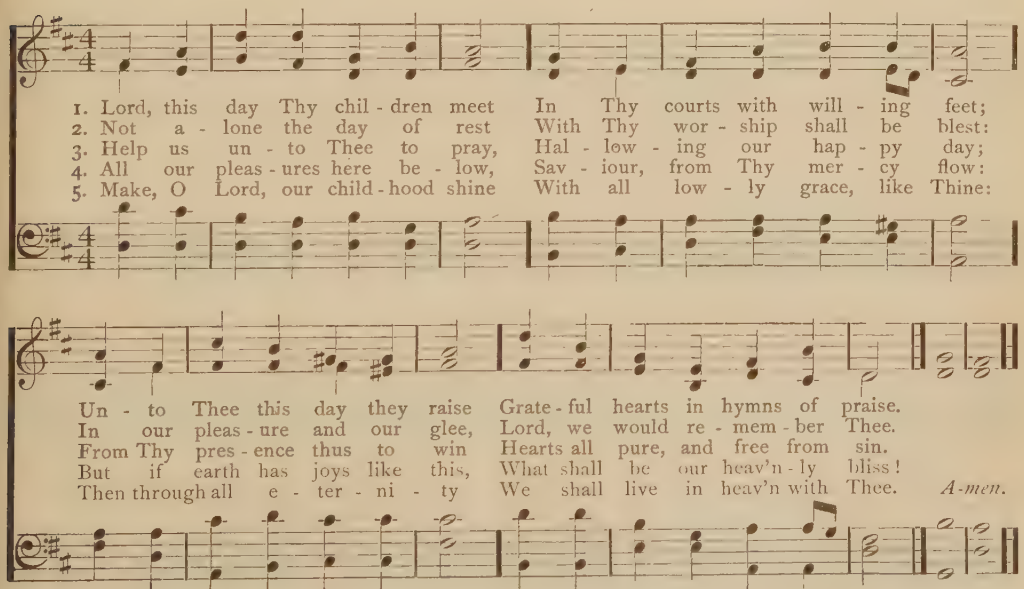
No. 672. *Sweet the Lesson Jesus Taught*

Hugh Stowell CRESSWELL. 7.7.7.5.


1. Sweet the les - son Je - sus taught, When to Him fond pa - rents brought,
2. Je - sus did not an - swer nay, Bid them come an - oth - er day;
3. No, my Sav - iour's hand was laid, Soft - ly on each in - fant's head;
4. Babes may still His bless - ing share; Lambs are His pe - cul - iar care;
Babes for whom thy bless - ing sought, Lit - tle ones like me.
Je - sus did not turn a - way Lit - tle ones like me.
Je - sus, when He blessed them said, "Let them come to Me."
He will in His bo - som bear Lit - tle ones like me.

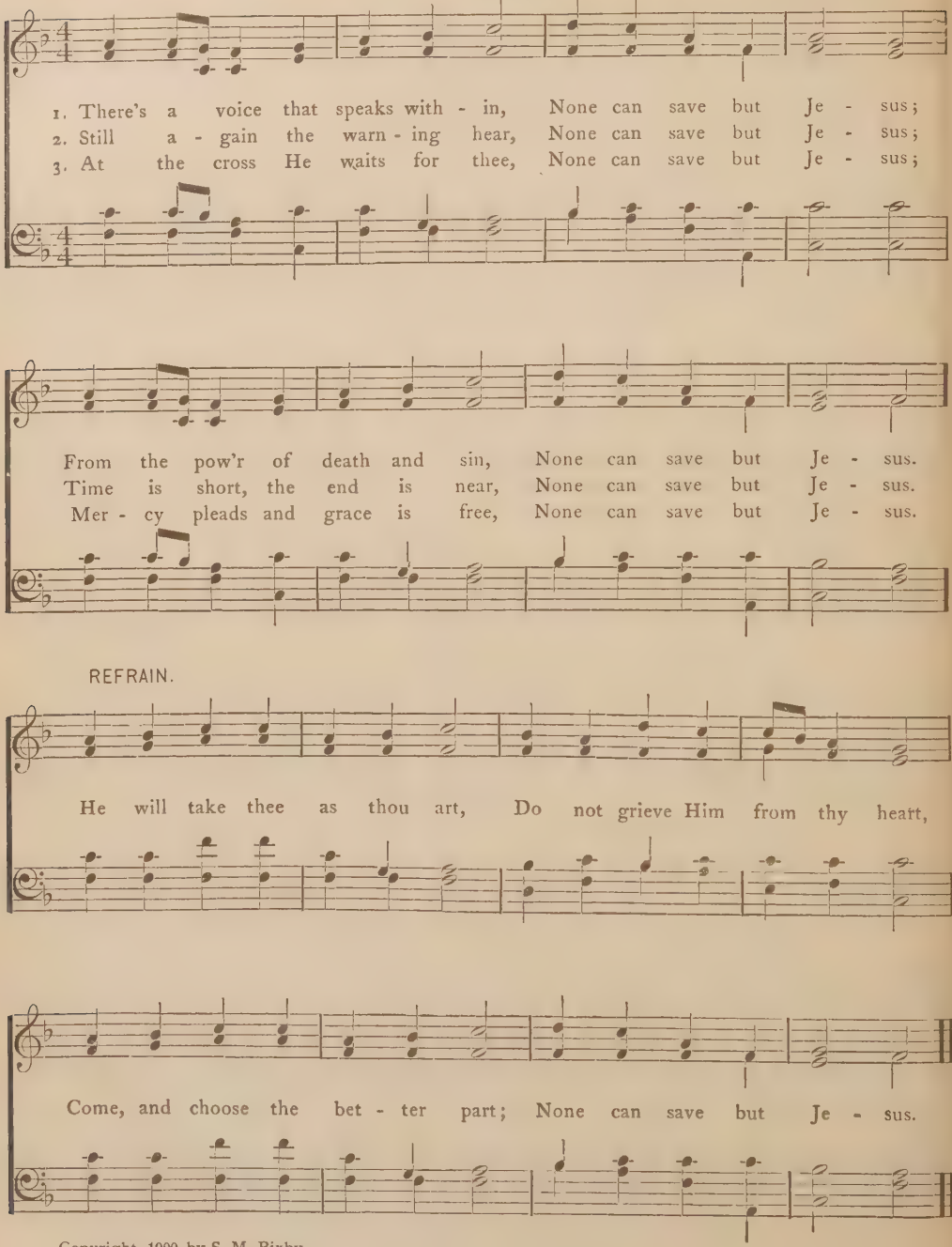
No. 673. *Lord, this Day Thy Children Meet*

W. W. How HARDACRE. 7s. *G. A. Hardacre*


1. Lord, this day Thy chil - dren meet In Thy courts with will - ing feet;
2. Not a - lone the day of rest With Thy wor - ship shall be blest:
3. Help us un - to Thee to pray, Hal - low - ing our hap - py day;
4. All our pleas - ures here be - low, Sav - iour, from Thy mer - cy flow:
5. Make, O Lord, our child - hood shine With all low - ly grace, like Thine:
Un - to Thee this day they raise Grate - ful hearts in hymns of praise.
In our pleas - ure and our glee, Lord, we would re - mem - ber Thee.
From Thy pres - ence thus to win Hearts all pure, and free from sin.
But if earth has joys like this, What shall be our heav'n - ly bliss!
Then through all e - ter - ni - ty We shall live in heav'n with Thee. *A-men.*

No. 674. *There's a Voice that Speaks Within*

Fanny J. Crosby AIKEN. 7s & 6s, with Refrain. *Hubert P. Main*


1. There's a voice that speaks with - in, None can save but Je - sus;
2. Still a - gain the warn - ing hear, None can save but Je - sus;
3. At the cross He waits for thee, None can save but Je - sus;
From the pow'r of death and sin, None can save but Je - sus.
Time is short, the end is near, None can save but Je - sus.
Mer - cy pleads and grace is free, None can save but Je - sus.
REFRAIN.
He will take thee as thou art, Do not grieve Him from thy heart,
Come, and choose the bet - ter part; None can save but Je - sus.

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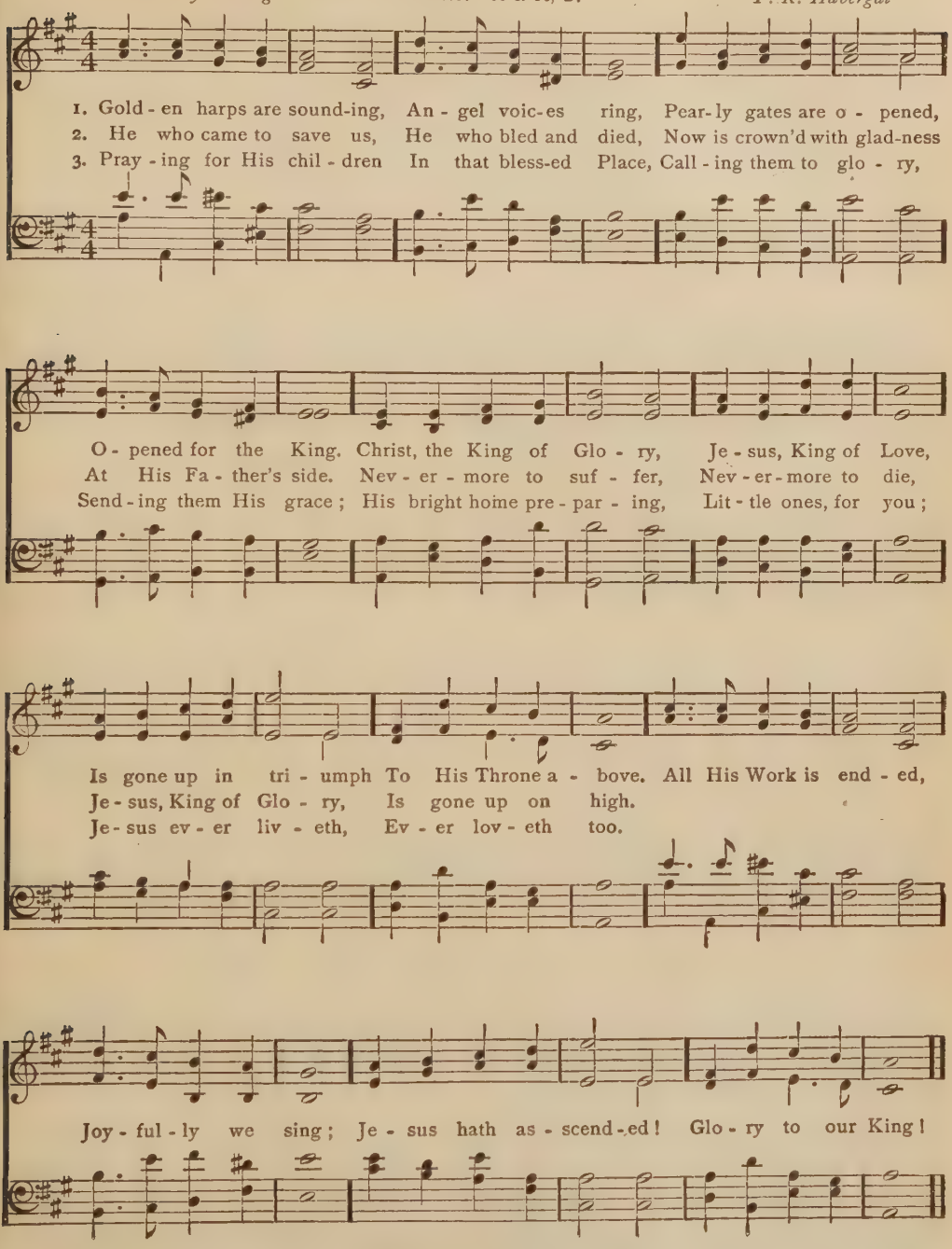
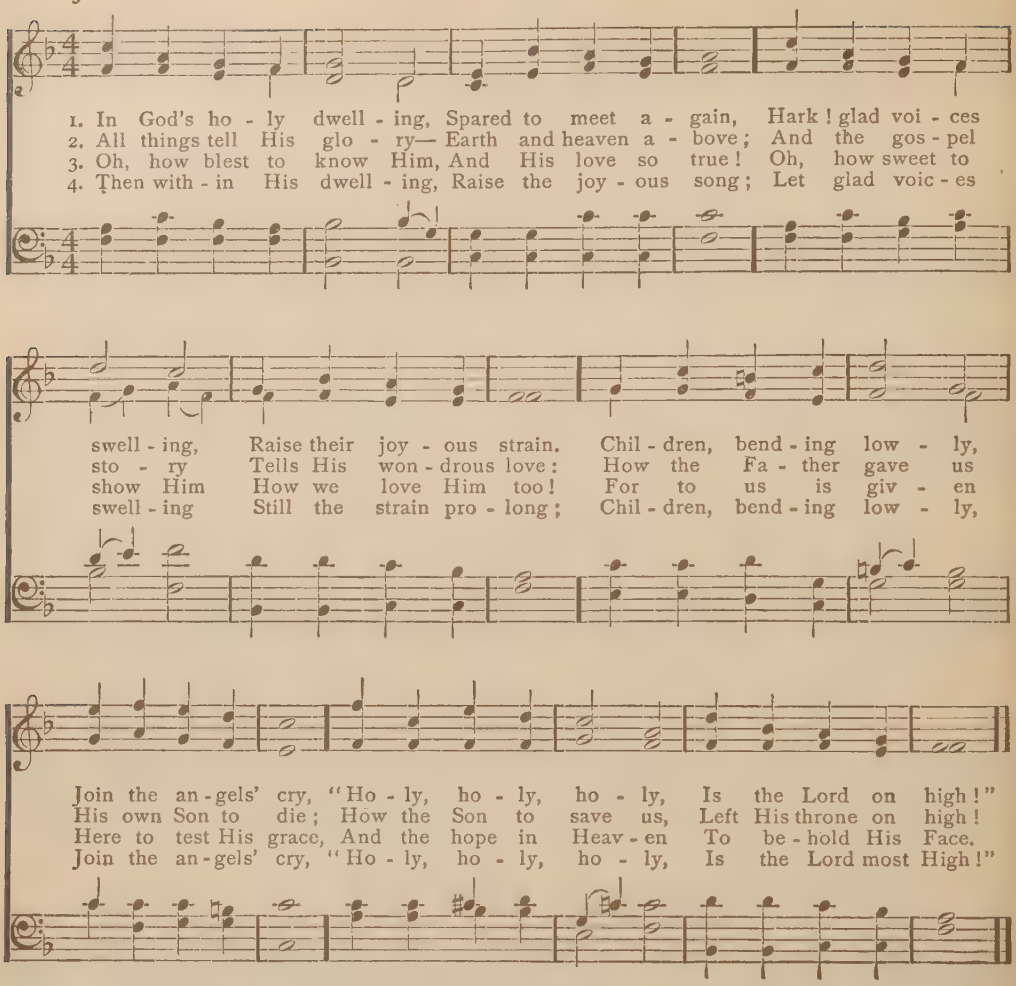
No. 675. *Golden Harps Are Sounding*

Frances Ridley Havergal HERMAS. 6s & 5s, D. *F. R. Havergal*

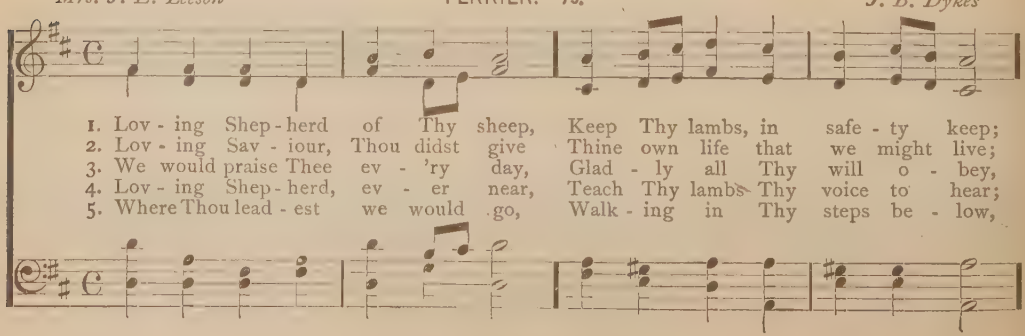

1. Gold - en harps are sound-ing, An - gel voic-es ring, Pear-ly gates are o - pened,
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crown'd with glad-ness
3. Pray - ing for His chil - dren In that bless-ed Place, Call - ing them to glo - ry,
O - pened for the King. Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love,
At His Fa - ther's side. Nev - er - more to suf - fer, Nev - er - more to die,
Send - ing them His grace; His bright home pre - par - ing, Lit - tle ones, for you;
Is gone up in tri - umph To His Throne a - bove. All His Work is end - ed,
Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Is gone up on high.
Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too.
Joy - ful - ly we sing; Je - sus hath as - scend - ed! Glo - ry to our King!

No. 676. *In God's Holy Dwelling*

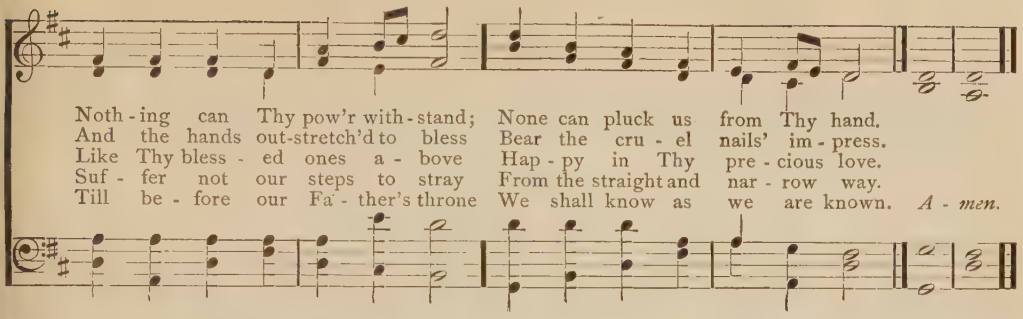
J. A. Stowell — CALVARY. 11s. — *Anon.*

1. In God's ho - ly dwell - ing, Spared to meet a - gain, Hark! glad voi - ces
2. All things tell His glo - ry— Earth and heaven a - bove; And the gos - pel
3. Oh, how blest to know Him, And His love so true! Oh, how sweet to
4. Then with - in His dwell - ing, Raise the joy - ous song; Let glad voic - es
swell - ing, Raise their joy - ous strain. Chil - dren, bend - ing low - ly,
sto - ry Tells His won - drous love: How the Fa - ther gave us
show Him How we love Him too! For to us is giv - en
swell - ing Still the strain pro - long; Chil - dren, bend - ing low - ly,
Join the an - gels' cry, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Is the Lord on high!"
His own Son to die; How the Son to save us, Left His throne on high!
Here to test His grace, And the hope in Heav - en To be - hold His Face.
Join the an - gels' cry, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Is the Lord most High!"

No. 677. *Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep*

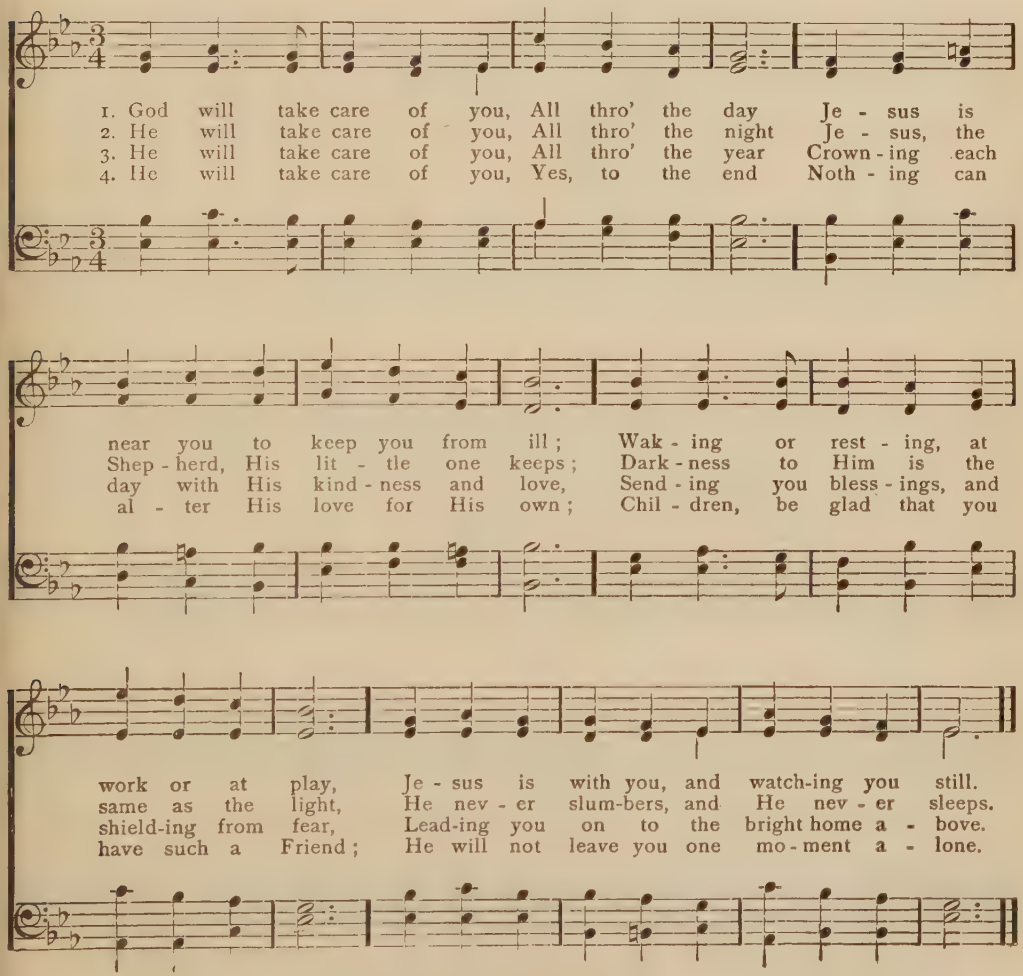
Mrs. J. E. Leeson — FERRIER. 7s. — *J. B. Dykes*


1. Lov - ing Shep - herd of Thy sheep, Keep Thy lambs, in safe - ty keep;
2. Lov - ing Sav - iour, Thou didst give Thine own life that we might live;
3. We would praise Thee ev - 'ry day, Glad - ly all Thy will o - bey,
4. Lov - ing Shep - herd, ev - er near, Teach Thy lambs Thy voice to hear;
5. Where Thou lead - est we would go, Walk - ing in Thy steps be - low,

Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep

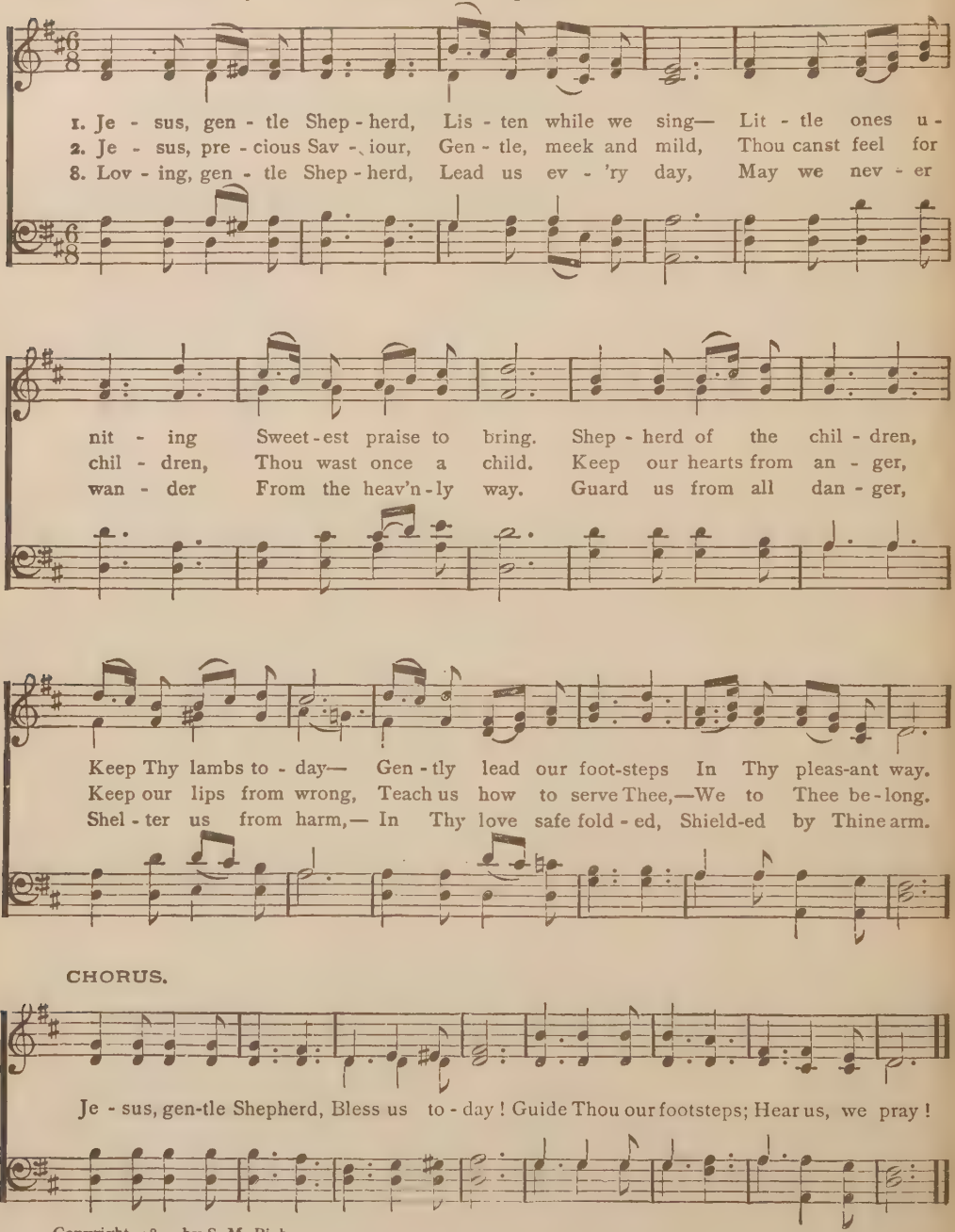

Noth - ing can Thy pow'r with - stand; None can pluck us from Thy hand.
And the hands out-stretch'd to bless Bear the cru - el nails' im - press.
Like Thy bless - ed ones a - bove Hap - py in Thy pre - cious love.
Suf - fer not our steps to stray From the straight and nar - row way.
Till be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We shall know as we are known. A - men.

No. 678. *God Will Take Care of You*

F. R. Havergal RYLAND. 10s. *F. R. Havergal*

1. God will take care of you, All thro' the day Je - sus is
2. He will take care of you, All thro' the night Je - sus, the
3. He will take care of you, All thro' the year Crown - ing each
4. He will take care of you, Yes, to the end Noth - ing can
near you to keep you from ill; Wak - ing or rest - ing, at
Shep - herd, His lit - tle one keeps; Dark - ness to Him is the
day with His kind - ness and love, Send - ing you bless - ings, and
al - ter His love for His own; Chil - dren, be glad that you
work or at play, Je - sus is with you, and watch-ing you still.
same as the light, He nev - er slum-bers, and He nev - er sleeps.
shield-ing from fear, Lead-ing you on to the bright home a - bove.
have such a Friend; He will not leave you one mo - ment a - lone.

No. 679. # *Jesus, Gentle Shepherd*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891 HURLBURT. 6s & 5s, with Chorus. *R. Menthal*


1. Je - sus, gen - tle Shep - herd, Lis - ten while we sing— Lit - tle ones u -
2. Je - sus, pre - cious Sav - iour, Gen - tle, meek and mild, Thou canst feel for
3. Lov - ing, gen - tle Shep - herd, Lead us ev - 'ry day, May we nev - er
nit - ing Sweet - est praise to bring. Shep - herd of the chil - dren,
chil - dren, Thou wast once a child. Keep our hearts from an - ger,
wan - der From the heav'n - ly way. Guard us from all dan - ger,
Keep Thy lambs to - day— Gen - tly lead our foot-steps In Thy pleas-ant way.
Keep our lips from wrong, Teach us how to serve Thee,—We to Thee be - long.
Shel - ter us from harm,— In Thy love safe fold - ed, Shield-ed by Thine arm.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, gen-tle Shepherd, Bless us to - day! Guide Thou our footsteps; Hear us, we pray!

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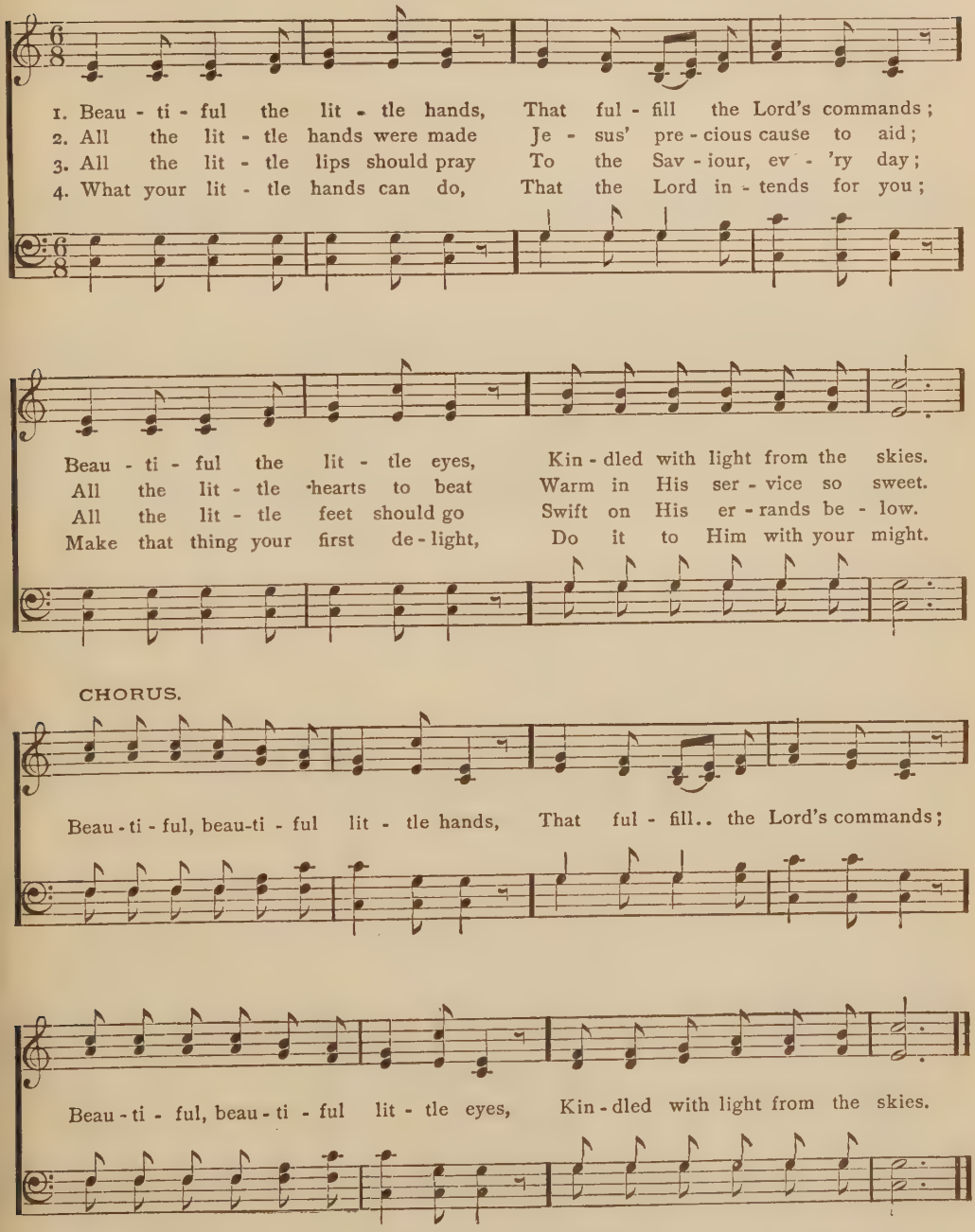
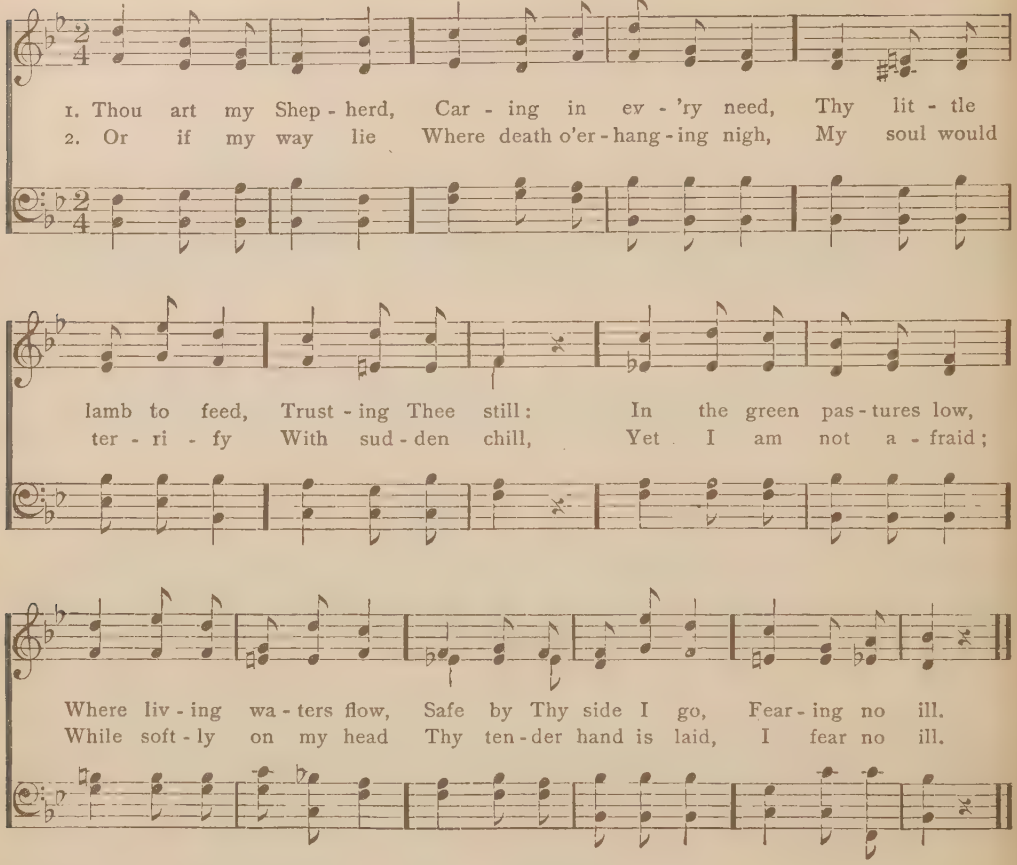
No. 680. *Beautiful the Little Hands*

J. E. Rankin, D.D. CORBIN. 7s, with Chorus. *John W. Bischoff*


1. Beau - ti - ful the lit - tle hands, That ful - fill the Lord's commands;
2. All the lit - tle hands were made Je - sus' pre - cious cause to aid;
3. All the lit - tle lips should pray To the Sav - iour, ev - 'ry day;
4. What your lit - tle hands can do, That the Lord in - tends for you;
Beau - ti - ful the lit - tle eyes, Kin - dled with light from the skies.
All the lit - tle hearts to beat Warm in His ser - vice so sweet.
All the lit - tle feet should go Swift on His er - rands be - low.
Make that thing your first de - light, Do it to Him with your might.
CHORUS.
Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful lit - tle hands, That ful - fill.. the Lord's commands;
Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful lit - tle eyes, Kin - dled with light from the skies.

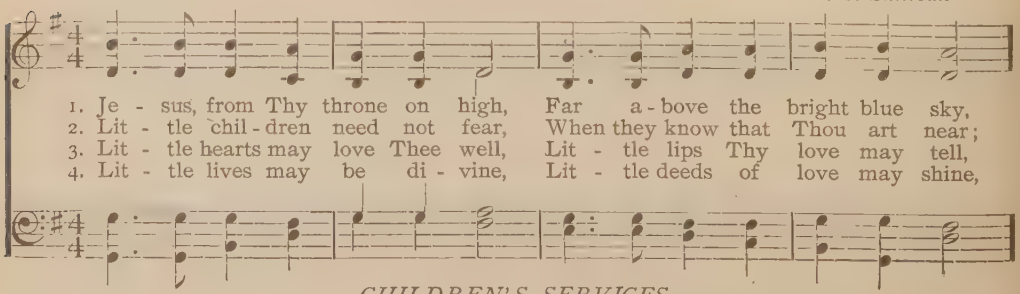
No. 681. *Thou Art My Shepherd*

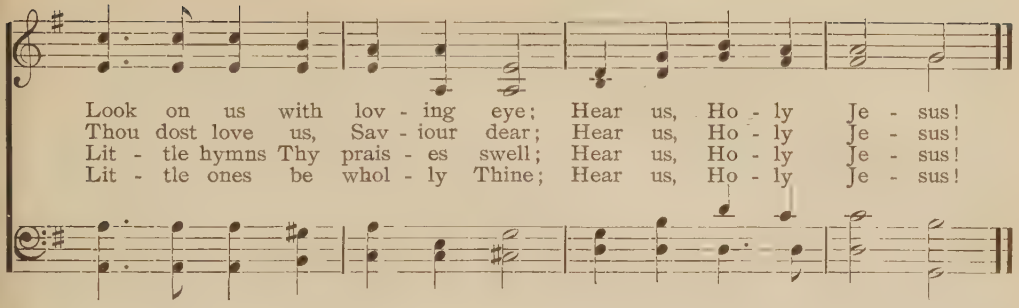
M. Elsie Thalheimer THALHEIMER. 5.6.6.4.6.6.4. *J. Cramer*


1. Thou art my Shep - herd, Car - ing in ev - 'ry need, Thy lit - tle
2. Or if my way lie Where death o'er - hang - ing nigh, My soul would
lamb to feed, Trust - ing Thee still: In the green pas - tures low,
ter - ri - fy With sud - den chill, Yet I am not a - fraid;
Where liv - ing wa - ters flow, Safe by Thy side I go, Fear - ing no ill.
While soft - ly on my head Thy ten - der hand is laid, I fear no ill.

No. 682. *Jesus, from Thy Throne on High*

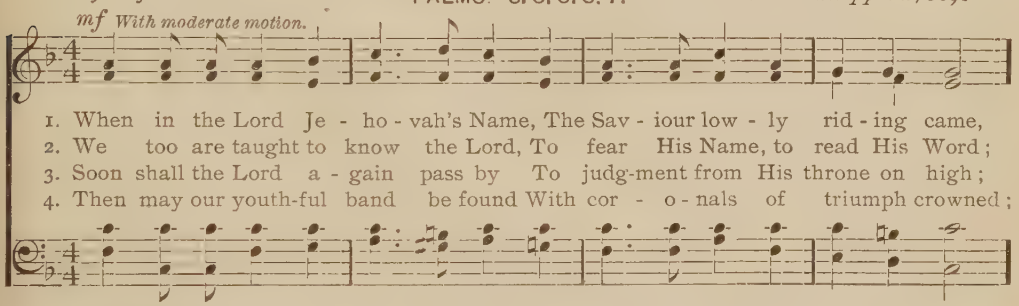
T. B. Pollock SEPTEM VOCES. 7.7.7.6. *A. S. Sullivan*

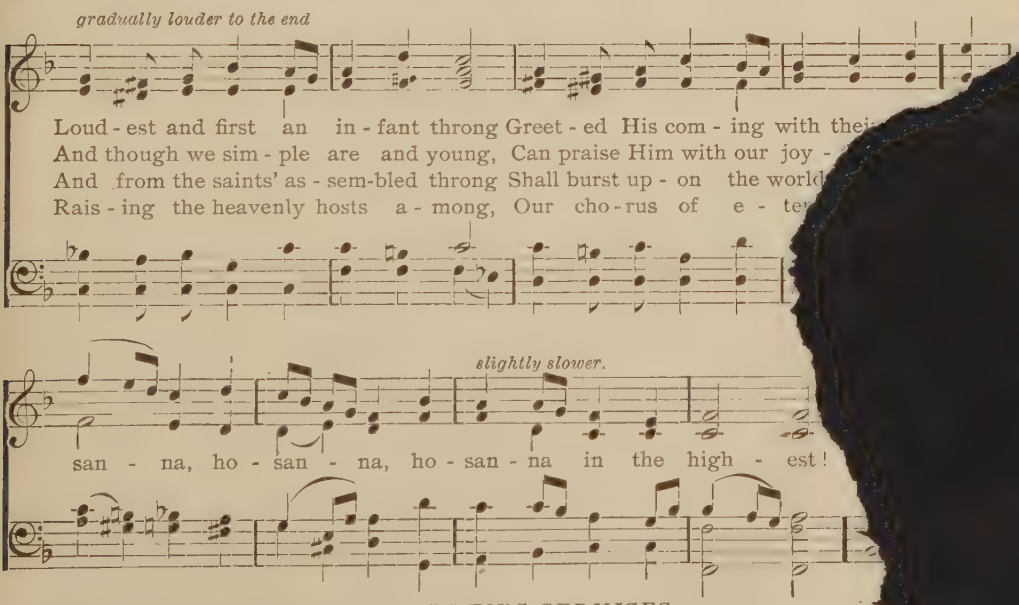

1. Je - sus, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky,
2. Lit - tle chil - dren need not fear, When they know that Thou art near;
3. Lit - tle hearts may love Thee well, Lit - tle lips Thy love may tell,
4. Lit - tle lives may be di - vine, Lit - tle deeds of love may shine,

Jesus, from Thy Throne on High

Look on us with lov - ing eye; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus!
Thou dost love us, Sav - iour dear; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus!
Lit - tle hymns Thy prais - es swell; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus!
Lit - tle ones be whol - ly Thine; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus!

No. 683. *When in the Lord Jehovah's Name*

Henry Alford PALMS. 8. 8. 8. 8. 7. *Frank N. Shepperd, 1898*


mf With moderate motion.
1. When in the Lord Je - ho - vah's Name, The Sav - iour low - ly rid - ing came,
2. We too are taught to know the Lord, To fear His Name, to read His Word;
3. Soon shall the Lord a - gain pass by To judg-ment from His throne on high;
4. Then may our youth-ful band be found With cor - o - nals of triumph crowned;


gradually louder to the end
Loud - est and first an in - fant throng Greet - ed His com - ing with thei
And though we sim - ple are and young, Can praise Him with our joy -
And from the saints' as - sem-bled throng Shall burst up - on the world
Rais - ing the heavenly hosts a - mong, Our cho - rus of e - ter
slightly slower.
san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na in the high - est!

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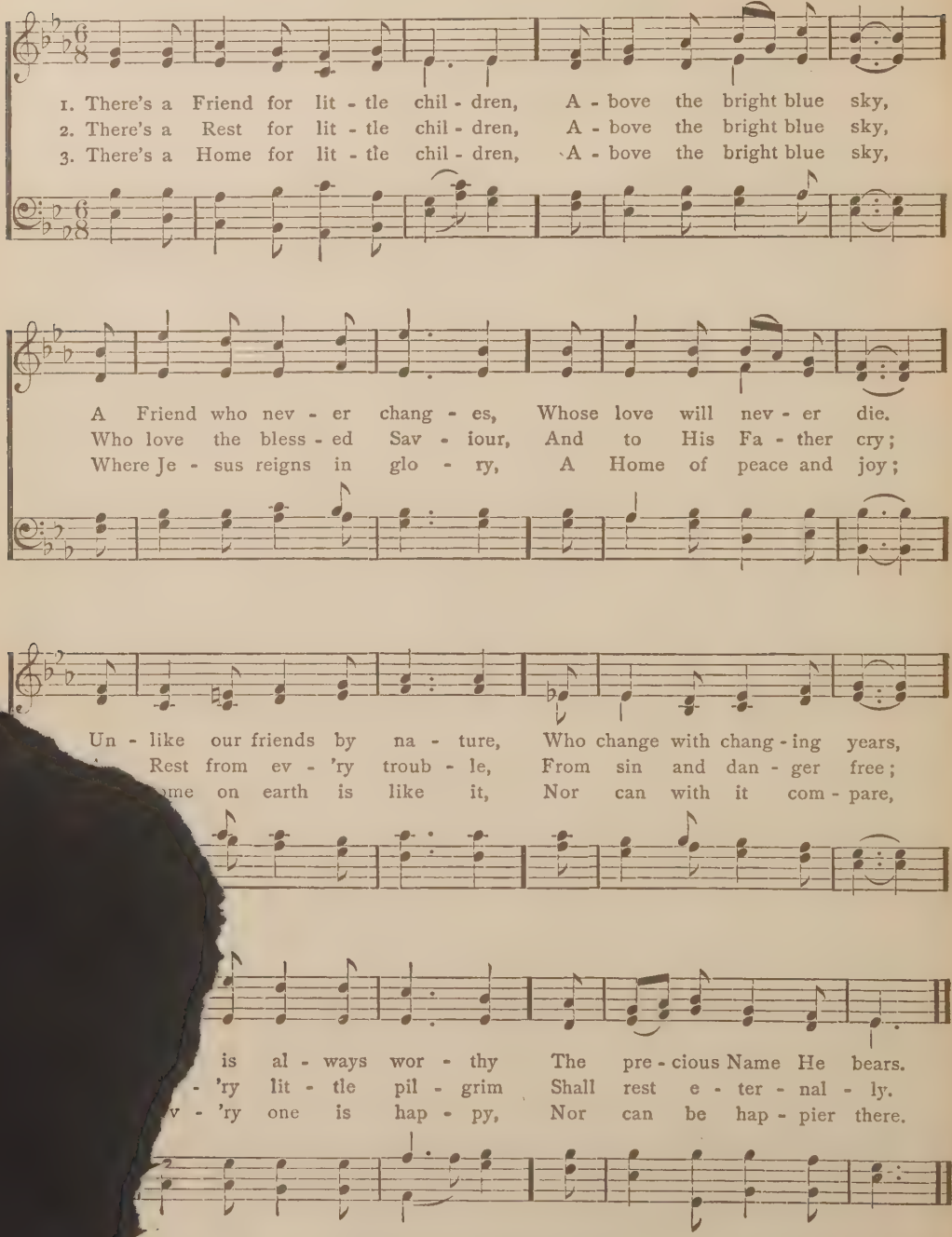
No. 684. *There's a Friend for Little Children*

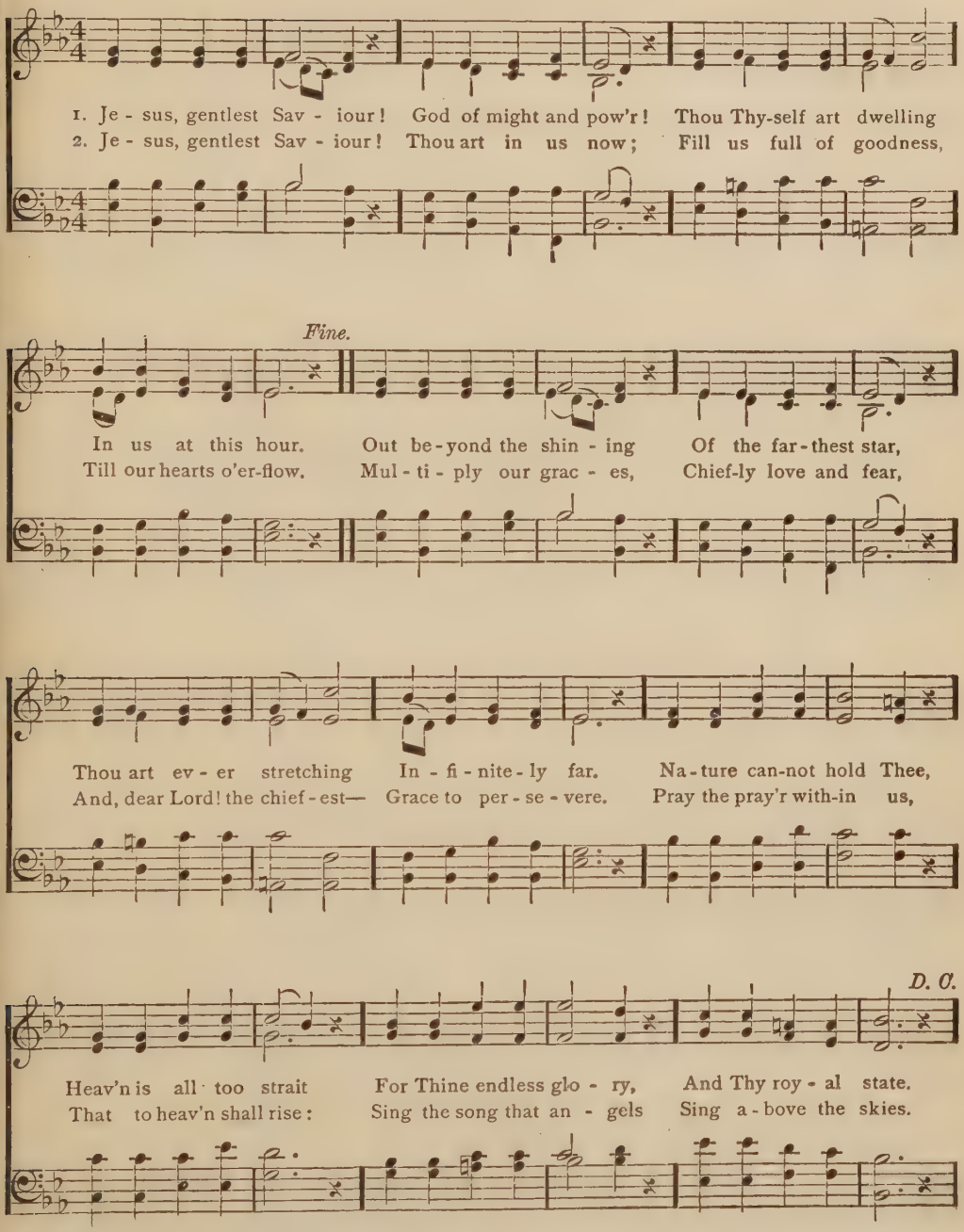
Albert Midlane IN MEMORIAM. 8.6.7.6.7.6. *J. Stainer*


1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,
2. There's a Rest for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,
3. There's a Home for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,
A Friend who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die.
Who love the bless - ed Sav - iour, And to His Fa - ther cry;
Where Je - sus reigns in glo - ry, A Home of peace and joy;
Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with chang - ing years,
Rest from ev - 'ry troub - le, From sin and dan - ger free;
me on earth is like it, Nor can with it com - pare,
is al - ways wor - thy The pre - cious Name He bears.
- 'ry lit - tle pil - grim Shall rest e - ter - nal - ly.
v - 'ry one is hap - py, Nor can be hap - pier there.

No. 685.

Jesus, Gentlest Saviour

F. W. Faber TUFTS. 6s & 5s D. *J. W. Tufts*


1. Je - sus, gentlest Sav - iour! God of might and pow'r! Thou Thy-self art dwelling
2. Je - sus, gentlest Sav - iour! Thou art in us now; Fill us full of goodness,
Fine.
In us at this hour. Out be-yond the shin - ing Of the far-thest star,
Till our hearts o'er-flow. Mul - ti - ply our grac - es, Chief-ly love and fear,
Thou art ev - er stretching In - fi - nite - ly far. Na-ture can-not hold Thee,
And, dear Lord! the chief - est— Grace to per - se - vere. Pray the pray'r with-in us,
D. C.
Heav'n is all too strait For Thine endless glo - ry, And Thy roy - al state.
That to heav'n shall rise: Sing the song that an - gels Sing a - bove the skies.

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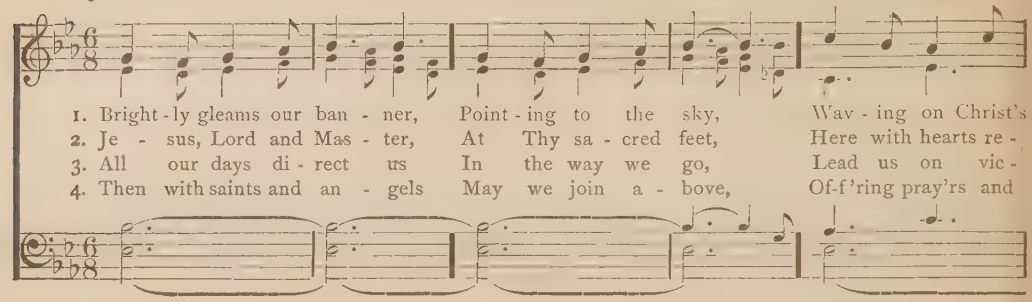
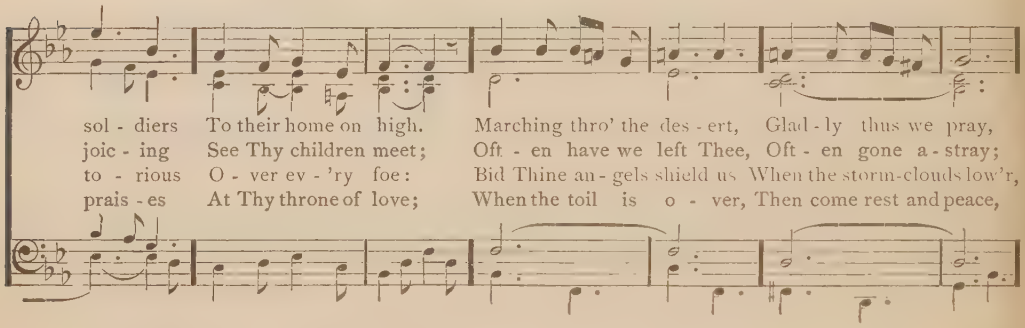
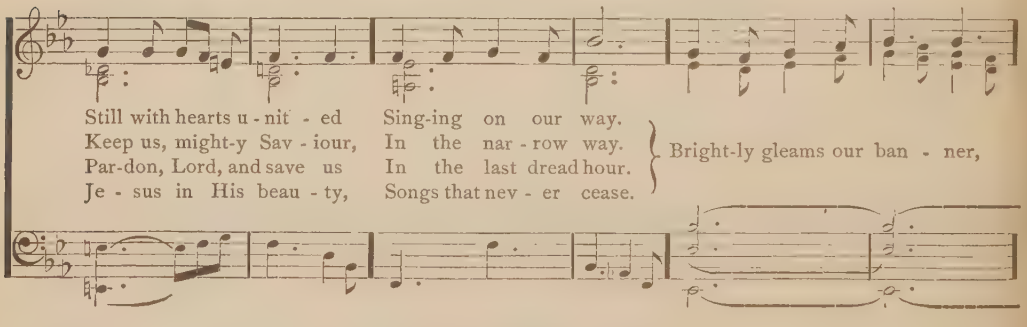
No. 686. *Brightly Gleams Our Banner*

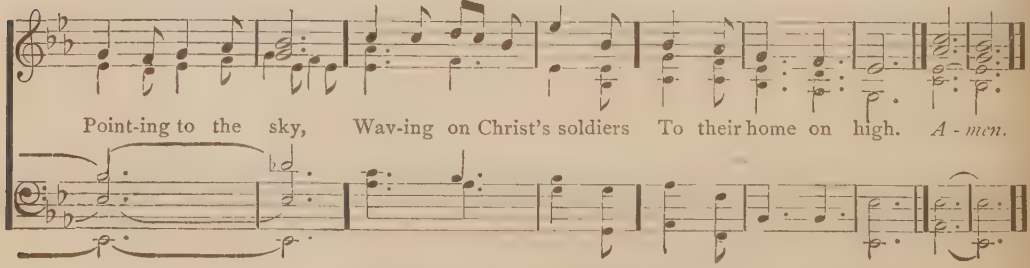
T. J. Potter, Abr. ST. THERESA. 6s & 5s. Eight lines, with Refrain *A. S. Sullivan*


1. Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-
3. All our days di-rect us In the way we go, Lead us on vic-
4. Then with saints and an - gels May we join a - bove, Of-f'ring pray'rs and


sol - diers To their home on high. Marching thro' the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
joic - ing See Thy children meet; Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray;
to - rious O - ver ev - 'ry foe: Bid Thine an - gels shield us When the storm-clouds low'r,
prais - es At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o - ver, Then come rest and peace,

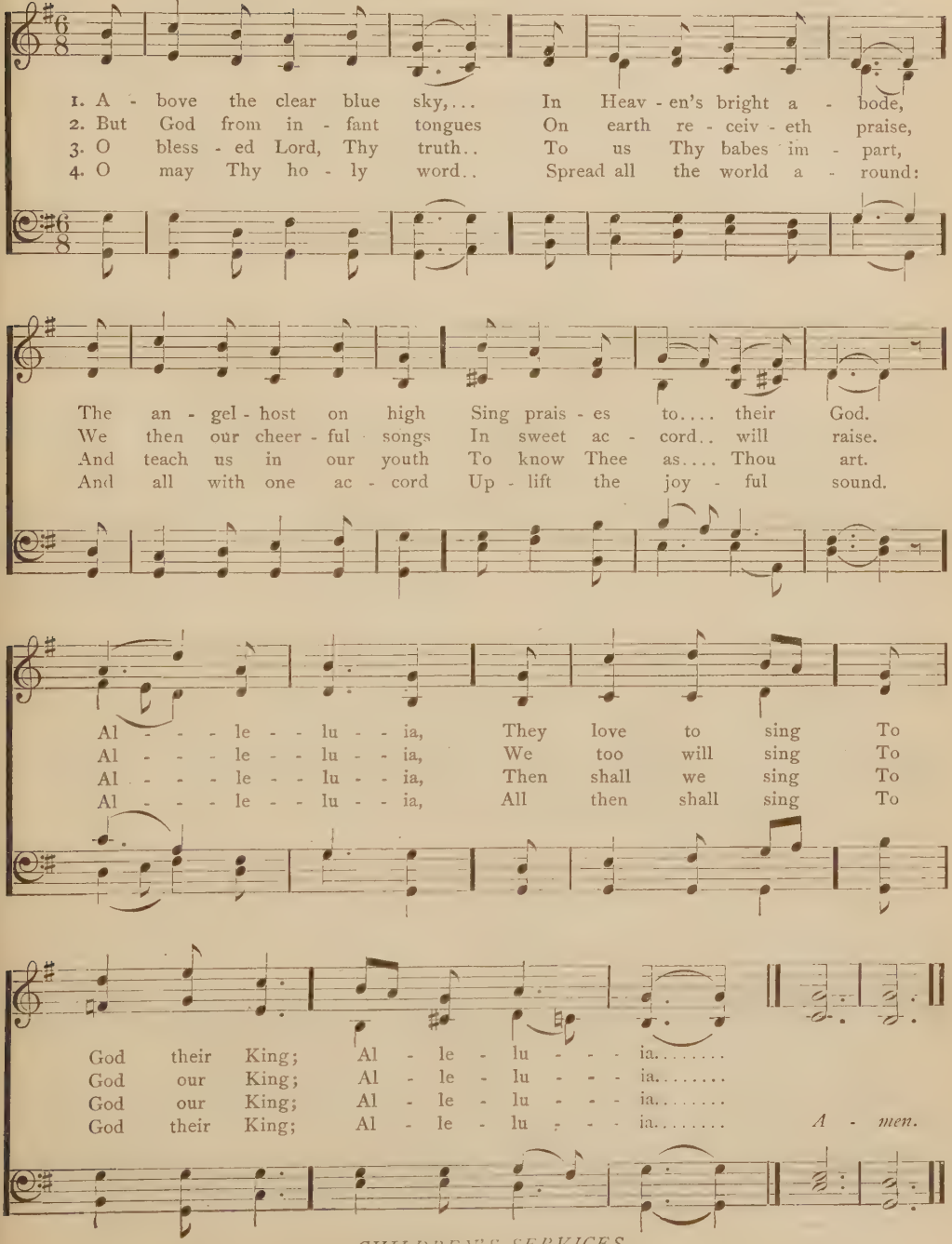
REFRAIN.


Still with hearts u - nit - ed Sing-ing on our way.
Keep us, might-y Sav - iour, In the nar - row way.
Par-don, Lord, and save us In the last dread hour.
Je - sus in His beau - ty, Songs that nev - er cease.
Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner,



No. 687. *Above the Clear Blue Sky*

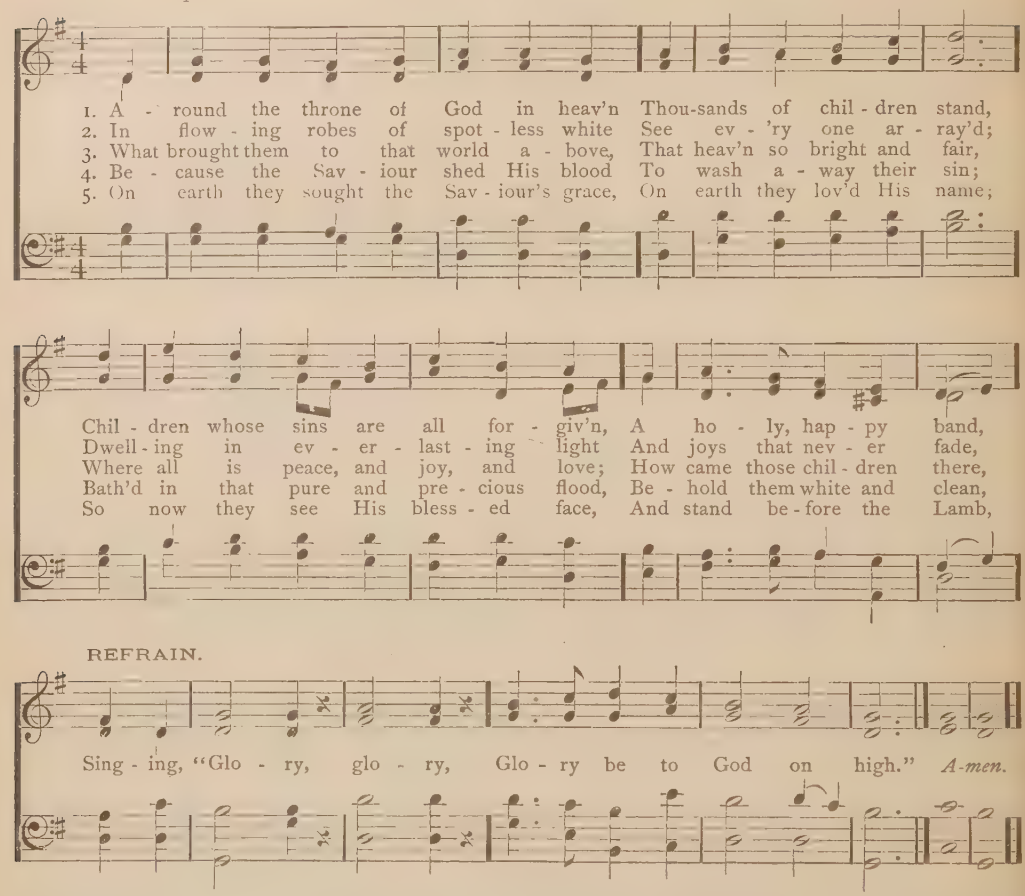
J. Chandler — CHILDREN'S VOICES. 6s & 4s. — *E. J. Hopkins*


1. A - bove the clear blue sky,... In Heav - en's bright a - bode,
2. But God from in - fant tongues On earth re - ceiv - eth praise,
3. O bless - ed Lord, Thy truth.. To us Thy babes im - part,
4. O may Thy ho - ly word.. Spread all the world a - round:
The an - gel - host on high Sing prais - es to.... their God.
We then our cheer - ful songs In sweet ac - cord.. will raise.
And teach us in our youth To know Thee as.... Thou art.
And all with one ac - cord Up - lift the joy - ful sound.
Al - - - le - - lu - - ia, They love to sing To
Al - - - le - - lu - - ia, We too will sing To
Al - - - le - - lu - - ia, Then shall we sing To
Al - - - le - - lu - - ia, All then shall sing To
God their King; Al - le - lu - - - ia.....
God our King; Al - le - lu - - - ia.....
God our King; Al - le - lu - - - ia.....
God their King; Al - le - lu - - - ia..... A - men.

No. 688. *Around the Throne of God in Heaven*

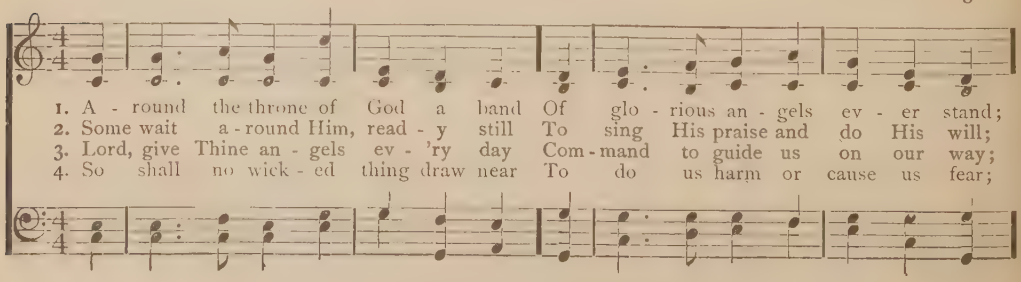
CHILDREN'S PRAISES. C. M., with Refrain

Anne H. Shepherd — *H. E. Matthews*, 1854.

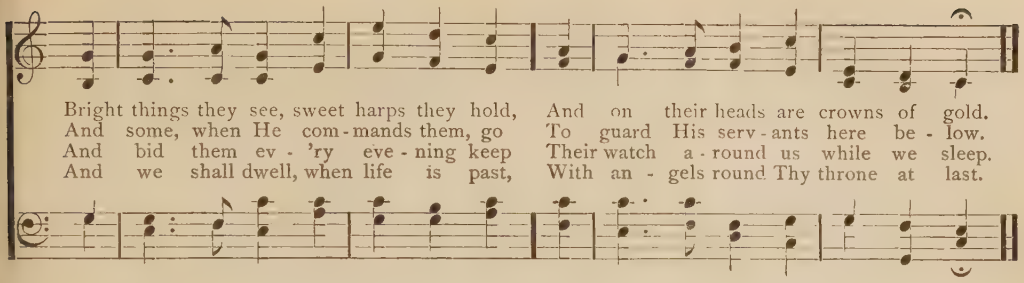

1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n Thou-sands of chil - dren stand,
2. In flow - ing robes of spot - less white See ev - 'ry one ar - ray'd;
3. What brought them to that world a - bove, That heav'n so bright and fair,
4. Be - cause the Sav - iour shed His blood To wash a - way their sin;
5. On earth they sought the Sav - iour's grace, On earth they lov'd His name;
Chil - dren whose sins are all for - giv'n, A ho - ly, hap - py band,
Dwell - ing in ev - er - last - ing light And joys that nev - er fade,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love; How came those chil - dren there,
Bath'd in that pure and pre - cious flood, Be - hold them white and clean,
So now they see His bless - ed face, And stand be - fore the Lamb,
REFRAIN.
Sing - ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high." A-men.

No. 689. *Around the Throne of God a Band*

J. M. Neale — ALSTONE. L. M. — *C. E. Willing*

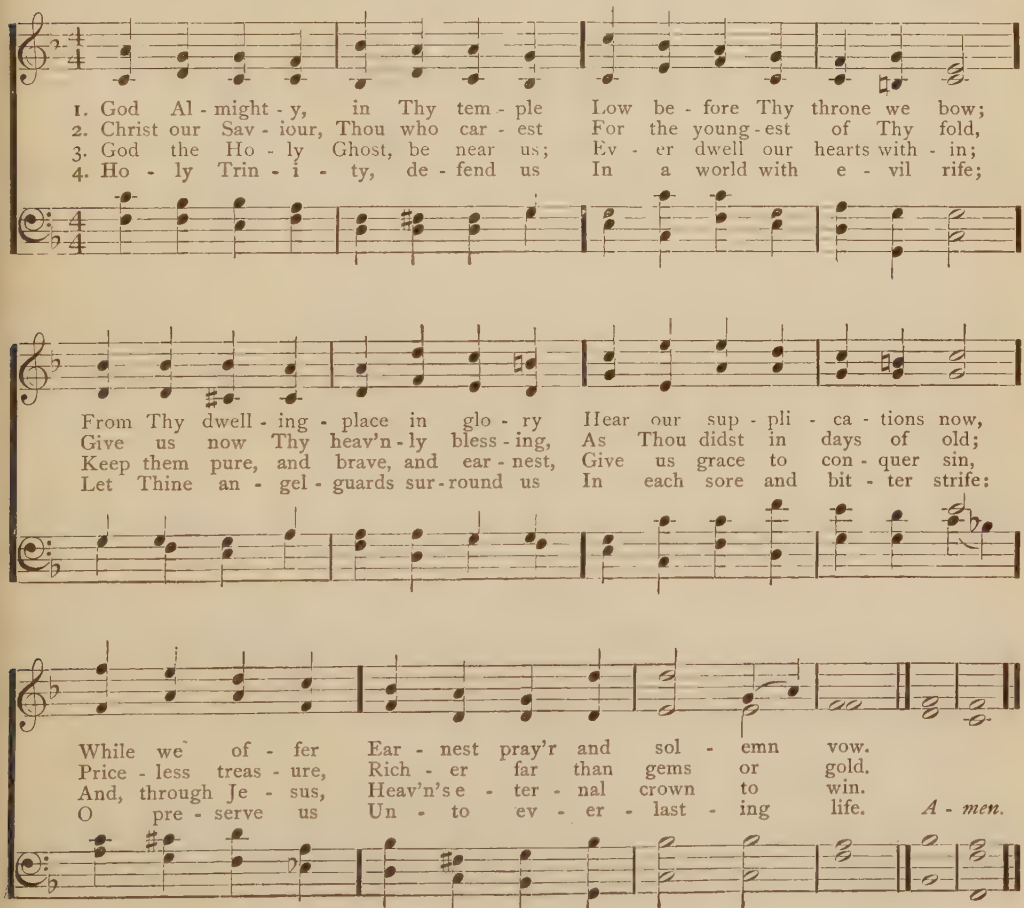

1. A - round the throne of God a band Of glo - rious an - gels ev - er stand;
2. Some wait a - round Him, read - y still To sing His praise and do His will;
3. Lord, give Thine an - gels ev - 'ry day Com - mand to guide us on our way;
4. So shall no wick - ed thing draw near To do us harm or cause us fear;

Around the Throne of God a Band


Bright things they see, sweet harps they hold, And on their heads are crowns of gold.
And some, when He com-mands them, go To guard His serv-ants here be-low.
And bid them ev-'ry eve-ning keep Their watch a-round us while we sleep.
And we shall dwell, when life is past, With an-gels round Thy throne at last.

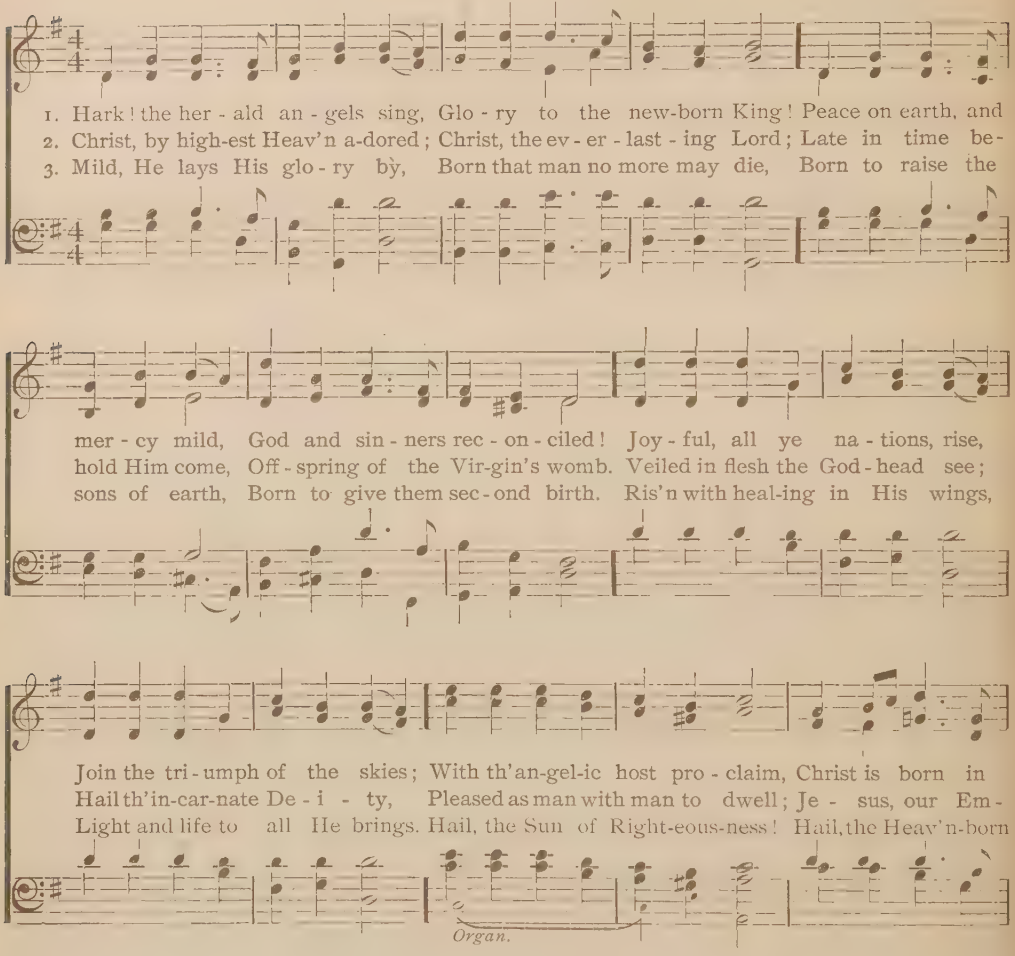
No. 690. *God Almighty, in Thy Temple*

R. H. Baynes ETON COLLEGE. 8.7.8.7.4.7. *J. Barnby*


1. God Al-might-y, in Thy tem-ple Low be-fore Thy throne we bow;
2. Christ our Sav-iour, Thou who car-est For the young-est of Thy fold,
3. God the Ho-ly Ghost, be near us; Ev-er dwell our hearts with-in;
4. Ho-ly Trin-i-ty, de-fend us In a world with e-vil rife;
From Thy dwell-ing-place in glo-ry Hear our sup-pli-ca-tions now,
Give us now Thy heav'n-ly bless-ing, As Thou didst in days of old;
Keep them pure, and brave, and ear-nest, Give us grace to con-quer sin,
Let Thine an-gel-guards sur-round us In each sore and bit-ter strife:
While we of-fer Ear-nest pray'r and sol-emn vow.
Price-less treas-ure, Rich-er far than gems or gold.
And, through Je-sus, Heav'n's e-ter-nal crown to win.
O pre-serve us Un-to ev-er-last-ing life. A-men.

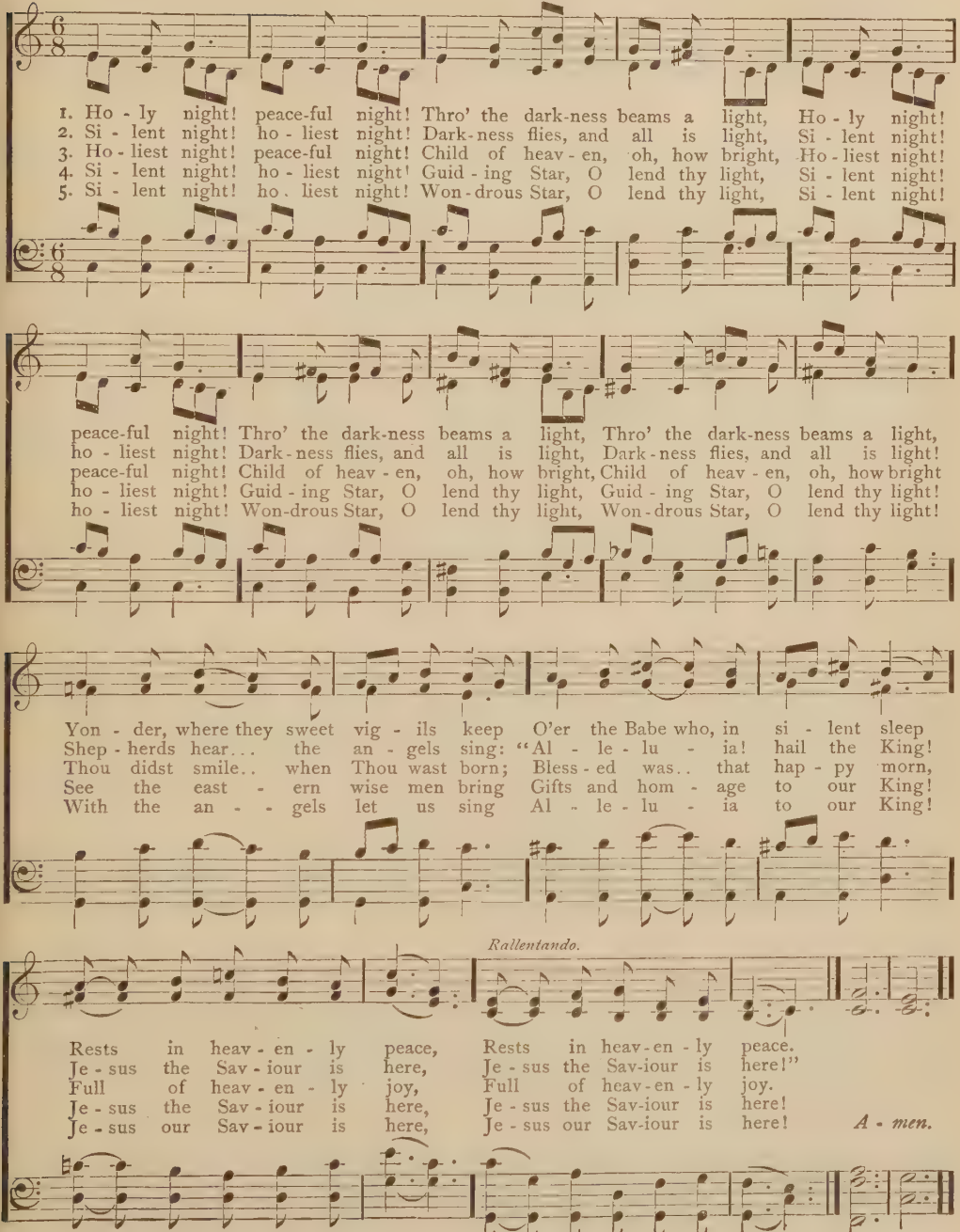
No. 691. *Hark! the Herald Angels Sing*

Charles Wesley MENDELSSOHN. 7s.D. *F. Mendelssohn*


1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and
2. Christ, by high-est Heav'n a-dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord; Late in time be-
3. Mild, He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the
mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled! Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise,
hold Him come, Off - spring of the Vir-gin's womb. Veiled in flesh the God - head see;
sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth. Ris'n with heal-ing in His wings,
Join the tri - umph of the skies; With th'an-gel-ic host pro - claim, Christ is born in
Hail th'in-car-nate De - i - ty, Pleased as man with man to dwell; Je - sus, our Em -
Light and life to all He brings. Hail, the Sun of Right-eous-ness! Hail, the Heav'n-born
Organ.
Beth - le - hem. Hark! the her-ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King!
man - u - el! Hark! the her-ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King!
Prince of Peace! Hark! the her-ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King! A - MEN.

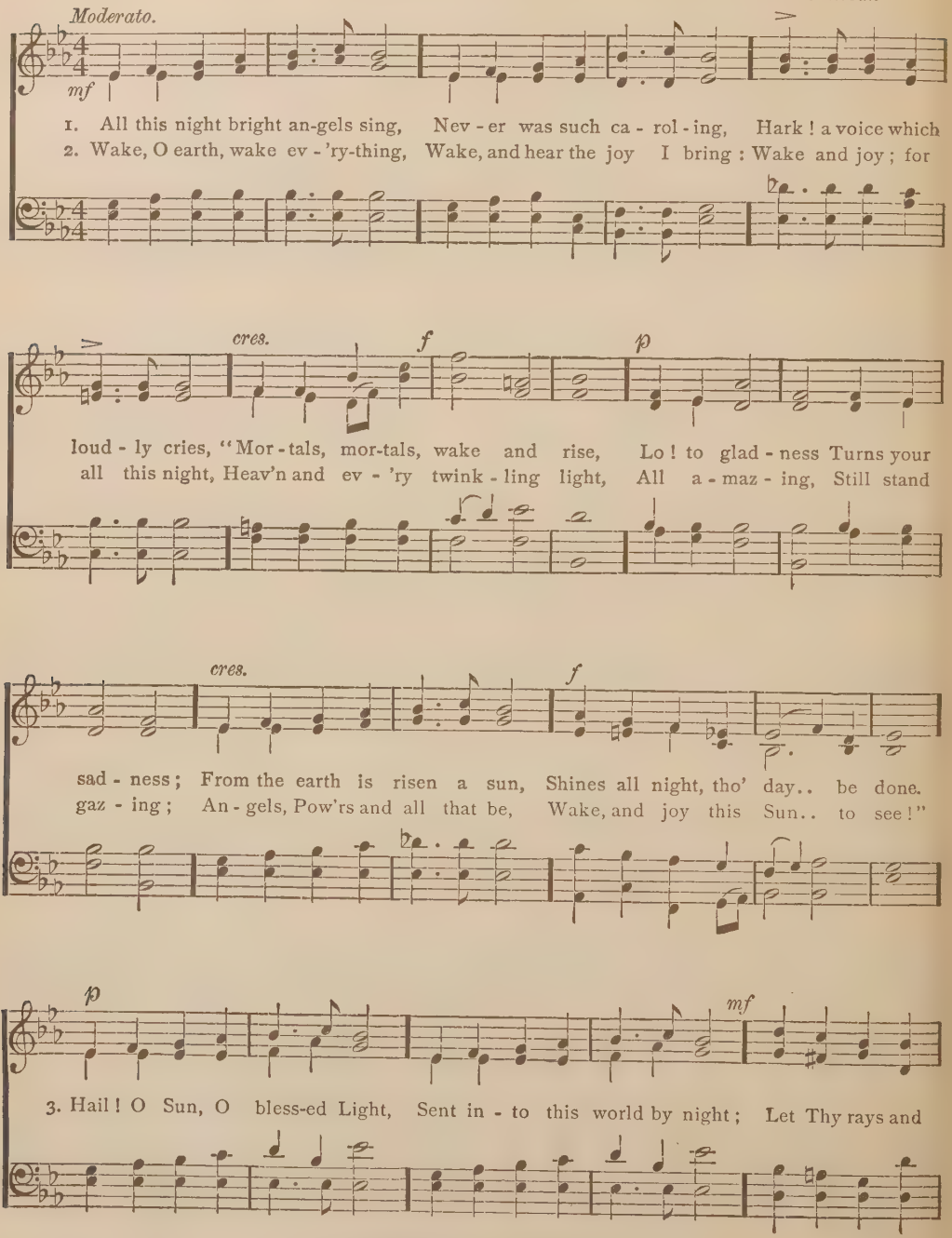
No. 692. # *Holy Night! Peaceful Night*

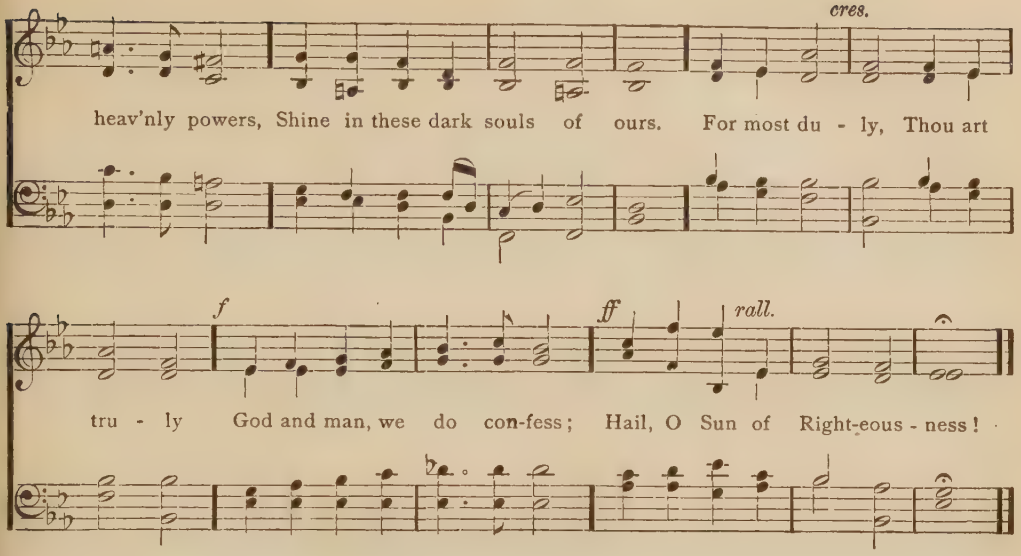
J. Mohr NATIVITY. P. M. *J. Barnby*


1. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! Thro' the dark-ness beams a light, Ho - ly night!
2. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Dark-ness flies, and all is light, Si - lent night!
3. Ho - liest night! peace-ful night! Child of heav - en, oh, how bright, Ho - liest night!
4. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Guid - ing Star, O lend thy light, Si - lent night!
5. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Won - drous Star, O lend thy light, Si - lent night!
peace-ful night! Thro' the dark-ness beams a light, Thro' the dark-ness beams a light,
ho - liest night! Dark - ness flies, and all is light, Dark - ness flies, and all is light!
peace-ful night! Child of heav - en, oh, how bright, Child of heav - en, oh, how bright
ho - liest night! Guid - ing Star, O lend thy light, Guid - ing Star, O lend thy light!
ho - liest night! Won-drous Star, O lend thy light, Won - drous Star, O lend thy light!
Yon - der, where they sweet vig - ils keep O'er the Babe who, in si - lent sleep
Shep - herds hear... the an - gels sing: "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
Thou didst smile.. when Thou wast born; Bless - ed was.. that hap - py morn,
See the east - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
With the an - - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King!
Rallentando.
Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
Je - sus the Sav - iour is here, Je - sus the Sav-iour is here!"
Full of heav - en - ly joy, Full of heav-en - ly joy.
Je - sus the Sav - iour is here, Je - sus the Sav-iour is here!
Je - sus our Sav - iour is here, Je - sus our Sav-iour is here! A - men.

No. 693. *All this Night Bright Angels Sing*

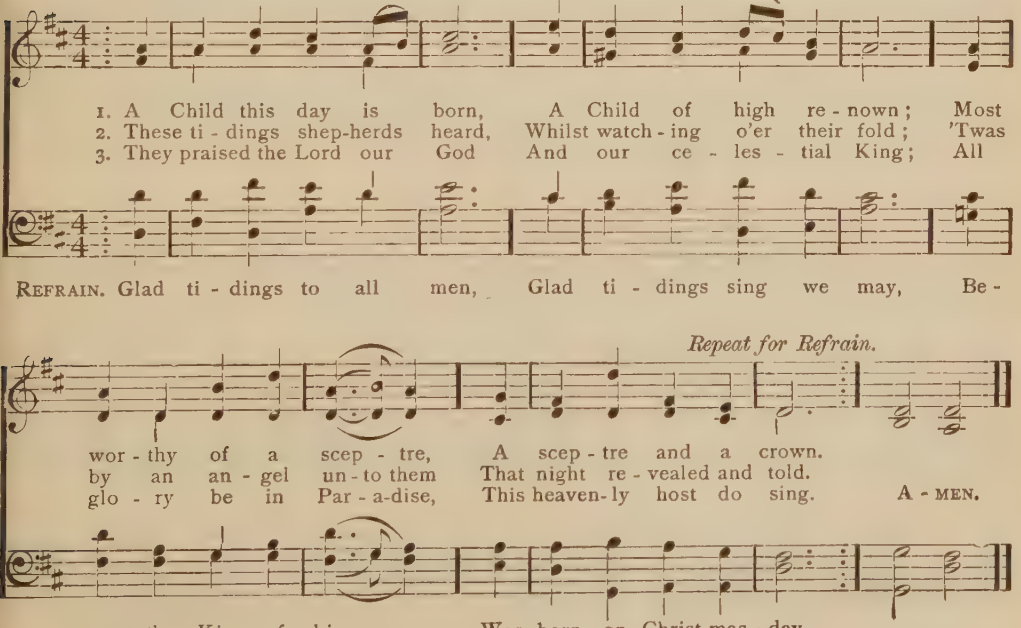
William Austin AUSTIN. 7s & 8s, Seven lines. *A. S. Sullivan*


Moderato.
mf
1. All this night bright an-gels sing, Nev-er was such ca-rol-ing, Hark! a voice which
2. Wake, O earth, wake ev-'ry-thing, Wake, and hear the joy I bring: Wake and joy; for
cres.
f
p
loud-ly cries, "Mor-tals, mor-tals, wake and rise, Lo! to glad-ness Turns your
all this night, Heav'n and ev-'ry twink-ling light, All a-maz-ing, Still stand
cres.
f
sad-ness; From the earth is risen a sun, Shines all night, tho' day.. be done.
gaz-ing; An-gels, Pow'rs and all that be, Wake, and joy this Sun.. to see!"
p
mf
3. Hail! O Sun, O bless-ed Light, Sent in-to this world by night; Let Thy rays and


cres.
heav'nly powers, Shine in these dark souls of ours. For most du - ly, Thou art
f
ff
rall.
tru - ly God and man, we do con-fess; Hail, O Sun of Right-eous - ness!

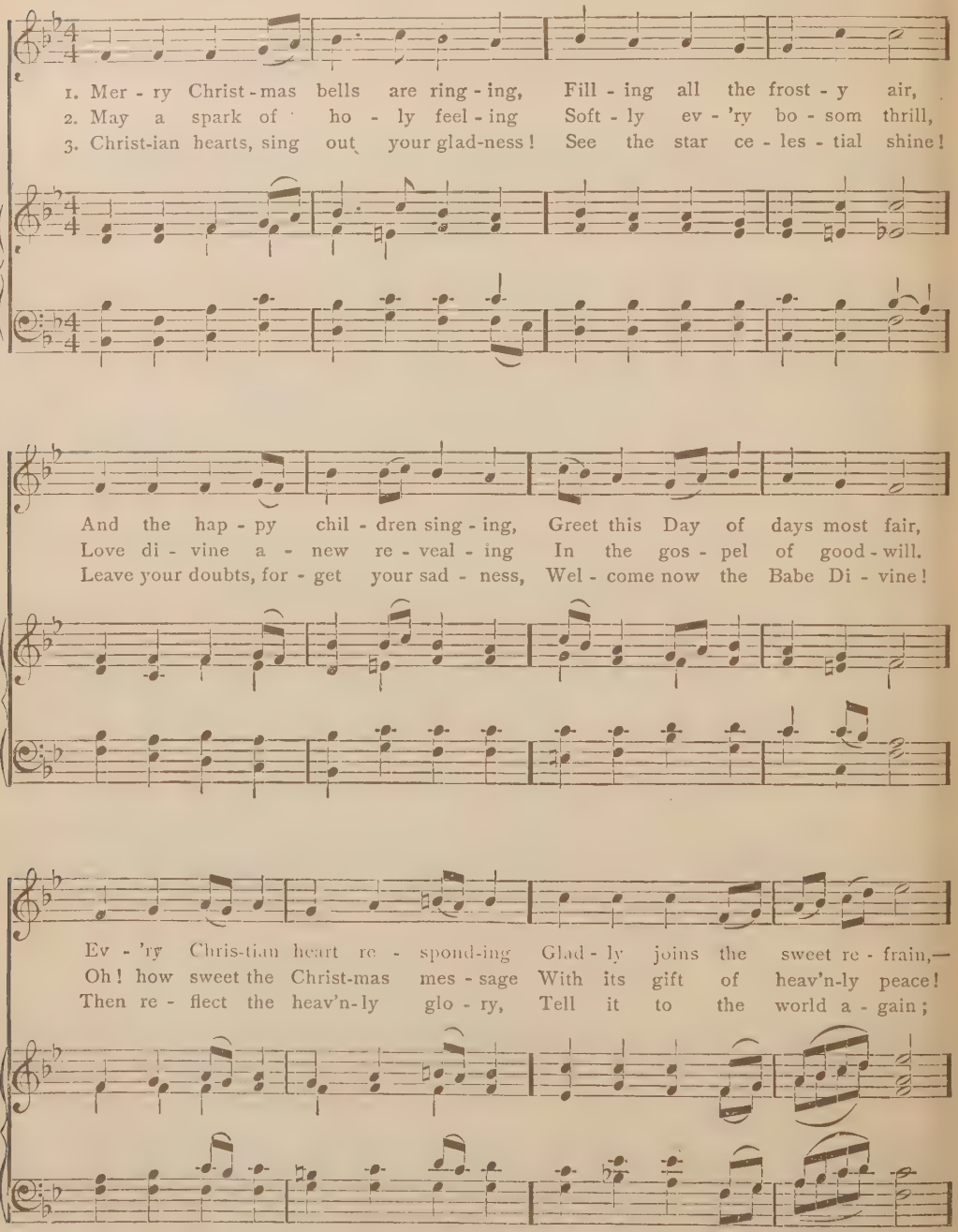
No. 694. *A Child this Day is Born*

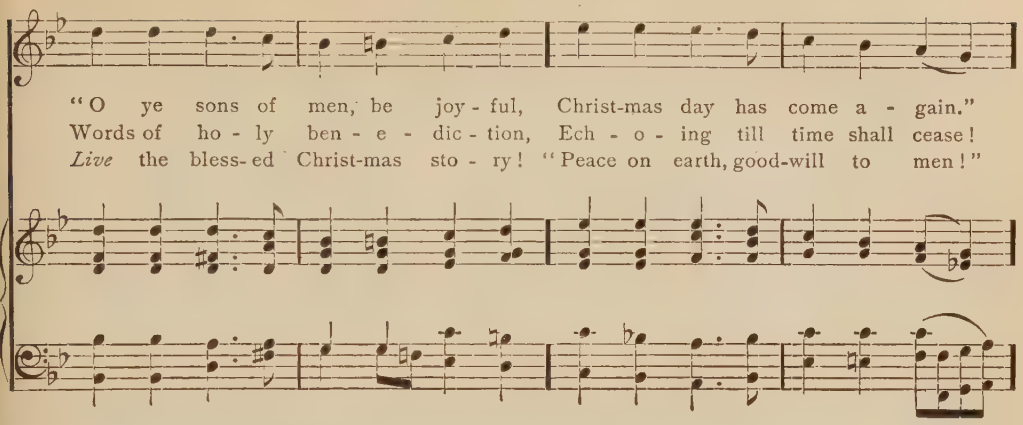
Traditional, abr. BAILEY. 6s & 7s. *Traditional*


1. A Child this day is born, A Child of high re - nown; Most
2. These ti - dings shep-herds heard, Whilst watch - ing o'er their fold; 'Twas
3. They praised the Lord our God And our ce - les - tial King; All
REFRAIN. Glad ti - dings to all men, Glad ti - dings sing we may, Be -
Repeat for Refrain.
wor - thy of a scep - tre, A scep - tre and a crown.
by an an - gel un - to them That night re - vealed and told.
glo - ry be in Par - a-dise, This heaven-ly host do sing. A - MEN.
cause the King of kings.... Was born on Christ-mas - day.

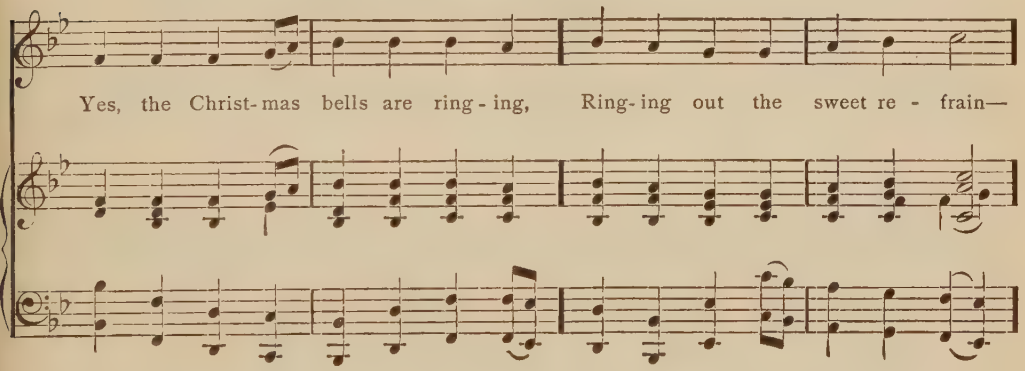
No. 695. *Merry Christmas Bells Are Ringing*

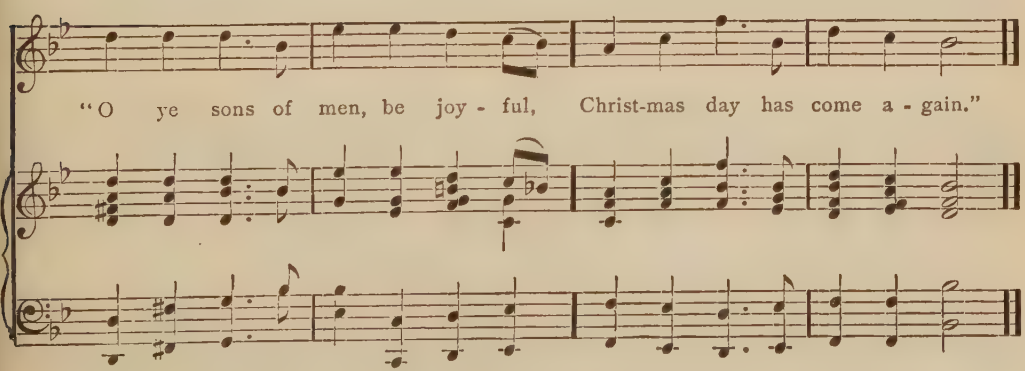
Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 (PROCESSIONAL CAROL.) *Albert J. Holden*


1. Mer - ry Christ - mas bells are ring - ing, Fill - ing all the frost - y air,
2. May a spark of ho - ly feel - ing Soft - ly ev - 'ry bo - som thrill,
3. Christ-ian hearts, sing out your glad-ness! See the star ce - les - tial shine!
And the hap - py chil - dren sing - ing, Greet this Day of days most fair,
Love di - vine a - new re - veal - ing In the gos - pel of good - will.
Leave your doubts, for - get your sad - ness, Wel - come now the Babe Di - vine!
Ev - 'ry Chris-tian heart re - spond-ing Glad - ly joins the sweet re - frain,—
Oh! how sweet the Christ-mas mes - sage With its gift of heav'n-ly peace!
Then re - flect the heav'n-ly glo - ry, Tell it to the world a - gain;


"O ye sons of men, be joy - ful, Christ-mas day has come a - gain."
Words of ho - ly ben - e - dic - tion, Ech - o - ing till time shall cease!
Live the bless-ed Christ-mas sto - ry! "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

REFRAIN.





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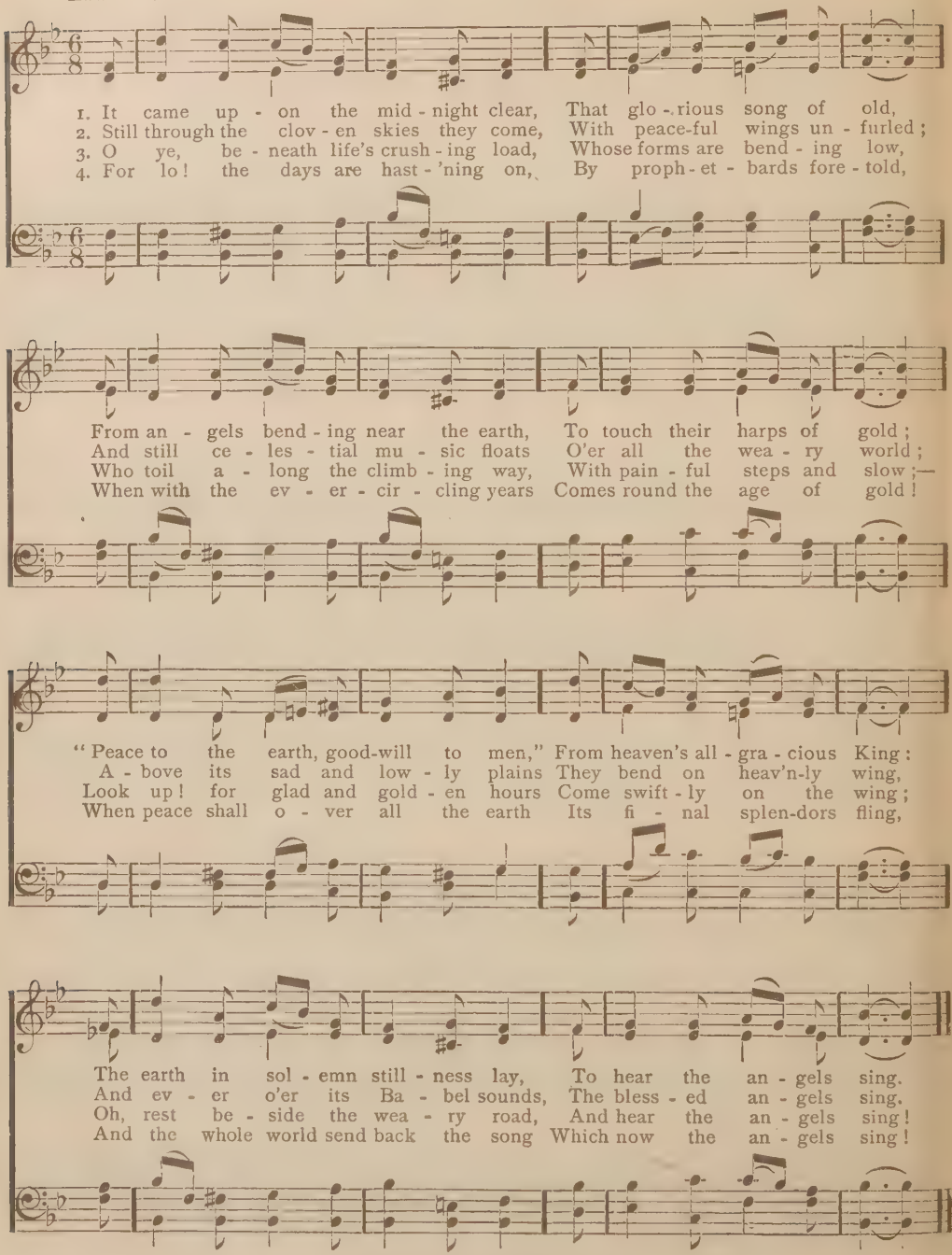
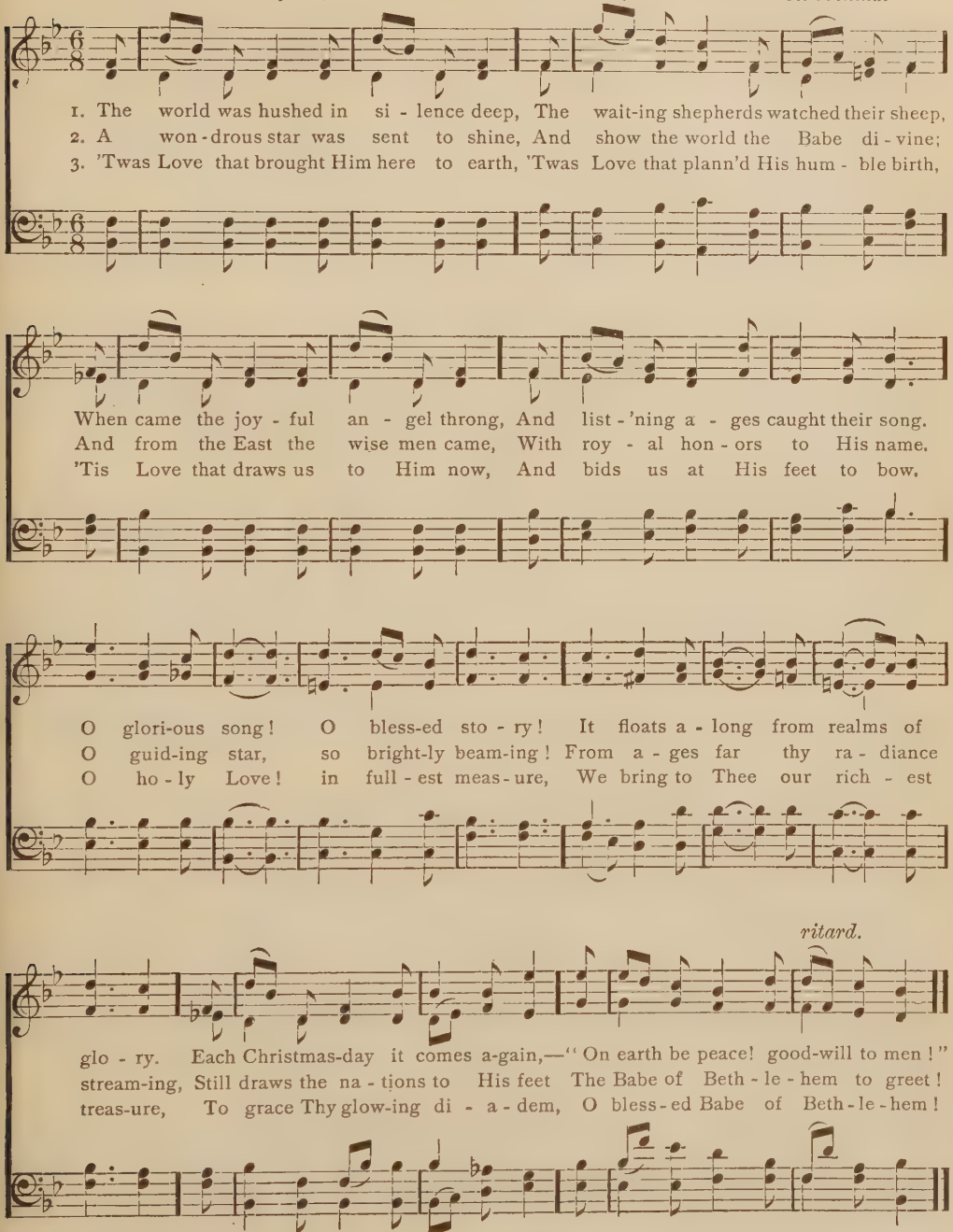
No. 696. *It Came upon the Midnight Clear*

Edwin H. Sears CAROL. C. M. D. *R. S. Willis*, 1849


1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still through the clov - en skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled;
3. O ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
4. For lo! the days are hast - 'ning on, By proph - et - bards fore - told,
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
And still ce - les - tial mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way, With pain - ful steps and slow;—
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold!
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men," From heaven's all - gra - cious King:
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on heav'n-ly wing,
Look up! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing;
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its fi - nal splen-dors fling,
The earth in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds, The bless - ed an - gels sing.
Oh, rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing!
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing!

No. 697. *The World Was Hushed in Silence Deep*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891 KENT. L. M. D. *R. Menthal*


1. The world was hushed in si - lence deep, The wait-ing shepherds watched their sheep,
2. A won - drous star was sent to shine, And show the world the Babe di - vine;
3. 'Twas Love that brought Him here to earth, 'Twas Love that plann'd His hum - ble birth,
When came the joy - ful an - gel throng, And list - 'ning a - ges caught their song.
And from the East the wise men came, With roy - al hon - ors to His name.
'Tis Love that draws us to Him now, And bids us at His feet to bow.
O glori-ous song! O bless-ed sto - ry! It floats a - long from realms of
O guid-ing star, so bright-ly beam-ing! From a - ges far thy ra - diance
O ho - ly Love! in full - est meas - ure, We bring to Thee our rich - est
ritard.
glo - ry. Each Christmas-day it comes a-gain,—"On earth be peace! good-will to men!"
stream-ing, Still draws the na - tions to His feet The Babe of Beth - le - hem to greet!
treas-ure, To grace Thy glow-ing di - a - dem, O bless - ed Babe of Beth - le - hem!

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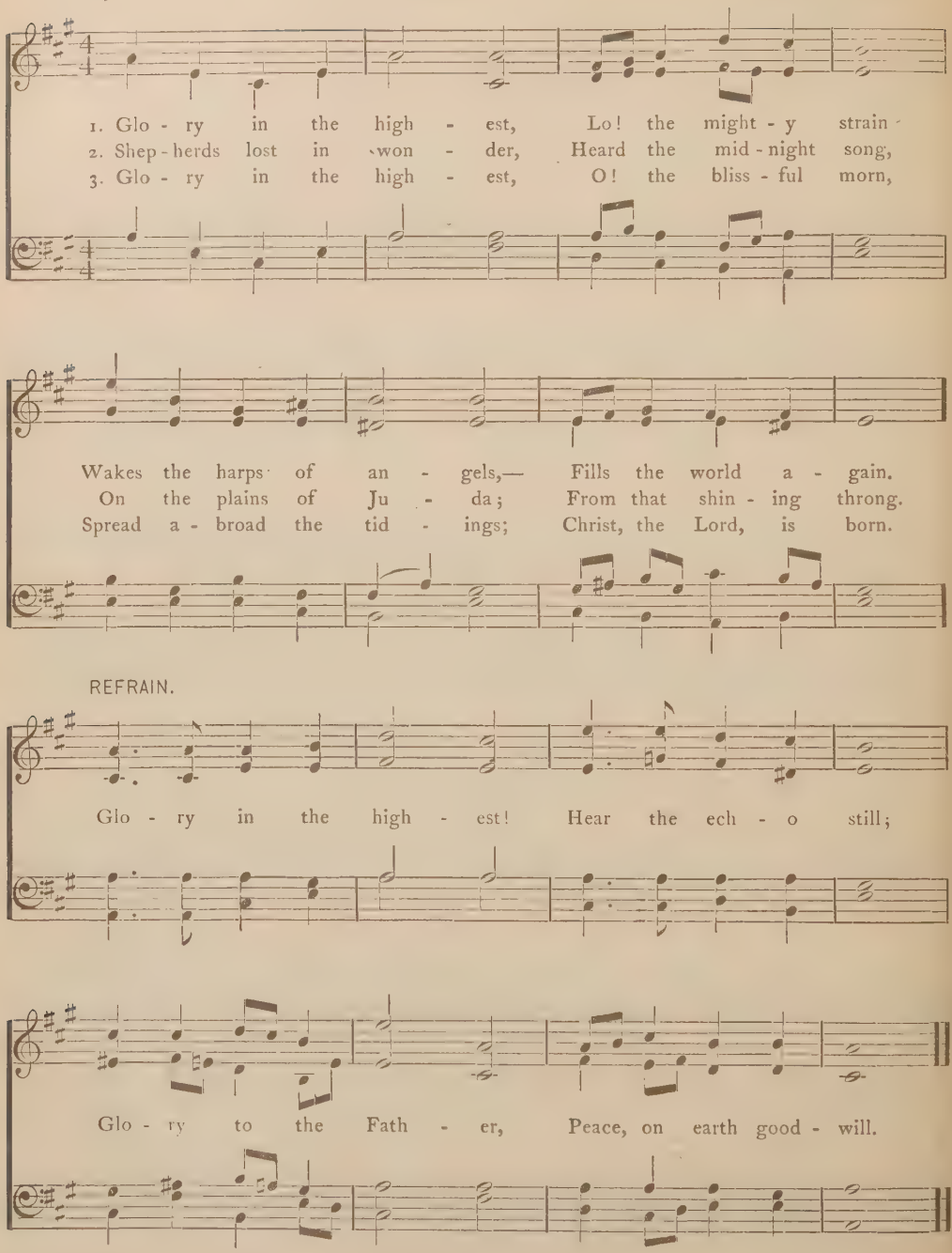
No. 698.

Glory in the Highest

Mary G. Walker BETHLEHEM. 6s & 5s. *Hubert P. Main*


1. Glo - ry in the high - est, Lo! the might - y strain -
2. Shep - herds lost in won - der, Heard the mid - night song,
3. Glo - ry in the high - est, O! the bliss - ful morn,
Wakes the harps of an - gels,— Fills the world a - gain.
On the plains of Ju - da; From that shin - ing throng.
Spread a - broad the tid - ings; Christ, the Lord, is born.
REFRAIN.
Glo - ry in the high - est! Hear the ech - o still;
Glo - ry to the Fath - er, Peace, on earth good - will.

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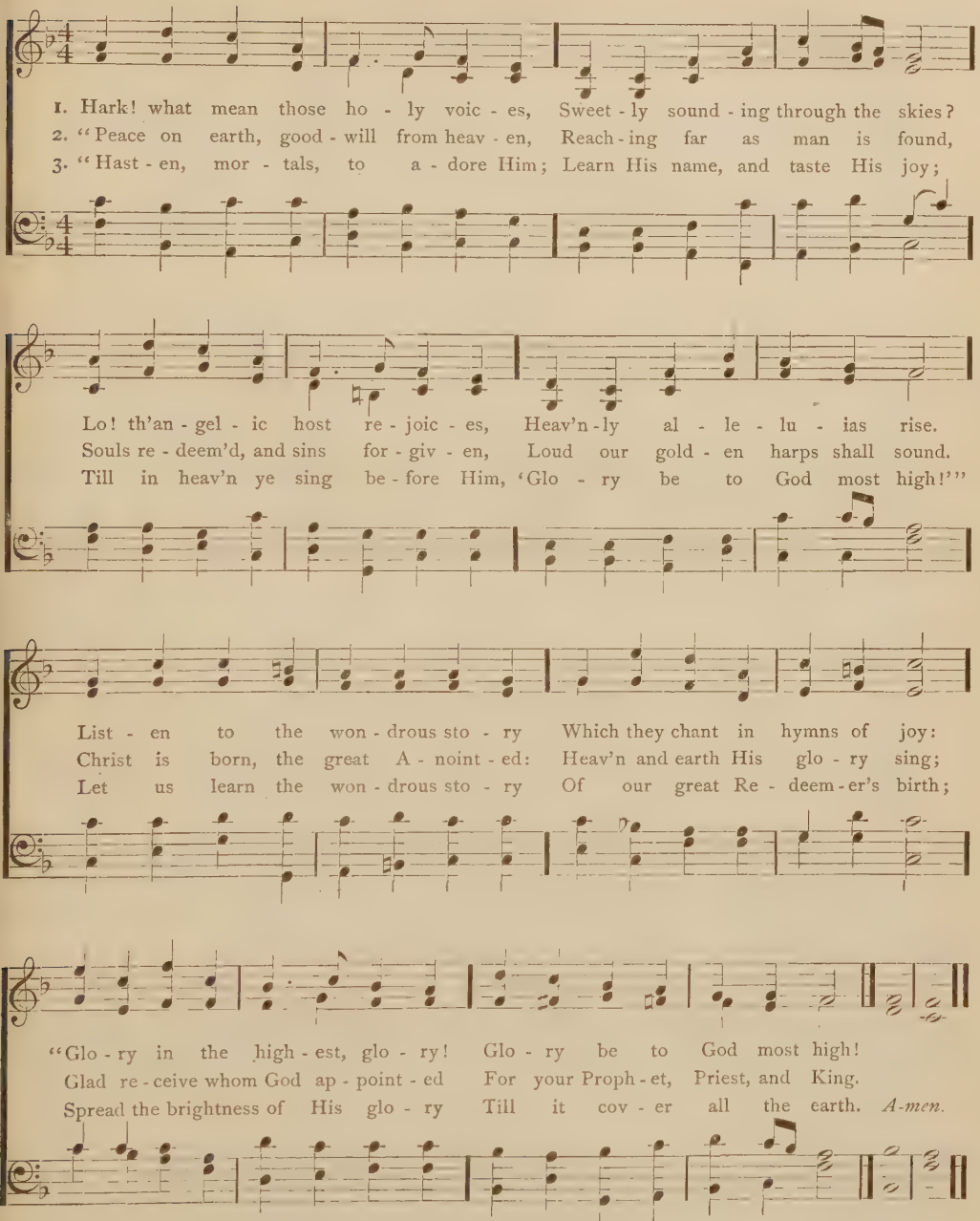
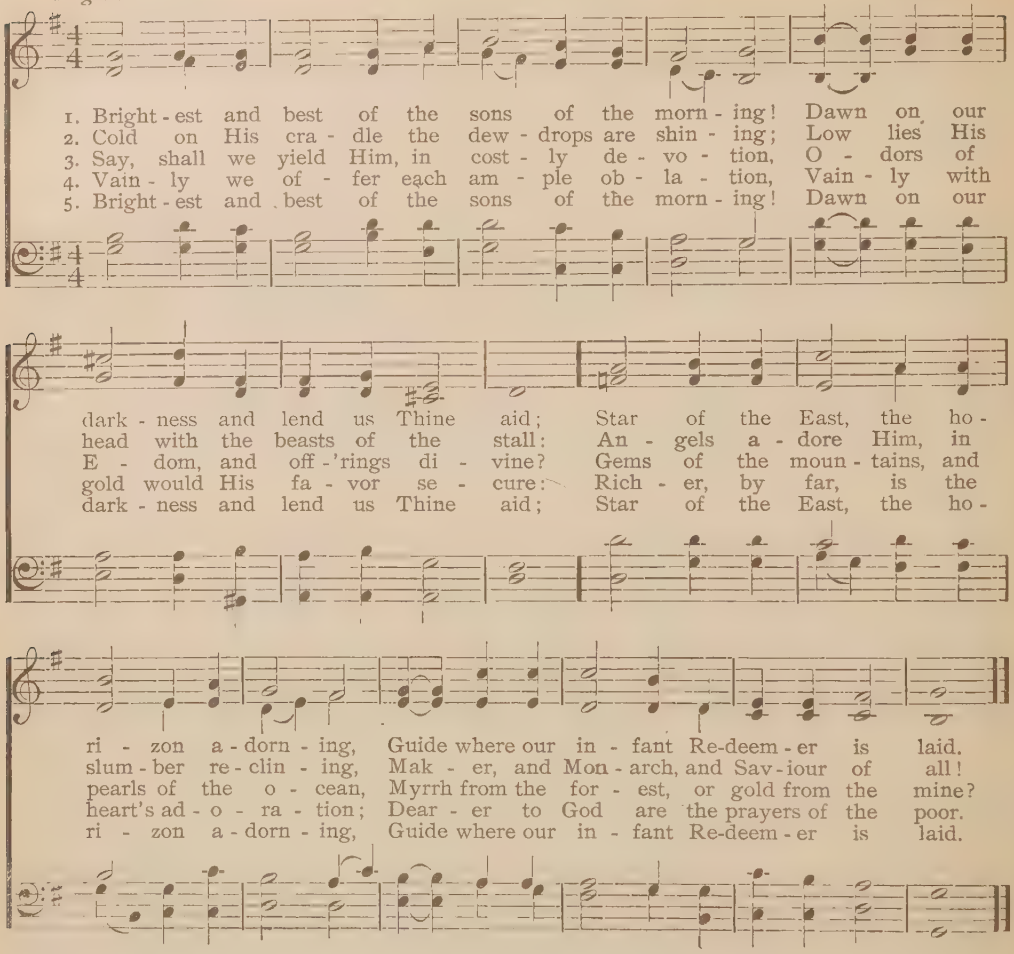
No. 699. *Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices*

J. Cawood SMART. 8s & 7s, D. *H. Smart*


1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet - ly sound - ing through the skies?
2. "Peace on earth, good - will from heav - en, Reach - ing far as man is found,
3. "Hast - en, mor - tals, to a - dore Him; Learn His name, and taste His joy;
Lo! th'an - gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heav'n - ly al - le - lu - ias rise.
Souls re - deem'd, and sins for - giv - en, Loud our gold - en harps shall sound.
Till in heav'n ye sing be - fore Him, 'Glo - ry be to God most high!'"
List - en to the won - drous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy:
Christ is born, the great A - noint - ed: Heav'n and earth His glo - ry sing;
Let us learn the won - drous sto - ry Of our great Re - deem - er's birth;
"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!
Glad re - ceive whom God ap - point - ed For your Proph - et, Priest, and King.
Spread the brightness of His glo - ry Till it cov - er all the earth. *A-men.*

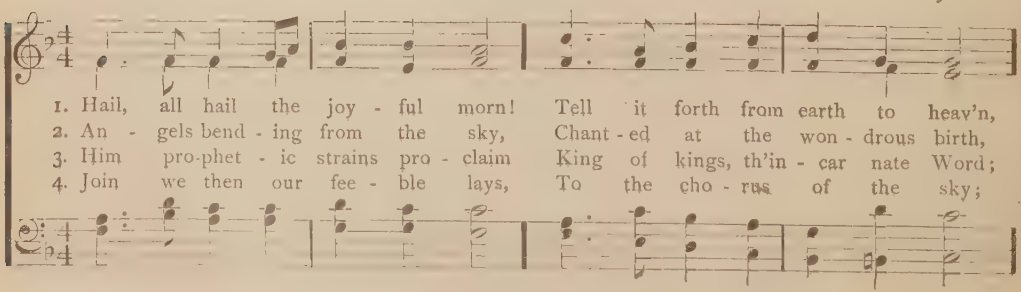
No. 700. *Brightest and Best of the Sons*

Reginald Heber NINIAN. 11s.&10s. *J. B. Dykes*

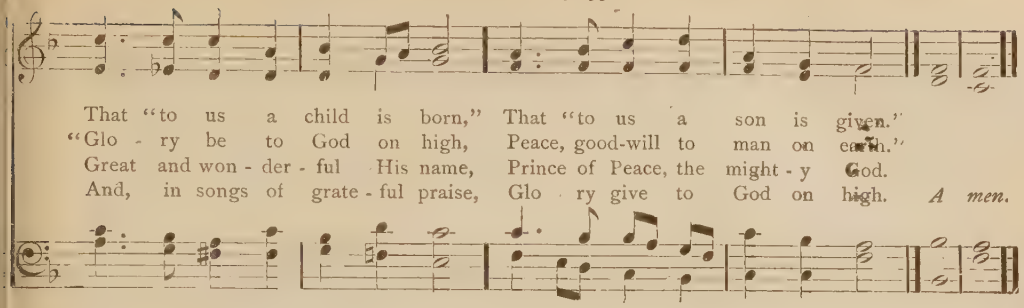

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing! Dawn on our
2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing; Low lies His
3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of
4. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion, Vain - ly with
5. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing! Dawn on our
dark - ness and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the ho -
head with the beasts of the stall: An - gels a - dore Him, in
E - dom, and off -'rings di - vine? Gems of the moun - tains, and
gold would His fa - vor se - cure: Rich - er, by far, is the
dark - ness and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the ho -
ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re-deem - er is laid.
slum - ber re - clin - ing, Mak - er, and Mon - arch, and Sav - iour of all!
pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine?
heart's ad - o - ra - tion; Dear - er to God are the prayers of the poor.
ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re-deem - er is laid.

No. 701. *Hail, All Hail the Joyful Morn*

H. Auber GLEBE. 7s. *J. B. Dykes*


1. Hail, all hail the joy - ful morn! Tell it forth from earth to heav'n,
2. An - gels bend - ing from the sky, Chant - ed at the won - drous birth,
3. Him pro-phet - ic strains pro - claim King of kings, th'in - car nate Word;
4. Join we then our fee - ble lays, To the cho - rus of the sky;

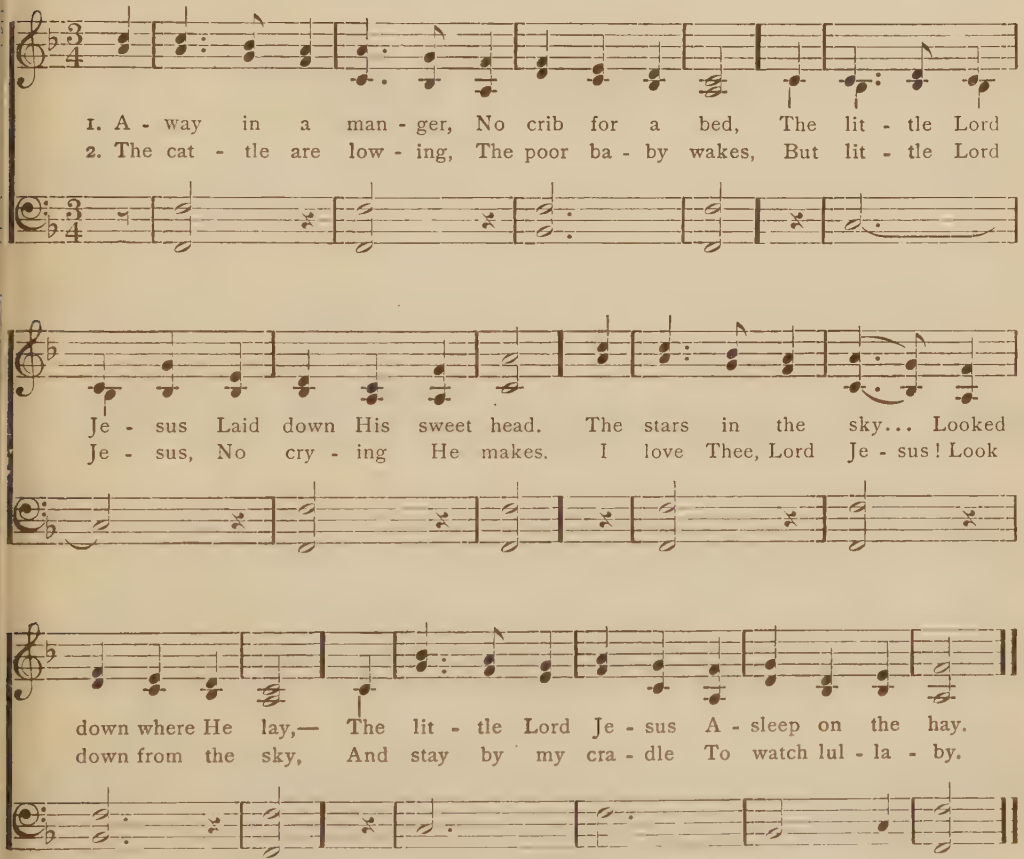
Hail, All Hail the Joyful Morn


That "to us a child is born," That "to us a son is given."
"Glo - ry be to God on high, Peace, good-will to man on earth."
Great and won - der - ful His name, Prince of Peace, the might - y God.
And, in songs of grate - ful praise, Glo - ry give to God on high. A men.

No. 702.

Away in a Manger

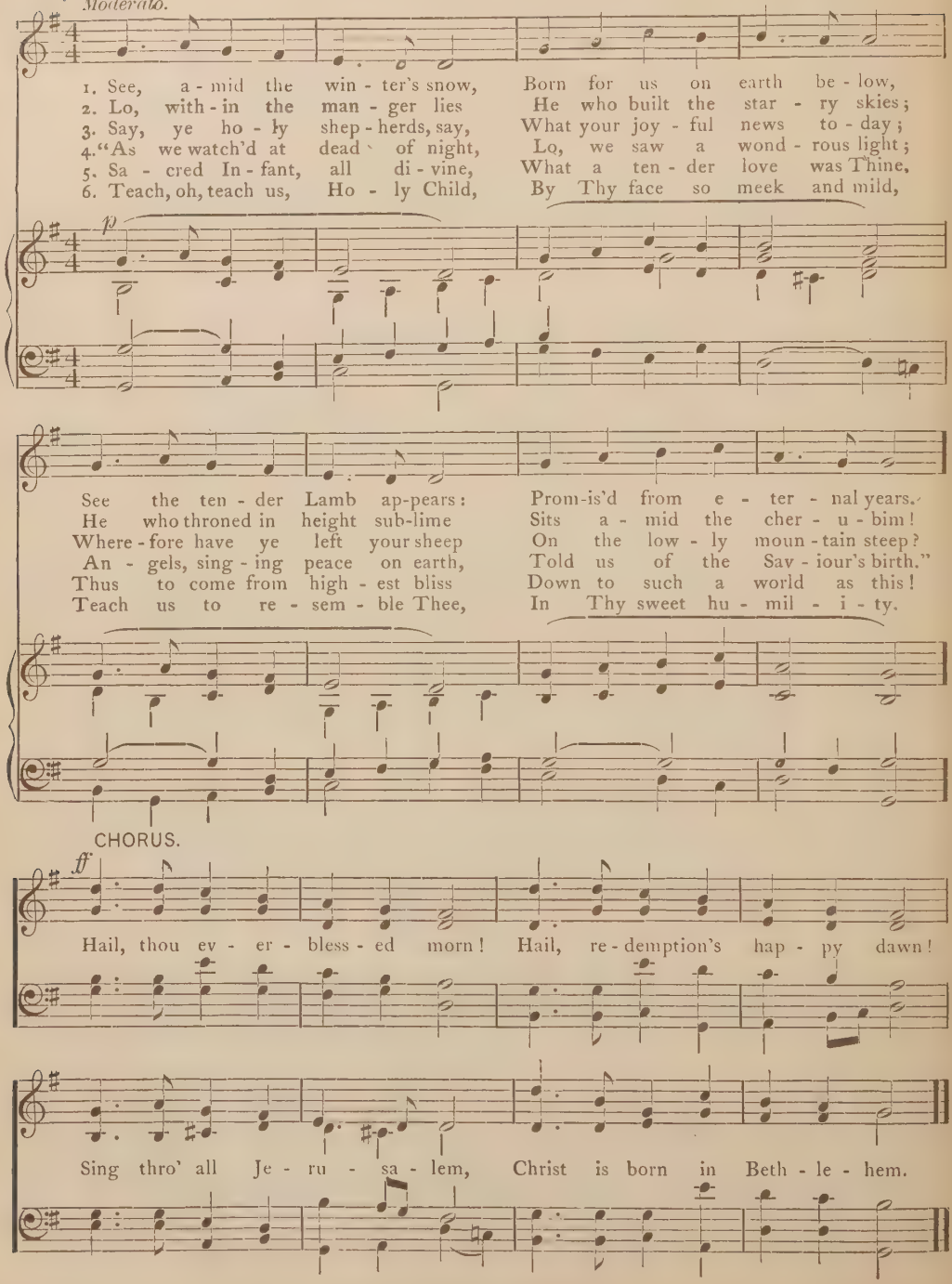
Martin Luther

LUTHER. 11s.

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, The poor ba - by wakes, But lit - tle Lord
Je - sus Laid down His sweet head. The stars in the sky... Looked
Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes. I love Thee, Lord Je - sus! Look
down where He lay,— The lit - tle Lord Je - sus A - sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle To watch lul - la - by.

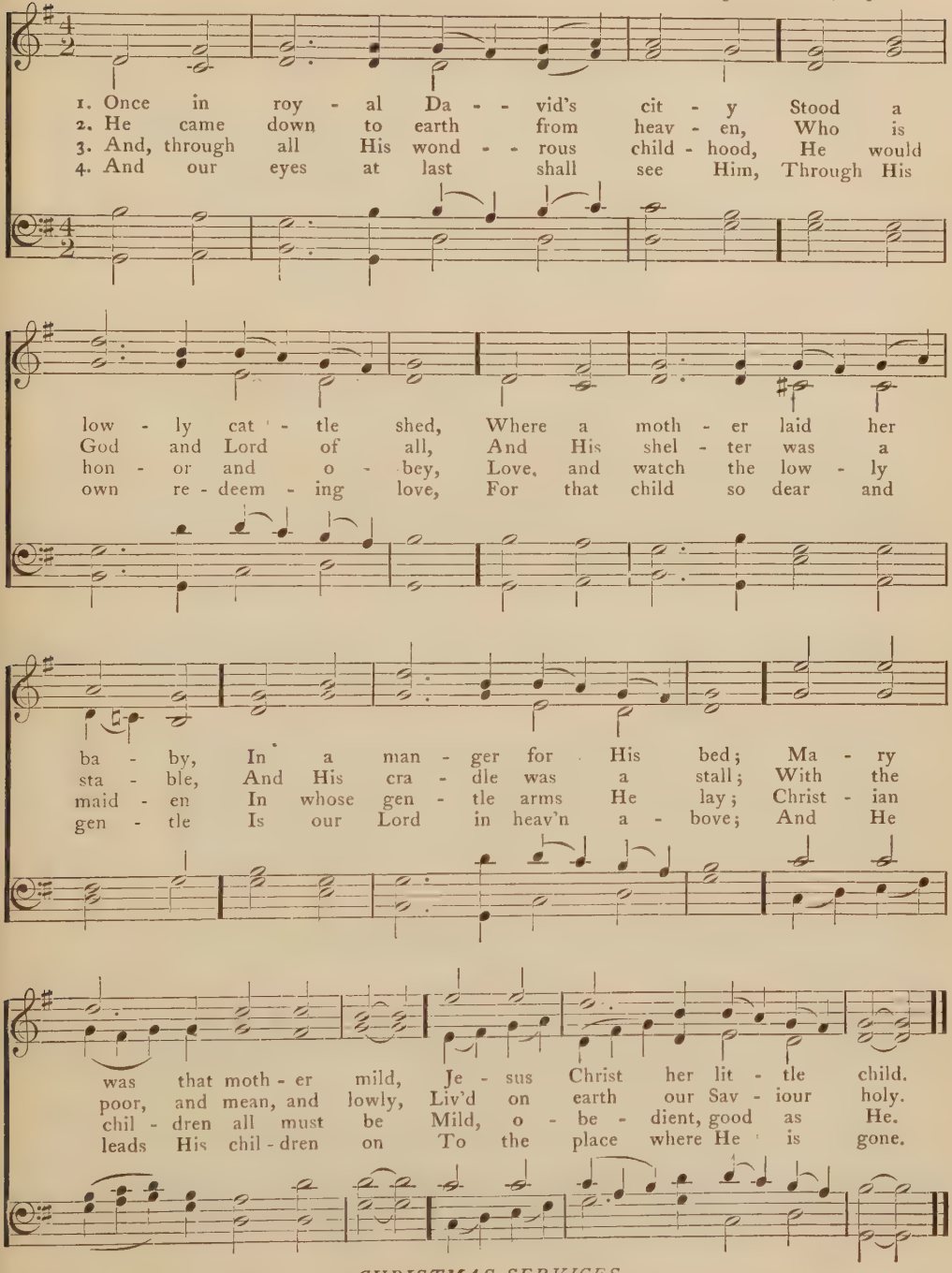
* Composed by Martin Luther for his children, and still sung by German mothers to their little ones.

No. 703. *See Amid the Winter's Snow*

Rev. E. Caswell CASWELL. 7s D. *Sir John Goss.*

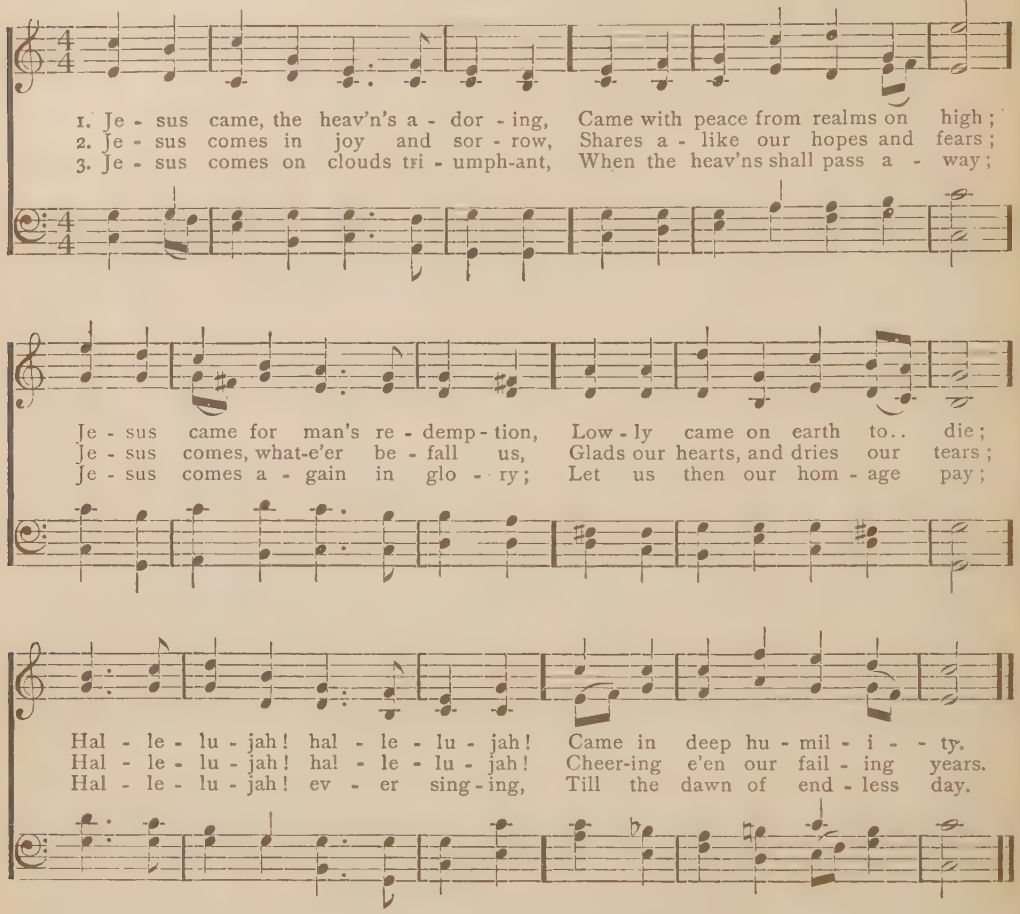
Moderato.

1. See, a - mid the win - ter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low,
2. Lo, with - in the man - ger lies He who built the star - ry skies;
3. Say, ye ho - ly shep - herds, say, What your joy - ful news to - day;
4. "As we watch'd at dead of night, Lo, we saw a wond - rous light;
5. Sa - cred In - fant, all di - vine, What a ten - der love was Thine,
6. Teach, oh, teach us, Ho - ly Child, By Thy face so meek and mild,
p
See the ten - der Lamb ap-pears: Prom-is'd from e - ter - nal years.
He who throned in height sub-lime Sits a - mid the cher - u - bim!
Where - fore have ye left your sheep On the low - ly moun - tain steep?
An - gels, sing - ing peace on earth, Told us of the Sav - iour's birth."
Thus to come from high - est bliss Down to such a world as this!
Teach us to re - sem - ble Thee, In Thy sweet hu - mil - i - ty.
CHORUS.
ff
Hail, thou ev - er - bless - ed morn! Hail, re - demption's hap - py dawn!
Sing thro' all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.

No. 704. *Once in Royal David's City*

Mrs. C. F. Alexander IRBY. 8.7.8.7.7.7. *H. J. Gauntlett*, 1856

1. Once in roy - al Da - - vid's cit - y Stood a
2. He came down to earth from heav - en, Who is
3. And, through all His wond - - rous child - hood, He would
4. And our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His
low - ly cat - - tle shed, Where a moth - er laid her
God and Lord of all, And His shel - ter was a
hon - or and o - bey, Love, and watch the low - ly
own re - deem - ing love, For that child so dear and
ba - by, In a man - ger for His bed; Ma - ry
sta - ble, And His cra - dle was a stall; With the
maid - en In whose gen - tle arms He lay; Christ - ian
gen - tle Is our Lord in heav'n a - bove; And He
was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle child.
poor, and mean, and lowly, Liv'd on earth our Sav - iour holy.
chil - dren all must be Mild, o - be - dient, good as He.
leads His chil - dren on To the place where He is gone.

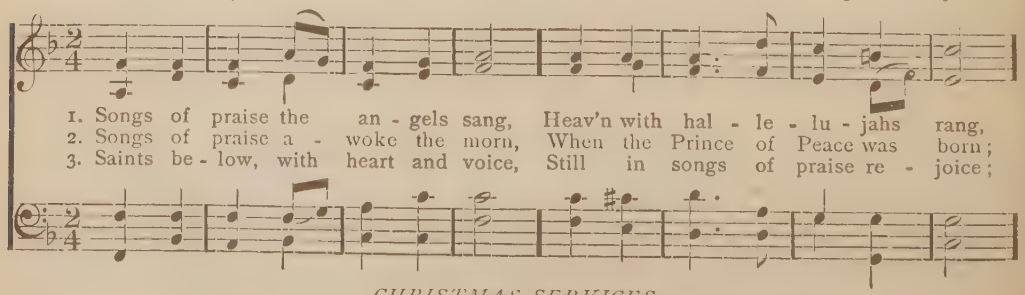
No. 705. *Jesus Came, the Heavens Adoring*

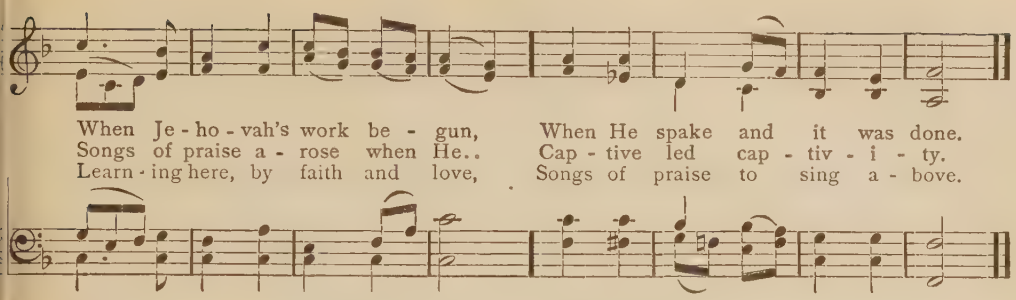
Godfrey Thring ST. PANCRAS. 8s & 7s, Six lines. *Henry Smart*


1. Je - sus came, the heav'n's a - dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high;
2. Je - sus comes in joy and sor - row, Shares a - like our hopes and fears;
3. Je - sus comes on clouds tri - umph-ant, When the heav'ns shall pass a - way;
Je - sus came for man's re - demp - tion, Low - ly came on earth to.. die;
Je - sus comes, what-e'er be - fall us, Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
Je - sus comes a - gain in glo - ry; Let us then our hom - age pay;
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Came in deep hu - mil - i - - ty.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Cheer-ing e'en our fail - ing years.
Hal - le - lu - jah! ev - er sing - ing, Till the dawn of end - less day.

No. 706. *Songs of Praise the Angels Sang*

James Montgomery NEW VIENNA. 7s. *J. W. Tufts*


1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with hal - le - lu - jahs rang,
2. Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born;
3. Saints be - low, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice;


When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done.
Songs of praise a - rose when He.. Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
Learn - ing here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove.

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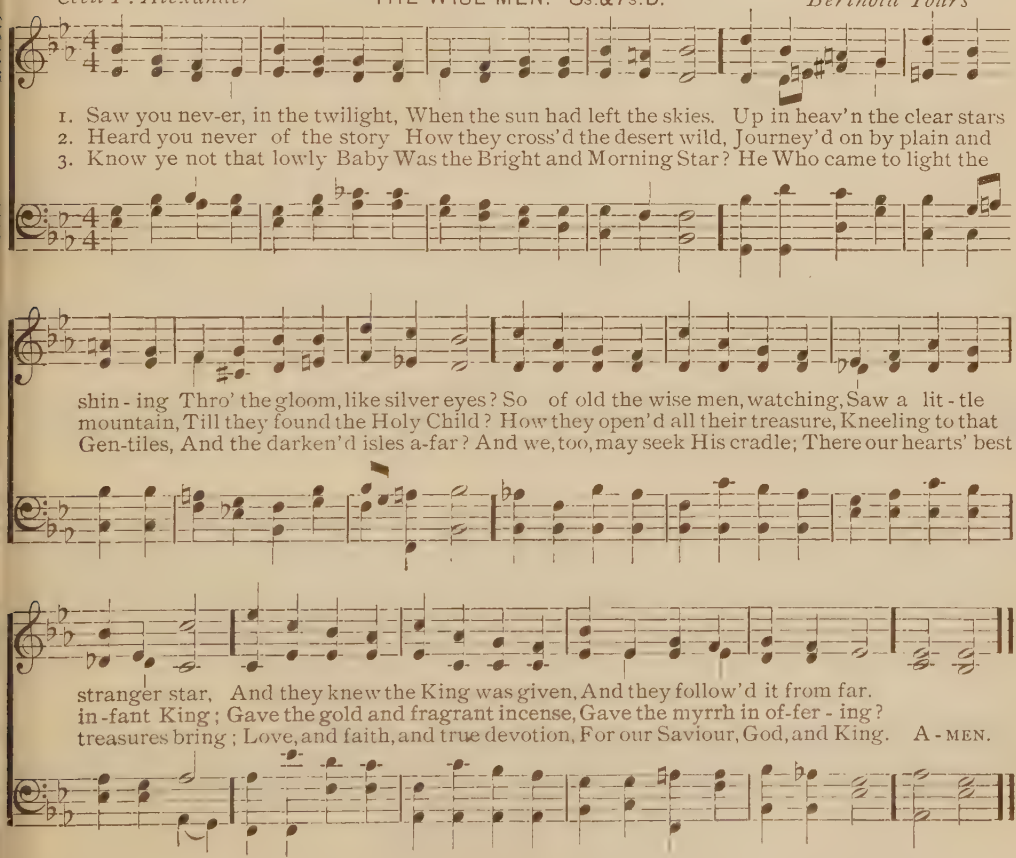
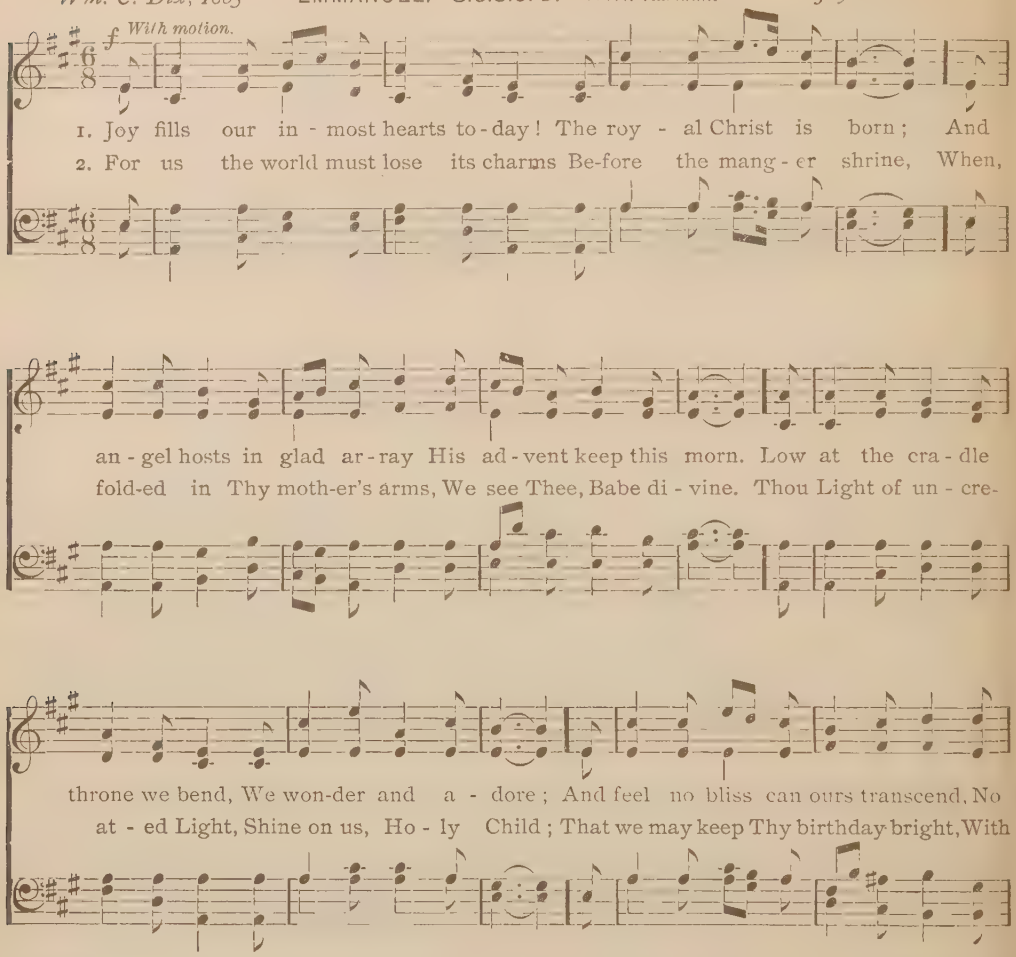
No. 707. *Saw You Never, in the Twilight*

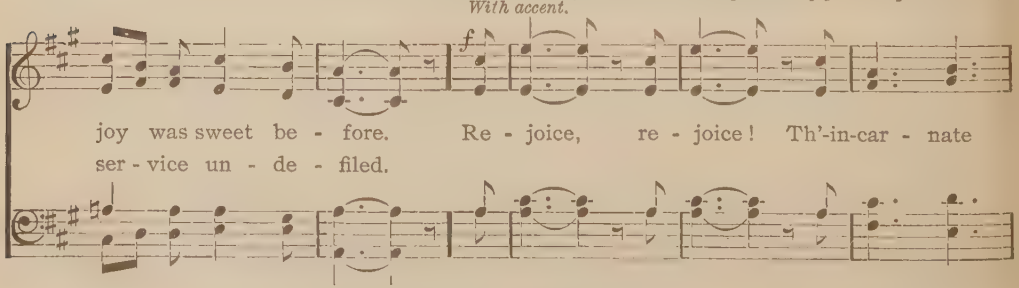
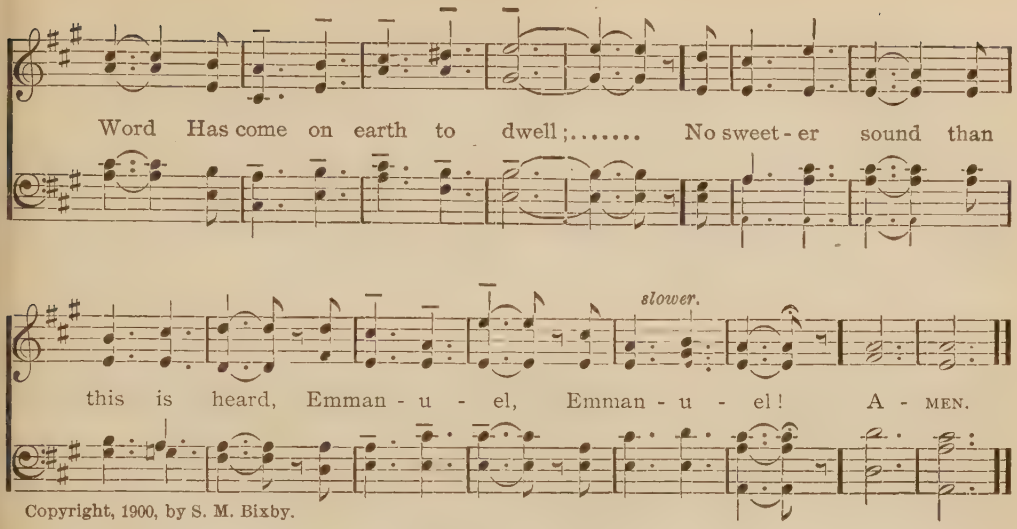
Cecil F. Alexander THE WISE MEN. 8s.&7s.D. *Berthold Tours*

1. Saw you nev-er, in the twilight, When the sun had left the skies. Up in heav'n the clear stars
2. Heard you never of the story How they cross'd the desert wild, Journey'd on by plain and
3. Know ye not that lowly Baby Was the Bright and Morning Star? He Who came to light the
shin - ing Thro' the gloom, like silver eyes? So of old the wise men, watching, Saw a lit - tle
mountain, Till they found the Holy Child? How they open'd all their treasure, Kneeling to that
Gen-tiles, And the darken'd isles a-far? And we, too, may seek His cradle; There our hearts' best
stranger star, And they knew the King was given, And they follow'd it from far.
in - fant King; Gave the gold and fragrant incense, Gave the myrrh in of-fer - ing?
treasures bring; Love, and faith, and true devotion, For our Saviour, God, and King. A - MEN.

No. 708. *Joy Fills Our Inmost Hearts To-Day*

Wm. C. Dix, 1865 EMMANUEL. 8.6.8.6. D. WITH REFRAIN. *Jay Deavereaux*


With motion.
1. Joy fills our in - most hearts to - day! The roy - al Christ is born; And
2. For us the world must lose its charms Be-fore the mang - er shrine, When,
an - gel hosts in glad ar - ray His ad - vent keep this morn. Low at the cra - dle
fold-ed in Thy moth-er's arms, We see Thee, Babe di - vine. Thou Light of un - cre-
throne we bend, We won-der and a - dore; And feel no bliss can ours transcend, No
at - ed Light, Shine on us, Ho - ly Child; That we may keep Thy birthday bright, With

REFRAIN. *(Two measures to equal one of preceding movement.)*



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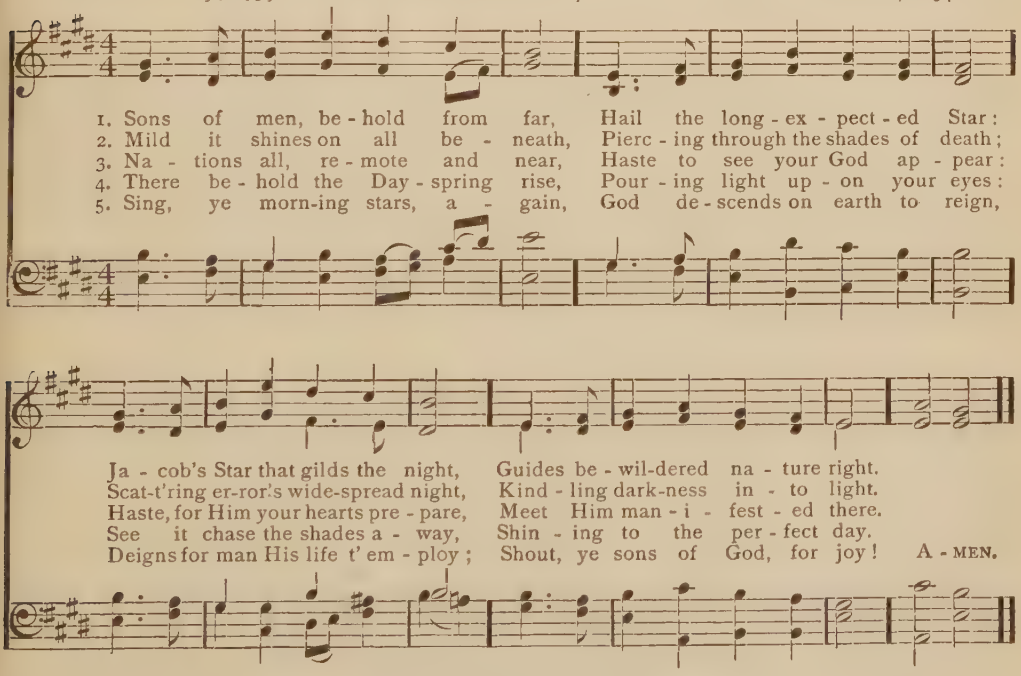
No. 709. *Sons of Men, Behold from Far*

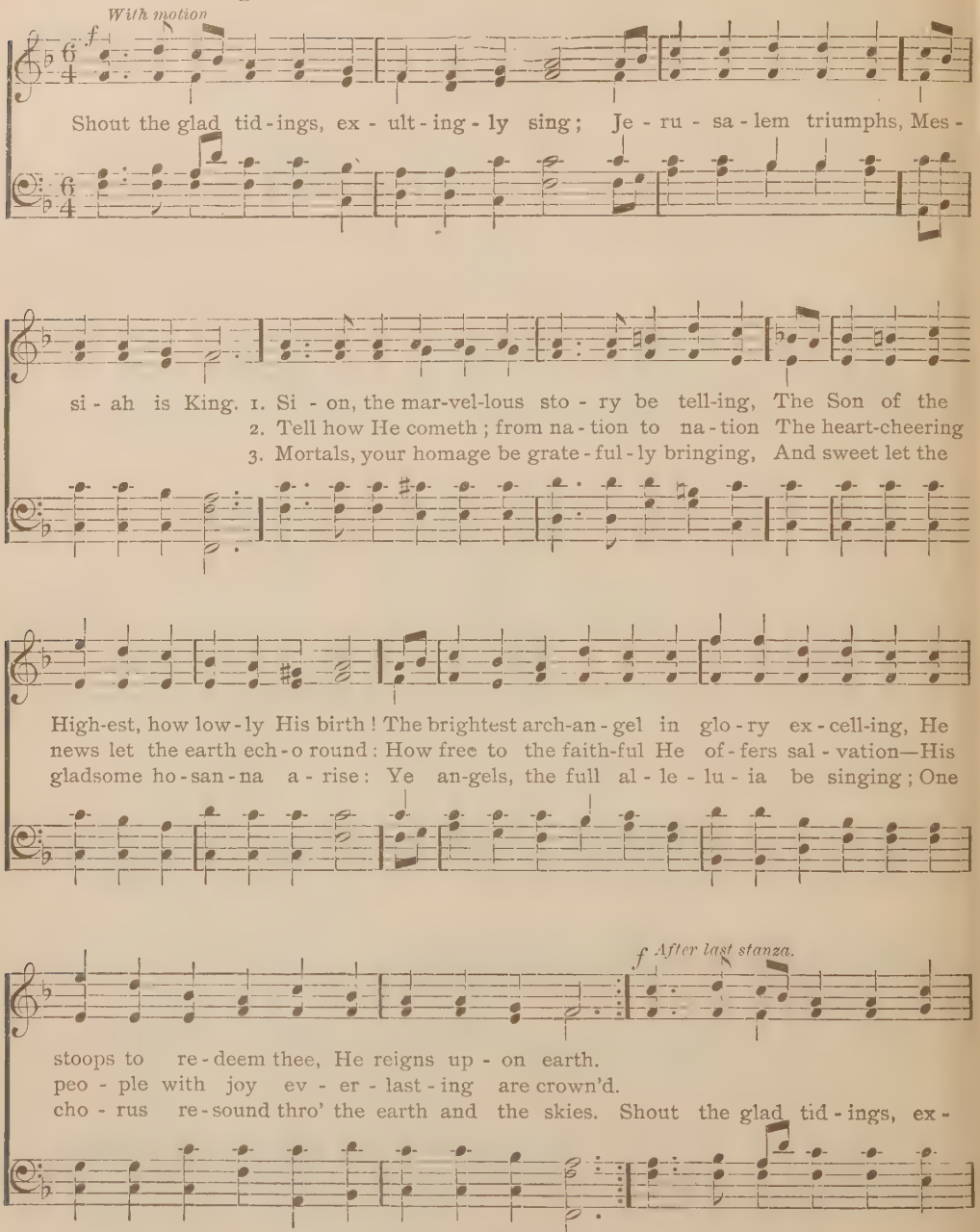
Charles Wesley, 1739 INNOCENTS. 7s. *Thibaut*, 1254


1. Sons of men, be-hold from far, Hail the long-ex-pect-ed Star:
2. Mild it shines on all be-neath, Pierc-ing through the shades of death;
3. Na-tions all, re-mote and near, Haste to see your God ap-pear:
4. There be-hold the Day-spring rise, Pour-ing light up-on your eyes:
5. Sing, ye morn-ing stars, a-gain, God de-scends on earth to reign,
Ja-cob's Star that gilds the night, Guides be-wil-dered na-ture right.
Scat-t'ring er-ror's wide-spread night, Kind-ling dark-ness in-to light.
Haste, for Him your hearts pre-pare, Meet Him man-i-fest-ed there.
See it chase the shades a-way, Shin-ing to the per-fect day.
Deigns for man His life t'em-ploy; Shout, ye sons of God, for joy! A-MEN.

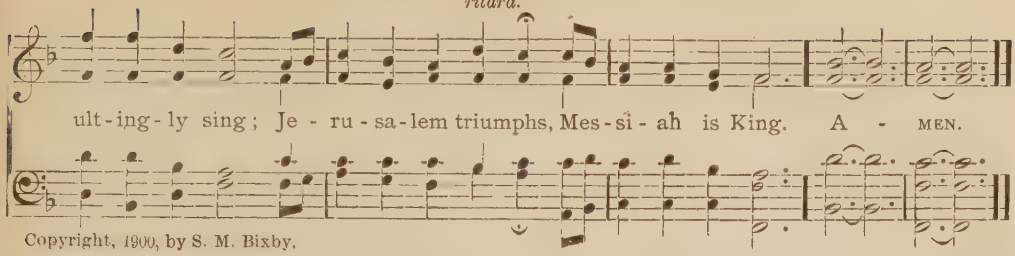
No. 710.

Shout the Glad Tidings

W. A. Muhlenberg GLAD TIDINGS. P. M. *Jay Deavereaux*


With motion
f
Shout the glad tid-ings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing; Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-
si-ah is King. 1. Si-on, the mar-vel-lous sto-ry be tell-ing, The Son of the
2. Tell how He cometh; from na-tion to na-tion The heart-cheering
3. Mortals, your homage be grate-ful-ly bringing, And sweet let the
High-est, how low-ly His birth! The brightest arch-an-gel in glo-ry ex-cell-ing, He
news let the earth ech-o round: How free to the faith-ful He of-fers sal-vation—His
gladsome ho-san-na a-rise: Ye an-gels, the full al-le-lu-ia be singing; One
f After last stanza.
stoops to re-deem thee, He reigns up-on earth.
peo-ple with joy ev-er-last-ing are crown'd.
cho-rus re-sound thro' the earth and the skies. Shout the glad tid-ings, ex-

Shout the Glad Tidings

ritard.

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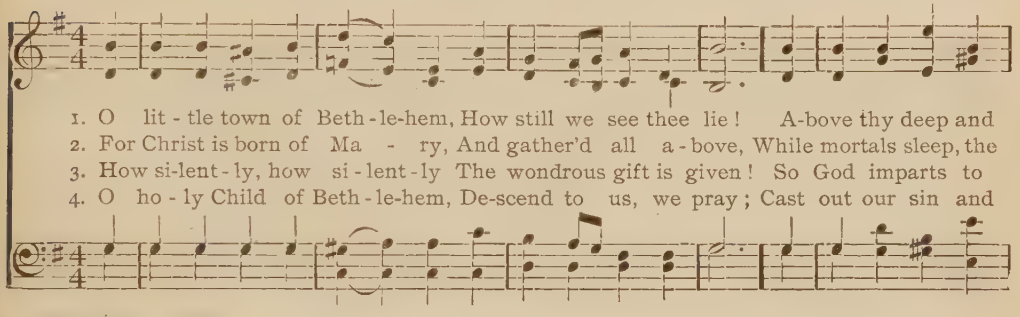
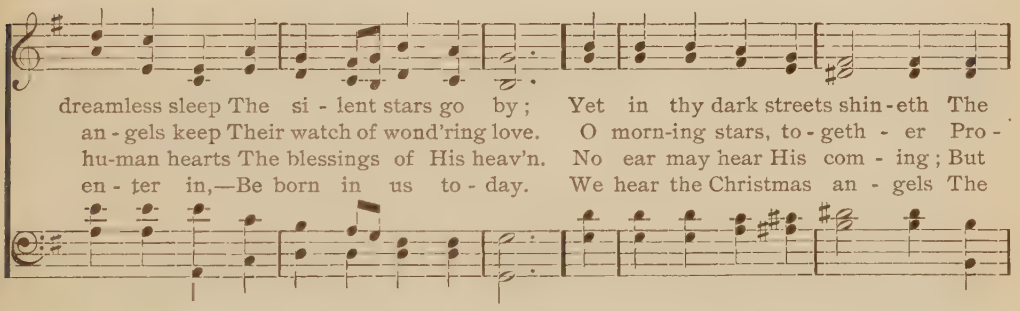
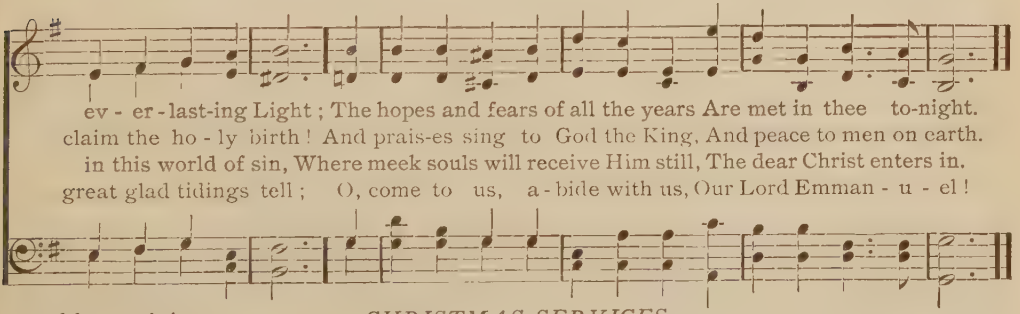
No. 711. *O Little Town of Bethlehem*

Phillips Brooks REDNER. 7.6.8.6. D. *Lewis H. Redner*, 1868


1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie! A-bove thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gather'd all a - bove, While mortals sleep, the
3. How si-lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The wondrous gift is given! So God imparts to
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De-scend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin and


dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The
an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er Pro -
hu-man hearts The blessings of His heav'n. No ear may hear His com - ing; But
en - ter in,—Be born in us to - day. We hear the Christmas an - gels The


ev - er - last-ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.
claim the ho - ly birth! And prais-es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
great glad tidings tell; O, come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Emman - u - el!

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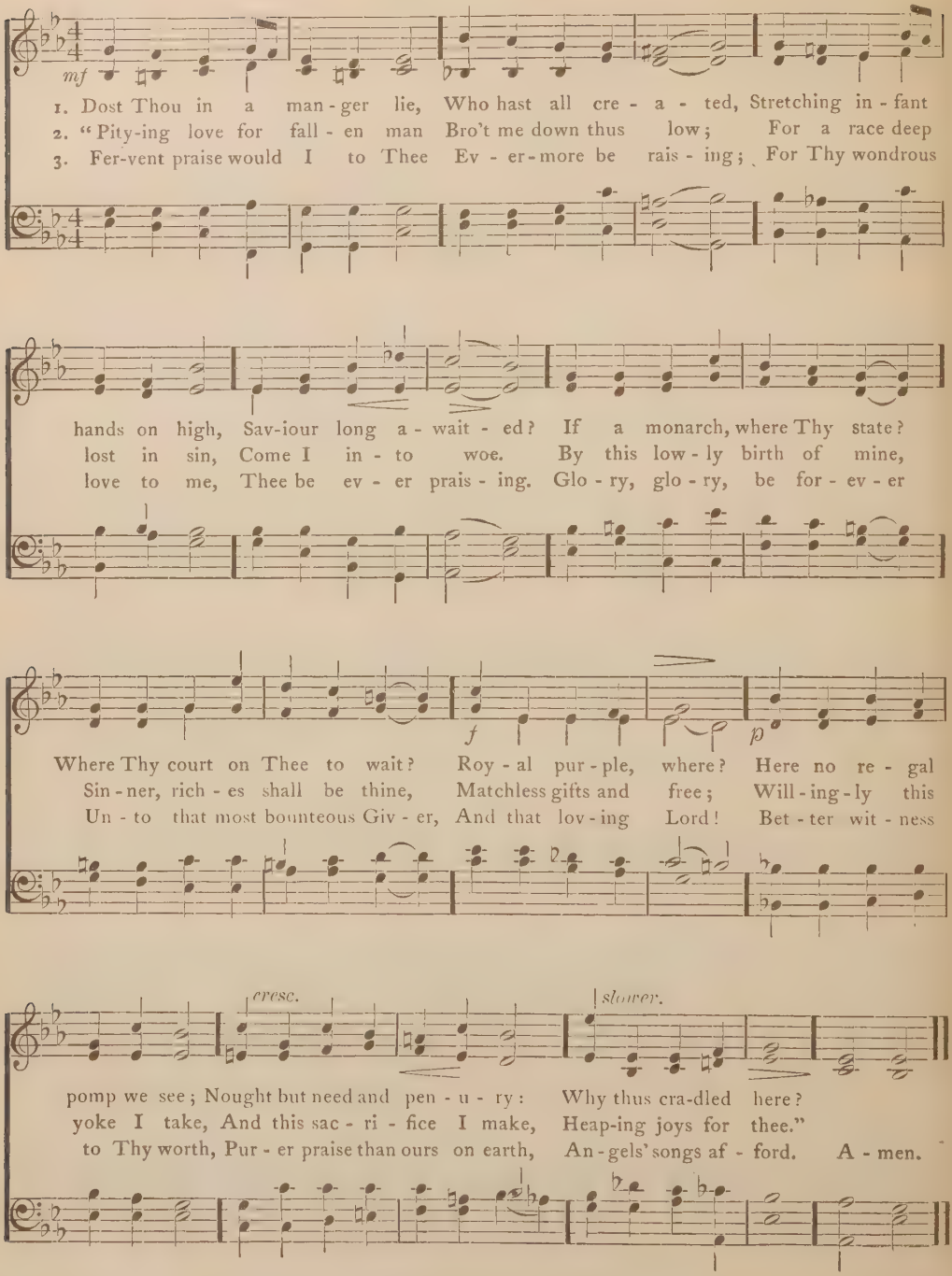
No. 712. # *Dost Thou in a Manger Lie*

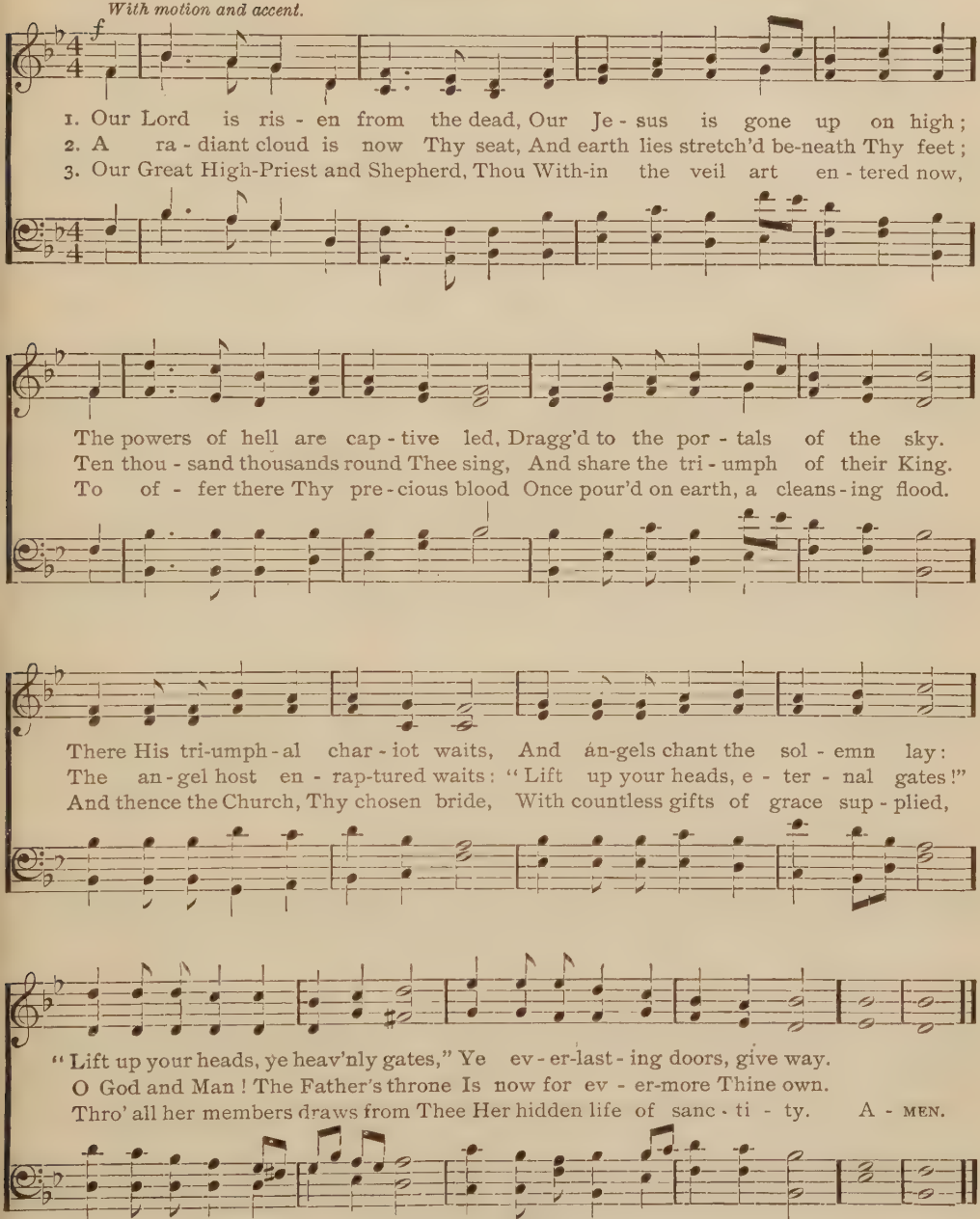
John Mauburn. MAUBURN. P. M. *George Mursell Garrett, Mus. D.*


mf
1. Dost Thou in a man-ger lie, Who hast all cre-a-ted, Stretching in-fant
2. "Pity-ing love for fall-en man Bro't me down thus low; For a race deep
3. Fer-vent praise would I to Thee Ev-er-more be rais-ing; For Thy wondrous
hands on high, Sav-iour long a-wait-ed? If a monarch, where Thy state?
lost in sin, Come I in-to woe. By this low-ly birth of mine,
love to me, Thee be ev-er prais-ing. Glo-ry, glo-ry, be for-ev-er
f
p
Where Thy court on Thee to wait? Roy-al pur-ple, where? Here no re-gal
Sin-ner, rich-es shall be thine, Matchless gifts and free; Will-ing-ly this
Un-to that most bounteous Giv-er, And that lov-ing Lord! Bet-ter wit-ness
cresc.
slower.
pomp we see; Nought but need and pen-u-ry: Why thus cra-dled here?
yoke I take, And this sac-ri-fice I make, Heap-ing joys for thee."
to Thy worth, Pur-er praise than ours on earth, An-gels' songs af-ford. A-men.

No. 713. *Our Lord is Risen from the Dead*

Charles Wesley TRIUMPHANT. L. M. D. *R. Menthal*

With motion and accent.


1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high;
2. A ra - diant cloud is now Thy seat, And earth lies stretch'd be-neath Thy feet;
3. Our Great High-Priest and Shepherd, Thou With-in the veil art en - tered now,
The powers of hell are cap - tive led, Dragg'd to the por - tals of the sky.
Ten thou - sand thousands round Thee sing, And share the tri - umph of their King.
To of - fer there Thy pre - cious blood Once pour'd on earth, a cleans - ing flood.
There His tri-umph - al char - iot waits, And án-gels chant the sol - emn lay:
The an - gel host en - rap-tured waits: "Lift up your heads, e - ter - nal gates!"
And thence the Church, Thy chosen bride, With countless gifts of grace sup - plied,
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates," Ye ev - er-last - ing doors, give way.
O God and Man! The Father's throne Is now for ev - er-more Thine own.
Thro' all her members draws from Thee Her hidden life of sanc - ti - ty. A - MEN.

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No. 714.

The Easter Lilies

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 KIMPTON. 10s.11s. WITH REFRAIN. *E. P. Tate*

With motion.

1. The East - er lil - ies shed their rich per-fume, And greet the morn - ing
2. Let hap - py chil - dren hail their ris - en Lord, And in - fant voic - es
3. To - day, ye bells, ring out a joy - ful chime, With cheer-ful tones and
4. O Lord of Life! on this bright East-er morn, Ac-cept the trib - ute

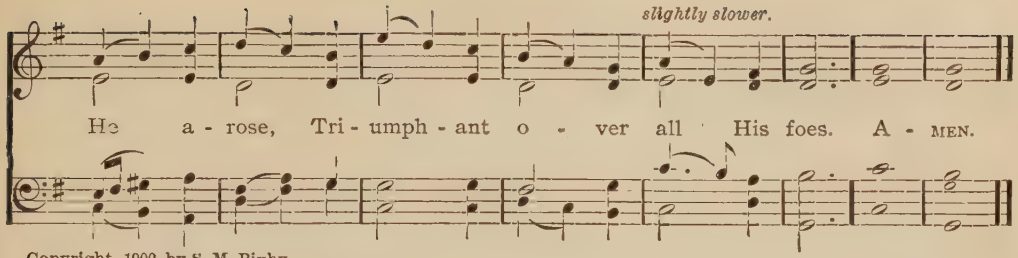
of the Res - ur - rec - tion; So let our spir - its sweet-ly bud and bloom, And
soft - ly sing His glo - ry; Let ev - 'ry Chris - tian spread the heav'nly word, And
mer - ry notes of glad - ness; And greet once more the hap - py East - er - time, And
of our a - dor - a - tion; May life di - vine in ev - 'ry soul be born, And

slower. REFRAIN. *In time.*

yield the of - f'ring of a pure af - fec - tion. We ring the bells of
tell a - gain the bless - ed East - er sto - ry!
bid each mourn-ing heart dis - pel its sad - ness.
rise from sin and death to full sal - va - tion.

East - er - tide! We sing the praise of Him who died! We hail the day when

The Easter Lilies



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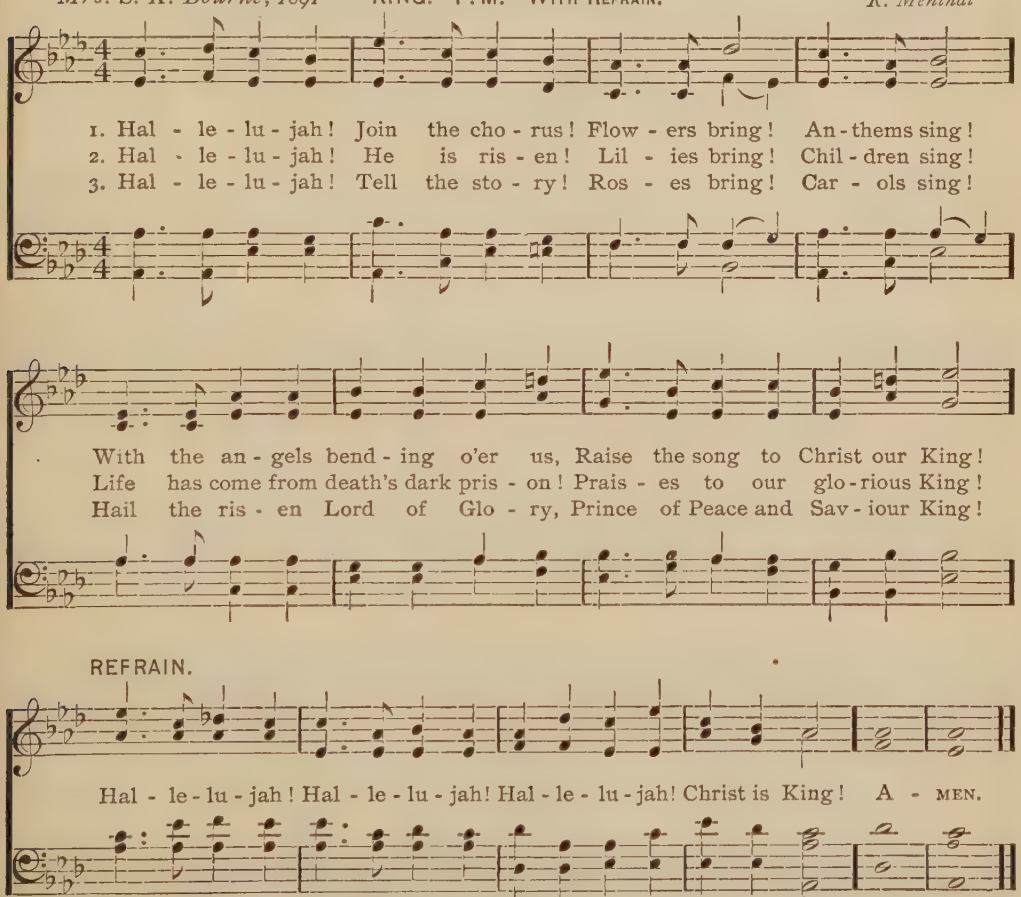
No. 715. *Hallelujah! Join the Chorus*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891 KING. P. M. WITH REFRAIN. *R. Menthal*

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Join the cho - rus! Flow - ers bring! An - thems sing!
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! He is ris - en! Lil - ies bring! Chil - dren sing!
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Tell the sto - ry! Ros - es bring! Car - ols sing!
With the an - gels bend - ing o'er us, Raise the song to Christ our King!
Life has come from death's dark pris - on! Prais - es to our glo - rious King!
Hail the ris - en Lord of Glo - ry, Prince of Peace and Sav - iour King!
REFRAIN.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is King! A - MEN.

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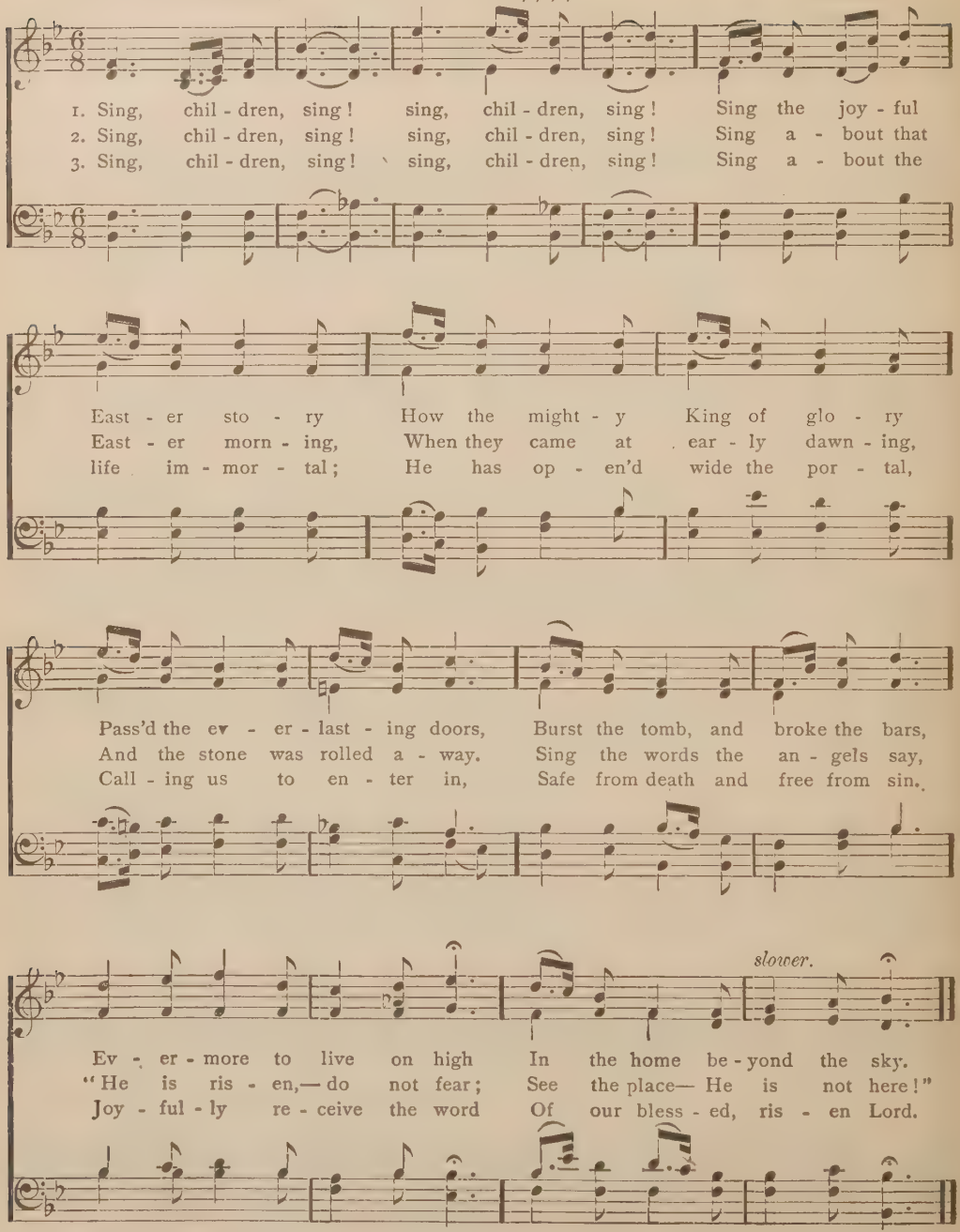
No. 716.

Sing, Children, Sing

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1891 BURTIS. 8.8.8.7.7.7.7. *R. Menthal*


1. Sing, chil - dren, sing! sing, chil - dren, sing! Sing the joy - ful
2. Sing, chil - dren, sing! sing, chil - dren, sing! Sing a - bout that
3. Sing, chil - dren, sing! sing, chil - dren, sing! Sing a - bout the
East - er sto - ry How the might - y King of glo - ry
East - er morn - ing, When they came at ear - ly dawn - ing,
life im - mor - tal; He has op - en'd wide the por - tal,
Pass'd the ev - er - last - ing doors, Burst the tomb, and broke the bars,
And the stone was rolled a - way. Sing the words the an - gels say,
Call - ing us to en - ter in, Safe from death and free from sin.
slower.
Ev - er - more to live on high In the home be - yond the sky.
"He is ris - en,— do not fear; See the place— He is not here!"
Joy - ful - ly re - ceive the word Of our bless - ed, ris - en Lord.

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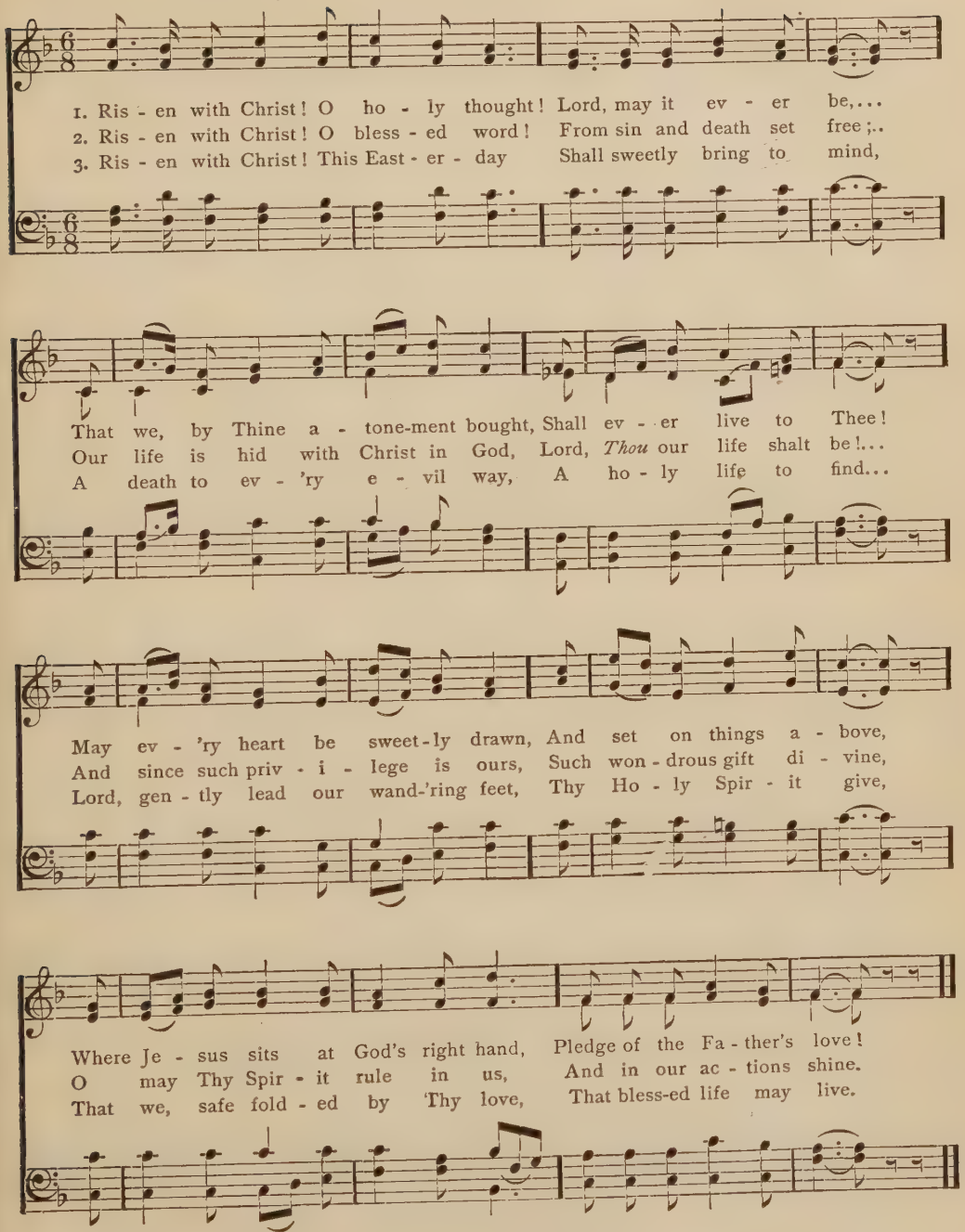
No. 717.

Risen with Christ

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 MAIN. C. M. D. *S. M. Bixby*


1. Ris - en with Christ! O ho - ly thought! Lord, may it ev - er be,...
2. Ris - en with Christ! O bless - ed word! From sin and death set free;..
3. Ris - en with Christ! This East - er - day Shall sweetly bring to mind,
That we, by Thine a - tone-ment bought, Shall ev - er live to Thee!
Our life is hid with Christ in God, Lord, *Thou* our life shalt be!...
A death to ev - 'ry e - vil way, A ho - ly life to find...
May ev - 'ry heart be sweet-ly drawn, And set on things a - bove,
And since such priv - i - lege is ours, Such won - drous gift di - vine,
Lord, gen - tly lead our wand-'ring feet, Thy Ho - ly Spir - it give,
Where Je - sus sits at God's right hand, Pledge of the Fa - ther's love!
O may Thy Spir - it rule in us, And in our ac - tions shine.
That we, safe fold - ed by Thy love, That bless-ed life may live.

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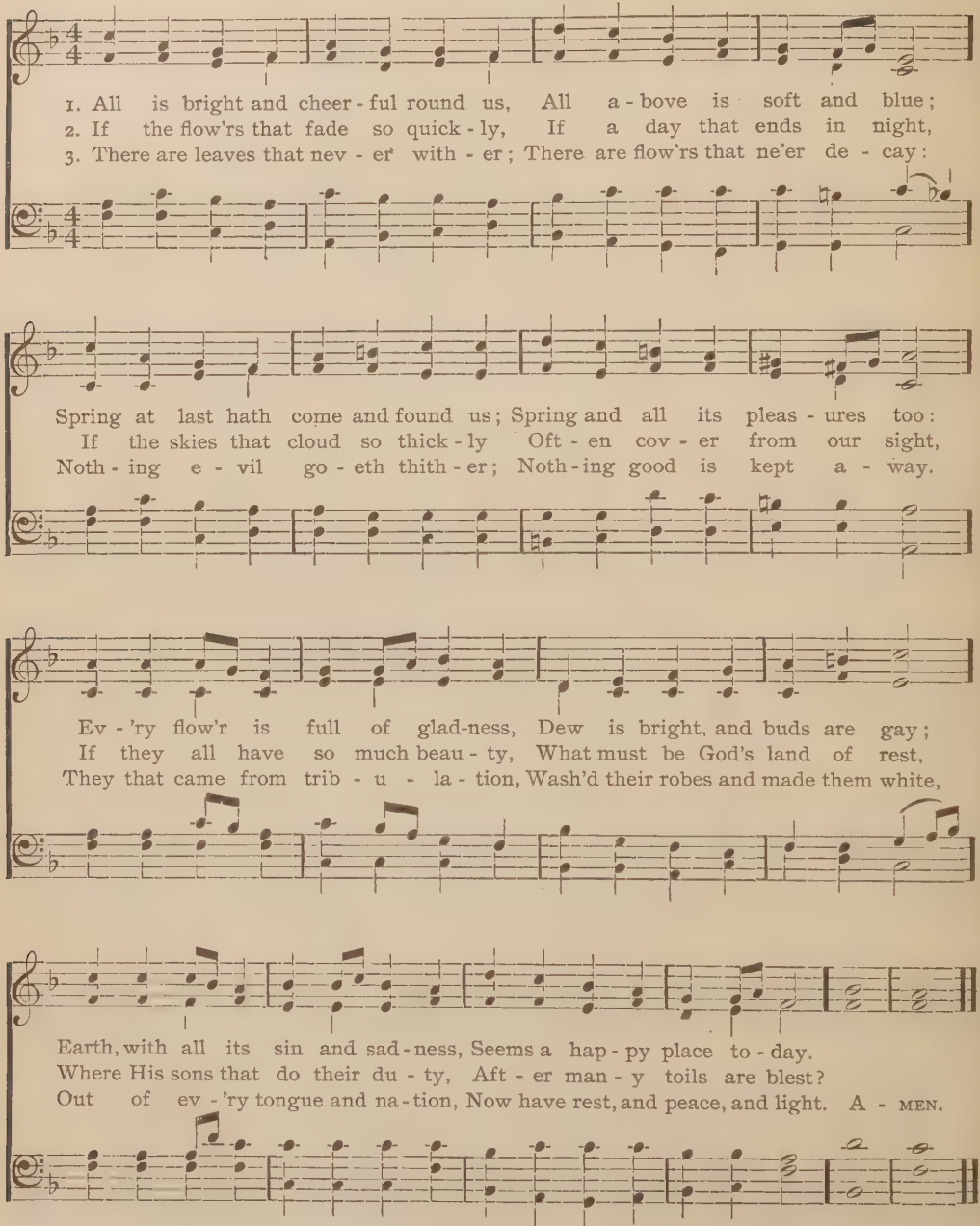
No. 718. *All is Bright and Cheerful Round Us*

J. M. Neale, 1844 NASH. 8s & 7s, D. *R. Menthal*


1. All is bright and cheer - ful round us, All a - bove is soft and blue;
2. If the flow'rs that fade so quick - ly, If a day that ends in night,
3. There are leaves that nev - er with - er; There are flow'rs that ne'er de - cay:
Spring at last hath come and found us; Spring and all its pleas - ures too:
If the skies that cloud so thick - ly Oft - en cov - er from our sight,
Noth - ing e - vil go - eth thith - er; Noth - ing good is kept a - way.
Ev - 'ry flow'r is full of glad-ness, Dew is bright, and buds are gay;
If they all have so much beau - ty, What must be God's land of rest,
They that came from trib - u - la - tion, Wash'd their robes and made them white,
Earth, with all its sin and sad - ness, Seems a hap - py place to - day.
Where His sons that do their du - ty, Aft - er man - y toils are blest?
Out of ev - 'ry tongue and na - tion, Now have rest, and peace, and light. A - MEN.

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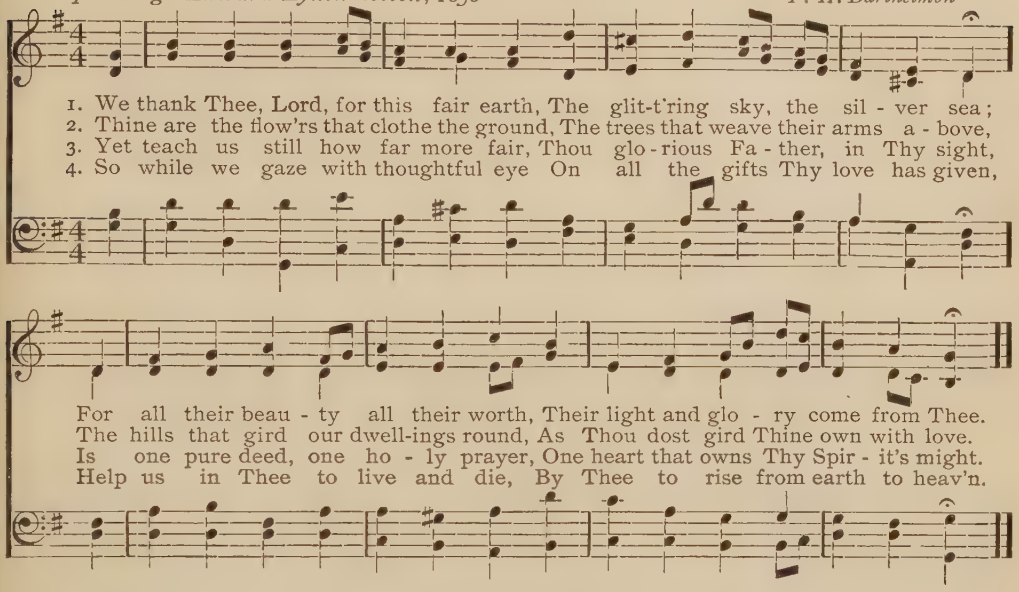
No. 719. *We Thank Thee, Lord*

MORNING HYMN. L. M.

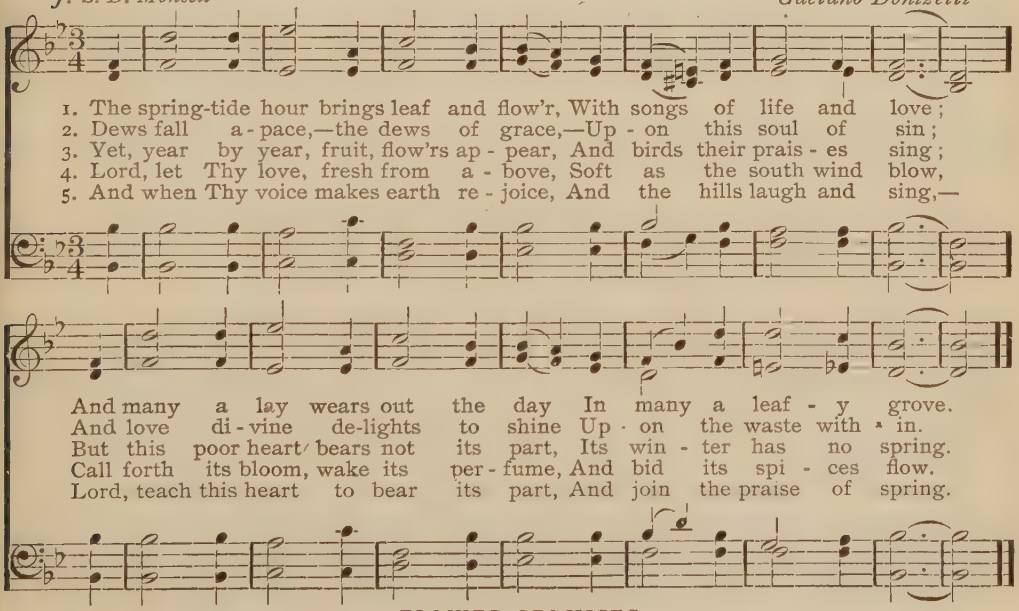
Bp. George Edward Lynch Cotton, 1856 — *F. H. Barthelmon*


1. We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth, The glit-t'ring sky, the sil - ver sea;
2. Thine are the flow'rs that clothe the ground, The trees that weave their arms a - bove,
3. Yet teach us still how far more fair, Thou glo - rious Fa - ther, in Thy sight,
4. So while we gaze with thoughtful eye On all the gifts Thy love has given,
For all their beau - ty all their worth, Their light and glo - ry come from Thee.
The hills that gird our dwell-ings round, As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.
Is one pure deed, one ho - ly prayer, One heart that owns Thy Spir - it's might.
Help us in Thee to live and die, By Thee to rise from earth to heav'n.

No. 720. *The Spring-tide Hour*

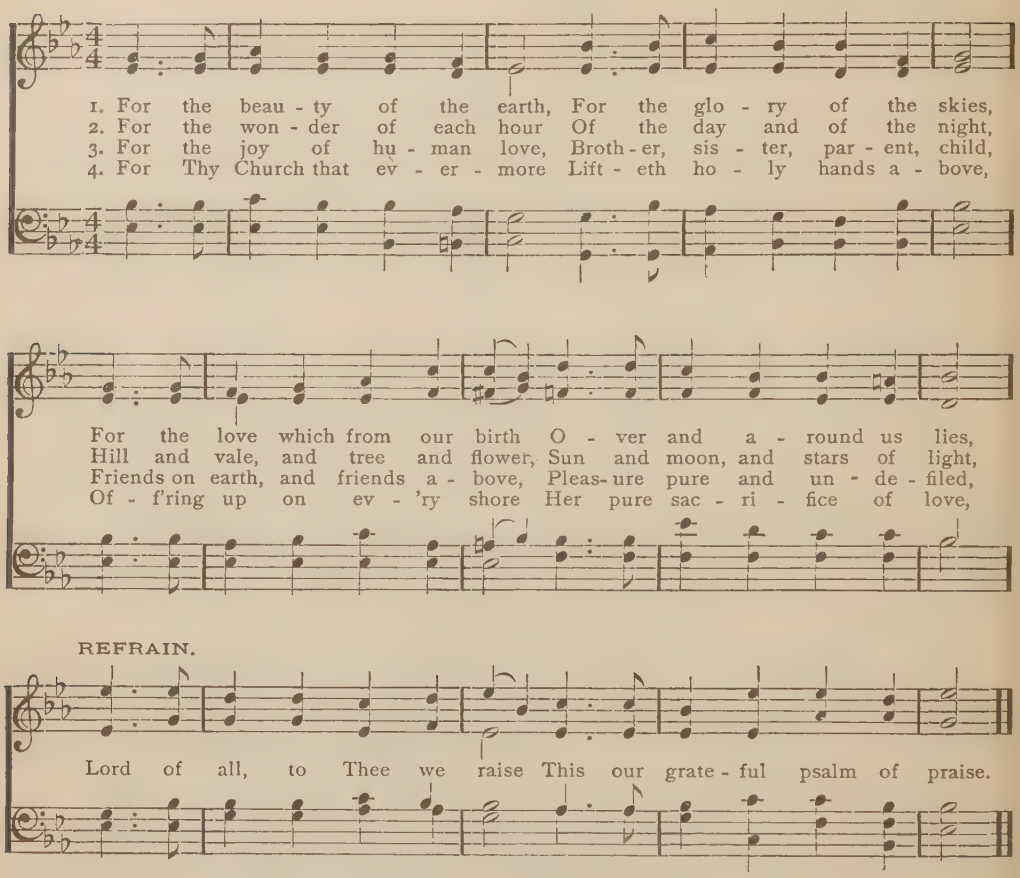
RAPHAEL. 8s. & 6s.

J. S. B. Monsell — *Gaetano Donizetti*


1. The spring-tide hour brings leaf and flow'r, With songs of life and love;
2. Dews fall a - pace,—the dews of grace,—Up - on this soul of sin;
3. Yet, year by year, fruit, flow'rs ap - pear, And birds their prais - es sing;
4. Lord, let Thy love, fresh from a - bove, Soft as the south wind blow,
5. And when Thy voice makes earth re - joice, And the hills laugh and sing,—
And many a lay wears out the day In many a leaf - y grove.
And love di - vine de-lights to shine Up - on the waste with - in.
But this poor heart bears not its part, Its win - ter has no spring.
Call forth its bloom, wake its per - fume, And bid its spi - ces flow.
Lord, teach this heart to bear its part, And join the praise of spring.

No. 721. *For the Beauty of the Earth*

F. S. Pierpont ELWARD. 7s, with Refrain. *R. Menthal*


1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies,
2. For the won - der of each hour Of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,
4. For Thy Church that ev - er - more Lift - eth ho - ly hands a - bove,
For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower, Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Friends on earth, and friends a - bove, Pleas - ure pure and un - de - filed,
Of - f'ring up on ev - 'ry shore Her pure sac - ri - fice of love,
REFRAIN.
Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our grate - ful psalm of praise.

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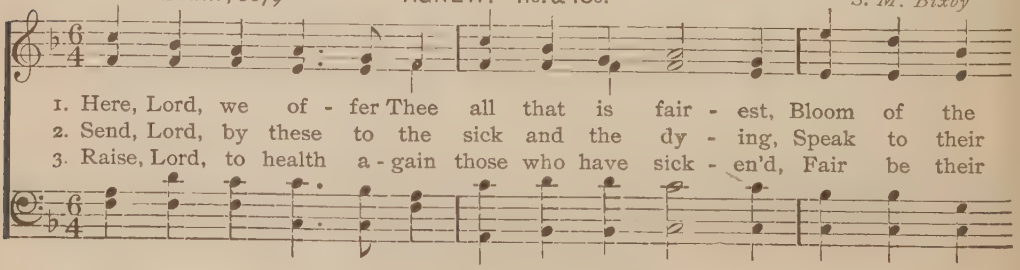
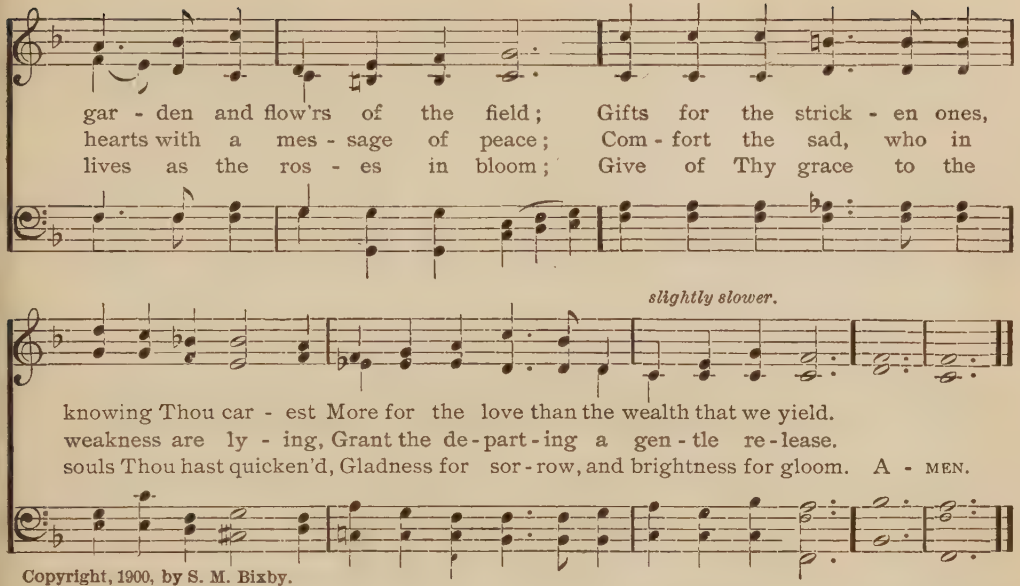
No. 722. *Here, Lord, We Offer Thee*

A. G. W. Blunt, 1879 AGNEW. 11s. & 10s. *S. M. Bixby*


1. Here, Lord, we of - fer Thee all that is fair - est, Bloom of the
2. Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dy - ing, Speak to their
3. Raise, Lord, to health a - gain those who have sick - en'd, Fair be their


gar - den and flow'rs of the field; Gifts for the strick - en ones,
hearts with a mes - sage of peace; Com - fort the sad, who in
lives as the ros - es in bloom; Give of Thy grace to the
slightly slower.
knowing Thou car - est More for the love than the wealth that we yield.
weakness are ly - ing, Grant the de - part - ing a gen - tle re - lease.
souls Thou hast quicken'd, Gladness for sor - row, and brightness for gloom. A - MEN.

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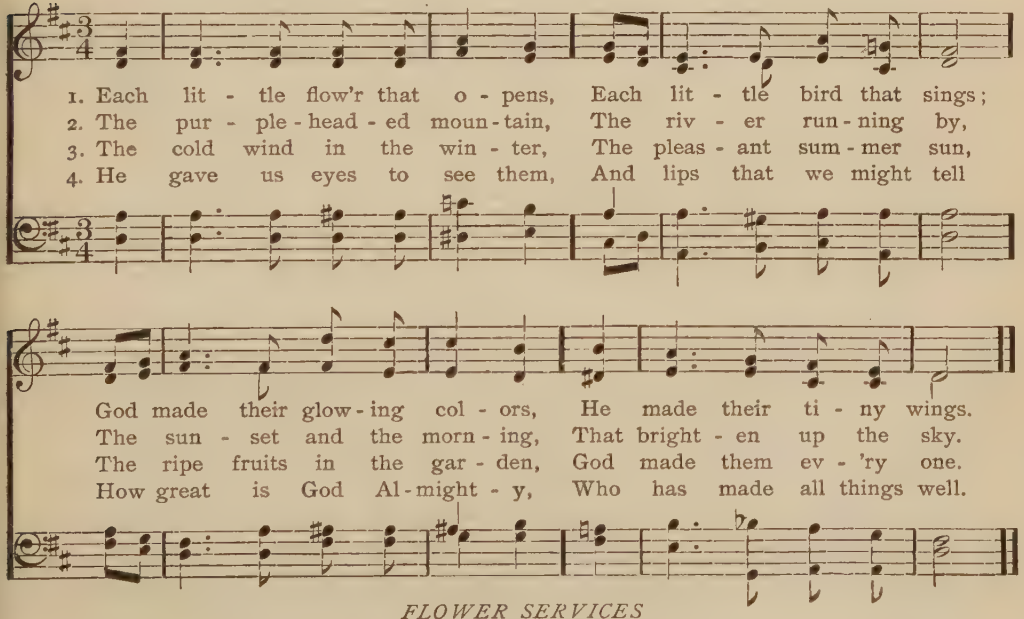
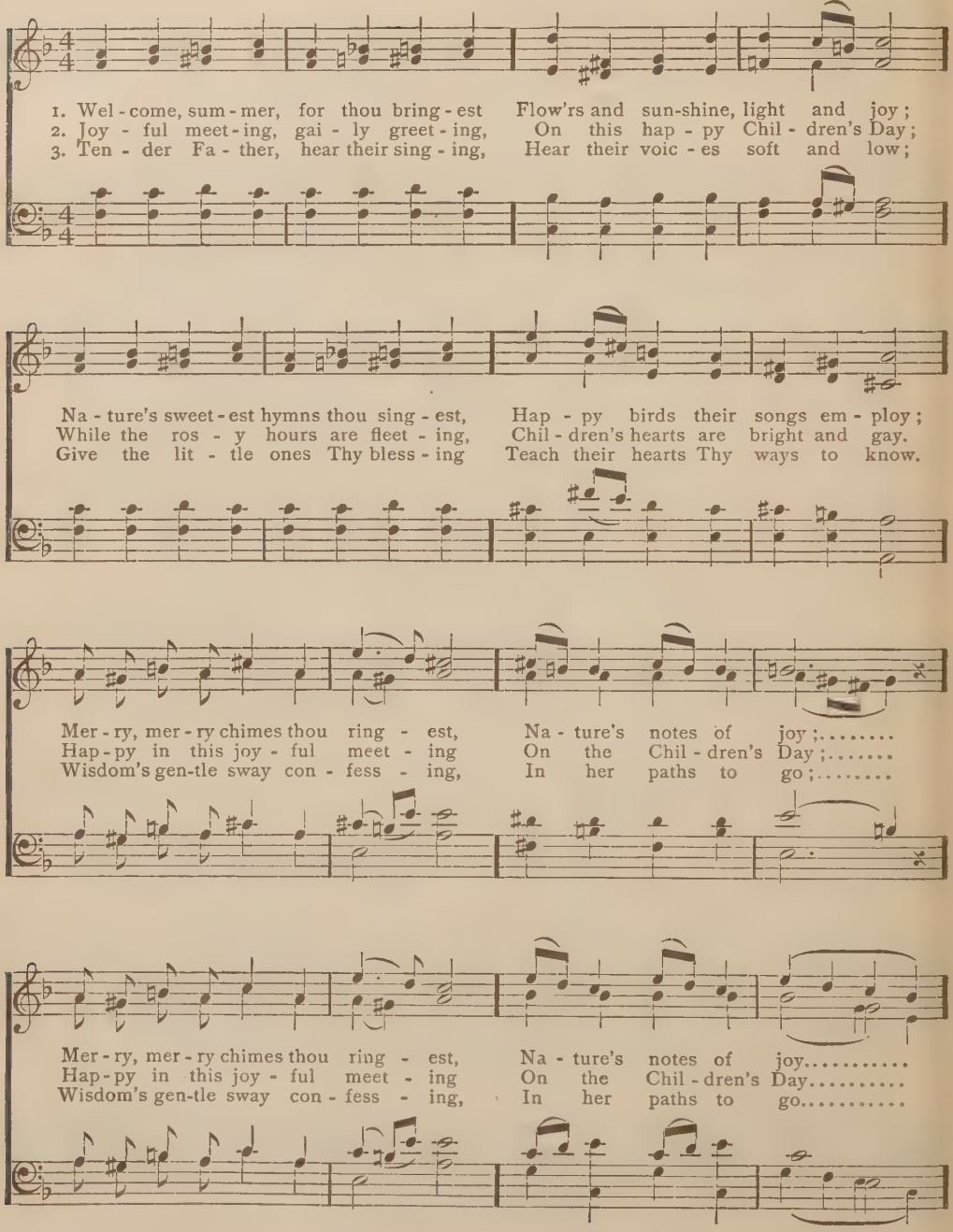
No. 723. *Each Little Flower that Opens*

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander EDEN. 7s. & 6s. *St. Alban's Tune Book*

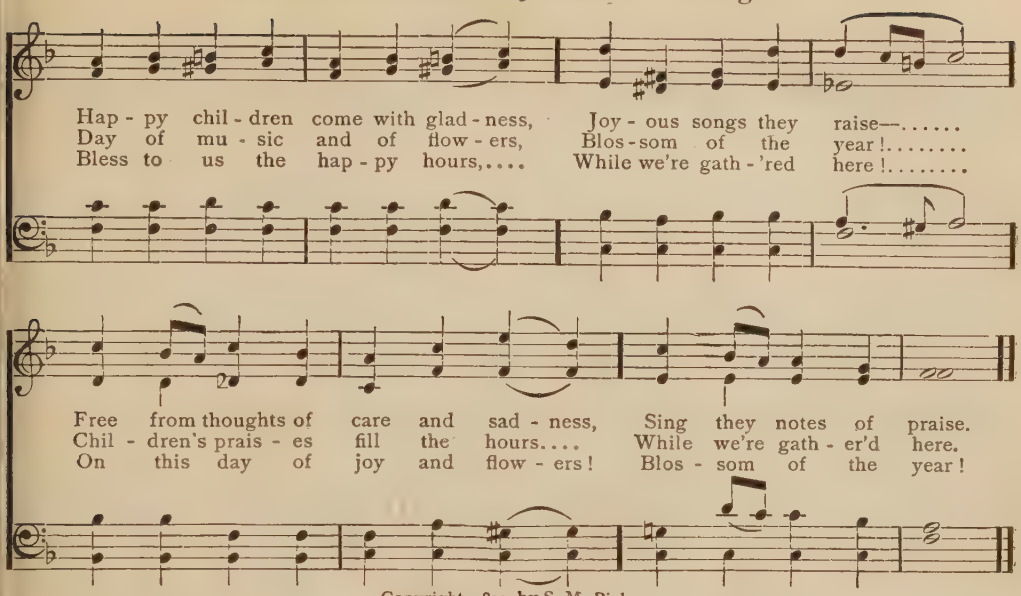

1. Each lit - tle flow'r that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings;
2. The pur - ple - head - ed moun - tain, The riv - er run - ning by,
3. The cold wind in the win - ter, The pleas - ant sum - mer sun,
4. He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell
God made their glow - ing col - ors, He made their ti - ny wings.
The sun - set and the morn - ing, That bright - en up the sky.
The ripe fruits in the gar - den, God made them ev - 'ry one.
How great is God Al - might - y, Who has made all things well.

No. 724. *Welcome, Summer, for Thou Bringest*

Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892 ROSELAND. P. M. *Frank N. Shepperd*, 1892


1. Wel - come, sum - mer, for thou bring - est Flow'rs and sun-shine, light and joy;
2. Joy - ful meet - ing, gai - ly greet - ing, On this hap - py Chil - dren's Day;
3. Ten - der Fa - ther, hear their sing - ing, Hear their voic - es soft and low;
Na - ture's sweet - est hymns thou sing - est, Hap - py birds their songs em - ploy;
While the ros - y hours are fleet - ing, Chil - dren's hearts are bright and gay.
Give the lit - tle ones Thy bless - ing Teach their hearts Thy ways to know.
Mer - ry, mer - ry chimes thou ring - est, Na - ture's notes of joy;.....
Hap - py in this joy - ful meet - ing On the Chil - dren's Day;.....
Wisdom's gen-tle sway con - fess - ing, In her paths to go;.....
Mer - ry, mer - ry chimes thou ring - est, Na - ture's notes of joy.....
Hap - py in this joy - ful meet - ing On the Chil - dren's Day.....
Wisdom's gen-tle sway con - fess - ing, In her paths to go.....

Welcome, Summer, for Thou Bringest


Hap - py chil - dren come with glad - ness, Joy - ous songs they raise—.....
Day of mu - sic and of flow - ers, Blos - som of the year!.....
Bless to us the hap - py hours,.... While we're gath - 'red here!.....
Free from thoughts of care and sad - ness, Sing they notes of praise.
Chil - dren's prais - es fill the hours.... While we're gath - er'd here.
On this day of joy and flow - ers! Blos - som of the year!

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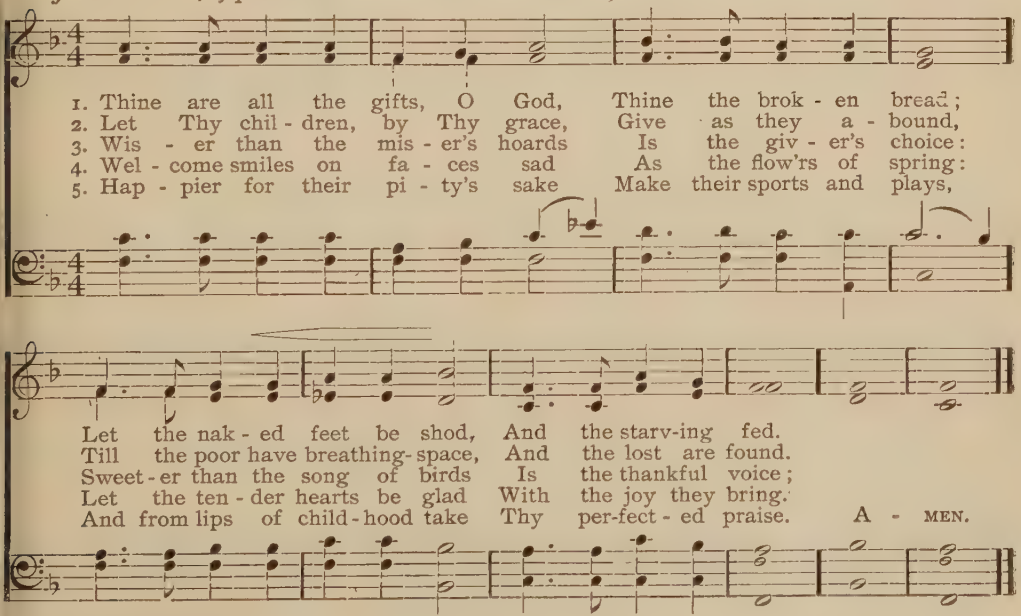
No. 725. *Thine Are All the Gifts, O God*

J. G. Whittier, by per. GIFTS. 7s. & 5s. *R. Menthal*


1. Thine are all the gifts, O God, Thine the brok - en bread;
2. Let Thy chil - dren, by Thy grace, Give as they a - bound,
3. Wis - er than the mis - er's hoards Is the giv - er's choice:
4. Wel - come smiles on fa - ces sad As the flow'rs of spring:
5. Hap - pier for their pi - ty's sake Make their sports and plays,
Let the nak - ed feet be shod, And the starv-ing fed.
Till the poor have breathing-space, And the lost are found.
Sweet - er than the song of birds Is the thankful voice;
Let the ten - der hearts be glad With the joy they bring.
And from lips of child - hood take Thy per-fect - ed praise. A - MEN.

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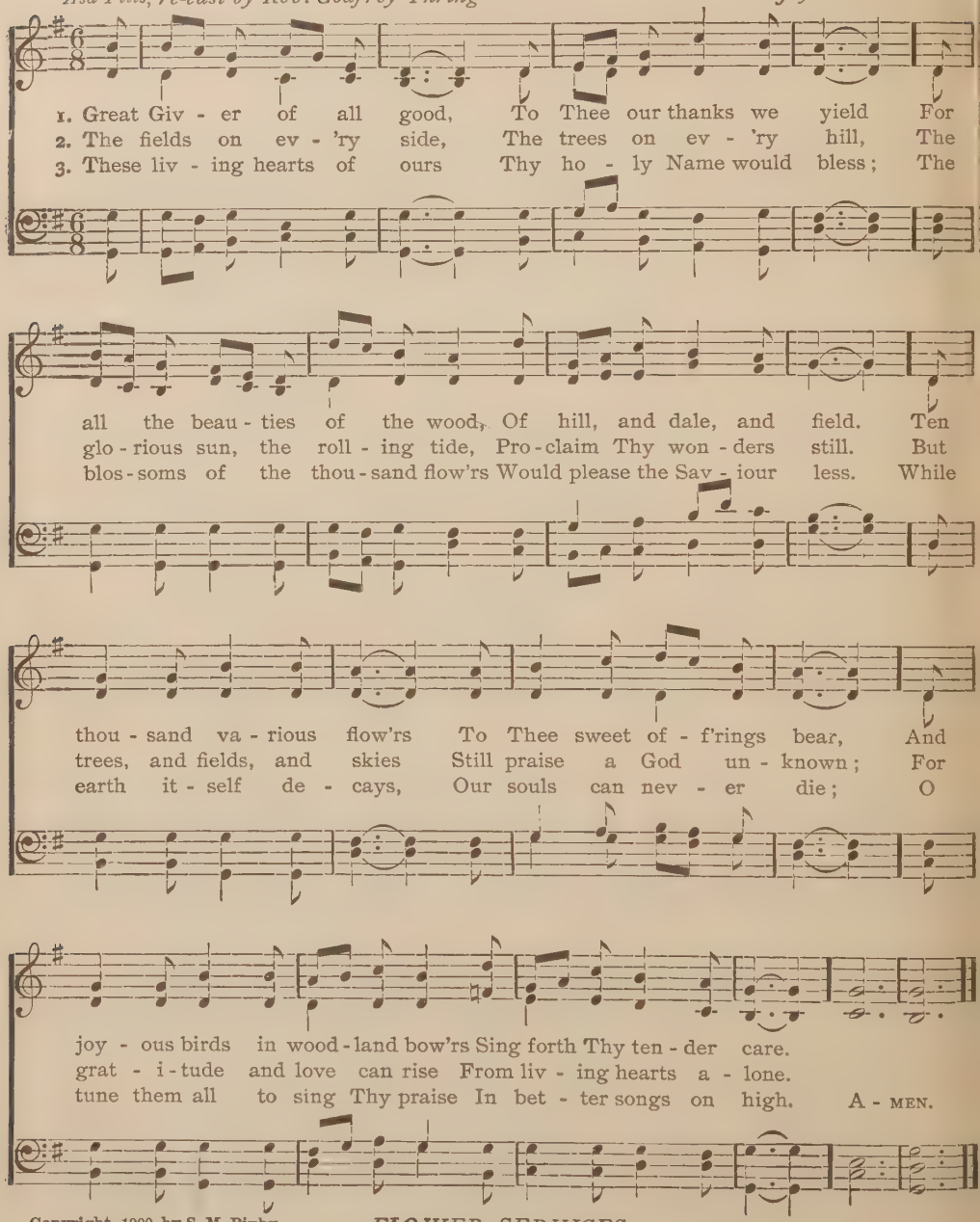
No. 726. # *Great Giver of All Good*

BUERMEYER. S.M.D.

Asa Fitts, re-cast by Rev. Godfrey Thring — *Jay Deavereaux*


1. Great Giv - er of all good, To Thee our thanks we yield For
2. The fields on ev - 'ry side, The trees on ev - 'ry hill, The
3. These liv - ing hearts of ours Thy ho - ly Name would bless; The
all the beau - ties of the wood, Of hill, and dale, and field. Ten
glo - rious sun, the roll - ing tide, Pro - claim Thy won - ders still. But
blos - soms of the thou - sand flow'rs Would please the Sav - iour less. While
thou - sand va - rious flow'rs To Thee sweet of - f'rings bear, And
trees, and fields, and skies Still praise a God un - known; For
earth it - self de - cays, Our souls can nev - er die; O
joy - ous birds in wood - land bow'rs Sing forth Thy ten - der care.
grat - i - tude and love can rise From liv - ing hearts a - lone.
tune them all to sing Thy praise In bet - ter songs on high. A - MEN.

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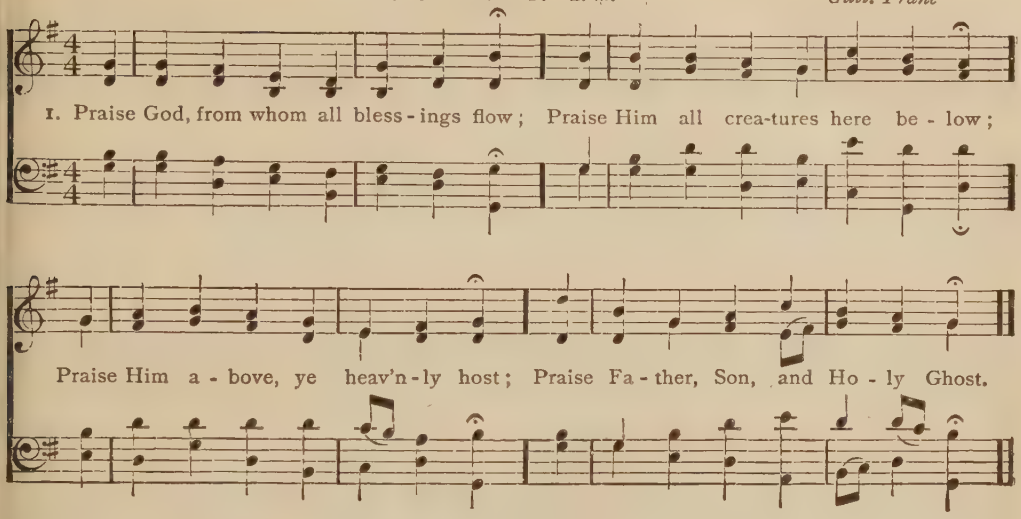
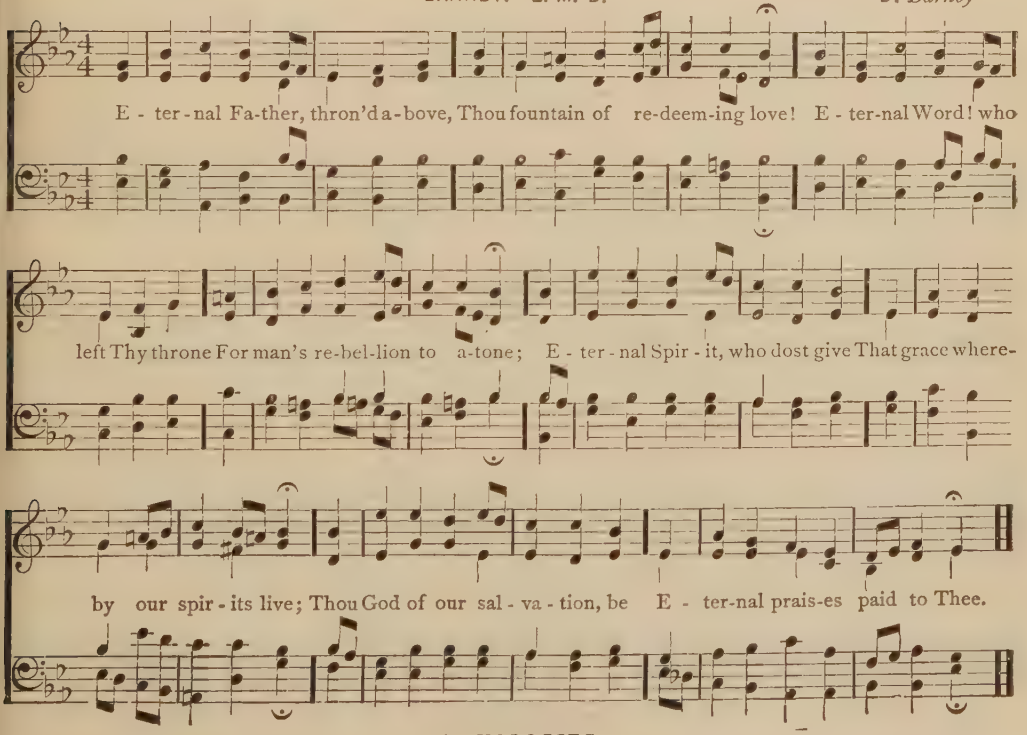
No. 727. *Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow*

Thomas Ken — OLD HUNDRED. L. M. — *Guil. Franc*


1. Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him all crea-tures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 728. *Eternal Father, Throned Above*

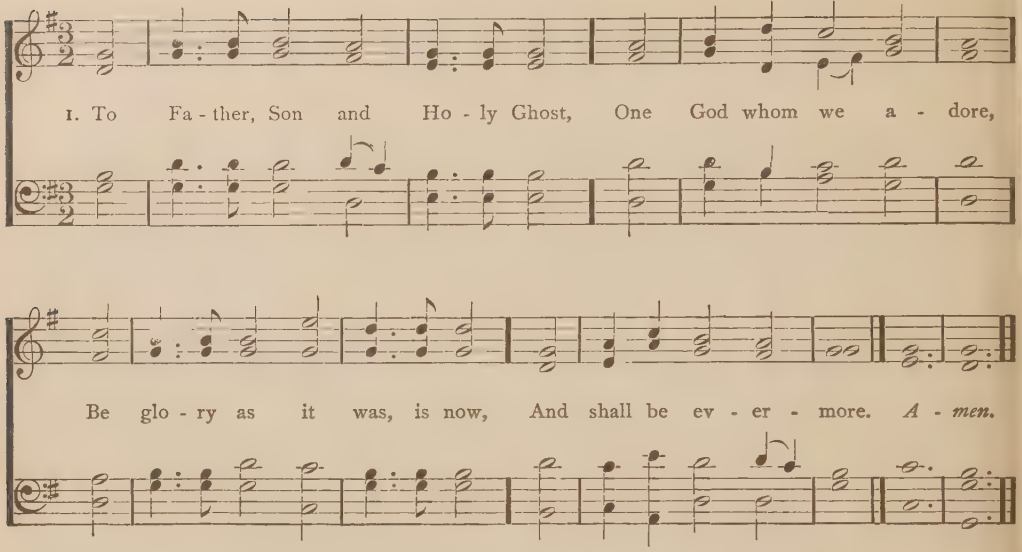
BARNBY. L. M. D. — *J. Barnby*


E - ter - nal Fa-ther, thron'd a - bove, Thou fountain of re-deem-ing love! E - ter-nal Word! who
left Thy throne For man's re-bel-lion to a-tone; E - ter - nal Spir - it, who dost give That grace where-
by our spir - its live; Thou God of our sal - va - tion, be E - ter-nal prais-es paid to Thee.

No. 729. *To Father, Son and Holy Ghost*

ARLINGTON. C. M.

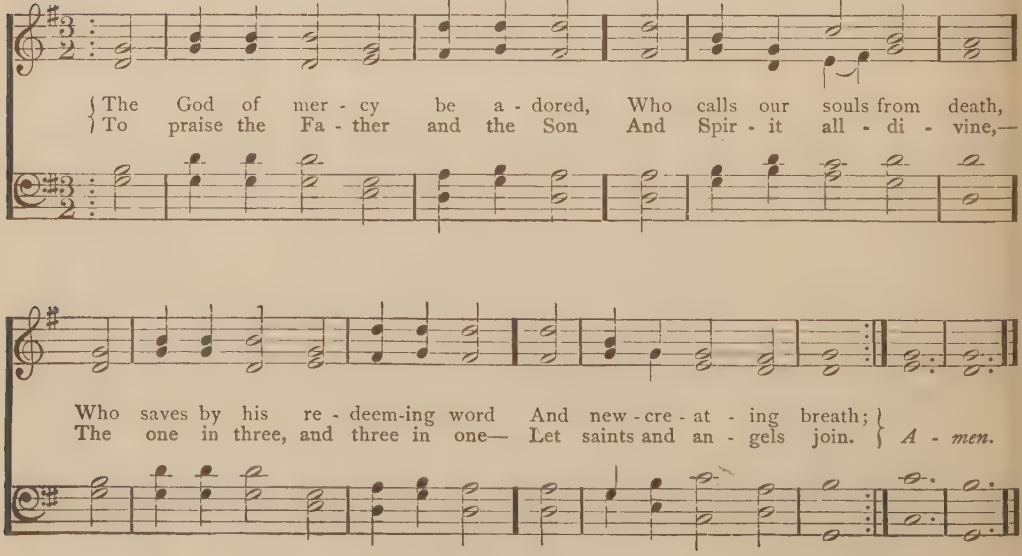
Tate and Brady — *Thos. A. Arne*



No. 730. *The God of Mercy be Adored*

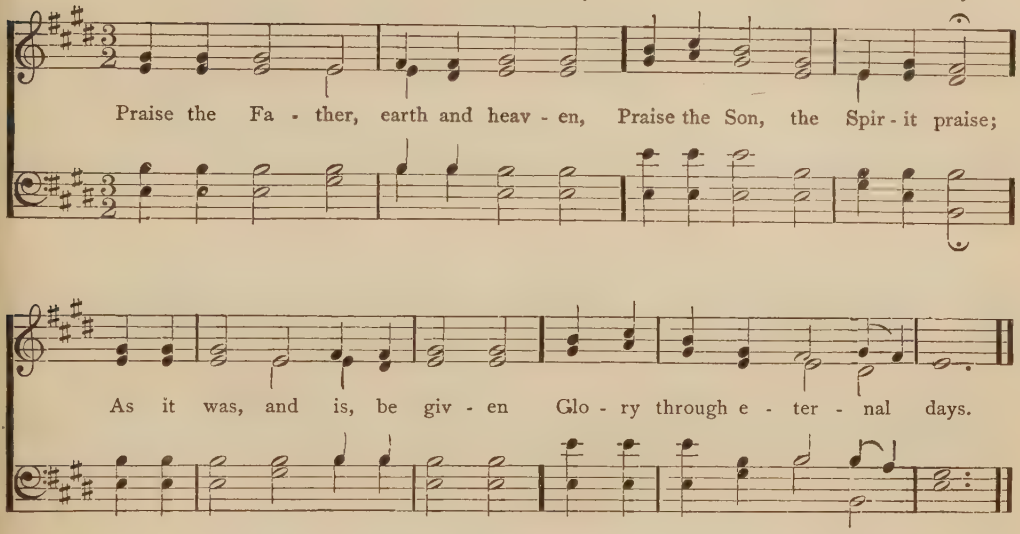
MARLOW. C. M. D.

J. Chetham


The God of mer - cy be a - dored, Who calls our souls from death,
To praise the Fa - ther and the Son And Spir - it all - di - vine,—
Who saves by his re - deem-ing word And new - cre - at - ing breath;
The one in three, and three in one— Let saints and an - gels join. A - men.

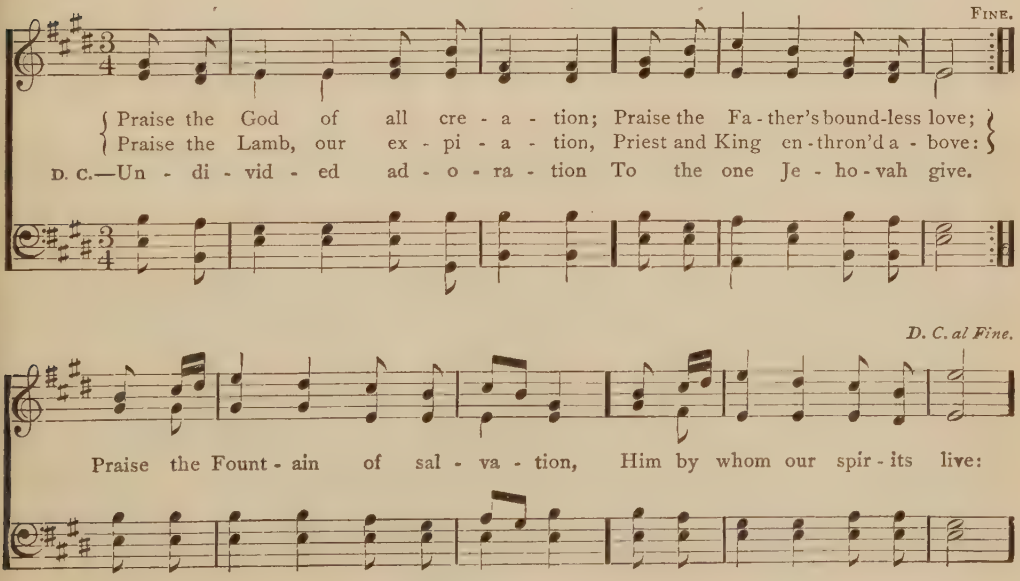
No. 731. *Praise the Father, Earth and Heaven*

TALMAR. 8s & 7s. *I. B. Woodbury*



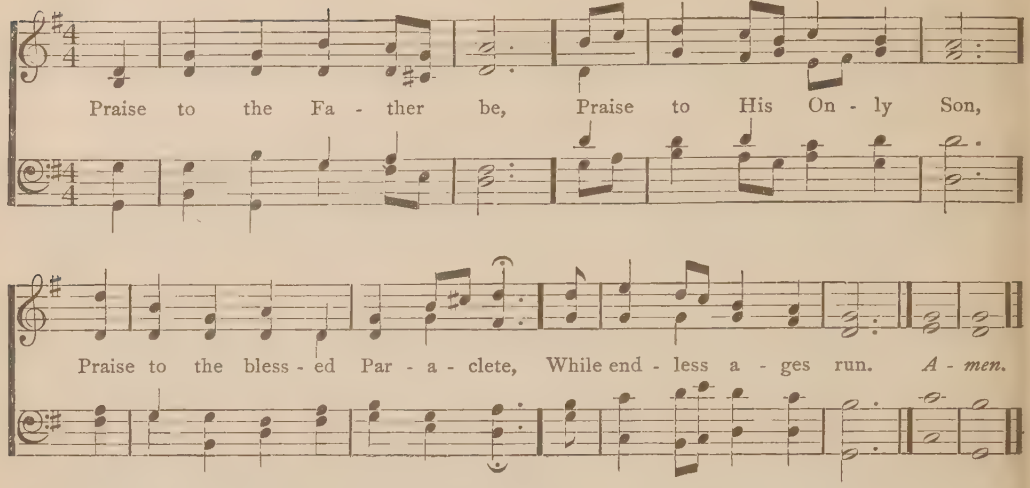
No. 732. *Praise the God of All Creation*

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s, D. *J. Wyeth.*


FINE.
Praise the God of all cre - a - tion; Praise the Fa - ther's bound-less love;
Praise the Lamb, our ex - pi - a - tion, Priest and King en - thron'd a - bove:
D. C.—Un - di - vid - ed ad - o - ra - tion To the one Je - ho - vah give.
D. C. al Fine.
Praise the Fount - ain of sal - va - tion, Him by whom our spir - its live:

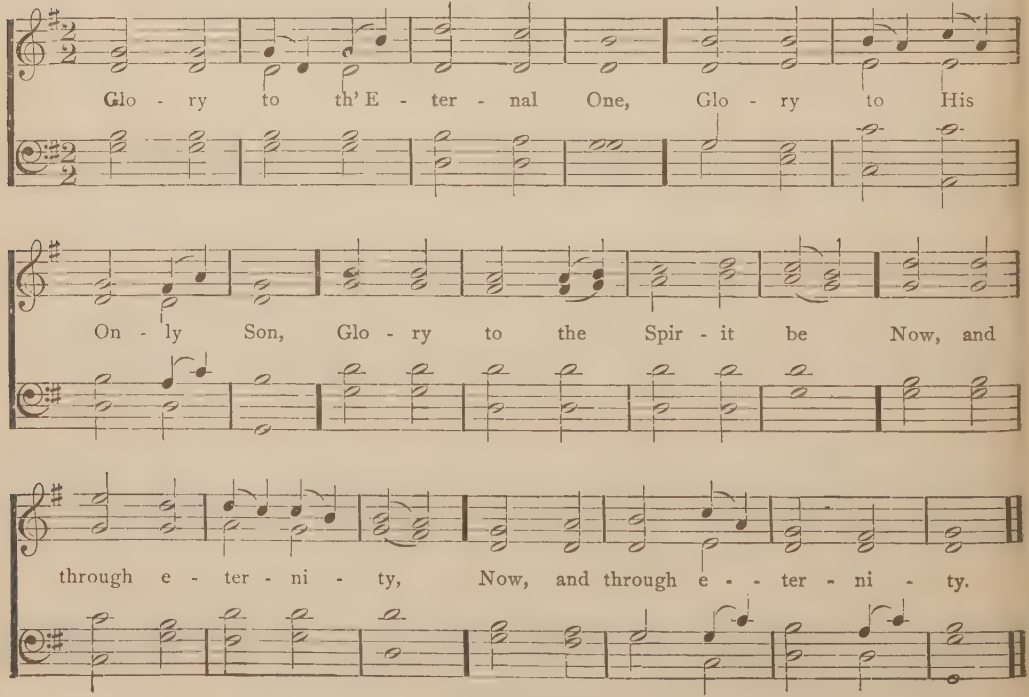
No. 733. *Praise to the Father be*

John Wesley ST. THOMAS. S. M. *G. F. Handel.*



No. 734. *Glory to the Eternal One*

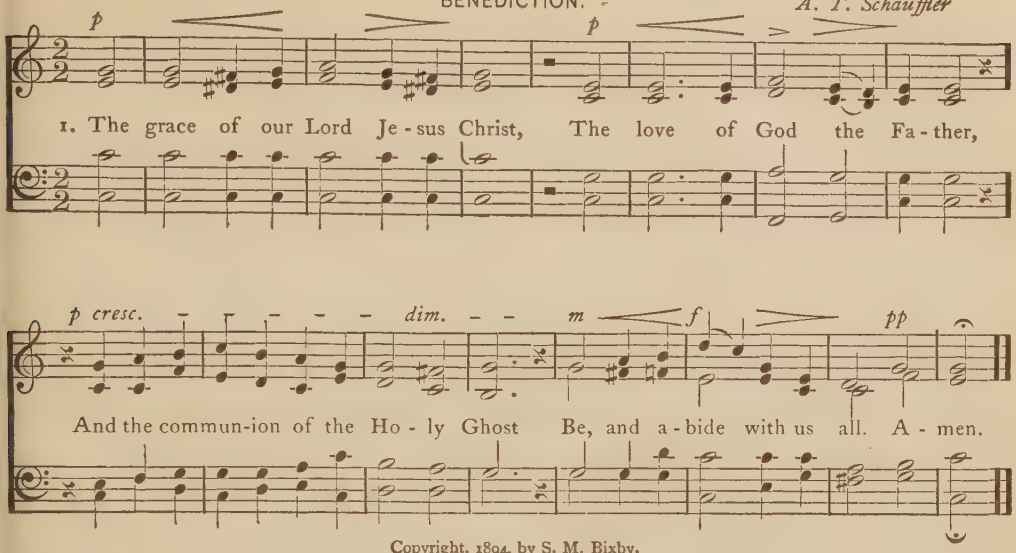
W. Hammond HENDON. 7s. *C. H. A. Malan*



No. 735. *The Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ*

BENEDICTION.

A. T. Schauffler


p
p
1. The grace of our Lord Je - sus Christ, The love of God the Fa - ther,
p cresc.
dim.
m
f
pp
And the commun-ion of the Ho - ly Ghost Be, and a - bide with us all. A - men.

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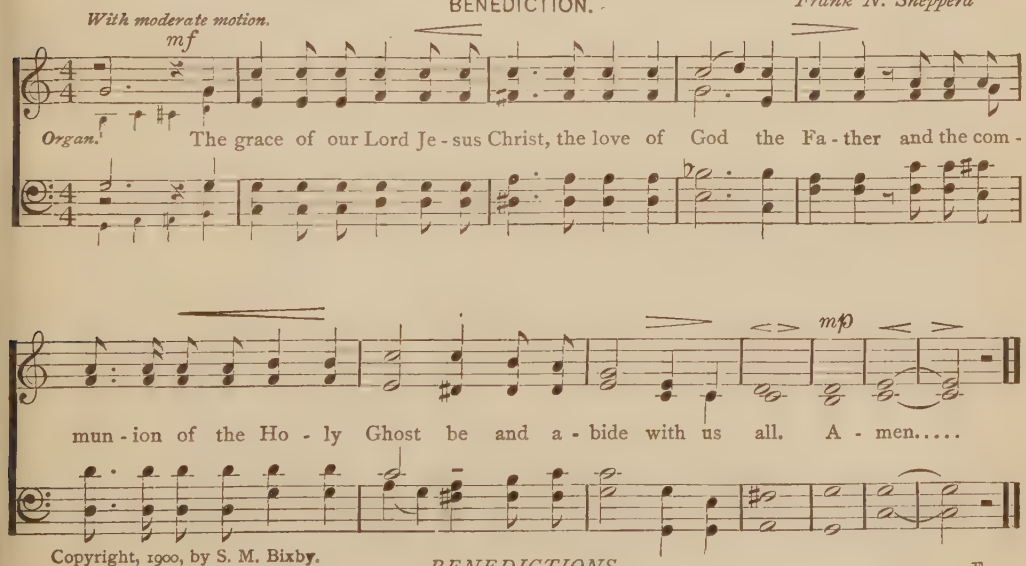
No. 736. *The Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ*

BENEDICTION.

Frank N. Shepperd


With moderate motion.
mf
Organ.
The grace of our Lord Je - sus Christ, the love of God the Fa - ther and the com -
mp
mun - ion of the Ho - ly Ghost be and a - bide with us all. A - men.....

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The Psalter

ARRANGED FOR RESPONSIVE READING

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Publishers' Note

This Psalter contains fifty selections arranged for responsive reading. Brevity of selections has been made a special study, remembering that the congregation is expected to stand during the reading. With this important feature there has been earnest endeavor to combine completeness, so that each reading should impress one dominant thought.

The selections vary in length to suit varying occasions.

The familiar division of verses of the English Bible has been retained, and the majestic and euphonious language of the authorized version has been used without change.

The verses to be read by the minister are printed in *italics*, and those to be read by the congregation in the more familiar Roman type.

A few selections from the Prophets and from the New Testament have been added, as giving a wider range of religious thought, and helping to add fulness and completeness to the public worship of God.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY.

New York, *April*, 1901.

The Beatitudes

MATT. V : 3-12

Blessed *are* the poor in spirit : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed *are* they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.

Blessed *are* the meek : for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed *are* they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness : for they shall be filled.

Blessed *are* the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed *are* the pure in heart : for they shall see God.

Blessed *are* the peacemakers : for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed *are* they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when *men* shall revile you, and persecute *you*, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad : for great *is* your reward in heaven : for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

[The Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer will be found facing the first page of the Hymn Book.]

FIRST SELECTION

Divine Worship

PSALM LXXXIV.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.

They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

PSALM XCVIII.

O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together

Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

PSALM CXXII.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:

Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

PSALM CXXXIV.

Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the house of the Lord.

Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the Lord.

The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion.

SECOND SELECTION

The Divine Eternity

PSALM XC.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength, labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein

thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

THIRD SELECTION

The Divine Power

PSALM XXIX.

Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

The voice of the Lord is upon the waters: the God of glory thundereth: the Lord is upon many waters.

The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty.

The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.

He maketh them also to skip like a calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn.

The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire.

The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness; the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.

The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve, and discovereth the forests: and in his temple doth every one speak of his glory.

The Lord sitteth upon the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth King forever.

The Lord will give strength unto his people; the Lord will bless his people with peace.

PSALM XCVI:

O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; show forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the Lord made the heavens.

Honor and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

Say among the heathen that the Lord

reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice

Before the Lord: for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth: he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

FOURTH SELECTION

Divine Omniscience

PSALM CXXXIX.

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I can not attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.

I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvelous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.

Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in

number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God: depart from me therefore, ye bloody men.

For they speak against thee wickedly, and thine enemies take thy name in vain.

Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate thee? and am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee?

I hate them with perfect hatred: I count them mine enemies.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

FIFTH SELECTION

Divine Providence

PSALM CVII.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;

And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in.

Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.

And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron;

Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High:

Therefore he brought down their heart with labor; they fell down, and there was none to help.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.

He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder.

Fools, because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted.

Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat; and they draw near unto the gates of death.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses.

He sent his word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;

These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders.

He turneth rivers into a wilderness, and the water-springs into dry ground;

A fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.

He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into water-springs.

And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation;

And sow the fields, and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase.

He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly; and suffereth not their cattle to decrease.

Again, they are minished and brought low through oppression, affliction, and sorrow.

He poureth contempt upon princes, and causeth them to wander in the wilderness, where there is no way.

Yet setteth he the poor on high from affliction, and maketh him families like a flock.

The righteous shall see it, and rejoice: and all iniquity shall stop her mouth.

Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.

SIXTH SELECTION

The Divine Forgiveness

PSALM LI.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering: then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

PSALM XXXII.

Blessed is he whose trangression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquities have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

SEVENTH SELECTION

Divine Deliverance

PSALM LXXVII.

I cried unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice; and he gave ear unto me.

In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord: my sore ran in the night, and ceased not: my soul refused to be comforted.

I remembered God, and was troubled: I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed.

Thou holdest mine eyes waking: I am so troubled that I can not speak.

I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times.

I call to remembrance my song in the night: I commune with mine own heart: and my spirit made diligent search.

Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favorable no more?

Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail for evermore?

Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?

And I said, This is my infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.

I will remember the works of the Lord: surely I will remember thy wonders of old.

I will meditate also of all thy work, and talk of thy doings.

Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary: who is so great a God as our God?

Thou art the God that doest wonders: thou hast declared thy strength among the people.

Thou hast with thine arm redeemed thy people, the sons of Jacob and Joseph.

The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee; they were afraid: the depths also were troubled.

The clouds poured out water: the skies sent out a sound: thine arrows also went abroad.

The voice of thy thunder was in the heaven: the lightnings lightened the world: the earth trembled and shook.

Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known.

Thou leddest thy people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron.

PSALM CXVI.

I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.

I believed, therefore have I spoken: I was greatly afflicted:

I said in my haste, All men are liars.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

EIGHTH SELECTION

The Divine Leading

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, tho I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

PSALM XXVII.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Tho a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: tho war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

NINTH SELECTION

The Divine Protection

PSALM XXXIII

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright.

Praise the Lord with harp: sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song; play skilfully with a loud noise.

For the word of the Lord is right; and all his works are done in truth.

He loveth righteousness and judgment: the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap: he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

Let all the earth fear the Lord: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought: he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The Lord looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men.

From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

He fashioneth their hearts alike; he considereth all their works.

There is no king saved by the multitude of a host: a mighty man is not delivered by much strength.

A horse is a vain thing for safety: neither shall he deliver any by his great strength.

Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy;

To deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

Our soul waiteth for the Lord: he is our help and our shield.

For our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name.

Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

PSALM CXLVII.

Praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem: he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.

Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite.

The Lord lifteth up the meek: he casteth the wicked down to the ground.

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God:

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains?

He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

He delighteth not in the strength of the horse: he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.

The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders, and

filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth: his word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation: and as for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.

TENTH SELECTION

The Divine Recompense

PSALM XXXVII.

Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be: yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth.

The Lord shall laugh at him: for he seeth that his day is coming.

The wicked have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow, to cast down the poor and needy, and to slay such as be of upright conversation.

Their sword shall enter into their own heart, and their bows shall be broken.

A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.

For the arms of the wicked shall be broken: but the Lord upholdeth the righteous.

The Lord knoweth the days of the up-

right: and their inheritance shall be for ever.

They shall not be ashamed in the evil time: and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

But the wicked shall perish, and the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs: they shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away.

The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again: but the righteous sheweth mercy, and giveth.

For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the earth; and they that be cursed of him shall be cut off.

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way.

Tho he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

He is ever merciful, and lendeth: and his seed is blessed.

Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for evermore.

For the Lord loveth judgment, and forsaketh not his saints; they are preserved for ever: but the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.

The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein for ever.

The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment.

The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide.

The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him.

The Lord will not leave him in his hand, nor condemn him when he is judged.

Wait on the Lord, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land: when the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.

I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.

But the transgressors shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off.

But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord: he is their strength in the time of trouble.

And the Lord shall help them, and deliver them: he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him.

ELEVENTH SELECTION

Divine Vindication

PSALM XXV.

Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

O my God, I trust in thee: let me not be ashamed, let not mine enemies triumph over me.

Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed: let them be ashamed which transgress without cause.

Shew me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths.

Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses; for they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will he teach sinners in the way.

The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way.

All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great.

What man is he that feareth the Lord? him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose.

His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth.

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will shew them his covenant.

Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted.

The troubles of my heart are enlarged: O bring thou me out of my distresses.

Look upon mine affliction and my pain; and forgive all my sins.

Consider mine enemies; for they are many; and they hate me with cruel hatred.

O keep my soul, and deliver me: let me not be ashamed; for I put my trust in thee.

Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee.

Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.

PSALM XXVI.

Judge me, O Lord; for I have walked in mine integrity: I have trusted also in the Lord; therefore I shall not slide.

Examine me, O Lord, and prove me; try my reins and my heart.

For thy lovingkindness is before mine eyes: and I have walked in thy truth.

I have not sat with vain persons, neither will I go in with dissemblers.

I have hated the congregation of evil doers; and will not sit with the wicked.

I will wash mine hands in innocency: so will I compass thine altar, O Lord:

That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works.

Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth.

Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men:

In whose hands is mischief, and their right hand is full of bribes.

But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity: redeem me, and be merciful unto me.

My foot standeth in an even place: in the congregations will I bless the Lord.

TWELFTH SELECTION

God in Nature

PSALM CIV.

Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honor and majesty:

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:

Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.

By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth;

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;

Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies.

He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth.

The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever: the Lord shall rejoice in his works.

He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord.

Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth, and let the wicked be no more. Bless thou the Lord, O my soul. Praise ye the Lord.

THIRTEENTH SELECTION

Nature Praising God

PSALM XIX.

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmanent sheweth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise and simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

PSALM CXLVI.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord, O my soul.

While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.

His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God:

Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that therein is: which keepeth truth for ever:

Which executeth judgment for the oppressed: which giveth food to the hungry. The Lord looseth the prisoners:

The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind: the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down: the Lord loveth the righteous:

The Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow: but the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.

The Lord shall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. Praise ye the Lord.

FOURTEENTH SELECTION

God's Excellent Name

PSALM VIII.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

PSALM CXLVIII.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created.

He hath also stablished them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps:

Fire, and hail; snow, and vapor; stormy wind fulfilling his word:

Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:

Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:

Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints; even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him. Praise ye the Lord.

FIFTEENTH SELECTION

The Word of God

PSALM CXIX.

Vs. 25–32

My soul cleaveth unto the dust: quicken thou me according to thy word.

I have declared my ways, and thou heardest me: teach me thy statutes.

Make me to understand the way of thy precepts: so shall I talk of thy wondrous works.

My soul melteth for heaviness: strengthen thou me according unto thy word.

Remove from me the way of lying: and grant me thy law graciously.

I have chosen the way of truth: thy judgments have I laid before me.

I have stuck unto thy testimonies: O Lord, put me not to shame.

I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.

Vs. 57–64

Thou art my portion, O Lord: I have said that I would keep thy words.

I entreated thy favor with my whole heart: be merciful unto me according to thy word.

I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies.

I made haste, and delayed not to keep thy commandments.

The bands of the wicked have robbed me: but I have not forgotten thy law.

At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto thee because of thy righteous judgments.

I am a companion of all them that fear thee, and of them that keep thy precepts.

The earth, O Lord, is full of thy mercy: teach me thy statutes.

Vs. 105–111

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

I have sworn, and I will perform it, that I will keep thy righteous judgments.

I am afflicted very much: quicken me, O Lord, according unto thy word.

Accept, I beseech thee, the freewill offerings of my mouth, O Lord, and teach me thy judgments.

My soul is continually in my hand: yet do I not forget thy law.

The wicked have laid a snare for me: yet I erred not from thy precepts.

Thy testimonies have I taken as a heritage for ever: for they are the rejoicing of my heart.

I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes always, even unto the end.

SIXTEENTH SELECTION

The Law of God

PSALM CXIX.

Vs. 17–23

Deal bountifully with thy servant, that I may live, and keep thy word.

Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

I am a stranger in the earth: hide not thy commandments from me.

My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath unto thy judgments at all times.

Thou hast rebuked the proud that are cursed, which do err from thy commandments.

Remove from me reproach and contempt; for I have kept thy testimonies.

Princes also did sit and speak against me: but thy servant did meditate in thy statutes.

Thy testimonies also are my delight, and my counsellors.

Vs. 89–104

For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven.

Thy faithfulness is unto all generations: thou hast established the earth, and it abideth.

They continue this day according to thine ordinances: for all are thy servants.

Unless thy law had been my delights, I should then have perished in mine affliction.

I will never forget thy precepts: for with them thou hast quickened me.

I am thine, save me; for I have sought thy precepts.

The wicked have waited for me to destroy me: but I will consider thy testimonies.

I have seen an end of all perfection: but thy commandment is exceeding broad.

O how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day.

Thou through thy commandments hast made me wiser than mine enemies: for they are ever with me.

I have more understanding than all my teachers: for thy testimonies are my meditation.

I understand more than the ancients, because I keep thy precepts.

I have refrained my feet from every evil way, that I might keep thy word.

I have not departed from thy judgments: for thou hast taught me.

How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth.

Through thy precepts I get understanding: therefore I hate every false way.

Vs. 121–128

I have done judgment and justice: leave me not to mine oppressors.

Be surety for thy servant for good: let not the proud oppress me.

Mine eyes fail for thy salvation, and for the word of thy righteousness.

Deal with thy servant according unto thy mercy, and teach me thy statutes.

I am thy servant; give me understanding, that I may know thy testimonies.

It is time for thee, Lord, to work: for they have made void thy law.

Therefore I love thy commandments above gold; yea, above fine gold.

Therefore I esteem all thy precepts concerning all things to be right; and I hate every false way.

SEVENTEENTH SELECTION

God's Protecting Care

PSALM CXXI.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

PSALM CXLII.

I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.

I poured out my complaint before him; I shewed before him my trouble.

When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path. In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.

I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.

I cried unto thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.

Attend unto my cry; for I am brought very low: deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.

Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name: the righteous shall compass me about; for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

PSALM XXX.

I will extol thee, O Lord; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.

O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave: thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.

Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

For his anger endureth but a moment; in

his favor is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved.

Lord, by thy favor thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.

I cried to thee, O Lord; and unto the Lord I made supplication.

What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit? Shall the dust praise thee? shall it declare thy truth?

Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me: Lord, be thou my helper.

Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness;

To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent. O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.

EIGHTEENTH SELECTION

Encouragement in God

PSALM XLII.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

PSALM XLVI.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, tho the earth be

removed, and tho the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

Tho the waters thereof roar and be troubled, tho the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

NINETEENTH SELECTION

Praise to God

PSALM XCV.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand. To-day if ye will hear his voice,

Harden not your heart, as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness:

When your fathers tempted me, proved me, and saw my work.

Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said, It is a people that do err in their heart, and they have not known my ways:

Unto whom I sware in my wrath that they should not enter into my rest.

PSALM XCVII.

The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.

Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies round about.

His lightnings enlightened the world: the earth saw, and trembled.

The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

Confounded be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols: worship him, all ye gods.

Zion heard, and was glad; and the daughters of Judah rejoiced because of thy judgments, O Lord.

For thou, Lord, art high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

Ye that love the Lord, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

PSALM C.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

TWENTIETH SELECTION

God Our Defense

PSALM CXI.

Praise ye the Lord. I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.

The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

His work is honorable and glorious: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered: the Lord is gracious and full of compassion.

He hath given meat unto them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant.

He hath shewed his people the power of his works, that he may give them the heritage of the heathen.

The works of his hands are verity and judgment; all his commandments are sure.

They stand fast for ever and ever, and are done in truth and uprightness.

He sent redemption unto his people: he hath commanded his covenant for ever: holy and reverend is his name.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments: his praise endureth for ever.

PSALM XCI.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

TWENTY-FIRST SELECTION

God the Judge

PSALM IX.

I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will shew forth all thy marvelous works.

I will be glad and rejoice in thee: I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.

When mine enemies are turned back, they shall fall and perish at thy presence.

For thou hast maintained my right and my cause; thou satest in the throne judging right.

Thou hast rebuked the heathen, thou hast

destroyed the wicked, thou hast put out their name for ever and ever.

O thou enemy, destructions are come to a perpetual end: and thou hast destroyed cities; their memorial is perished with them.

But the Lord shall endure for ever: he hath prepared his throne for judgment.

And he shall judge the world in righteousness, he shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness.

The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble.

And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee: for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.

Sing praises to the Lord, which dwelleth in Zion: declare among the people his doings.

When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them: he forgetteth not the cry of the humble.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord; consider my trouble which I suffer of them that hate me, thou that liftest me up from the gates of death:

That I may shew forth all thy praise in the gates of the daughters of Zion: I will rejoice in thy salvation.

The heathen are sunk down in the pit that they made: in the net which they hid is their own foot taken.

The Lord is known by the judgment which he executeth: the wicked is snared in the work of his own hands.

The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.

For the needy shall not always be forgotten: the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever.

Arise, O Lord; let not man prevail: let the heathen be judged in thy sight.

Put them in fear, O Lord: that the nations may know themselves to be but men.

PSALM XI.

In the Lord put I my trust: how say ye to my soul, Flee as a bird to your mountain?

For, lo, the wicked bend their bow, they make ready their arrow upon the string, that they may privily shoot at the upright in heart.

If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?

The Lord is in his holy temple, the Lord's throne is in heaven: his eyes behold, his eyelids try, the children of men.

The Lord trieth the righteous: but the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul hateth.

Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire, and brimstone, and a horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup.

For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness; his countenance doth behold the upright.

PSALM XX.

The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee;

Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion;

Remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt sacrifice.

Grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel.

We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners: the Lord fulfil all thy petitions.

Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed; he will hear him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.

They are brought down and fallen: but we are risen, and stand upright.

Save, Lord: let the king hear us when we call.

TWENTY-SECOND SELECTION

The God of Nations

PSALM LXXVI.

In Judah is God known: his name is great in Israel.

In Salem also is his tabernacle, and his dwelling-place in Zion.

There brake he the arrows of the bow, the shield, and the sword, and the battle.

Thou art more glorious and excellent than the mountains of prey.

The stouthearted are spoiled, they have slept their sleep: and none of the men of might have found their hands.

At thy rebuke, O God of Jacob, both the chariot and horse are cast into a dead sleep.

Thou, even thou, art to be feared: and who may stand in thy sight when once thou art angry?

Thou didst cause judgment to be heard from heaven; the earth feared, and was still,

When God arose to judgment, to save all the meek of the earth.

Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee: the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain.

Vow, and pay unto the Lord your God: let all that be round about him bring presents unto him that ought to be feared.

He shall cut off the spirit of princes: he is terrible to the kings of the earth.

PSALM LXXXII.

God standeth in the congregation of the mighty; he judgeth among the gods.

How long will ye judge unjustly, and accept the persons of the wicked?

Defend the poor and fatherless: do justice to the afflicted and needy.

Deliver the poor and needy: rid them out of the hand of the wicked.

They know not, neither will they understand; they walk on in darkness: all the foundations of the earth are out of course.

I have said, Ye are gods; and all of you are children of the Most High.

But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes.

Arise, O God, judge the earth: for thou shalt inherit all nations.

PSALM LXXXV.

Lord, thou hast been favorable unto thy land: thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.

Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people; thou hast covered all their sin.

Thou hast taken away all thy wrath: thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger.

Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause thine anger toward us to cease.

Wilt thou be angry with us for ever? wilt thou draw out thine anger to all generations?

Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee?

Shew us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us thy salvation.

I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints: but let them not turn again to folly.

Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him; that glory may dwell in our land.

Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven.

Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good; and our land shall yield her increase.

Righteousness shall go before him; and shall set us in the way of his steps.

PSALM XCIII.

The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is stablished, that it can not be moved.

Thy throne is established of old: thou art from everlasting.

The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

PSALM CXVII.

O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise him, all ye people.

For his merciful kindness is great toward us: and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord.

TWENTY-THIRD SELECTION

Acceptable Service

PSALM L.

The mighty God, even the Lord, hath spoken, and called the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof.

Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined.

Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence: a fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him.

He shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that he may judge his people.

Gather my saints together unto me; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice.

And the heavens shall declare his righteousness: for God is judge himself.

Hear, O my people, and I will speak; O Israel, and I will testify against thee: I am God, even thy God.

I will not reprove thee for thy sacrifices or thy burnt offerings, to have been continually before me.

I will take no bullock out of thy house, nor he goats out of thy folds:

For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.

I know all the fowls of the mountains: and the wild beasts of the field are mine.

If I were hungry, I would not tell thee: for the world is mine, and the fulness thereof.

Will I eat the flesh of bulls, or drink the blood of goats?

Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High:

And call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

But unto the wicked God saith, What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth?

Seeing thou hatest instruction, and castest my words behind thee.

When thou sawest a thief, then thou consentedst with him, and hast been partaker with adulterers.

Thou givest thy mouth to evil, and thy tongue frameth deceit.

Thou sittest and speakest against thy brother; thou slanderest thine own mother's son.

These things hast thou done, and I kept silence; thou thoughtest that I was altogether such a one as thyself: but I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes.

Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver.

Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me: and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I shew the salvation of God.

TWENTY-FOURTH SELECTION

The Godly Life

PSALM I.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM CI.

I will sing of mercy and judgment: unto thee, O Lord, will I sing.

I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way. O when wilt thou come unto me? I will walk within my house with a perfect heart.

I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes: I hate the work of them that turn aside; it shall not cleave to me.

A froward heart shall depart from me: I will not know a wicked person.

Whoso privily slandereth his neighbor, him will I cut off: him that hath a high look and a proud heart will not I suffer.

Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land, that they may dwell with me: he that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve me.

He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house: he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight.

I will early destroy all the wicked of the land; that I may cut off all wicked doers from the city of the Lord.

PSALM CXIX.

Vs. 1–8

Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

Vs. 9–16

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.

With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

Vs. 41–48

Let thy mercies come also unto me, O Lord, even thy salvation, according to thy word.

So shall I have wherewith to answer him that reproacheth me: for I trust in thy word.

And take not the word of truth utterly out of my mouth; for I have hoped in thy judgments.

So shall I keep thy law continually for ever and ever.

And I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts.

I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed.

And I will delight myself in thy commandments, which I have loved.

My hands also will I lift up unto thy commandments, which I have loved; and I will meditate in thy statutes.

TWENTY-FIFTH SELECTION

Abiding in the Lord

PSALM XV.

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent.

He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

PSALM XVI.

Preserve me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust.

O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord: my goodness extendeth not to thee;

But to the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god: their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips.

The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.

I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

PSALM XXIV.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

TWENTY-SIXTH SELECTION

Overcoming the World

PSALM CXIX.

Vs. 129–160

Thy testimonies are wonderful: therefore doth my soul keep them.

The entrance of thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.

I opened my mouth, and panted: for I longed for thy commandments.

Look thou upon me, and be merciful unto me, as thou usest to do unto those that love thy name.

Order my steps in thy word: and let not any iniquity have dominion over me.

Deliver me from the oppression of man: so will I keep thy precepts.

Make thy face to shine upon thy servant; and teach me thy statutes.

Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law.

Righteous art thou, O Lord, and upright are thy judgments.

Thy testimonies that thou hast commanded are righteous and very faithful.

My zeal hath consumed me, because mine enemies have forgotten thy words.

Thy word is very pure: therefore thy servant loveth it.

I am small and despised; yet do not I forget thy precepts.

Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness, and thy law is the truth.

Trouble and anguish have taken hold on me: yet thy commandments are my delights.

The righteousness of thy testimonies is everlasting: give me understanding, and I shall live.

I cried with my whole heart; hear me, O Lord: I will keep thy statutes.

I cried unto thee; save me, and I shall keep thy testimonies.

I prevented the dawning of the morning, and cried: I hoped in thy word.

Mine eyes prevent the night watches, that I might meditate in thy word.

Hear my voice according to thy loving-kindness: O Lord, quicken me according to thy judgment.

They draw nigh that follow after mischief: they are far from thy law.

Thou art near, O Lord; and all thy commandments are truth.

Concerning thy testimonies, I have known of old that thou has founded them for ever.

Consider mine affliction, and deliver me: for I do not forget thy law.

Plead my cause, and deliver me: quicken me according to thy word.

Salvation is far from the wicked: for they seek not thy statutes.

Great are thy tender mercies, O Lord: quicken me according to thy judgments.

Many are my persecutors and mine enemies; yet do I not decline from thy testimonies.

I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved; because they kept not thy word.

Consider how I love thy precepts: quicken me, O Lord, according to thy loving-kindness.

Thy word is true from the beginning: and every one of thy righteous judgments endureth for ever.

TWENTY-SEVENTH SELECTION

Contrast of the Worldly and the Righteous

PSALM LXXIII.

Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart.

But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped.

For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.

For there are no bands in their death: but their strength is firm.

They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men.

Therefore pride compasseth them about as a chain; violence covereth them as a garment.

Their eyes stand out with fatness: they have more than heart could wish.

They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression: they speak loftily.

They set their mouth against the heavens, and their tongue walketh through the earth.

Therefore his people return hither: and waters of a full cup are wrung out of them.

And they say, How doth God know? and is there knowledge in the Most High?

Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world; they increase in riches.

Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency.

For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning.

If I say, I will speak thus; behold, I should offend against the generation of thy children.

When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me;

Until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end.

Surely thou didst set them in slippery places: thou castedst them down into destruction.

How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terrors.

As a dream when one awaketh; so, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image.

Thus my heart was grieved, and I was pricked in my reins.

So foolish was I, and ignorant: I was as a beast before thee.

Nevertheless I am continually with thee: thou hast holden me by my right hand.

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.

My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

For, lo, they that are far from thee shall perish: thou hast destroyed all them that go a whoring from thee.

But it is good for me to draw near to God: I have put my trust in the Lord God, that I may declare all thy works.

TWENTY-EIGHTH SELECTION

Prayer in Affliction

PSALM CII.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee.

Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me: in the day when I call answer me speedily.

For my days are consumed like smoke, and my bones are burned as a hearth.

My heart is smitten, and withered like grass; so that I forget to eat my bread.

By reason of the voice of my groaning my bones cleave to my skin.

I am like a pelican of the wilderness: I am like an owl of the desert.

I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop.

Mine enemies reproach me all the day; and they that are mad against me are sworn against me.

For I have eaten ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping,

Because of thine indignation and thy wrath: for thou hast lifted me up, and cast me down.

My days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass.

But thou, O Lord, shalt endure for ever; and thy remembrance unto all generations.

Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion: for the time to favor her, yea, the set time, is come.

For thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favor the dust thereof.

So the heathen shall fear the name of the Lord, and all the kings of the earth thy glory.

When the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory.

He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.

This shall be written for the generation to come: and the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord.

For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary; from heaven did the Lord behold the earth;

To hear the groaning of the prisoner; to loose those that are appointed to death;

To declare the name of the Lord in Zion, and his praise in Jerusalem;

When the people are gathered together, and the kingdoms, to serve the Lord.

He weakened my strength in the way; he shortened my days.

I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days: thy years are throughout all generations.

Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands.

They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed:

But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.

The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before thee.

TWENTY-NINTH SELECTION

Prayer Answered

PSALM XLIII.

I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

PSALM XXXIV.

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation: O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

For thou art the God of my strength: why dost thou cast me off? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.

Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy: yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.

Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

THIRTIETH SELECTION

Confidence in God

PSALM XXXI.

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed: deliver me in thy righteousness.

Bow down thine ear to me; deliver me speedily: be thou my strong rock, for a house of defence to save me.

For thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.

Pull me out of the net that they have laid privily for me: for thou art my strength.

Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.

I have hated them that regard lying vanities: but I trust in the Lord.

I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy: for thou hast considered my trouble; thou hast known my soul in adversities;

And hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy: thou hast set my feet in a large room.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in trouble: mine eye is consumed with grief, yea, my soul and my belly.

For my life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing: my strength faileth because of mine iniquity, and my bones are consumed.

I was a reproach among all mine enemies, but especially among my neighbors, and a fear to mine acquaintance: they that did see me without fled from me.

I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind: I am like a broken vessel.

For I have heard the slander of many: fear was on every side: while they took counsel together against me, they devised to take away my life.

But I trusted in thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my God.

My times are in thy hand: deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.

Make thy face to shine upon thy servant: save me for thy mercies' sake.

Let me not be ashamed, O Lord; for I have called upon thee: let the wicked be ashamed, and let them be silent in the grave.

Let the lying lips be put to silence; which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the righteous.

Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou

hast laid up for them that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!

Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man: thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

Blessed be the Lord: for he hath shewed me his marvelous kindness in a strong city.

For I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes: nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee.

O love the Lord, all ye his saints: for the Lord preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer.

Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.

THIRTY-FIRST SELECTION

God's Ancient People

PSALM LXXXIX.

I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever: with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.

For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever: thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.

I have made a covenant with my chosen, I have sworn unto David my servant,

Thy seed will I establish for ever, and build up thy throne to all generations.

And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord: thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints.

For who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord? who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord?

God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him.

O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee? or to thy faithfulness round about thee?

Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise thou stillest them.

Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain; thou hast scattered thine enemies with thy strong arm.

The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine: as for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them.

The north and the south thou hast created them: Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name.

Thou hast a mighty arm: strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.

Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne: mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.

In thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

For thou art the glory of their strength: and in thy favor our horn shall be exalted.

For the Lord is our defence; and the Holy one of Israel is our King.

Then thou spakest in vision to thy Holy One, and saidst, I have laid help upon one that is mighty; I have exalted one chosen out of the people.

I have found David my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him:

With whom my hand shall be established: mine arm also shall strengthen him.

The enemy shall not exact upon him: nor the son of wickedness afflict him.

And I will beat down his foes before his face, and plague them that hate him.

But my faithfulness and my mercy shall be with him: and in my name shall his horn be exalted.

I will set his hand also in the sea, and his right hand in the rivers.

He shall cry unto me, Thou art my Father, my God, and the Rock of my salvation.

Also I will make him my firstborn, higher than the kings of the earth.

My mercy will I keep for him for evermore, and my covenant shall stand fast with him.

His seed also will I make to endure for ever, and his throne as the days of heaven.

THIRTY-SECOND SELECTION

God Mighty to Save

PSALM LVII.

Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in thee: yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast.

I will cry unto God most high; unto God that performeth all things for me.

He shall send from heaven, and save me from the reproach of him that would swallow me up. God shall send forth his mercy and his truth.

My soul is among lions: and I lie even among them that are set on fire, even the sons of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens; let thy glory be above all the earth.

They have prepared a net for my steps; my soul is bowed down: they have digged a pit before me, into the midst whereof they are fallen themselves.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise.

Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early.

I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people: I will sing unto thee among the nations.

For thy mercy is great unto the heavens, and thy truth unto the clouds.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens: let thy glory be above all the earth.

PSALM LXII.

Truly my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation.

He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.

How long will ye imagine mischief against a man? ye shall be slain all of you: as a bowing wall shall ye be, and as a tottering fence.

They only consult to cast him down from his excellency: they delight in lies: they bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly.

My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.

He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my defence; I shall not be moved.

In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie: to be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity.

Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery: if riches increase, set not your heart upon them.

God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God.

Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy: for thou renderest to every man according to his work.

PSALM LXVII.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us;

That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

THIRTY-THIRD SELECTION

Prayer for Acceptance

PSALM XVII.

I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.

I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred.

My heart was hot within me; while I was musing the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue,

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.

Behold, thou hast made my days as a handbreadth; and mine age is as noth-

ing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity.

Surely every man walketh in a vain shew: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.

Deliver me from all my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish.

I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it.

Remove thy stroke away from me: I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.

When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at my tears: for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.

PSALM XXXIX.

Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing: I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

Shew thy marvelous lovingkindness, O thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee from those that rise up against them.

Keep me as the apple of the eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wings,

From the wicked that oppress me, from my deadly enemies, who compass me about.

They are inclosed in their own fat: with their mouth they speak proudly.

They have now compassed us in our steps: they have set their eyes bowing down to the earth;

Like as a lion that is greedy of his prey, and as it were a young lion lurking in secret places.

Arise, O Lord, disappoint him, cast him down: deliver my soul from the wicked, which is thy sword:

From men which are thy hand, O Lord, from men of the world, which have their portion in this life, and whose belly thou fillest with thy hid treasure: they are full of children, and leave the rest of their substance to their babes.

As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

THIRTY-FOURTH SELECTION

Prayer for Deliverance

PSALM LXXX.

Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock; thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth.

Before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh stir up thy strength, and come and save us.

Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

O Lord God of hosts, how long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people?

Thou feedest them with the bread of tears; and givest them tears to drink in great measure.

Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbors: and our enemies laugh among themselves.

Turn us again, O God of hosts, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt: thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it.

Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land.

The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars.

She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river.

Why hast thou then broken down her hedges, so that all they which pass by the way do pluck her?

The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it.

Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine;

And the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that thou madest strong for thyself.

It is burned with fire, it is cut down: they perish at the rebuke of thy countenance.

Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, upon the son of man whom thou madest strong for thyself.

So will not we go back from thee: quicken us, and we will call upon thy name.

Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts, cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

PSALM LXXXVI.

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, hear me: for I am poor and needy.

Preserve my soul; for I am holy: O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.

Be merciful unto me, O Lord: for I cry unto thee daily.

Rejoice the soul of thy servant: for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer; and attend to the voice of my supplications.

In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee: for thou wilt answer me.

Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto thy works.

All nations whom thou has made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord; and shall glorify thy name.

For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone.

Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth: unite my heart to fear thy name.

I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart: and I will glorify thy name for evermore.

For great is thy mercy toward me: and thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell.

O God, the proud are risen against me, and the assemblies of violent men have sought after my soul; and have not set thee before them.

But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, longsuffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me; give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid.

Shew me a token for good; that they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed: because thou, Lord, hast holpen me, and comforted me.

THIRTY-FIFTH SELECTION

A Plea in Trouble

PSALM LVI.

Be merciful unto me, O God: for man would swallow me up; he fighting daily oppresseth me.

Mine enemies would daily swallow me up: for they be many that fight against me, O thou Most High.

What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.

In God I will praise his word, in God I have put my trust: I will not fear what flesh can do unto me.

Every day they wrest my words: all their thoughts are against me for evil.

They gather themselves together, they hide themselves, they mark my steps, when they wait for my soul.

Shall they escape by iniquity? in thine anger cast down the people, O God.

Thou tellest my wanderings: put thou my tears into thy bottle: are they not in thy book?

When I cry unto thee, then shall mine enemies turn back: this I know; for God is for me.

In God will I praise his word: in the Lord will I praise his word.

In God have I put my trust: I will not be afraid what man can do unto me.

Thy vows are upon me, O God: I will render praises unto thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death: wilt not thou deliver my feet from fall-

ing, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?

PSALM LXI.

Hear my cry, O God: attend unto my prayer.

From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

For thou, O God, hast heard my vows: thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.

Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

He shall abide before God for ever: O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

THIRTY-SIXTH SELECTION

Supplication and Promise

PSALM CXXX.

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.

Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?

But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning.

Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

PSALM CXXIII.

Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens.

Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until that he have mercy upon us.

Have mercy upon us, O Lord, have mercy upon us: for we are exceedingly filled with contempt.

Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease, and with the contempt of the proud.

PSALM CXXIV.

If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may Israel say;

If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us:

Then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us:

Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul:

Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.

Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.

Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped.

Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

PSALM CXXV.

They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which can not be removed, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.

For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous; lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity.

Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.

As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity: but peace shall be upon Israel.

PSALM CXXVI.

When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, the Lord hath done great things for them.

The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.

Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

THIRTY-SEVENTH SELECTION

Joy in the Lord

PSALM XXXVI.

The transgression of the wicked saith within my heart, that there is no fear of God before his eyes.

For he flattereth himself in his own eyes, until his iniquity be found to be hateful.

The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit: he hath left off to be wise, and to do good.

He deviseth mischief upon his bed; he setteth himself in a way that is not good; he abhorreth not evil.

Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.

Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments are a great deep: O Lord, thou preservest man and beast.

How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.

For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.

O continue thy lovingkindness unto them that know thee; and thy righteousness to the upright in heart.

Let not the foot of pride come against me, and let not the hand of the wicked remove me.

There are the workers of iniquity fallen: they are cast down, and shall not be able to rise.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

I will praise thee with my whole heart: before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy lovingkindness and for thy truth: for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of thy mouth.

Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord: for great is the glory of the Lord.

Tho the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly: but the proud he knoweth afar off.

Tho I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever: forsake not the works of thine own hands.

PSALM XLVII.

O clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph.

For the Lord most high is terrible; he is a great King over all the earth.

He shall subdue the people under us, and the nations under our feet.

He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob whom he loved.

God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.

Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.

God reigneth over the heathen: God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.

The princes of the people are gathered together, even the people of the God of Abraham: for the shields of the earth belong unto God: he is greatly exalted.

THIRTY-EIGHTH SELECTION

Triumph in the Lord

PSALM LXXXI.

Sing aloud unto God our strength: make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.

Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery.

Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast day.

For this was a statute for Israel, and a law of the God of Jacob.

This he ordained in Joseph for a testimony, when he went out through the land of Egypt: where I heard a language that I understood not.

I removed his shoulder from the burden: his hands were delivered from the pots.

Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee; I answered thee in the secret place of thunder: I proved thee at the waters of Meribah.

Hear, O my people, and I will testify unto thee: O Israel, if thou will hearken unto me;

There shall no strange god be in thee; neither shalt thou worship any strange god.

I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt: open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.

But my people would not hearken to my voice; and Israel would none of me.

So I gave them up unto their own hearts' lust: and they walked in their own counsels.

Oh that my people had hearkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways!

I should soon have subdued their enemies, and turned my hand against their adversaries.

The haters of the Lord should have submitted themselves unto him: but their time should have endured for ever.

He should have fed them also with the finest of the wheat: and with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee.

PSALM LXVI.

Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands: sing forth the honor of his name: make his praise glorious.

Say unto God, How terrible art thou in thy works! through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee; they shall sing to thy name.

Come and see the works of God: he is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.

He turned the sea into dry land: they went through the flood on foot: there did we rejoice in him.

He ruleth by his power for ever; his eyes behold the nations: let not the rebellious exalt themselves.

O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard:

Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

For thou, O God, hast proved us: thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.

Thou broughtest us into the net; thou laidst affliction upon our loins.

Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water: but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

I will go into thy house with burnt offerings: I will pay thee my vows,

Which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath spoken, when I was in trouble.

I will offer unto thee burnt sacrifices of fatlings, with the incense of rams: I will offer bullocks with goats.

Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.

I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was extolled with my tongue.

If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me:

But verily God hath heard me; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer.

Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.

THIRTY-NINTH SELECTION

The Lord's Sustaining Grace

ISAIAH XL.

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain:

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field:

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!

Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for

him: behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.

Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?

Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being his counsellor hath taught him?

With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him, and taught him in the path of judgment, and taught him knowledge, and shewed to him the way of understanding?

Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance: behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing.

And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering.

All nations before him are as nothing; and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity.

To whom then will ye liken God? or what likeness will ye compare unto him?

. . . . . .

Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth.

Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God?

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding.

He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall:

But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

FORTIETH SELECTION

Praise for Victory and Preservation

PSALM CXLIV.

Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight:

My goodness, and my fortress; my high tower, and my deliverer; my shield, and he in whom I trust; who subdueth my people under me.

Lord, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him! or the son of man, that thou makest account of him!

Man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away.

Bow thy heavens, O Lord, and come down: touch the mountains, and they shall smoke.

Cast forth lightning, and scatter them: shoot out thine arrows, and destroy them.

Send thine hand from above; rid me, and deliver me out of great waters, from the hand of strange children;

Whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of falsehood.

I will sing a new song unto thee, O God: upon a psaltery and an instrument of ten strings will I sing praises unto thee.

It is he that giveth salvation unto kings: who delivereth David his servant from the hurtful sword.

Rid me, and deliver me from the hand of strange children, whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of falsehood:

That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace:

That our garners may be full, affording all manner of store; that our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets:

That our oxen may be strong to labor; that there be no breaking in, nor going out; that there be no complaining in our streets.

Happy is that people, that is in such a case: yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord.

PSALM CXLV.

I will extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.

And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts: and I will declare thy greatness.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.

The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.

The Lord is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power;

To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season.

Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

The Lord preserveth all them that love him: but all the wicked will he destroy.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord: and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

FORTY-FIRST SELECTION

Thanksgiving

PSALM CIII.

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pietieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel

in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts: ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

PSALM CL.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

FORTY-SECOND SELECTION

Messiah's Mission

ISAIAH LXI.

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn;

To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.

And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien shall be your plowmen and your vinedressers.

But ye shall be named the Priests of the Lord: men shall call you the Ministers of our God: ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles, and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves.

For your shame ye shall have double; and for confusion they shall rejoice in their portion: therefore in their land they shall possess the double: everlasting joy shall be unto them.

For I the Lord love judgment, I hate robbery for burnt offering; and I will direct their work in truth, and I will make an everlasting covenant with them.

And their seed shall be known among the Gentiles, and their offspring among the people; all that see them shall acknowl-

edge them, that they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed.

I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels.

For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.

FORTY-THIRD SELECTION

Messiah's Reign

PSALM II.

Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed, saying,

Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.

Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.

Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.

I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them to pieces like a potter's vessel.

Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.

Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

PSALM LXXII.

Give the king thy judgments, O God, and righteousness unto the king's son.

He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment

The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness.

He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

They shall fear thee as long as the sun and

moon endure, throughout all generations.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth.

In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

Yea, all kings shall fall before him: all nations shall serve him.

For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.

He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in his sight.

And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba: prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.

There shall be no handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the-earth.

His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.

Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.

And blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and Amen.

The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended.

FORTY-FOURTH SELECTION

Christ the Good Shepherd

JOHN X:1-16.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

This parable spake Jesus unto them: but they understood not what things they were which he spake unto them.

Then said Jesus unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth: and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep.

The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep.

I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.

As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down my life for the sheep.

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.

Vs. 27–30

My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me:

And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.

My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand.

I and my Father are one.

FORTY-FIFTH SELECTION

God's Glory in the Church

PSALM XLVIII.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King.

God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together.

They saw it, and so they marveled; they were troubled, and hasted away.

Fear took hold upon them there, and pain, as of a woman in travail.

Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind.

As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God: God will establish it for ever.

We have thought of thy lovingkindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth: thy right hand is full of righteousness.

Let mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.

Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof.

Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following.

For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.

PSALM LXV.

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation; who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

PSALM LXXXVII.

His foundation is in the holy mountains.

The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.

I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon to them that know me: behold Philistia, and Tyre, with Ethiopia; this man was born there.

And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her: and the Highest himself shall establish her.

The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there.

As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there: all my springs are in thee.

FORTY-SIXTH SELECTION

Revival

ISAIAH LV.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

FORTY-SEVENTH SELECTION

The Glory of the Church

ISAIAH LI.-LIV.

Hearken to me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek the Lord:

For the Lord shall comfort Zion: he will comfort all her waste places;

And he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord;

Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody.

My righteousness is near; my salvation is gone forth, and mine arms shall judge the people; the isles shall wait upon me, and on mine arm shall they trust.

Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath: for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment,

And they that dwell therein shall die in like manner: but my salvation shall be for ever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished.

Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head:

They shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.

Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city: for henceforth there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean.

Shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem: loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.

And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children.

In righteousness shalt thou be established: thou shalt be far from oppression; for thou shalt not fear: and from terror; for it shall not come near thee.

No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn.

This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord.

FORTY-EIGHTH SELECTION

Missions

ISAIAH LIX.

Vs. 19–21

So shall they fear the name of the Lord from the west, and his glory from the rising of the sun. When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.

And the Redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord.

As for me, this is my covenant with them, saith the Lord; My Spirit that is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever.

ISAIAH LX.

Vs. 1–23

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.

Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.

The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come: they shall bring gold and incense; and they shall shew forth the praises of the Lord.

All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee, the rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee: they shall come up with acceptance on mine altar, and I will glorify the house of my glory.

Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?

Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God, and to the Holy One of Israel, because he hath glorified thee.

And the sons of strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee: for in my wrath I smote thee, but in my favor have I had mercy on thee.

Therefore thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night; that men may bring unto thee the forces of the Gentiles, and that their kings may be brought.

For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted.

The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious.

The sons also of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee; and all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet; and they shall call thee, The city of the Lord, The Zion of the Holy One of Israel.

Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations.

Thou shalt also suck the milk of the Gentiles, and shalt suck the breast of kings: and thou shalt know that I the Lord am thy Savior and thy Redeemer, the Mighty One of Jacob.

For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron: I will also make thy officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness.

Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders: but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.

The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.

Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

Thy people also shall be all righteous: they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified.

A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in his time.

FORTY-NINTH SELECTION

The Earth Redeemed

ISAIAH XI.

Vs. 1–9

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots:

And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord;

And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord: and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears:

But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth: and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth,

and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

ISAIAH XII.

Vs. 1–6

And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee: tho thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me.

Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.

Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.

And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon his name, declare his doings among the people, make mention that his name is exalted.

Sing unto the Lord; for he hath done excellent things: this is known in all the earth.

Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion: for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.

JEREMIAH XXXI.

Vs. 31–34

Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah:

Not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt; which my covenant they brake, altho I was an husband unto them, saith the Lord:

But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel; After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people.

And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more.

FIFTIETH SELECTION

The New Jerusalem

REVELATIONS XXI.–XXII.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful.

And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God,

Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;

And had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel:

On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates.

And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.

And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.

And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones.

And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.

And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it.

And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.

And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it.

And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him:

And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

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